

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. C. ANSLOW

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Vol. XXIV.—No. 28.

Newcastle, Wednesday, April 22, 1891.

Whole No. 1224

## LAST WEEK.

—STILL—  
**FURTHER  
REDUCTION.**

Tremendous Sacrifice This WEEK!!  
Call and Get Some Bargains and  
Call and Pay Your Account.  
**B. FAIREY,  
Newcastle.**

Newcastle, April 20, 1891.

**L. J. TWEEDIE  
ATTORNEY & ARRISTER  
AT LAW.  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
CONVEYANCER, &c.**  
Chatham N. B.

OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

**J. D. PHINNEY,  
Barrister & Attorney at Law  
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.**

RICHIBUCTO, N. B.  
OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE,  
May 4, 1885.

**O. J. MACCULLY, M.A., M.D.**  
Memb. ROY. COL. SURG., LONDON.

SPECIALIST,  
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,  
Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Street,  
Moncton, Nov. 12 '88.

**Charles J. Thomson,**  
Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE  
Company of New York. The LARGEST INSURANCE  
Company in the World; Agent for the  
Commercial and Collecting Agency.

Barrister, Executor for Estates.  
Notary Public, &c.  
Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional  
Business in all its branches executed  
with accuracy and dispatch.

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

**Dr. R. Nicholson,**  
Office and Residence,  
McCULLAM ST., NEWCASTLE,  
Jan. 22 1889.

**Dr. W. A. Ferguson,**  
RESIDENCE and OFFICE in house  
owned by Mr. R. H. Ormsley, at foot of  
Street's Hill  
Newcastle, Jan. 2, 1891.

**Dr. H. A. FISH,**  
Newcastle, N. B.  
July 23 1890.

**W. A. Wilson, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
DERBY, N. B.  
Derby, Nov. 15, 1890.

**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 Arg. 11, '88.

**J. R. LAWLOR,**  
Auctioneer and Commission  
Merchant,  
Newcastle, New Brunswick.

Prompt returns made on consignments of  
merchandise. Auctions attended to in town  
and country.  
Newcastle, Oct. 1, 1890.

**CANADA HOUSE**  
Chatham, New Brunswick.

**Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.**

Considerable notice has been in the  
house to make 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  
maintain the same in the future.

**GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS**  
or Commercial Travellers, and Stabling on the  
premises.  
Chatham, Jan. 1.

## DON'T GIVE UP

The use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla...  
"For several years, in the spring months,  
I used to be troubled with a Jewish fever,  
feeling, and a dull pain in the small of my  
back, so bad, at times, as to prevent my  
being able to walk, the least motion causing  
me severe distress. Frequently, boils and  
rashes would break out on various parts  
of the body. By the advice of friends,  
and my family physician, I began the use of  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continued it till the  
poison in my blood was thoroughly eradicated."  
—L. W. English, Montgomery City, Mo.  
"My system was all run down; my skin  
rough and yellowish hue. I tried various  
remedies, and while some of them gave me  
temporary relief, none of them did any per-  
manent good. At last I began to take  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, continuing it exclusively  
for a considerable time, and am pleased to  
say that it completely

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"I presume my liver was very much out of  
order, and the blood impure in consequence.  
I feel that I cannot too highly recommend  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla to any one afflicted as I  
was."—Mrs. N. A. Smith, Glover, Vt.  
"For years I suffered from scrofula and  
blood diseases. The doctor's prescriptions  
and several so-called blood-purifiers being of  
no avail, I was at last advised by a friend to  
try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and now  
feel like a new man, being fully restored to  
health."—C. N. Rank, Decatur, Iowa.

## Cured Me.

"I used to be troubled with a Jewish fever,  
feeling, and a dull pain in the small of my  
back, so bad, at times, as to prevent my  
being able to walk, the least motion causing  
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## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY  
**DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.**  
Sold by Druggists, &c., all over the world.

## The Emulsion

or  
**Cod Liver Oil**  
AND THE  
**Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.**

No other Emulsion is so easy to take.

It does not separate nor spoil.

It is always sweet as cream.

The most sensitive stomach can retain it.

**CURES**  
Scrofula and  
Wasting Diseases.  
Chronic Cough,  
Loss of Appetite,  
Mental and Nervous  
Prostration,  
General Debility, &c.

Beware of all imitations. Ask for  
"The D. & L." Emulsion, and refuse  
all others.

PRICE 50c. AND \$1 PER BOTTLE.

