

The Union Advocate.

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W. C. ANSLOW

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XXII.—No. 44

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, August 14, 1889.

WHOLE No. 1136.

BARGAINS IN PARLOR SUITS.

No.	Parlor Suit,	7 pcs.	Covered Raimie,	Selling for.	Former price.
1.	"	7 pcs.	"	\$35.00	\$45.00
2.	"	7 pcs.	"	45.00	55.00
3.	"	7 pcs.	"	55.00	65.00
4.	"	6 pcs.	Divan " Raw Silk,	60.00	75.00
5.	"	6 pcs.	" Old Gold do.,	65.00	80.00
6.	"	7 pcs.	Elbowy Frame,	55.00	65.00
7.	"	7 pcs.	Divan Olive Plush,	55.00	70.00
8.	"	7 pcs.	Crimson Plush,	55.00	70.00
9.	"	7 pcs.	Olive Plush,	65.00	80.00

These goods are for Cash only at the above prices.

B. Fahey,
Newcastle.

The Teacher

Who advised her pupils to strengthen their minds by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, appreciated the truth that bodily health is essential to mental vigor. For persons of delicate and feeble constitution, whether young or old, this medicine is remarkably beneficial. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

General Debility.
A few weeks since, we began to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved. — Mrs. Harriet H. Battles, South Chelmsford, Mass.

"About a year ago I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for debility and general weakness. I was in a very bad condition, but six bottles of the Sarsaparilla, with occasional doses of Ayer's Pills, have greatly improved my health. I am now able to work, and feel that I cannot say too much for your excellent remedies." — F. A. Finkham, South Chelmsford, Mass.

"My daughter, sixteen years old, is using Ayer's Sarsaparilla with good effect." — Rev. S. J. Graham, United Brethren Church, Buckhamton, W. Va.

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Selected Literature.

"THAT GOOD-FOR-NOTHIN' CITY GIRL."

BY FRANCES BURTIN CLARE.

"I don't care, Susannah. I ain't a goin' to have him flyin' round with her—silly little upstart as she is!" and Farmer Blank turned away from the open door and sat in the old arm chair by the window.

The kitchen was large and cheery, the wood fire was burning lazily, the doors were open, and through the western window the sinking sun was sending bright beams which danced on the polished tin and lit up the whitewashed walls.

The twitter of birds came softly through the open window, and everything looked peaceful and happy except Mr. Blank. His face was not the index of a mind at ease. His forehead was wrinkled, his blue eyes glittered with anger, and the curve of his thin lips denoted peevishness.

"Tint as if she meant anything by it, ever," he broke out again. "She wants some one to drive her 'round and take her to places, and that goes of a George is fool enough to do it—drivin' her all 'round the county when he ought to be 'tendin' to the work and tryin' to get along—usin' up all the horses and his time with nonsense, and then comin' home and settin' as if he was clean good—foolish—singin' about love and rich trash, and readin' them poetry books she lends him. George'll have to quit this nonsense or leave the farm—no more!"

"I ain't a goin' to have it no more!"

"Oh, po, don't say that!" exclaimed little Mrs. Blank, who all this time had been sitting quietly parsing apples, and apparently taking little notice of the bad temper her husband was displaying. But the words "leave the farm" caught her attention.

"I'm sure George has always been a good boy to work, and he'll get over him in love when she goes back to town; and I ain't sure he likes her much anyway; leaveways it ain't likely!"

The innocent subject of this conversation had passed the house a few minutes before, comfortably seated in a "buggy" with Farmer Blank's son by her side, looking very contented and happy.

The old man had no patience with his son's "foolin", and he could see no beauty in the fair, bright face and trim little figure of his neighbor's cousin.

She had been in the winter and the doctor said that country air would do her more good than the medicine he could give her; so her father made special arrangements for her to visit his home.

Thus it happened that Bella Wright was spending the spring months on the farm. Supremely happy in the pleasures it afforded—searching for eggs, making excursions to the woods, and without knowing it, entangling George Blank's feet more each day in Cupid's net, till now it was quite customary to see the stalwart young farmer drive into town with the daintily dressed girl by his side.

They were going to town on this particular afternoon when Farmer Blank saw them passing along the road. He knew the horse and rig, and also recognized the gray hair with its bright scarlet wing. He was silent for a little time, and then as a turn of the road brought them into view again he exclaimed, "I'm going to tell Cook that he's not to have George hangin' around there. What kind of a wife would she make him anyway. 'Taint likely that she can make bread, or churn, or even paper apples! he's a daisy, glancing at his wife. 'All she ever does is read and make dainties on silk and knit with a hook, and—"

Farmer Blank's ideas were becoming mixed, and he paused for a moment, so Mrs. Blank took up the conversation with, "Do you think George'll ask her to have him?"

"Shouldn't wonder if he'd ask him. It's his own fault, ain't it?" spitefully answered her.

Time passed quickly. May gave place to June, and Bella went driving and riding and walking, until Mrs. Cook, Bella's cousin, sagely remarked to her husband that she "wouldn't be surprised if George and Bella made a match."

One week Mr. and Mrs. Wright came out from the city to see how their daughter was improving, and George, anxious to be honest in love, as well as in business, brought Mr. Wright for permission to ask Bella to be his wife.

