

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. C. ANSLOW

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Vol. XXV.—No. 15.

Newcastle, Wednesday, January 20, 1892.

WHOLE NO. 1263.

L. J. TWEEDIE
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
TA LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER &c.

Charles J. Thomson
Solicitor for Bank Nova Scotia
Barrister, Pleader for Estates.

J. D. PHINNEY
Barrister & Attorney at Law
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

W. A. WILSON, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
DERBY, N. B.

KEARY HOUSE
FORMERLY WILBUR'S HOTEL
BATHURST
THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor.

Clifton House
Prices and 143 Germain Street.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. N. Peters, Prop'r.
Heated by Steam throughout. Prompt at-
tention and moderate charges. Telephone
communications with all parts of the city.
April 26, 1889.

TUNING and REPAIRING.
J. O. Bledman, PIANOFORTE and
ORGAN TUNER.
Repairing a Specialty.

CANADA HOUSE
Chatham, New Brunswick.
Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

GOD SAMPLE ROOMS
For Commercial Travellers, and Staying on the
premises.
Chatham Jan. 1.

S. R. Foster & Son
MANUFACTURERS OF
WIRE NAILS,
WIRE BRADS,
Steel and IRON
NAILS,
AND SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE
NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.
ST. JOHN N. B.

Coat Makers.
THREE Good Coat Makers Wanted at
once. Highest Wages Paid.
Newcastle, April 13.

Dunlap, Cooke & Co.
Merchant Tailors.
Amherst, N. S.

TAILORING.
The Subscriber begs to announce to his patrons
that he has removed his tailoring establish-
ment into the commodious store and
premises lately occupied by Mr.
R. Fairly, where he will keep
on hand a stock of the
LATEST and MOST FASHIONABLE
Styles of
CLOTHING
and
READY-MADE SUITS
of
all
kinds
and
materials.
He
also
keeps
a
stock
of
FINE
CLOTHS
and
SERVICES
of
all
kinds.
He
also
keeps
a
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of
FINE
CLOTHS
and
SERVICES
of
all
kinds.

NEW AND WELL SELECTED
Stock of Goods. Furnishings which
will be sold at very low prices.
Inspection invited. No
trouble to show.

GOODS
at
very
low
prices.

J. R. McDONALD.
Newcastle, July 16, 1891.

IF
You would Preserve Your Sight use
D. HARRIS
SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES.

Messrs. H. Whiston & Co.
WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS
NEWCASTLE N. B.
Sept. 7

Dr. H. A. Fish
Office and Residence,
McQUILLAN ST.,
NEWCASTLE
Jan. 22, 1888.

COFFEE.
OUR OWN
Special Blend

COFFEE is Better
than ever. We pay
special attention to
this line.

JARDINE & Co.
St. John.

J. R. Lawlor
Auctioneer and Commission
Merchant,
Newcastle, New Brunswick.

Geo. Stables
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

W. MORAN
LOCKSMITH & BELLMANAGER.
Jobbing in Brass or Iron done in a work-
manlike manner. Scales repaired and re-
adjusted. Wire Screens Shown. Maps to the
der. Scissors and Pocket Cutlery sharpened.
H. G. H. WEST, 115 ADELAIDE ST.
ST. JOHN, N. B. 1891.

Electric Bells and Speaking Tubes
fitted up at reasonable prices.
CUNARD STREET—Old Anslow corner.
Chatham, July 23, 1891.

I OURE FITS!
I OURE FITS!
I OURE FITS!
I OURE FITS!
I OURE FITS!

\$800 SALARY
and commission
for Agents, Men and Women, Teachers
and Clergymen to introduce a NEW and
EXCELLENT Standard Book.
Testimony of 19 Countries to **Journal
of Science.**
The most remarkable religious book, written
by 300 eminent scholars, Non-sectarian. Every
Christian wants it. Exclusive territory
granted. Apply to
The Henry Hill Publishing Company,
NEWBURY, MASS.