## ESTEY'S

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE  
LIVER AND BILIOUSNESS OF THE STOMACH.  
This preparation has been found to be the most  
effective.

## COD LIVER

OIL

ESTEY'S Cod Liver Oil Cream has been proven to  
be a superior preparation to any other of the  
kind.

## CREAM.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

## PEARLINE.

For sale by  
J. B. BARANG & CO.  
Moncton, N. B., Sept. 5, '90.

## DO YOU KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE?

**ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM.**  
NO BETTER REMEDY FOR  
COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, CONSUMPTION, &c.

## 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. ARCHER, M.D.,  
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation,  
Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation,  
Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes di-  
gestion.  
The CENTRAL COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

## Selected Literature.

A SONG TO THE WORLD.

A song to the world—the beautiful world—  
In spite of its clouds and its cares,  
Its trials and pains, its shames and its stains,  
Its cruel decrees and its snares.

With all its sad faults, 'tis the best world we  
have—  
'Tis the only one given to man—  
So let us accept it, with thanks, as it is,  
And enjoy it as long as we can.

Then away with the cynic who carols at life,  
And wails his day at an end!  
Never yield to despair, but patiently bear  
Such mishaps as man cannot mend.

What miser who works the unfruitful earth,  
His glittering store to unfold,  
Would be sour in mood, if the yield had  
been good.

Then while you are working the vast mine of  
life,  
Be humble, content and resigned—  
Never worry nor fret; take the best you can  
get.

And while the world's down the wind,  
Then away with the cynic, etc.

We were put here to struggle—'twas heaven's  
decreed—  
Each man has his mission to fill—  
Misfortune may fret us, temptations beset us,  
But we are God's children still.

When ill fortunes meet us and enemy greets  
Us,  
We should then on ourselves most rely—  
Be brave! for it takes, when the storm on us  
breaks,  
More courage to live than to die.

'Tis a glorious world, if we look at it right,  
There are birds in each grove, there are sweet  
hearts to love,  
An' success, if we struggle to win it.

So let us determine that, happy as we may,  
We will stay with the weals and the flowers,  
And the friends and the foes, and the joys and  
the woes,  
Which make up this great world of ours.

Then away with the cynic, etc.

What folly to Jack on the dark side of life,  
While the world is refulgent with light!  
Creep out of the shade, and stand up undim-  
med,  
In the radiant reason's bright!

There is room for us all on this wide-spreading  
earth,  
So, with Charity's banner unfurled,  
Let us join in one cry, while old Time hurries  
by—  
'These cheer for this beautiful world!'  
—Francis S. Smith, in New York Weekly.

## THE MASTER OF PENNAVEN.

'This is Mr. Gaylord's residence, sir,  
said the driver of a carriage, as he checked  
his horse before the carved iron gates  
of a high stone wall that shut in a han-  
some modern man-of-war, standing in the  
midst of park like grounds.

His passenger alighted, paid the fare  
and walked away up the avenue of elm  
without speaking.

The driver noticed that he limped badly,  
and heaved heavily for support on an  
ivory leashed cane.

His heart was full, and his mind was  
busy with the day, now just ten years  
gone, when he and the late Gaylord parted.  
Both were poor—both were ambitious.  
And here was the end of all their dreams  
and aspirations of that bygone time!

Walter was a wealthy man among the  
magnates of the city, and the husband of  
a fashionable woman, who had inherited  
from her dead father a large fortune in  
her own right.

John Weston sighed and shook his  
head, looking down at his shabby clothes  
and crippled foot.

'We are first cousins, and we were  
like brothers in the dear old days. Will  
he be glad to see me now? I and like this?  
he wondered.

The question was soon answered—  
Down the avenue towards him came his  
uncle. A lady leaned with an air of  
rightful appropriation on his arm. A  
few feet behind the pair walked a slight,  
graceful girl of seventeen, plainly dressed  
and carrying a superb Indian shawl.

Walter himself looks more than ten  
years older, and far less happy than he  
used to look; commented the new comer.  
'His wife, of course. Handsome, if she  
did not seem so laughingly conscious of  
her dowry of half a million. And who is  
that pretty, timid girl? She seems to be  
actually afraid of me. And ma-  
dam looks at her as if she were her white  
slave! Ugh! how sharp her voice is!

