

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, Wednesday, March 6, 1895.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No 1426

W. G. ANSLO.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 22.

PROFESSIONAL.

Law & Collectors Office.
Charles J. Thomas.

Barister & Notary Public.
Solicitor for Bank Nova Scotia
Peter for Estate
Offices Newcastle and
Bathurst, N. B.

Thomas W. Butler.
Attorney & Notary Public.
Fire, Life, & Accidental Insurance Agent.
Collecting and Conveyancing Promptly attended to. Office over the Board's Store, facing the Public Square,
Newcastle, N. B.

O. J. MacOULLY, M. A. M. D.

Physician & Surgeon.
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT
Office: Cor. Waterland and Main Street
Moncton, N. B., Nov. 12, 1894.

W. A. Wilson, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
DEBBY, N. B.
Dunby Nov 5, 1892.

P. A. Holohan, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Newcastle, N. B.
Office:—that recently occupied by Dr. Smith. After hours will be found at the Commercial Hotel
Newcastle May 6, 1894.

J. R. LAWLOR,
Auctioneer and Commission
Merchant
Newcastle, New Brunswick.
Returns made on assignments of Merchants' Accounts, situated in town and country.

MUSICAL TUITION.

Graduate of the
Conservatory of Music, is now
preparing to take pupils in
PIANO-FORTE, PIPE ORGAN, and
VOCAL CULTURE.
Terms on Application.
Newcastle, June 6th, 1893.

**FREDERICTON
BUSINESS COLLEGE.**
Offers the best chance in the Maritime
Provinces of obtaining a thorough training in
Commercial, Branches, Terms Moderate.
Write for circular, or other information to
A. Young,
Principal,
Box 266 Fredericton, N. B.

HOTELS.

Waverley Hotel.

The Subscriber has thoroughly fitted up and
newly furnished the rooms of the well known
McKeen house, Newcastle, and is prepared to
receive and accommodate transient guests. A
good table and pleasant rooms provided.
Simple rooms if required.
E. B. Gremley's teams will attend all trains
and boats in connection with this house.

John McKeen.

Newcastle, March 26, 1893.

Elliott House.

The Subscriber having purchased and newly
fitted up the house formerly known as the
"Elliott House" opposite the Marine Hall,
Newcastle, is prepared to accommodate
transient and permanent boarders at reasonable
rates.
SAMPLE ROOMS FURNISHED AND STABLES ON PREMISES
WALTER J. ELLIOTT,
Newcastle, Jan. 21, 1895.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK, MONCTON, N. B.

GEO. McSWEENEY, Proprietor.

CANADA HOUSE

Chatham, New Brunswick.
Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.
CONVENIENT at Access
Good Sample rooms for Com-
mercial travellers.

Clifton House.

Prices and 143 Scenic Street.
ST. JOHN N. B.

A. N. Peters, Prop'r.

Heated by Steam throughout. Prompt at-
tention and moderate charges.
Commencement with all parts of the
April 9th 1895.

THIS PAPER may be Sent to

any part of the world by Express or
Registered Mail, at the rate of
\$1.00 per annum in Advance, or
\$0.50 per Quarter. Single Copies
5 CENTS. All orders must be
sent to the NEW YORK

50 Years.

For the last 50 years Cough
Medicines have been
coming in and dy-
ing out, but dur-
ing all this
time

SHARP'S

Balsam of Horehound
Never left the Front Bank for Curing
**CROUP, WHOOPING
COUGH, COUGHS
AND COLDS.**
All Druggists and most Grocers sell it.
35 Cents a Bottle.

ARMSTRONG & CO.,
Proprietors,
ST. JOHN N. B.

Keep the feet Warm.

The subscriber has just received a lot of
Cardigan Overshoes,
for women and children's wear, Grand for
school children.

Also the usual assortment of
**Moccasins and Larrigans,
Boots, Shoes, &c.**

W. MARSON,
Newcastle, Nov. 27th, 1894.

Intercolonial Rly.

On and after Monday the 1st Oct., 1894,
the trains of this Railway will run daily
(Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Will leave Newcastle.
Through express for St. John, Halifax
and Pictou, (Monday excepted).
Accommodation for Moncton and St.
John 11.00
Accommodation for Indiantown 12.05
Accommodation for Campbellton 12.15
Through express for Quebec, Montreal
22.05
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager
Moncton, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

Sash and Door Factory.