**NERVE
BEANS.**
NERVE
BEANS.
NERVE
BEANS.
NERVE
BEANS.

MR. B. B. BOUTHILLIER.
WEDNESDAY,
JANUARY 20, 1892.

**PORK
SAUSAGES.**
John Hopkins,
115 Union Street, St. John,
Sept. 8, 1891

**Ayer's
Sarsaparilla**

Stands at the head of all blood
medicines. This position it has secured by
its intrinsic merit, sustained by the
opinion of leading physicians, and by
the certificates of thousands who have
successfully tested its remedial worth.
No other medicine so effectively

CURES
SCROFULA, boils, pimples, rheumatism, car-
tarrh, and all other blood diseases.

SCROFULA
Our doctor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla
as being the best blood-purifier within
his experience. We gave her this medicine,
and a complete cure was the result.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ per bottle, 50¢
per dozen.

Cures others, will cure you

**DR. KENDRICK'S
WHITE
LINIMENT**

Swellings, Lameness, Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Hump-
backs, Headache, Stiff Joints, &c.

CAUTION

Myrtle Navy!

T. & B.
IN BRONZED LETTERS.
NONE OTHER GENUINE.

FOR SALE

Solid Leather.

MR. B. B. BOUTHILLIER.

WEDNESDAY,

**PORK
SAUSAGES.**

John Hopkins

WEDNESDAY,

**PORK
SAUSAGES.**

John Hopkins

WEDNESDAY,

**PORK
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Selected Literature.

THE SQUIRE'S CREMATION.

Dr. Healy could make nothing out of
the case. Though only a country phy-
sician, the doctor possessed a good deal
of learning and a great deal of experience,
and yet never before had he seen or
read of such a case as the squire's.

Dr. Healy understood the situation at
once. Capt. Roke was the squire's
cousin, and, though much younger, had
been formerly his bosom friend. Many
a time had the two heard the chiming
bells in the night.

Dr. Healy reflected for a moment.
"Where," he then inquired, "where
is this person?"

"In the library," murmured Mrs.
Devenish.

"With a resolute face and a firm step
Dr. Healy walked straight to the library.
The moment he opened the door he
espied the captain sitting quietly by
the fire reading a big folio and smoking
a cigar. He rose as the doctor entered.
He was a handsome man enough but his
features had been rendered sodden with
drink."

"The doctor, I presume," he said,
Dr. Healy bowed.

"Ah, glad to meet you. Just came
here to see how my cousin, the squire,
was getting on," continued Capt. Roke.
"He is in a bad way. He evidently noticed
the resolution in the physician's face, and
was uncomfortable."

"Not any better for you being here,
replied Dr. Healy, bluntly.

"You conduct in forcing your way
into his bedroom was, let me tell you,
cowardly, and might have caused his
death."

When Dr. Healy was roused he didn't
miss matters.

"I wanted to know what was wrong
with him, stammered Capt. Roke, angry,
yet discomfited. I'm his nearest re-
lative, and I have a right to know. I'm
not going to leave him helpless in the
hands of that creature whom he picked
out of the gutter."

"If you had wanted to know you
should have come to me," said Dr. Healy,
sternly.

"Well, now you're here, what is
wrong with him?" demanded the captain.
Dr. Healy hesitated. He had sug-
gested the question, and now he couldn't
answer it. He took refuge in a stratagem.

"After your conduct to-day, sir, I
shall tell you nothing, he said.

"Because you can't, or are afraid, cried
Captain Roke, who had noticed the
doctor's momentary hesitation.

"I leave the house this instant, sir,
I shall be compelled to use force."

"I'll go, muttered Capt. Roke, as he
saw by the doctor's manner he picked
up his hat and gloves and moved toward
the door. I'll go, it will not be far at
all. Poor Jack's at the mercy of his gutter
wife and her doctor, who is his nearest
favorite, I suppose."

"If you repeat that, I'll kick you out
of the house, said the doctor, and he
would have kept his word. Capt. Roke
thought it wiser not to give him the
chance. That individual took himself
off as quickly as he could, and made
his way to Brasley Inn, where he es-
tablished himself to await developments.