'Margaret, give me that shawl! why  
do you fall behind so? One would sup-  
pose that you might feel the air grow  
sharp and bring it to me without being  
told!'  
The pretty girl started nervously for-  
ward and arranged the shawl upon Mrs.  
Gaylord's shoulders, without receiving a  
word of thanks.

'Pray, who are you, sir?' continued  
Mrs. Gaylord, addressing the new comer.  
'Do you not know that these are private  
grounds, and that you are committing a  
trespass in entering?'—a very imperi-  
ous one, too!

The visitor removed his hat with a  
murmured 'pardon!'

'They saw a frank, open, sunburned  
face, with a white forehead, shaded by  
curling dark hair, and a pair of fine  
eyes, that looked through a suspicious  
misture at his boyhood's friend.

'John Weston! dear old Jack!' cried  
Mr. Gaylord, dropping his wife's glove

hand unceremoniously from his arm and  
seizing upon the stranger, 'My dear boy!  
How glad I am to see you safe at home  
once more!

They held each other's hands in sil-  
ence. Neither could speak as the sad  
and tender memories of the past rose up  
around them.

Margaret Gaylord looked on sym-  
pathizing with their emotion, and loving  
her cousin Walter better than ever for  
his hearty greeting of one to whom for-  
tune evidently had not been too kind.  
But Mrs. Gaylord stood apart, swelling  
with indignation, biting her thin lips,  
and scanning every article of the stran-  
ger's shabby, worn attire with her deeply  
set black eyes.

'I'll go back to the house with you,  
Jack,' said her husband, still utterly for-  
getful of her presence. 'You'll want  
lauchon now, for we dine late—half  
past seven. Where is your luggage—  
Margaret will send it up to the cedar  
room as soon as it comes. Now, old  
fellow, tell me where you have been, and  
how you have got on and all about it.'

'The cedar room Mr. Gaylord?'

The sharp imperative tone recalled  
Mr. Gaylord to his senses, reminding  
him that he was a husband, and a bit-  
terly henpecked one to boot.

'Yes, my dear,' he said apologetically  
as he hastily drew her aside. 'I beg  
your pardon for forgetting to present  
John to you. Jack Weston, you know,  
Julia—my oldest, dearest friend. He has  
spoken of him to you more than a hun-  
dred times.'

'You have indeed!' Her tone and  
look spoke volumes. 'But I beg you to  
remember, Mr. Gaylord—and you too,  
Margaret—that the cedar room is to be  
reserved for my friends, General and  
Mrs. Molyneux, who are to be here next  
week in time for my birthday party.'

'All right, all right, my love. But  
you'll let me introduce Jack to you? I  
must ask him to stop with us, Julia.  
The best friend I have in the world.'

'It is excessively inconvenient, Mr.  
Gaylord—just when every room is want-  
ed for the night of the party. If he  
must stay, as you say, I suppose I can  
put up with it. But I wish people  
would choose a better time for coming.  
He is not to have the cedar room, you  
will remember, I cannot possibly allow  
that.'

'Any room you choose to assign to  
him, my dear. Now, shall I bring him  
to speak to you?'

'I can see him at dinner, Mr. Gay-  
lord,' was the ungracious reply.

Mr. Gaylord turned as his wife swept  
away, her head held high, her eyes ig-  
noring the very existence of the new comer.  
The latter stood meekly aside and lifted  
his hat. But his eyes followed the girl-  
like niece of the imperious lady, and his  
face was as serene as if every rule word  
his unwilling hostess had uttered had  
been Greek or Chaldean so far as his un-  
derstanding was concerned.

'Women are the strangest creatures,'  
said his friend, irritably. 'At any other  
time than this, Jack, Julia would have  
been pleased to see you, but just now  
every one within seventy miles is raving  
about the Master of Pennaven, and  
Julia is as bad as the rest. You must  
excuse her, Jack, for my sake!'

'Of course,' said John Weston, with  
most aggravating indifference to the  
magnificent Julia's mood. 'But Walter,  
tell me—who is that pretty girl?'

'My cousin Margaret, the only child  
of my uncle George, who broke his heart  
over his failure in business during the  
last panic, and died. He made my for-  
tune, Jack, by taking me into the firm  
on equal terms when I was very young.  
Margaret seemed like my own little sister  
when she was a boy, and so when my  
uncle died, leaving her without a penny,  
it seemed to be no more than my duty  
to offer her a home here. But Julia does  
not like it and Margaret is not happy,  
he continued, sadly. 'I suppose it will  
end in her going out as a governess, unless  
the master of Pennaven should have the  
good taste to fall in love with her. If  
you had only come home rich, John,  
what a wife you might have had!'

