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W. C. ANSLOW,

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Vol. XXI.—No. 14.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, January 18, 1888.

WHOLE NO. 1054.

'88, JANUARY '88.

To my numerous Customers and Friends I return my sincere thanks for their very liberal patronage during the past year, and solicit a continuance of the same for 1888.

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Hays' Building, Newcastle.

NEW GOODS.

One case, containing the following:—
Linen Flourishing Thread, Fancy Bordered Handkerchiefs, Boys Linen Collars, Men's Linen Collars, Celluloid Collars, Celluloid and Linen Collars, Ladies' Linen Cuffs, Rubber Thimbles, Fancy Chenille Corsets, Tinsels all colors. Corsets in all sizes, Corset Clasps, Skirt Braids, Vandyke Braids, Hooks and Eyes, Black Twist, Jeans, Waist Linings, Skirt Linings, Black and White Sheet Wadding, Swansdown, Clark's Thread, etc., etc.

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P. S. I am sending half yearly accounts to some and shall be pleased to have an early settlement.

B. FAIREY.

Newcastle, Jan. 5, 1888.

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J. D. PHINNEY,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
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RICHMOND, N. B.

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE,
May 4, 1885.

F. L. PEDOLIN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

OFFICE at house formerly occupied by M. O. Thompson,
Newcastle, June 11, 1887.

O. J. MACCULLY, M.A., M.D.,
Memb. BOT. COL. SENG, LONDON,
SPECIALIST.

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Office: Cor. Church and Main Sts., Montreal,
Montreal, Nov. 12, 86.

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J. O. BIEDERMANN,
St. John, May 6, 1887.

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Dec. 17, 1887.

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to be desired.

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TO THE FALL

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GOODS to arrive shortly.

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Newcastle, Sept. 26, 1887.

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T. FAYTLOW MOTT,
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CHAS. ESTEY,
Campbellton, Sept. 25, 1886.

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the NEW YORK

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THE CHESTER COMPANY, 71 Murray Street, N. Y.

Selected Literature.

DR GREYSON'S XMAS.

AND HOW LITTLE PAUL HARPER FOUND A HOME.

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house

Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse.

Yet just outside the old Greyson homestead at Millville, some one was stirring in the person of a very small boy, viz., Little Paul Harper. Indeed, at 11 p. m., Dec. 24, 1888, when the mercury in the thermometer tube was coldly calculating the number of degrees "below," for the following morning's indication, it was exclusively necessary to stir—or freeze.

Such, at least, was Little Paul's idea, in the clear moonlight, between intervals of hand-thrashing and feet-stamping, he banged away at the big brass knocker that had so often awakened Doctor Greyson with local appeals for services attendant on the beginning of life, or those necessary to life's continuance.

'I wish somebody would come,' said Little Paul half aloud, for though warmly clothed, he shivered like the bare brown twigs in the leafless elms over his head, as a keen wind direct from the North Pole via Greenland and Spitzbergen aggressively whirled the dry snow round the nearest corner, into his eyes and ears.

'But Miss Agnes told me to rap till I'm answered the door,' continued Little Paul, glancing in vainly across the street, where, at an upper window against a background of light, stood a tall, slender lady in black, who waved her hand to him encouragingly, whereas Little Paul applied himself with renewed energy to the knocker—hoping, perhaps, to warm himself, by these additional outer raps.

'Rat-tat-tat!' and Mrs. Moriarty, the old housekeeper who had dandled Doctor Greyson in his babyhood, and had closed the eyes of his parents in their last sleep, began drowsily to comprehend that some one was 'after the doctor'—that long suffering individual having been called into the adjoining neighborhood to attend a colicky baby (his first), if, may remark, enveloped as to her head in a mammoth night-cap, the good lady, reluctantly leaving her downy couch, called sharply from an upstairs window: 'Who is it now, this?—the lingering emphasis on an adverb suggesting a mild intimation of personal injury, consequent upon frequent previous knocking.

'It's me, Paul Harper—I'm Doctor Greyson's nephew, and I've come to stay, returned Little Paul through his chattering teeth.

Mrs. Moriarty's astonished response was drowned in the bang of the suddenly descending sash. A moment later her postily form clothed upon with a wrapper of most redundant pattern, appeared at the door.