The grievous brought home to Dr.
Healy the awkwardness, if not danger,
of his position. If the squire died, how
much more awkward and dangerous
would that position become? His mind
was made up. Without consulting Mrs.
Devenish or the squire, he walked to
the village telegraph office, and wired
to the distinguished London physician,
Sir William MacFisic, to come at once.
An hour later he received a reply. Sir
William would arrive the next morning.

"With a mind much easier than it had
been of late, Dr. Healy was that evening
sitting smoking his pipe in his study,
when his equanimity received a rude
shock. The groom from the manor
arrived post haste with a message
for him to come at once. The squire
had suddenly become much worse.

The patient still was not satisfied, and
tried to urge the doctor to immediate
action on the matter. Dr. Healy, on
his part, did what he could by word and
deed to quiet and compose him, till at
last, to the doctor's and Mrs. Devenish's
satisfaction, he dropped off exhausted
into a deep sleep. Dr. Healy and Mrs.
Devenish then left the bedroom.

"What caused the excitement?" asked
the doctor.

"Oh, doctor," replied Mrs. Devenish
with a sob, "Capt. Roke arrived this
morning, and forced his way into John's
room."

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once. Capt. Roke was the squire's
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arrived post haste with a message
for him to come at once. The squire
had suddenly become much worse.

Hearty scrambling up upon the dog
cart beside the groom, Dr. Healy drove
off to the manor house. When he ar-
rived he found the squire obviously in
the last agonies. To Mrs. Devenish's
pitiable appeals the physician could
only make one answer: There was no
hope. Half an hour later the squire
was dead.

With a doleful murmur Dr. Healy
walked home that night. Never before
had he felt in so trying a position—
What a foe he was not to have called
in Sir William MacFisic sooner. There
was a patient dead of he knew not what.

Was he to give a certificate or not? If
he did not give one, and it turned out
that the squire died of natural disease,
what a useless scandal he would create,
and what a foe he should look. If he
gave one, and Capt. Roke renewed his
insinuations; what then? At best an
inquest and a verdict that deceased died
from natural causes. But if—and Dr.
Healy could not disguise from himself
that it was possible—the death was not
from natural causes. Why he might
find himself in the dock as the prisoner
or the prisoner's accomplice.

Dr. Healy spent a most miserable
night. When the morning came all
that he had resolved on was to do nothing
until he had consulted Sir W. Mac-
Fisic, whose coming he had not counter-
manded.

Dr. Healy met the great physician at
the station, and on the way to the
manor house told him of the squire's
death, and of his difficulties as to the
cause of it. Sir William asked carefully
as to the symptoms and as to the de-
ceased's habits of life. He gave no opinion
as to the cause of death until he had seen
the body. Then he spoke decisively.

"Don't trouble your mind about it,
doctor," he said; "it's a perfectly clear
case."

"But what did he die of, Sir William?"
asked Dr. Healy anxiously.

"Why, anything. There isn't a
word in the man's body. Say, as
the most obvious, 'crisis of the liver.'
That will do very well. When can I
get a train back to town?"

Dr. Healy gave the certificate of death,
but still he was not quite so easy in his
mind as Sir William, and when he saw
Capt. Roke seated in the library again
in an uneasy tone. He evidently noticed
the man's face showed that he wasn't
much pleased. Dr. Healy felt inclined to
run him out again, but on reflection he over-
came his natural desire. After all, the
captain was the squire's next of kin.
Perhaps he had a legal, at any rate he
had a moral, right to be there until the
will was read and the funeral had taken
place.

A second shock was in store for Dr.
Healy. By Mrs. Devenish's direction
the will was read the next morning.
Under it she was appointed sole legatee
and devisee and sole executrix of the
squire. When this was read, the look on
Dr. Healy's face sent a shiver through
Mrs. Devenish. But what startled and
shocked the doctor more than this: The
will contained a direction that the testator's
body should be cremated!