The Subscriber is prepared to supply from
his steam factory in Newcastle,
**Window sashes and frames, Glazed
and Unglazed,
DOORS AND DOOR FRAMES, Mouldings,
Planing and Matching, etc.**
ST. C. NIVEN,
Newcastle, Jan. 2, 1895.

JOHNSTONE'S

Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

AND

Wild Cherry Bark

Cures Coughs and Colds.

MEDICAL HALL,

NEWCASTLE.

Oct. 31, 1894.

FASHIONABLE

Tailoring Establishment.

Where did you get that Fine
OVER COAT
at **McLEOD'S.**

The newest GOODS in OVER COATINGS
and FANCY SUITINGS are all in.

COME AND EXAMINE
and leave your order early. Parties
furnishing their own cloth can have them
made in good style and at reasonable prices.

Next door to Bank of N. B. Scotia,
Carter's Block.

S. McLeod.

Newcastle, 8th, 1894.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

The Old wall and westy of St.
Andrew's Church, Newcastle,
is offered for sale
by the building and premises now occupied by
the Rectory, Rev. Mr. Sweet

Interested parties apply to the Rectory
or to the writer.

GLEBE LANDS
situated at Giffhugh,
Further particulars apply to the Rectory
or to the writer.

E. Leo Street,
Newcastle, N. B.,
July 24, 1894.

Selected Literature.

**NURSE WESTGATE'S INSUBORDI-
NATION.**

(By Marie J. Hesse.)

At the clang of the bell of a great
hospital in the city the door opened.
Through the open portals was borne a
man suffering from an advanced stage
of disease. He had been discovered
alone in a small, bare room of a tenement
house, too sick or indifferent to
care. The landlady, accustomed to his
prolonged spells of absence, thought
nothing of it, and John Martin had few
friends who were concerned.

"He looked sick-like some time ago,"
said Mrs. Gowen, who kept the rooms.

"He was drunk so much that it was
a chance of his getting in once a week.
So long as he paid the rent it was all
the same to me whether he came or
went."

"I had a hard lot
enough, and Lor' knows what would be-
come of me if I went ferritin' round in
folks' rooms to see whether they're sick
or well?"

As the ambulance rolled away from
her door, Mrs. Gowen stood with her
hands upon her hips watching it down
the street. Her stout, red face reflected
a strange mixture of gratification to be
rid of what might prove a troublesome
tenant, and a bit of real sympathy for
the sufferer, both more or less subdued
by the reminder of the rent which would
no longer swell her weekly proceeds.

At the hospital the practised eye of
the house physician took a mental in-
ventory of the sick man. He seemed to be
a man of forty years. In spite of the
marks of disipation brought out strongly
by disease, there was that which told
of a noble nature, a manhood hidden away
under the debris of a wrecked life.
His better nature, crippled early in life,
went unaided through the unequal
struggle.

Dr. Farnham raised his hand in his
own; the man was suffering from an ad-
vanced stage of typhoid fever. "A severe
case," said he, "with little or no constitu-
tion to warrant a cure." Something wrong
with the physician, who was accustomed to
suffering in all its stages. He felt an
unusual interest in this case as he was
borne away to the fever ward.

While he sat waiting for Miss West-
gate, the nurse to whom he would con-
sign this patient, his mind was filled
with speculations: "Some poor fellow
who has been drowned; this life has
been hard on him—he evidently gets
overwhelmed money at the wrong end
and got into an awful snarl—" "Poor
fellow who he is! Strange that the bilious
that lift one man on their crests should
hold another down in the trough and
keep him there." His thoughts flew
over his life—his youth, so fortunate,
so bright, made a fine background
for the rest of the picture. His college
days, his almost astonishing success since
in his chosen profession—surely he had
lived on the crests, while John Martin
had been held down in the under-
tow.

The chain of his reflection was ar-
rested at the entrance of Miss Westgate,
a tall, lithe, fair-haired person, with a
sweet, thoughtful face and serious gray
eyes; in her nurse's cap she was the
embodiment of a gentle, ministering
spirit to the sick and suffering.

"You sent for me, Dr. Farnham,"
she asked.

"Yes," he answered and in short
professional way explained to her the
seriousness of the case. "He is a very
sick man, there is little or no hope for
him, but you must do your best, Miss
Westgate."