'The saints be good to us!' exclaimed Mrs. Moriarty with a hysterical sob, as the light from the candle in her trembling hand fell upon the grave little face, upturned to meet her own. 'It's 'de darlin' Mr. Ellen's boy for sure—'I'd a karn'd his ashes in a whirlwind.' And emphasizing this somewhat astounding assertion by a hearty action of her strong arm, Little Paul half beamed with the cold, was whisked over the threshold, and into an old-time room with an immense open fire-place, wherein from half consumed chunks of beech and maple, arose the dancing flames with warming welcome.

No wonder that good Mrs. Moriarty alternately laughed and cried—in fact, went through the entire gamut of her somewhat emotional nature, as Little Paul related his simple story. Had not Miss Ellen been the darlin' of her heart, years before, and was not this her own boy, who had come througins of miles over land and sea to find the only kith and kin that was left him, now that his mother was an angel in glory?

For the shadows which, differing only in their intensity, fall upon every heart and home, had not been absent from the Greyson family. It was a not uncommon story. Miss Nellie, the doctor's twin sister, was left to his peculiar care by the death of her parents. As many another pure and beautiful young girl has done and will do, till the Millennium dawns, became infatuated with a handsome, dissipated scamp, and despite her brother's stern remonstrances, she would believe nothing against the character of the man who had thus enslaved her young affections.

The usual results followed. An eloquent and hasty marriage—gradual neglect and actual abuse—was ended by the death of her dissipated husband in a far away State, leaving his wife and one child penniless; and so it was that Little Paul's mother lay down to die.

But before entering into rest, she called her boy to her bedside. With a sort of intuition concerning the unseen presence of the death angel, who but ushers the released souls to the portals of a kingdom over whose threshold his own silent feet may not pass—'And Death shall be no more!'—Little Paul sank on his knees, and buried his face in the coverlid.

'Paul, dear,' she said, with ineffable tenderness in her weak voice, was enabled by the hand on his bowed head as though in all benediction, 'When I leave you—and that time is close at hand—you must seek out your Uncle Paul Greyson in New England, and tell him that with her

last breath, his sister not only implores his forgiveness, but asks a home for her orphaned boy at his hands. Miss Agnes, the kind lady who has done so much for us, will arrange for your return with her, feebly added the dying mother, checking the boy's compulsive sobs by a tender touch, 'and now Paul, kiss me good-night—may the God of the fatherless—'

But the prayer begun on earth reached its completion in Heaven. And when Miss Agnes—a tall, sweet-faced young lady from New England, who, during a temporary visit to San Francisco, had constituted herself a sister of both mercy and charity, entered the room a little later, Mrs. Harper had fallen into a sleep whose only awakening is in the clear light of eternity.

And so the days passed, till, on the night when my story begins, the tall clock in the Greyson homestead—a ticked off rather more than a century—echoed the last brazen hour of midnight, ushering the beginning of the anniversary of the Christ child's birth. As the final note died away on the clear air, Doctor Greyson, who was not only tired and cold, but cross withal, ushered himself into the old-fashioned parlor, guided by the rays of the flickering firelight, which was painting fantastic shadows on the wall-papered wall, as he partly groped his way into the room.

'And this'—growled the doctor in an audible soliloquy, as he substituted slippers and dressing gown for boots and overcoat—'this is the beginning of what some enthusiastic people are pleased to call 'Merry Christmas.' Very merry it will be for me; he continued grumblingly, as he poked the fire into a partial blaze, 'making out bills against delinquent patients, and dosing children who have gorged themselves to repletion on turkey and mince pie! No, I won't go to bed, nor will I light the lamp if he snapped out fiercely, as though answering some inward suggestion of his after glow which perhaps might have been a trifle softened by the influence of the holiday season—'I'm going to sit in the dark, here by the fire, till I get a little clearer head into my brain. This remarking, he threw himself into the big chair which, by reason of its perspiration—if I may be allowed the expression—with the cries and groans of toothache-tortured victims resorting to cold steel as a final relief from pain, was well calculated for gloomy reverie.

'Merry Christmas,' repeated Doctor Greyson, still bitterly hanging on to this theme, as though it were a personal grievance, 'when seven years ago this very night, Nelly, my own twin sister, allured by the promises of a good-looking scamp, left my care and love, and the year after, Agnes.'

