

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW

Vol. XXII.—No. 21.

Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, March 6, 1889.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WHOLE No. 1113.

6 CASES, 8 BALES.

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT.

Received the last few days and now ready for inspection.

Floor oil cloths 4-4, 5-4, 6-4, 8-4.
Heavy Carpets. Ladies Belts. Dress Shields.
Union Carpets. Black Bows. Knitting Cottons.
Wool Carpets. Colored Bows. Ladies Vests.
Tapestry Carpets. Lace Collars. White Linen Lace.
Hearth Rugs. Linen Collars. Colored do.
Omnibuses. Ladies Cuffs. Girls Corsets.

White Cottons 6cts. to 15cts. Lining Cottons, Jeans, Lace Cur-
tains 90cts. to \$4.00 per pair.

Lambrequins. Circular Pillow Cottons, Tickings.

A Beautiful assortment of New Prints.

Children's Prints and Holland Dresses.

Allover Embroidery Hamburgs.

Children's Cashmere Shirts.

White and colored Hosiery, Men's working Shirts, a large assort-
ment of Jet, Bone, Metal and Crochet Buttons, Roman Pearl Buttons
in White, Cream, Blue, Pink, Cardinal, Cats' Eye Buttons.

Black Italian Cloths, Cretones.

Melton Cloths, Canadian Tweeds—very cheap, Flannellette, etc.

Curtain Screens.

And the best Gingham in the Country, just examine our 10c
Ginghams.

B. FAIREY'S, Newcastle

Newcastle, March 2, 1889.

Law and Collection Office.

M. ADAMS,

Barriator & Attorney at Law.

Notary Public, Convey-
ancer, 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,

Barriator & Attorney at Law.

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

RICHMOND, N. B.

Office: COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 4, 1888.

O. J. MacCULLY, M.A., M.D.,

Physician, Surgeon, &c.

DISORDERS OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.

Office: Cor. Waterman & St. John.

Moncton, Nov. 12, '88.

Charles J. Thomson,

Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COM-
pany of New York. The LARGEST INSUR-
ANCE COMPANY in the World.

Barriator, Proctor for Estates,

Notary Public, &c.

Office: Promptly Collected, and Profes-
sional Business in all its branches executed
with accuracy and dispatch.

Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Dr. Desmond,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office and residence UNION HOTEL, New-
castle, N. B.

Newcastle, June 4th, 1888.

Dr. R. Nicholson,

Office and Residence,

MCCULLAN ST., NEWCASTLE.

Jan. 22, 1889.

Dr. W. Ferguson,

will further notice may be consulted at the
residence of Mr. John Ferguson, Newcastle,
Feb. 28, 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. Delivery connected with the Hotel.
Yachting facilities. Some of the best trout
and salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent
all water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for
special men.

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

Bathurst, Oct. 1, '86.

CANADA HOUSE

Chatham, New Brunswick.

Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

Considerable outlay has been made on the
house to make it a first-class hotel and travel
lodge. It is a desirable temporary residence,
both as regards location and comfort. It is
situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat
landing and Telegraph and Post Office.
The proprietor returns thanks to the Public
for the encouragement given him in the past
and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to
serve the same in the future.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS

Convenient Travellers and Staying on the
premises.

Oct. 12, 1885.

Clifton House,

Princes and 143 Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

Heated by steam throughout. Prompt at-
tention and telephone connection with all
parts of the city.

April 20 '85.

100 ACRES of LAND for SALE.

The Subscriber will receive Tenders up to
1st APRIL, next, from persons wishing to pur-
chase 100 Acres of Wilderness Land, situated
in Dundas Settlement, County of Hastings,
Ontario.

Address
W. J. ELLIOT,
Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Jan. 8, '88.

LAMP GOODS

On hand a large stock of

LAMP GLASS, LAMP GLASS,

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Long-Standing

Blood Diseases are cured by
the persevering use of Ayer's
Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is an Alterative,
and causes a radical change in the system.
The process, in some cases, may not be
quite so rapid as in others; but, with
perseverance, the result is certain.

Read these testimonials:—

"For two years I suffered from a
severe pain in my right side, and had
other troubles caused by a torpid liver
and dyspepsia. After giving several
medicines a fair trial without a cure,
I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I
was greatly benefited by the first bottle,
and after taking five bottles I was com-
pletely cured."—John W. Benson, 70
Lawrence St., Lowell, Mass.

