

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

W. C. ANSLOW

VOL. XXII.—No. 52.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, October 9, 1889.

WHOLE No. 1144

## NEW MILLINERY.

Just received an assortment of Ladies' and Children's Felt Hats, also Plushes, Silk Velvets, Fancy Wimpes &c.

## LADIES JACKETS & ULSTERS.

The best assortment of Jackets and made up Ulsters ever shown.

## Also Furlined CURCULARS.

B. FAIREY,  
Newcastle.

Newcastle, Sept. 27, 1889.

### 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.

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L. J. TWEEDIE,

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER

AT LAW.

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OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

J. D. PHINNEY,

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NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

RICHMOND, N. B.

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 4, 1888.

O. J. McCULLY, M.A., M.D.

Home, 807, COL. ST., LONDON.

SPECIALIST IN

DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.

Off. c. Dr. Waterland and Main St.,

Moncton, Nov. 12, 88.

Charles J. Thomson,

Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Co.

of New York, The LARGEST INSURANCE Company in the World.

Barriester, Procurator for Estates,

Notary Public, &c.

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

OFFICE.

Regina House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Dr. R. Nicholson,

Office and Residence,

McCOULMAN ST.,

NEWCASTLE.

Jan. 25, 1889.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson,

OFFICE—up stairs in SUTHERLAND & OREGAN'S building, Residence Water

St. Hotel.

Newcastle March 12, 1889.

Dr. H. A. FISH,

Newcastle, N. B.

March 25, 1889.

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. Livery connected with the Hotel. Excellent facilities. Some of the best trout and salmon ponds in this right miles. Excellent all year bathing. Good Sample Rooms for commercial men.

TERMS \$1.50 per day with Sample Rooms \$1.75.

## BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla.

The Great Purifier

BLOOD AND HUMORS

"I Heartily Recommend

Purifier's Emulsion to all who are suffering from affections of the throat and Lungs and I am certain that for wasting diseases nothing is so superior to it as can be obtained."

"I have been suffering from Pulmonary Disease for the last five years. About two years ago, during an acute period of my illness, I was advised by my physician to try Purifier's Emulsion. I did so with the most gratifying results. My sufferings were speedily alleviated, my cough diminished, my appetite improved. I added several pounds to my weight in a short time and began to recover strength. This process continued until life which had been a misery to me became once more a pleasure. Since then, Purifier's Emulsion has been my only medicine. As one who has fully tested its worth, I heartily recommend it to all who are suffering from affections of the Lungs and Throat, and I am certain that for any form of Wasting Disease nothing is so superior to it as can be obtained."

ROBT. R. J. EMERSON.

Sackville, N. B., Aug. 18, 89.

BROWN BROS. & CO.

Chemists, Halifax, N. S.

The University of

Mount Allison College,

SACKVILLE, N. B.

James R. Inch, LL. D., President.

THE University of Mount Allison College, with its associated institutions, Ladies' College and the Mount Allison Academy, constitutes one of the most extensive, complete and thorough educational establishments in the Dominion of Canada. Students may enter at any time, and the same conditions of admission apply to both sexes. Students who wish to follow chosen lines of study. Women are admitted to College Courses and Degrees the same conditions of admission apply to both sexes. The domestic and social arrangements are pleasant, and the expenses moderate.

The first term of the Collegiate Year 1889-90 begins on the 25th of August and the 2nd term on the 2nd of January, 1890.

For further particulars address the President for a Calendar.

Sackville, Aug. 1st, 1889.

THIS YEAR'S

MYRTLE

OUT AND PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

T & B

In Bronze on

Each PLUG and PACKAGE.

STEY'S YOUR BLOOD

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

## Selected Literature.

DOWN WITH THE LORDS.

A clever parody on the national anthem appears in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which says it is the production of a clergyman. The sentiment is in accord with the spirit of the times, and the words are very felicitous:

Down with their lofty seats,  
Down with their vain conceits,  
Down with the Lords!

Confound their false pretence,  
Confound their want of sense,  
Confound their impudence,  
Down with the Lords!

Down with their arrogant,  
Reckless, extravagant,  
Insolent words!  
Shall they reject the bill?  
Shall they dissolve at will?  
Shall they obstruct us still?  
Down with the Lords!

Commons of England, yet  
Shall the proud Lords regret  
Their futile aim!  
Make then your hearts rejoice,  
You are the People's choice,  
You are the People's voice,  
They but a name.

THE QUARTETTE.

A ROMANCE OF SUMMER BOARDERS.

I.