But all at once the clear stillness of the winter's night was broken by distant chimes from the steeple of the little chapel at Upper Millville, and Doctor Greyson, without a word, turned his head to listen. Without doubt (as was customary at such times) 'Bang, the bell rings, was more or less inebriated; but, softened by the distance, 'Coronation' and 'Old Hundred'—the only two tunes within the scope of that gentleman's musical attainments—affected the Doctor strangely. He was anything but poetical or imaginative, yet blended with the chimes, the words of a poem he had read in some paper, drifted through his mind, giving him, somehow, a quieting sense of freedom from his morbid remembrances. The lines were simple, and in some way had been engraven on the tablets of his memory at the time of reading, yet until to-night he had not recalled them, and had unconsciously spoke the words aloud: 'Peace, sweetest peace rest in each heart that bateth;

Let sorrow vanish, when The dear Lord Christ hath risen, and entreateth Good will to men.'

'Good will to men,' repeated Doctor Greyson as he sat staring drowsily into the fire. 'I wonder if that expression applies to masculinity alone?' involuntarily smiling at the absurdity of such a connection of thoughts, even as he thus commended himself. As though—'If I must so express it—the spirit of the Christmas would answer Doctor Greyson's query by a negative, he saw two faces photographed in the glowing embers. One had pale and beautiful features framed in a wealth of brown hair, with deep, earnest eyes that seemed to return Doctor Greyson's fixed stare, with a look of loving reproach.

'Agnes' exclaimed Doctor Greyson with a half groan, and the flood of tender recollection, and love long repressed, swept away the barriers of pride which he himself, six years before, had erected between himself and betrothed, since when he had stubbornly turned with its face to the wall of the hidden chamber in his heart, the picture once held so dear.

'She need not had been so stubborn,' muttered the doctor, endeavoring—as have the male sex from Adam down—to lay the blame upon the woman—and I would say, in passing, that the salient feature in Doctor Greyson's own make-up was a doggedness of purpose peculiar to the Greyson family, that brooked no opposition. In and as connected with himself, he called this trait 'unyielding firmness'—as applied to others whose will opposed his own, he mentioned it as 'stubborn obstinacy.'

From his youth up the doctor had loved Agnes, who had lived in the old

square roofed house across the street, and was her accepted lover at the time of his sister Nellie's elopement and subsequent marriage. Agnes had more than once gently remonstrated with him for his stern refusal to forgive the young girl's imprudent step, for Doctor Greyson, in the bitterness of his anger, forbade even that her name should ever be mentioned within the walls of the Greyson homestead, and returned her letters unopened.

Thus the rupture began, and learning one day that his betrothed was in correspondence with her former playmate and friend, who already was reaping the results of her folly, he hastily forbade further communication between the two. Agnes' pride was touched, and she coldly refused to accede to the imperative demand. A few angry words on Dr. Greyson's part, and the betrothal was broken. Agnes persuaded her widowed mother, who was very wealthy, to shut up the house and travel. They had roamed over the continent from place to place—Agnes vainly seeking rest, but finding none. Returning to this country, the steamer had left them at San Francisco, where by a strange providence, Agnes discovered Mrs. Harper in poverty and suffering, in time to minister to her needs, as we have seen.

The other picture I have mentioned as being mirrored side by side with that of his former love, in the fire, was that of his sister Nellie; and now his heart began to grow very tender, as the recollection of her love for him drifted across his mind, mingled with which was much of remorseful sorrow.

'Poor child,' he said, half aloud. 'I wish I knew where she is, to-night—'

He would write to ask her forgiveness, and offer her the shelter of a home, if she were in want! As he spoke, he arose to replenish the fire, and throwing on an armful of pitch pine splints, the flames leaped up to meet them, illuminating every nook and corner with their ruddy light.

Now, good Mrs. Moriarty had decided in her own mind that it would be far better that Little Paul should introduce himself to his uncle, than to go through any regular form of presentation.

'Sure, the face of the darlin'! I'd a karn'd her better, nor any words, I'd a karn'd her lie down on the lounge until the arrival of the 'mother,' she went to her own room.

Of course Little Paul proceeded to fall asleep with boyish expedition. And unawakened by Dr. Greyson's entrance, he slumbered on, till the sudden glare and crackle of the newly-aroused fire, caused him to suddenly start upright with a little cry of astonishment, which was drowned in the doctor's half terrified exclamation.

'Who are you?' were the words that framed themselves on the latter's lips; but as the boy came toward him, the doctor had no need to ask the question; he knew, for his sister's lost home from the wistful brown eyes—there was Nellie's soft curling hair, her small mouth.

'If you please, Uncle Paul,' said the boyish voice. 'I'm Little Paul Harper. Mother—'

'Mother—is dead—'

'And as Dr. Greyson dropped into a chair, covering his face with his hands, Little Paul's lip quivered, and he wept.