Last May a large carbuncle broke out
on my arm. The usual remedies had no
effect and I was confined to my bed for
eight weeks. A friend induced me to try
Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three
bottles healed the sore. In my experience
with medicine, I never saw more
wonderful results.

Another marked effect of the use of this
medicine was the strengthening of my
sight."—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly
Springs, Texas.

"I had a dry, scaly humor for years,
and suffered terribly; and, as my brother
and sister were similarly afflicted, I
procured the medicine in hereditary. Last
winter, Dr. Tyson, (of Bermuda, Fla.)
recommended me to take Ayer's
Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year.
For five months I took it daily. I have
not had a blemish upon my body for the
last three months."—T. J. Wiley, 166
Chambers St., New York City.

"Last fall and winter I was troubled
with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I
did not notice it much at first, but it
gradually grew worse until it became
almost unbearable. During the latter
part of this time, disorders of the stomach
and liver increased my troubles. I
began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and
after faithfully continuing the use of this
medicine for some months, the pain
disappeared and I was completely
cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush,
Haverhill, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price 25¢; six bottles, \$1.50. Sold by all
druggists.

ESTEY'S
COD LIVER
OIL
CREAM

"There is little Miss Bell," retorted
Kate, darting a quick, sideways glance at
her uncle from under her dark lashes.

"Well, then, there is the Widow Day-
ton, and I know that she admires you
and would willingly become Mrs. Mor-
ton."

Mr. Morton had a wholesome horror of
the Widow Dayton, who had on several
occasions tried to capture the wealthy
bachelor, but had failed sadly; and of
this Kate was well aware, and at times
taunted her uncle unmercifully.

"Heaven protect me from ever marry-
ing her! She has two red-headed, freck-
le-faced boys, and has badgered one
man to death already," replied Mr. Mor-
ton hurriedly, as he pushed back his
chair from the table.

"But, uncle, continued Kate, 'the
widow has lost her eye, and that I
don't intend to do,' he returned, as he
hastily rose from the table and prepared
to start for his place of business.

"Uncle, Kate called after him as he
left the room, 'this is leap year, and if
you don't propose to her she can't go
and it would not surprise me one bit if
she did.'"

"Oh, Kate, how can you tease uncle
so?" asked Lillie, after Mr. Morton had
passed out of hearing. "You know he
will hardly ever speak to a lady if he
can help it."

"Yes, I know, and if he hadn't been
so foolish he could have been married
long ago to Miss Bell," retorted Kate.
"Mrs. Jones told me all about it; uncle
was too timid to propose and Miss Bell
is single yet. I do, wish the widow
would propose to him," she added.

"No, I don't want him to marry her,
for she would have him badgered to
death in a month's time; but it would
be such fun if she only would propose to
him, and maybe that would scare him
into marrying some one else."

Silence reigned for a few minutes after
this speech of Kate's; as she was busy
with her own thoughts. All at once
Kate sprang to her feet, with mischief in
her eyes, and clapping her hands ex-
claimed:

"I have it, Lillie!"

"Have what?"

"A joke on Uncle Bert. I am going
to make Mrs. Dayton propose to him."

"How?" asked Lillie.

"This is leap year, and uncle will get
a proposal from Mrs. Dayton; if he
doesn't, my name is not Katharine Dale,"
answered Kate, nodding her head sagely,
while her dark eyes spoke volumes of
mischief.

"Kate, what do you mean? How can
you make her propose?"

"Just wait and you will see. I can
manage that part perfectly well," retorted
Kate, as she danced gaily out of the
room and ran up stairs, where she was
soon busily engaged in some mysterious
scheme.

Meanwhile Mr. Morton had not spent
a very enjoyable forenoon, for the words
Kate had spoken in the morning kept
ringing in his ears, spite of all efforts to
forget.

Selected Literature.

KATE'S STRATEGY.

In a cosy breakfast room three per-
sons were seated around the cheerful
table. Mr. Morton, a fine looking man
of 40, wealthy and a bachelor, and his
two young and pretty nieces, Lillie and
Kate Dale.

"What for, miss?" asked her uncle, as
he laid aside the paper he was reading.