'Rich or poor, she is the only girl that  
I will ever marry,' said John Weston.  
'I'm not quite a pauper, though I am a  
cripple for a time. If I can prove to you  
that I am able to offer your cousin a  
comfortable and respectable home if she  
can bring herself to care for me in time,  
even lacking a large fortune, will you  
give me your consent to our marriage?'

'With all my heart, Jack. You have  
but one fault—that you are not rich.  
But if Margaret don't object to that, I  
am sure no one else need do so. Make  
her happy, Jack, whatever her home  
may be, and I will give her to you with  
housekeeping expenses to boot. And  
now come up to the house old fellow,  
and for this one week we will take what  
comfort we can and may.'

'The week of comfort,' as Walter  
Gaylord called it, soon passed. General  
and Mrs. Molyneux arrived and were  
duly installed in the cedar room; and  
from morning till night conversation  
turned entirely upon two subjects—the  
master of Pennaven and the birthday  
ball.

John Weston troubled himself very  
little about either. It is his shabby brown

suit pervaded the house and grounds,  
and he seemed to keep close to  
Margaret Gaylord's side.

The lonely, unappreciated girl felt  
very grateful to him for the pains he  
took to interest and amuse her. Before  
the week ended, she had grown to look  
upon him as a very dear and confidential  
friend.

So that when he found her one even-  
ing sitting by herself in the drawing  
room and sobbing as if her heart would  
break, it seemed quite natural that he  
should sit down beside her and gently  
drew the handkerchief away from her  
eyes, while he asked what caused her  
grief.

'So foolish you will think it, Mr.  
Weston, she said. 'But I did so wish  
to go to that party. I was never at one in  
my life.'

'And why don't you go?' asked Jack.

'Mrs. Gaylord does not wish it; she  
just now told me so.'

'Why?'

'I am very poor,' said Margaret, look-  
ing down and blushing. 'While my  
father lived, I had every luxury; since  
his death I have had no money except  
what cousin Walter has given me. He  
would give me some now readily if I  
should ask him, but I cannot bear to do  
that. It is quite enough that I have a  
home here with him.'

'But what has money to do with the  
birthday ball, my dear Miss Margaret  
asked Jack Weston.'

She looked at him smiling. He had  
evidently known all the shifts and mis-  
eries of poverty, and she had no hesi-  
tation in confiding in him.

(Continued next week.)

## A GREAT AMERICAN DISCOVERY.

Let us not delude ourselves with  
fictional greatness. There is another  
country at whose greatness we may well  
pae for contemplation.

Its area exceeds eight and half million  
square miles.

The basis of its power is not land but  
water.

Its greatness is maritime and its coast  
line is 28,500 miles long. It lies on both  
sides of the equator, but its boundaries  
touch the extremes of heat and cold.

Its unutilized area, which can be  
made to feed unborn millions without  
the help of the United States, covers  
millions of square miles.

It contains 100,000 square miles forest,  
which are being ruthlessly sacrificed.

Its population amounts to 345,000,000  
souls, including pretty nearly all the  
races known to man.

Its revenue for government amounts to  
more than a thousand million dollars  
annually, only one fourth of which is  
levied in direct taxation.

It has nearly a million men under arms.

It has one policeman for every 16  
square miles of its entire area.

Its 246 war vessels are all in commission,  
not rotting in harbors.

Its merchant navy consists of 39,000  
ships manned by 170,000 sailors.

Its sea going tonnage amounts to eight  
and a half millions.

It surpasses in steamers all other powers  
on the globe, and nearly equals their  
combined total in sailing vessels.

Forty nine per cent. of the carrying  
power of the world is under that flag.

More than half the ship earnings from  
freight and passengers belong to it.

The banks of that empire transact one  
third of the business of the entire world.

Its manufactures comprise one third  
of all Europe.

It uses 30 per cent. of the horse power  
of the entire world.

Its enormous debt, which it uses as the  
most profitable investment of its own  
earnings, amounts to only nine per cent. of  
its wealth.

It is the wealthiest state in the world  
and its wealth has been made by exports.

Its name is Great Britain.—Chicago  
Herald.

A lady began to laugh at an amusing  
incident, and couldn't stop. At last a  
doctor was called in and he couldn't  
quiet her. A friend, however, just then  
looked to remark that the lady's mouth  
looked very large when she laughed, and  
that put an end to the mirth in a minute.