Here, then, was a situation. Capt.
Roke meant mischief. What if, after
the cremation, he charged Mrs. Devenish
with poisoning her husband, and Dr.
Healy with being accessory to the fact?
How could the charge be disproved when
the body was gone, and how could the
evidence that Capt. Roke could easily
produce be met, that many of the sym-
ptoms were consistent with poisoning?

That evening Dr. Healy left Sabley
for London to consult Sir William Mac-
Fisic. He returned the next morning
with a determined look on his face. He
had not wasted long in the matter. He
was for cremating the squire, and Mrs.
Devenish accepted his offer.

The day after that ceremony the crisis
came. Mrs. Devenish, white with grief,
called to consult Dr. Healy. Capt. Roke
that morning had demanded a private
interview with her. He there and
then declared that unless she divided
the inheritance with him, he would
change her and Dr. Healy with poison-
ing the squire, and he would prove it.
He had taken all precautions, he added
significantly.

"Let him do his worst," said Dr.
Healy calmly.

"That evening Capt. Roke called again
on Mrs. Devenish and asked her for
her answer. She refused, point blank, to
give him a shilling. The captain, with
a cold, left her. The next morning he
saw an information against Mrs. De-
venish and Dr. Healy for the murder of
John Devenish of the Manor House.
They were both immediately arrested.

When the case came before the magis-
trate it was soon clear that the defend-
ants had an ugly series of circumstances
to meet. As counsel for the prosecution
stated, Capt. Roke would swear that
suspecting something was wrong from
the behavior of the widow and the un-
satisfactory answer of the doctor, he
privately took some of the medicine and
other things which had been adminis-
tered to the deceased and sent them to Lon-
don for analysis. Unfortunately, the
analyst's report did not reach him until
after the cremation. It was to the
effect that they were all charged with
arsenic. The analyst would come for-
ward, and the medicines would be pro-
duced. Then, further, a distinguished
medical man had been consulted, and

would give evidence to the effect that
the symptoms of the deceased's illness
were not merely consistent with, but
suggested arsenical poisoning. Much
other evidence was promised, which
seemed to raise the strongest suspicions of
guilt.

A considerable part of the day had
been occupied in stating the case for the
prosecution and hearing Capt. Roke's
evidence. Then counsel moved for an
adjournment to enable more evidence to
be brought forward.

"Perhaps," said the counsel for the
prisoners, "I may as well now state my
defence. It will, I think, make an ad-
journment unnecessary."

"What's your case?" asked the chair-
man, sceptically.

"Simply this—that the arsenic was
put into the medicine by Capt. Roke,
which the detective now beside him,
and who had been watching him since
the morning after the squire's
death, can prove."

Capt. Roke turned ghastly pale.

"Yes," said the startled chairman,
"Anything further?"

"Only this," proceeded counsel for the
defence, calmly, "that Dr. Healy suspecting
this man's intentions, secretly with-
held the body from cremation, and re-
quested Sir William MacFisic and Dr.
MacFisic to hold a post-mortem upon it.
Those gentlemen are now present to
testify that the deceased died of a compli-
cation of diseases, of which cholera was
one, and there isn't a trace of poison of
any sort or description in the body?"

"What became of the body?" asked the
chairman in amazement.

"It's in the next room at present," said
counsel quietly, "awaiting inspection
from anyone who likes."

Capt. Roke is now doing seven years
penal servitude for wilful and corrupt
perjury.

MYSTERY OF THE SURGERY.

CELIA LOGAN TELLS AN INTERESTING
STORY OF A DOCTOR'S OFFICE.

Some years ago, while residing in
London, England, I became very inti-
mate with Mrs. B—, the wife of a
physician having a large practice. We
used to visit each other without cer-
emony. One day I ran to see Mrs. B—,
and was shown by the parlor maid into
the reception room instead of the draw-
ing room, where I would have been
taken had I not been on such intimate
terms with the mistress of the house.
The reception room was for the use of
the doctor's patients, who sat there
while awaiting their turn to see him.
It was joined to the parlor by a phys-
ician's consulting room called in England, I
had not waited long for my friend before
I heard light footsteps, and, glancing
towards the open door, I saw the last
fold of a dove-colored cashmere dress
as it disappeared in the direction of
the surgery.

