

# 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. Thomson.

**Barriester & Notary Public.**  
Solicitor for Bank Nova Scotia  
P. J. MacOULLY, M. A. M. D.  
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 T. B. Smith's Store, facing the Public Square,  
Newcastle, N. B.

**O. J. MacOULLY, M. A. M. D.**  
Sole, BOT. OOL. HERS. LONDON.  
SPECIALIST.  
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,  
DERBY, N. B.  
Dunby Nov 5, 1892.

**P. A. Holohan, M.D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Newcastle, N. B.  
Office—That recently occupied by Dr. McKeen, on the corner of the Commercial Hotel  
Newcastle May 6, 1894.

**J. R. LAWLOR.**  
Auctioneer and Commission  
Merchant  
Newcastle, New Brunswick.  
Prompt returns made on consignments of Merchandise. Auctions attended to in town and country.

MUSICAL TUITION.

**Miss Edith Frey.**  
Graduate Mount Allison  
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 Subscribers 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.  
Sample rooms if required.  
R. B. Gentry's terms will attend all trains  
and boats in connection with this house.

**John McKeen.**

Newcastle, March 26, 1893.

**Elliott House.**

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

**HOTEL BRUNSWICK.**

MONCTON, N. B.  
GEO. McWENNEY, PROPRIETOR.

**CANADA HOUSE**

CHATELAIN, NEW BRUNSWICK.  
WM. JOHNSTON, PROPRIETOR.  
CONVENIENT and Accommodating  
Good Sample rooms for Commercial Travellers.

**Clifton House.**

Prices and 143 Seaside Street.  
ST. JOHN'S, N. B.

**A. N. Peters, Prop'r.**

Hosted by Steam throughout. Prompt at-  
tention and moderate charges. Telephone  
Communication with all parts of the city.  
April 9th 1895.

**THIS PAPER** may be sent to  
the Editor, The Union Advocate,  
Newcastle, N. B., or to the  
Post Office, 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 Rank 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. MASSON.**

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.  
Accommodation for Indian Head.  
Accommodation for Campbellton.  
Through express for Quebec, Montreal  
and all trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

**D. POTTINGER,**

General Manager

Railway Office,  
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 Un-glazed,  
DOORS AND DOOR FRAMES, MULLIONS,  
Paving and Matching, etc.

**W. 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. Scotts,  
Carter's Block.

**S. McLeod.**

Newcastle, 8th, 1894.

**PROPERTY FOR SALE.**

The Old mill and vestry of St.  
Andrew's Church, Newcastle,  
also

**Offer for sale**

the building and premises now occupied by  
the Rector, Rev. Mr. Sweet

**GLEBE LANDS**

owned by said corporation situated in Parish  
of Northwicke, also

**Glebe Lands**

situated at Northwicke

For further particulars apply to the Rector  
or to the vestry clerk.

**E. Leo Street,**

Vestry Clerk,  
Newcastle, N. B.,  
July 24, 1894.

**Selected Literature.**

**NURSE WESTGATE'S INSUBORDINATION.**

(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 visits of absence, thought  
nothing of it, and John Martin had few  
friends who were concerned.

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

"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 her whether he came or  
not. In justification to herself she  
genuinely said: "I have a hard lot  
enough, and I don't know what would be-  
come of me if I went further round in  
folks' rooms to see whether they be sick  
or well."

As the ambulance rolled away from  
her door, Mrs. Gowan 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  
advanced stage of typhoid fever. "A severe  
case," said he, "with little or no constitu-  
tion to warrant a cure." Something told  
the physician, who was accustomed to see  
suffering men, that there was an un-  
usual 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 began  
to show signs of the wrong end of the  
rope, and got into an awful snarl—some-  
thing who he is! Strange that the billows  
that life 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 forth-  
right, so bright, made a fine background  
for the dark 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 arrest-  
ed at the entrance of Miss Westgate,  
a tall, little, 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 pro-  
fessional 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  
do; I cannot trust this case to an incom-  
petent 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 overcame 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  
drinking 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  
figure 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 rather uncomfort-  
ably with other physicians of lesser note;  
but him—well, at any rate the patient  
would have the best of care, for Nurse

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

The doctor's diagnosis was a correct  
one. John Martin lay for weeks sick  
unto 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 hastened to his  
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?" he ventured.

A shadow crossed his spare face. But  
for the fear that escaped from the closest  
eyes she would have thought her question  
unheard. 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—  
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  
sown 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 career.  
Old companions and habits were no match  
for his willpower and 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 friends and home, he was left to  
live out his miserable life alone and dis-  
gusted.

One dark, rainy night he reeled along  
the street, miserable, cold and wet, and  
staggered into a mission, more to breathe  
its warmth than to escape the police or  
receive any benefit from the service in  
progress.

A woman with a strong pure  
face pleaded alternately with God to  
have mercy upon her weak, erring  
brothers, and with the motley, debauched  
manhood before her to accept his mercy.

Her face glowed with the fervor of her  
plea; her words came quick and burning;  
her whole being was with God to have  
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