The village of Bonchurch-on-Sea existed—with the exception of the sea—only in the ancient imagination of land speculators. It was a fishing place on the coast of Maine, and the inhabitants and the local name called it Codville. Back from the shore was a fringe of farms, and one of the best of them was owned by old Captain Goodwin and his faithful wife, who, although well-to-do for country people, did not refuse to add to their savings by taking a boarder or two during the summer months. There were a couple of spare rooms in the comfortable farm-house, and the sea-air of Codville was so healthful that the Goodwins felt they were mingling charity with profit by allowing strangers to share its benefits.

Miss Kate Morse, of New York, a handsome, fashionable lady of seventeen years, had come to the Goodwin farm by the advice of her family physician, who had discovered Codville during a fishing excursion. He assured her father that the place would restore her to health, and that the sacrifice of Newport and Stratford for one summer would be more than repaid in vital energy. The doctor was right. Six weeks of the free life and homely fare had cured Miss Morse of everything but an affection of the heart. The cause of this new disease was Bill Goodwin, half-farmer, half-fisherman, and wholly devoted to the young lady. He was so strong, so manly, so completely in harmony with all the surroundings that her maiden aspirations made him her hero, and when he ventured to tell his love, she gave him the sweet assurance that she liked him better than any other man she had ever met.

Robert Morse, the brother of Kate, had arrived, a week ago, at Codville, to relieve the widowed aunt who had chaperoned the young lady during the summer and to escort his sister home. He was suffering from an affection of the heart. The cause in his case was Susie Goodwin, the sister of Bill, as lovely a wild-flower as ever bloomed in the woods of Maine. Robert declared that he had loved her at first sight, and pretty Susie did not deny that the reciprocal his sudden passion.

Here, then, was a quartette of lovers, as they wandered to and fro, on a beautiful moonlight night in September, Bill with Kate and Robert with Susie, a poet, had such a personage present, would have found them a suggestive subject for his muse. But the unpoetic Captain Goodwin only called out that it was bedtime, and cut short the last precious moments of their leave-taking; for Mr. and Mrs. Morse were to return to New York the next day.

After the two girls had gone into the house, their arms around each other's waists like sisters, the two young men strolled down to the beach, Bill with a pipe, Robert with a cigarette, each having something upon his mind which he intended to say to the other. But they talked idly about the weather, and the future of Bonchurch-on-Sea, until at last Bill said:

"I wanted to have a little talk with you before you went away."

"And I with you. I—I wanted to speak about your sister—about Susie, you know."

"Good! And I wanted to speak about your sister."

"My sister! What the matter with her? Isn't she all well again?"

"Yes, thank Heaven! Old Codville has done wonders for her. I wouldn't hardly know her for the sick girl that came here six weeks ago."

"Well—"

"Well—I love her! That's the long and short of it!"

"Who—en—! And have you told her?"

"Yes, I have."

"And what did she say to that?"

"She said she liked me, but didn't know what her pa and ma would think about it."

"Just so! Kate's a very sensible girl. What do you think they will think about it?"

"I don't know 'em. You can tell better than I can. But it won't make any difference to me."

"Wouldn't it, though! As you don't know the Governor or you wouldn't be so sure about that?"

"What do you say yourself?"

"I—well, I'm not called upon to say anything—yet."

"H'm! You were saying that you wanted to speak about Susie."

"It's only an echo of what you have been telling me about Kate."

"You mean you're in love with Susie?"

"And she with you?"

"I hope so—I believe so. She owns that she would like me if she could believe me in earnest."

"And are you?"

what her pa and ma would think about it?"

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"H'm! You were saying that you wanted to speak about Susie."

"It's only an echo of what you have been telling me about Kate."

"You mean you're in love with Susie?"

"And the only man I ever intend to marry, mamma, is Susie's brother, Mr. William Goodwin."

"Oh, goodness!" chuckled Mr. Morse, "this will be the death of me! Brother and sister in love with brother and sister!—there, we might get divorced;—"

"Captain Goodwin, and I—old dame, and so annex the title!"

"This is no laughing matter, father. Susie's a—"

"Oh, no! she is; they all are up in arms. A—teacher, isn't she?"

"I believe that she has taught for—"

"A fellow is Mr. William Goodwin. A real gentleman?"

"Father," said Kate, bravely, "he is my hero."

"Big, tall, strong fellow, with sun-browned face and blue eyes?"

"Oh, yes! when did you see him?"

"Why, bless you, I never saw him. Well, my dear—"

"You expect mother and I to do about this? Give our consent before we see the lady and gentleman? What are your ideas?"