## Temperance.

ADDRESS BY MRS. W. A. BRENNAN  
AT THE W. C. T. U. MEETING IN  
MARKET HALL, MARCH 30, 1891.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF NEWCASTLE  
W. C. T. U.

It is to be seen that the whole scheme  
of the Women's Christian Temperance  
Union is to educate, to prevent.

The women have learned the fact that  
it is easier to prevent than cure, and to  
this end they labor unceasingly to secure  
compulsory education for children in the  
effects of alcohol, narcotics and stimu-  
lants upon the human system. In the  
same way they labor in Sunday School  
work, Loyal Legion work, and go even  
farther back in the hereditary and phys-  
ical culture departments and reach the  
mothers upon whom depend largely the  
nature and character of the children.

You know that some wise man has said  
that "Woman is the race." "No nation  
can rise above her level," and the history  
of mankind proves that just in propor-  
tion as Christianity has emancipated  
woman from the thralldom to which for  
ages she has been bound, and has given  
her broader educational advantages, as  
the world advanced in civilization—  
"God made man and woman one mind  
and heart, each a sphere of which a  
hemisphere lacking its mate must ever  
lack completeness."

And when man recognizes this law of  
nature and gives to woman her proper  
place beside him, will the race rise to the  
heights of purity, power, and peace for  
which our Father designed us, and to  
which man alone can never attain. The  
dawn appears, the day cometh surely.  
Is this battle against the powers of dark-  
ness as represented by ignorance, alcohol  
and vice to be won while man reigns  
supreme, or has nature designed that to  
woman's efforts of hand and head and  
heart belong the victory.

But the Woman's Christian Temperance  
Union means not only total abstin-  
ence for the individual, the putting away  
of temptation in society, and the prohi-  
bition of the manufacture and sale of  
intoxicating liquors by the nation, but  
it also lives out the broader significance  
of the "temperance that crowned the  
gospel tree with the fruits of the spirit."  
It turns its hand to everything that im-  
proves the nature and promotes the hap-  
piness of the race, assailing and destroy-  
ing first that which injures most—the  
saloon.

"It stands for no sectarianism in reli-  
gion, no sectionalism in politics, no open  
hard for Catholic and Protestant, for the  
foreign as well as the native born."

The badge of the Order is a simple  
knot of white ribbon, and wherever its  
members meet they know each other and  
join hands in sympathetic work.

The numbers of this great host of wo-  
men with the mother-love in their hearts  
and the sister love in their hands is in  
the United States alone over 200,000, with  
10,000 local Unions and 240,000 children  
in Loyal Legions. Of the Canadian  
force, I have not been able to find any  
account, but from the fact that in Ontario  
alone there are 14,000 children in Loyal  
Legions I should judge the proportion  
was equally large. In that most conser-  
vative country, Great Britain, there are  
40,000 W. C. T. U. women and 2,000,000  
children enrolled in Bands of Hope.  
Every year it holds a grand fete in the  
Crystal Palace. Last year was continued  
with this great gathering a bazaar which  
continued for six days. The object was  
to raise £5,000 for the extension of work  
throughout Great Britain. H. R. H.  
Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne,  
opened the bazaar, and presided the first  
day receiving donations for the cause.  
Other noble ladies presided the following  
days.

The work is continually growing  
broader and its influence extending.  
From continent to continent, from shore  
to shore, has been going for years the  
white ribbon crusade. Mrs. Mary  
Clement Leavitt, to carry the message  
around the world and complete the  
chain. She is sixty years of age and if  
she returns to America this summer, as  
she expects, she will have worked in  
every civilized country of the globe—  
Several others have started to circum-  
navigate the world in the interest of  
special departments. Already has the  
good work spread in Asia Minor, China,  
India, Barmah, Siam, Ceylon, Corea,  
Japan, The Congo, Australia, Cape  
Colony and the Islands of the sea.

In 1892 Francis E. Willard, President,  
Loyal Henry Somerset, Vice President,  
and several other prominent members of  
the World's Woman's Christian Temperance  
Union are to start upon their jour-  
ney around the world in charge of the  
great petition which has been so exten-  
sively circulated and which asks the  
governments of all nations to grant the  
prayer of the women of the world, that  
they separate themselves from all legal  
complicity with the trade in opium and  
alcohol.