"Oh, doctor," pleaded she, "my last
patient was such a hard one, and I am
not rested. Do not send me. I might
not be able to do the case justice."

"I am sorry, Miss Westgate," insisted
the doctor, "but I must have some one
whom I can trust implicitly. You must
tell me, do not treat this case as an in-
convenient nurse."

"But, doctor," urged Miss Westgate,
"You know my training."

"Oh! that's all right, that's all right!"
smiled Dr. Farnham. "I must have you,
any way."

An earnest expression overpread his
face: "That fellow interests me. You
must let him talk to you—if he will
though I fancy it's little enough of his
history he will give."

As Miss Westgate disappeared he sat
thinking a moment. "He will tell her
his story I warrant; she has such
motherly, reliable ways that I've seen
many a poor fellow brought in here
who meant to die unknown, but ended
by confiding in her. She always helps
them—and the vision of the tall, womanly
nurse fitted across his mind; but
with her came a disturbing element also,
which caused the good doctor's brow to
cloud. He was so sure, however, of his
ground, that he dispelled the thought of
any difficulty he might have with this
young woman who held ideas not down
exactly in doctor-books, and smiled again
at the thought of the serious gray eyes
and firm lips. He had heard of her
asserting some opinions she had learned
at her training school after unlearned-
ly with other physicians of lesser note;
but him—well, at any rate the patient
would have the best of care, for Nurse

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would have the best of care, for Nurse

Westgate was one of the most proficent
he had ever met, and her care, alone, was
worth more than the medicine, as he
had smilingly confessed on several oc-
casions.

The doctor's diagnosis was a correct
one. John Martin lay for weeks sick
to death, unknown, and moaning his
life away. Whatever of weariness the
nurse felt had apparently been forgotten
for her sympathies had gone out to the
sick man, and she spared herself no effort
for his comfort and recovery. Her
gentle hand soothed the heated brow, her
earnest eyes were ever on the watch that
no change should escape them. To John
Martin, who had long been an alien from
home and gentle influences, she seemed
like an angel, and through his fevered
brain, ran the words, "And he shall
give his angels charge concerning thee."
Her quick perceptive faculty enabled her
to read his desire. She established her
side, "What is it, Mr. Martin? Do you
wish to speak to me?"

"His lips moved in uncertain response."
"Do you wish me to write to your
mother?" vouched she.

A shadow crossed her spare face. But
for the tear that escaped from the closed
eyes she would have thought her question
ridiculous. At length he opened them
and faintly responded:

"Nurse, if I die, you may write, but
if I live forget what I will tell you."
Then followed a sad story of his life—
a life full of hope and promise, so joyous,
wrecked on cruel rocks. He was the son
of wealthy parents, who had given him
a liberal college education which he had
soon with a generous supply of aid,
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wrecked on cruel rocks. He was the son
of wealthy parents, who had given him
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soon with a generous supply of aid,

After college, a hasty marriage, which
proved to be more fortunate than most
marriages of the kind, in that the wife
realized the danger to her husband and
did much to stay his downward course.
Old companions and habits were not much
for his willpower or his wife's persuasion.
After years of gradual debasement the
wife died, broken-hearted, leaving John
Martin like a ship without an anchor.

The descent became more rapid, till, cast
from his friends and home, he was left to
live on his miserable life alone and dis-
tressed.

One dark, rainy night he reeled along
the street, miserable, cold and wet, and
staggered into a mission, more to breathe
his warmth than to escape the police or
receive any benefit from the service in
charge. A woman with a strong, pure
face pleaded alternately with her
brothers, and with the weak, dejected
manhood before her to accept his mercy.
Her face glowed with the fervor of her
pleas; her words came quick and burning;
her whole being was in the service of
the hour. At last, clasping her
hands wildly before her she cried with
a voice trembling with tearful intensity,
"He will save you, to the uttermost!
He will save you. He will save you to
the uttermost! He will save you to the
uttermost!"

She shivered through the mist the bur-
den of her words, and John Martin's
eyes were fixed on her face, greatly
puzzled as to what he should find.

A splendid lion at the Zoological
gardens had just died and at the request
of some friend was sent to Sir Edwin.

The grisly monarch, stretched at full
length as he was upon the stones of the
court, furnished the subject of Land-
seer's famous picture of the "Desert,"
exhibited in 1849.