Recovering himself manfully, he went on. 'The last thing she said, was for me to seek out your Uncle Paul in New England, and tell him that with her last breath his sister not only implores his forgiveness, but asks a home for her orphaned boy. And then Little Paul, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before his Uncle, awaiting his verdict.

Doctor Greyson rather prided himself upon possessing a thoroughly unemotional nature. 'A practical man; especially a professional one—has no business to let his emotions get the best of him—self repression, is the easiest thing in the world, sir, he was wont to say. But just then something rose in the doctor's throat that nearly strangled him. Moreover, two large tears followed each other down the rim of his Roman nose, which together with a certain huskiness of voice as he spoke, he, with great presence of mind, attributed to a temporary attack of influenza, consequent upon his night ride.

'May God deal with me, as I wish you, Little Paul,' he said in a very low voice, as he drew the boy within the shelter of his strong arms, and solemnly kissed his white upturned forehead.

Then followed Little Paul's pathetic story. And as in its recital his loved mother was the most prominent feature, he spoke unconsciously of their benefactor, who had done so much for them, only as the 'kind lady,' without calling her by name.

'And where did the kind lady—as you call her—go, after she had left you here as a Christmas present?'

'Miss Agnes' returned Little Paul drowsily, as he rested his curly head against his uncle's shoulder. 'Oh, she went right back to her house just across the street—she said she hadn't been home on a Christmas day, for, oh, I don't know how many years, and wanted to see how it would seem to sit before the old fireplace where she used to hang up her stockings, and pray that to-night Santa Claus would bring her a Christmas present—and—'

'What! Little Paul—'

'I guessed, must have been whispered to the people of the land, for the lids slowly closed over his

dark eyes, and his regular breathing showed that the boy had drifted away toward the lands, that

'On the North and West are bounded by rest,

'On the South and East by dreams.'

Laying Little Paul softly down on the lounge and covering him up warmly, Doctor Greyson, in great mental agitation, walked to the window. Pushing aside the heavy curtain, he looked at the house across the way, which had been closed so long. Lights were visible from two or three of the windows, and he vaguely remembered wondering when he entered his own door, nearly an hour previously, whether some new tenant might not have moved in. For, until Little Paul's startling revelation, he had known nothing of Miss Agnes' whereabouts, beyond being aware that according to the 'hearsay' of Mrs. Moriarty, she was 'thravelling' somewhere in fur-trim parts, but whether in China or Khamschatka, did not lie within the province of Mrs. Moriarty's information, and the Doctor was to proud to ask.

But his pride was to-night completely broken down, and as he saw against the drawn white curtain the silhouette of a slender form, Dr. Greyson's heart gave a great bound.

He did not stop to reason with himself, nor did he form any particular plan of action, further than changing dressing gown and slippers for overcoat and boots. Then he grabbed—I use the word advisedly—his hat from off his peg, and shot through the door and across the street.

I don't know why the front door of the house over the way should have been left unlocked or unbolts. How should I? I only know that while Miss Agnes sat alone in the sitting room, studying the glowing coals very much as Doctor Greyson had done an hour or so previously in his home, someone softly entered the room, and without anything like an apology for the intrusion, dropped on his knees before the young lady in question, and buried his face in her lap.

And I have furthermore to state that despite this very irregular proceeding, Miss Agnes neither screamed nor fainted; as under the circumstances might have been expected, on the contrary—

'Agnes,' asked Doctor Greyson humbly, 'can you ever forgive me?' And between his emotion and the folds of her black silk, his voice sounded really as if he were greatly moved—which indeed he was, though he would not have acknowledged it for the world.

'Paul,' returned the sweet, tremulous voice, 'I forgive you a long, long time ago, but I must tell you that I have never changed my views regarding—that which separated us.'

'But I have,' was the meek response, and then, of course, there was nothing more to be said. When Doctor Paul Greyson acknowledged himself in the wrong—why, a sort of moral revolution might be expected, not exactly, to be sure in a general sense, but individually—the individual himself being Doctor Paul.

And so, when with a vague idea of where he was, or how he came there, Little Paul awoke late on Christmas morn, to find his stockings, which by some mysterious means, had been hung before the fireplace, filled to overflowing, he asked his Uncle Paul, who greeted him with loving words:

'But Uncle Paul, what did you get for a Christmas present?'