Thinking that Mrs. B— had been
told that I was there instead of in the
reception room, I rose and followed her,
but she was not in the passage when I
reached it, and I continued on to the
surgery only a few paces off. The door
was shut and I wondered that I had not
heard it opened or closed. I opened it,
but remained upon the threshold, hold-
ing the door-knob, because the doctor's
wife was not there, but a stranger to me
for the use of patients. She was young,
with brown hair and hazel eyes, and a
face that would have been handsome but
for its emaciation and pallor. She wore
a dove-colored dress and bonnet like
those affected by Quakeresses. She was
looking towards the door when I half-
opened it. I looked at her, noting every
particular of her personal appearance,
then suddenly remembering my man-
ners I said to her, "Excuse me and ad-
vance myself, that is a very sick woman I
should think by her looks and by her
calling on the doctor after office hours,
—for it was the middle of the afternoon.
I turned to go back in the passage, draw-
ing the door to after me and found my-
self face to face with Mrs. B—, who
said:

"Could not help keeping you waiting,
but we will make up for it by a long
chat. Let us go into the surgery."

"There's a lady there waiting for the
doctor," I said. "At this hour! Impos-
sible!" she replied, opening the door and
stepping in, I following.

Suddenly she stopped and gazed in
amazement at the lady in the doctor's
chair, her face taking on almost as
strange an expression as that upon the
quiet features of the Quakeress.

One glance at my friend I gave, and
then looked at the strange woman, but
only for the briefest conceivable space of
time, for the vision—or apparition—
vanished before my very eyes. How she
went, or where, I could not un-
derstand, but can only describe it thus:
The moment the semblance of a woman
sitting in the chair, wearing a bonnet
and looking so like an apparition that I
thought I could have felt the difference
in the texture of her dress and bonnet,
the one being of cashmere, the other of
silk.

"Why, where has she gone? I asked in
amazement, instinctively running to try
the two windows, the while Mrs. B— re-

mained silent and motionless as if—
as the old proverbist put it—she were
dead. Both windows were securely
fastened down. There was but one
door to the room; but for we both stood
immediately in front of it until after
she had spoken.

"What does it mean? I asked Mrs. B—
next, "What's the matter? Is she
pale and frightened face?"

"She did not answer, but beckoned me
to follow her. It was not until we had
been seated for some minutes in her
parlor that she could command herself
sufficiently to speak.

"You thought it was a live woman
you saw and the incident is that, 'Why
certainly—only I was frightened to think
where she went to go mysteriously.
'She went away in a way because
she is dead.' 'Dead? Yes, and buried
for three months.'

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed, incredulously.
"You may think as much as you like
said my friend, but that was no live
woman in the doctor's chair. She was in
lifetime a lovely girl of Quaker's parent-
age. When eighteen years old she ran
away with and married Mr.—, who was
not of her faith, and the marriage was
obstinately opposed by her parents.
If ever there was a love match it
was theirs, and the marriage was threat-
ened for all the greater when it became
known that they had each other a cat and
dog life."

"No one but themselves knew what
their quarrel was about, only that they
were open and bitter. Just when a sep-
aration was expected, as a natural ending
of their union, Mr.— was taken
dangerously ill. This seemed to restore
peace and love between them, and the
young Quakeress nursed her husband
with the utmost care and devotion until
he died. Nothing of any kind was said
against her and I had been dead nearly
a year, and then a very ugly rumour
began to creep about. At first it was
darkly suggested as a possibility that Mr.
— had timely taking off was not owing to
natural causes. Then, grown bolder in
finding listeners, the whisperers hinted
that poison had been used to get rid of
a contentious husband, then that his wife
had poisoned him. The rumour spread
with something added at each repetition
until it reached the ears of the authorities,
and the Quakeress was arrested upon the
suspicion of having murdered her hus-
band."

"His body was examined and a medical
examination made upon it, but it was so
decomposed that nothing