TEMPERANCE.

A good instance of proving a point in
an argument has been put in print as
follows:

A noted temperance lecturer once
visited the shop of a hatter, and asked
him to give something to "the cause."
The shopman coolly replied that he had
no interest in it, and then it was that
the temperance man began to instruct
him, after the Socratic method of ques-
tion and answer.

"I am sorry to hear that," he said,
"for it shows me that you are not ac-
quainted with your own business."

"If you are more familiar with my
business than I am," said the man, with
some spirit, "I shall be happy to take
lessons of you."

"Well," said the lecturer, "you deal
in hats, and intend to make a little
money on every hat you sell?"

"Yes."

"Whatever sends customers to your
shop, and increases their ability to buy,
promotes your interests, doesn't it?"

"Certainly."

"Whatever makes men content to wear
old, worn-out hats does your craft an
injury?"

"Yes!"

"Well, sir, if you and I were to walk
out along the wharves, and through the
streets and lanes of this city, we should
see a few men wearing on their heads
washed hats which ought
to be thrown into the
water."

"Have you gotten the man's history,
I believe he has confided in you?"

"Yes, Doctor, he has; but it is a sacred
trust. I can give you only what will aid
him in prescribing for him."

The doctor's countenance fell. Then
followed a number of professional ques-
tions which she answered. A personal
examination proved Miss Westgate's ear
to be well founded.

"Watch your patient closely; the end
may come at any time," said the doctor,
as he rose to go. "If there is an increase
of faintness, administer stimulant freely;
it may tide him over."

Miss Westgate made a quick motion
and stood beside him.

"Doctor," said she firmly, "I have
never been insubordinate to your slight-
est wish, concerning your patients—every
order has been carried out conscientiously,
but to-night you trespass upon my
principles and I must absolutely refuse to
obey you. I will not give this man
alcohol in any form."

"What! you refuse to obey the order
of a physician? demanded the doctor
the changing color of his face showed
how agitated and astonished he was.

"Yes, sir, I do," firmly. "And what
more, I mean to be this man's friend
now that he lies helpless, and see that
he doesn't get the drug in any shape."

"Then I must discharge you at once,
Miss Westgate," hotly persisted the
doctor.

"Very well—that you may do—but,
doctor, that will not hinder my staying
by this man—as his friend," said Miss
Westgate in a firm womanly way; with
a face aglow with her purpose, she added
in a quiet tremulous voice:

"Doctor, that man has made such a
struggle for liberty from the curse of
drunk as God only knows, and I will not
aid him in his defeat."

"But," said the doctor with alarm, as
he looked upon this determined young
woman, "he will die, his life will be on
your hands?"

"Then I accept the responsibility—
with God's help! His soul shall go back
to his Maker clean and pure; it will not
be stained by being sated in poison."

"Miss Westgate, have you counted the
cost?" urged the doctor, now thoroughly
alarmed.

"Yes, sir, with God's help I will
fight for this life," said she with bowed
head.

Dr. Farnham turned from the room,
determined to return and convince this
obstinate girl of her error.

PERSONAL LIBERTY.

Do not interfere with personal liberty
and individual rights.

"That's what the widows of India said
when British law attempted to put down
Satiems. They said their life was
their own, and they had a right to be
burned on the funeral pile with their
husbands. But the British Government
replied, 'There's a double ownership
in your life—you are our subjects; your
life is ours as well as yours, and we will
take care of you.' And we have to take
care of men and women who have drunk
themselves into destruction or insanity,
and if we may do it after their destruc-
tion, why not before? When the spirit
of Christ, the genius of His Gospel, has
swept the mind as free of the nation, it
gives us new ideas of individual rights
and liberties. And we have got in-
stallments of those ideas already. A
man wouldn't be allowed to open a pig-
sty on the public street, even if he paid
his rent and held a lease of the property.
When a thing smells in the nose, society
even already says it must be put away.
And when our conscience becomes quick-
ened and made sensitive as our noses are
now, the public-houses will be put away
too. Let any man start a mill for mak-
ing brass acid or grinding arsenic, and
let the fumes of it fly through the wall
chinks and windows, making foggy
passengers stagger, and the eyes of
women swim, and do you think the mill
would be allowed to work? And yet
we have a far more fatal machinery than
that going grinding up, with its puff-
holes of poison opening in every street,
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