"Well, replied Kate, 'you see Lillie is
going to marry Frank Hill and go to
Chicago to live, and I, with a pretty
bunch, 'will marry Walter Field at the
same time and go to Detroit; so, don't
you see, you will be alone, for you will
not go with either of us.'"

"Well, what of that, Miss Puss?" asked
her uncle smiling.

"I should like to know who is going
to look after your comfort and give you
a good scolding when you come home
late at night," demanded Kate in a voice
of authority.

"Well, I can do very well without the
aiding, and I expect that Aunt Mollie
can take care of us," he answered
lightly, amused at Miss Kate's air.

"Aunt Mollie, indeed! Yes, she will
do very well with the cooking, but she
will not take care of the other things
as she would if you were married
and there was some one to give orders
about the household," answered Kate,
shaking her head.

"Well, I did not get married when I
was a young man, and I don't think I
will now; and besides, there is no one
whom I know or care to marry," he ad-
vised, sipping his coffee.

"There is little Miss Bell," retorted
Kate, darting a quick, sideways glance at
her uncle from under her dark lashes.

"Well, then, there is the Widow Day-
ton, and I know that she admires you
and would willingly become Mrs. Mor-
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ringing in his ears, spite of all efforts to
forget.

"Both!" he exclaimed at last, throw-
ing down his pen for the twentieth time,
and glancing at his watch. "One o'clock,
and I have done nothing to-day. What
a fool I am! Of course Kate was only
joking. Mrs. Dayton would not dare to
propose. Well, Tom, what is it?" he
asked, as an errand boy entered.

"A letter, sir," said the lad, as he
handed Mr. Morton a large yellow mis-
sive, and then darted quickly out of the
door with a broad grin upon his face.

Mr. Morton tore open the envelope, and
drew forth the letter. His hand shook
and great drops of perspiration broke out
on his brow while he read the following
lines.

Mr. Morton:

DEAR SIR:—I take the advantage
which this year affords to my sex to in-
form you of the tender feeling I have
long felt for you, and I believe my senti-
ments are returned. I understand that
your nieces are to be married soon, and
I know that you will want somebody to
care for your home, and greet you with
 soothing words of cheer, when you re-
turn home weary with the business cares
of the day. Therefore I conquer my
modesty and plainly ask you to marry me.
Hoping to receive a favorable reply
soon, I remain, Yours truly,
NANCY DAYTON.

"Heaven and earth!" gasped Mr.
Morton, letting the letter drop from his
trembling hands, and starting to his
feet. "Kate was right. She intends to
marry me whether or no. What on earth
am I to do?" he groaned, sinking back
into his chair and dropping his throbbing
head upon his hands despairingly.

It is an old adage that 'it never rains
but it pours,' and so thought Mr. Mor-
ton, for the next moment a clerk put his
head in at the door and said:

"If you please, sir, Mrs. Dayton is in
the store and wishes to see you at once
upon important business."

"Eh! What?" almost shrieked Mr.
Morton. "Mrs. Dayton in there? What
shall I do?" he cried, starting up wildly
and darting behind the door.

"Yes, sir. What shall I tell her?" said
the clerk, looking as if he thought that
Mr. Morton had gone crazy.

"Oh, for mercy's sake don't let her
come in here!" he exclaimed in a shak-
ing voice. "Don't, Brown, there's a
good fellow. Tell her anything—that I
am ill, or not in—tell her to come in
some other time. Get rid of her quick,
some way or other; but for Heaven's
sake don't let her come in here. I won't
see her on any terms whatever."

"All right, sir," said Brown, as he
backed out of the office, almost choking
with laughter, as the situation of affairs
and the cause of Mr. Morton's frantic
actions flashed through his mind.

"Oh my stars!" groaned Mr. Morton,
as the door closed behind Brown.
"What on earth am I to do? Kate was
right. What a fool I was that I did not
ask Miss Bell to marry me years ago! I
then I would have been safe from the
clutches of that brazen-faced widow!"

He stepped from his place of retreat,
and, sinking into the nearest chair,
bowed his head upon his hands in per-
plexed thought. Suddenly a bright idea
struck him, and he exclaimed:

"I'll do it yet—right away, too, and
be done with it!"

Springing to his feet, he seized his hat
and gloves and put them on hurriedly.
Then he went to the door, and in a
nervous whisper called out to the clerk:

"Brown, has she gone yet