"Well, sir, I thought that you might let Kate invite Miss Goodwin down for a visit."

"Very Good! And would you like Mr. William Goodwin to come and pay a visit, too, Kate? By-the-by, how much board ought we to charge them?"

"Father!"

"Well, you paid board while you were visiting them, didn't you? If we are going to join the Goodwin family we must adopt the Goodwin methods. Say five dollars a week and no extras. That will about make us even."

"But we won't be at home to receive visitors before October," murmured Mrs. Morse, now utterly bewildered. "And I don't know the people, and—"

"Don't worry, mother," said old Mr. Morse, with another outburst of laughter. "We'll lay the whole Goodwin family on the table until October, and then receive them in state. Will that suit you, Robert? Is that agreed, Kate? The old Captain can bring his books and line, and fish off the Battery to amuse himself. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

There was no getting old Mr. Morse to consider the matter seriously. He joked over it at breakfast, and used nautical terms on every possible and impossible occasion. Even down town, in the office, Robert was greeted with "Ahoy!" and "Avast there!" and "Come to anchor my boy!" He did not know what to write to Susie, since he could not say bluntly that his father was laughing at her. Kate did not know what to say to Bill, except that her mother would not listen to anything about him, and could not receive company until October. Everything was postponed until October—that was the only fact among the glittering generalities of the lovers' letters.

October came and went. November came and went. The leaves had dropped and so had the correspondence. Old Mr. Morse indulged in no more nautical jokes. Robert had almost forgotten what a very pretty girl Susie was. Kate had relegated Bill to her gallery of imaginary heroes and was beginning to take a real interest in young Mr. Bertine, son of the millionaire banker, who paid her noticeable attentions. It was December, and the past father was laughing at her. Kate did not know what to say to Bill, except that her mother would not listen to anything about him, and could not receive company until October. Everything was postponed until October—that was the only fact among the glittering generalities of the lovers' letters.

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Buk up in Maine, Bill and Susie waited and did not forget. On the contrary, every word and look recalled again and again, became more vivid with every day, and especially with every night. The old Captain said that Bill had turned sullen, and Susie was getting peckish; but neither he nor his good wife connected these facts with the visit of Kate and Robert.

Susie was a resolute girl. One day, she said to her brother: "I can't let the year go out and the new year come in without knowing the truth. I am going down to New York."

"To see them people?"

"Yes."

"I'll go with you."

"Can't spare us both?"

"He must."

They started together upon the long journey, reaching New York safely, took rooms at the Merchants' Hotel, in Cortland street, which Captain Goodwin had recommended, and, on the morning after their arrival, asked their way to Madison avenue. They felt strange and lost in the great city, neither of them had ever visited before. The residences on Madison avenue seemed to them like palaces. Their simple plan had been to call at the Morse's house and ask for Kate or Robert; but when they saw the number over the splendid doorway, they hesitated and walked on, wondering at the long, magnificent street and the evidences of wealth on every hand. Robert could have felt more helpless on the Maine sea. Kate more frightened in the Maine woods, than Bill and Susie in Madison avenue.

It was a clear, sunny morning, not too cold to be pleasant. The endless street had led them up to Central Park. Presently Susie gave Bill's arm a twitch, & looked up with a gloomy face. She

noddled towards the roadway. There, rolling past them in a showy carriage, with a coachman and footman in livery, was Miss Kate Morse, her fair face relieved by her costly furs. Bill stared at her, with his heart in his eyes; but she noticed nobody on the sidewalk.

The homely couple walked on and on through the Park, and as they crossed one of the bridge roads, Bill had to pull his sister back out of the way of a handsome cavalier who cantered smilingly along, his sleek horse shining in the sun like a steed of gold. Susie glanced up at him and started with a sudden pain. Yes, it was Mr. Robert Morse, and he had not recognized his summer friends.

"Let us go back," said Susie.

"Back where?"

"I'd like to say two words to somebody before I leave New York."

"Wouldn't, be any use. We might have known how things would turn out. But, oh, Bill! Take me home—take me home."

When, weary and travel worn, they reached the old homestead, the Captain greeted a welcome, and Mrs. Goodwin received Susie with open arms and kissed her more tenderly than she had done since her girl was a baby. Perhaps some glimmer of the truth had found its way to the mother's heart. At any rate, as they sat in thoughtful silence around the iron stove that night, Mrs. Goodwin started the little group with this oracular utterance:

"No more summer boarders for me! You hear, Captain?"

"Aye, aye