The young farmer's request surprised Mr. Wright not a little, but after enquiring and finding the young man was sensible, temperate, well-educated, and with good prospects, he gave his consent to the request, stipulating at the same time that marriage was not to be thought of for two years at least, for Bella was barely nineteen.

George took an opportunity to speak to Bella, who frankly admitted her preference for him, and also expressed her belief that Papa knew best about waiting.

Some days after this, as the lovers were driving home from town, Mr. Blank met them when they were almost half the house, and said, "I saw you a comin', and you must go right after the doctor. Your Ma's cut her arm and risked bein' awful, and the girl's away."

"Let us go to the house with you, M."

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Blank, said Bella, as George assisted her from the high buggy, "perhaps I can be of some use."

"Will, mumble you can," he answered rather ungraciously.

Without another word to her, and a parting injunction to George to "hurry up, or like as not Ma'll bleed to death if you don't," he turned and began walking up the hill to the house.

Bella followed him, half wishing she had not asked to go, and wondering why he treated her so roughly. But then she said to herself, "He is anxious to get back, for he left Mrs. Blank all alone."

They entered the house, and Bella saw poor Mrs. Blank lying on the sofa, moaning a little, with white lips and a frightened look in her pale brown eyes.

Bella stepped quickly to her side, and said, "Mr. Blank sent your son for the doctor, and I came up to see if I could be of any use."

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure," said the sufferer faintly. "I am just down the cellar cuttin' some pork to fry for dinner, and something fell up stairs and kind of startled me, and the knife slipped and cut my arm, and it's bleedin' fearful and makes me awful kind of sick; and my bread is all to be kneaded, and Makishable away to see her sick sister, and won't be back till night. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! and the poor little woman's voice broke down into a sob.

Bella listened, with pity in her face, and then said, "It is bleedin' very much, and you must have a bandage put on it at once." A large handkerchief was knotted, and taking off the clumsy bundle the farmer had wrapped round the cut, she skillfully twisted it, with the help of a piece of stick, around the wounded member, above the cut. The flow of blood was arrested at once, and then bringing pillows from the room nearby, she made the sufferer more comfortable.

During all this time the farmer had stood, customarily watching the "city girl" as she dexterously arranged the bandage, and so gently and tenderly ministered to his suffering wife, and as he turned away to the window there was something like shame in his honest blue eyes, and he mentally admitted, "She knows something worth knovin' arter all!"

The village was three miles from the Blank farm, so it was some little time before George and the doctor returned.

When he had examined the arm he said, briefly and decidedly, "If it had not been for that bandage you must have died from loss of blood. It was skillfully put on, and I assure you the young lady's knowledge of the proper treatment has saved your life."

There was little for him to do except dress the wounded arm and give directions for further treatment.

George drove him back again, and when he again returned he found the kitchen occupied by a little figure almost covered by one of his mother's large linen aprons and busily moulting leaves of bread on the great bread board.

"Why, Bella, what are you doing?" he cried.

"Taking care of the bread for your mother," she answered. "It was running over the top of the pan."

Mrs. Cook, who had come over in George's absence, now came into the kitchen.

"Why, I did not know you could make bread," she said half laughing.

"I made it at home on a wicker with father for six months," returned Bella.

Evening came. Makishable was back, and Mrs. Cook and Bella preparing to go home. Mr. Cook had come over to see if Mrs. Blank was any better, and his wife was almost ready to go back with him.

Bella was standing in the porch, waiting for George, who had gone in again for a book he wished to return, when the farmer came out and said to her:

"I'm ever so much obliged to you for comin' up and doin' up that bandage on my wife's arm, fur—the doctor said it saved her life; and I don't know as you knew I called you a good-for-nothin' city girl, but I did, and I'm mighty sorry now, fur I be foun' out that I didn't know nothin' at all about you, and I'm real glad that George had more sense than I had, and the gruff old farmer wrung her hand, while his eyes looked suspiciously moist.

Bella was surprised at the frank apology, and said gently, "I am only glad I knew how to do it, Mr. Blank. I did not know when I read the directions how soon the knowledge would be of use."

George came down just then and said, "Bella, mother would like to speak to you again for a moment."

Bella entered the house once more, and Mrs. Blank said to her, "I didn't know as you had done my bread for me till just now. I'm sure, my dear, I thank you for all the kind things you've done to-day."

"Please do not mention it Mrs. Blank. I am only too pleased to know that I was helping you. Good-bye, and I hope that poor arm will soon be well again."

Then the young lovers walked down the green lane, and on the country road, quiet, but happy, for Bella knew now that Mr. Blank was her friend, and George felt that his father would be as eager to help him in the future as he had

been so to help him in the past; for while waiting for Bella in the porch his father had said to him, "I ain't a goin' to go agin' ye any more, George. A girl as can come into a house and bandage up an arm so's to save a person's life, and knead out bread and do everything with out any fluster or flurry, is goin' to make a good wife; and I'm sorry for my hard words, my boy, fur she's a perfect treasure, with her pretty, bright face and willin' hands, and your Ma's as much took with her as I am."

So Mr. Blank's hasty judgment was recalled, and George and Bella had a bright future before them as they walked slowly along the country road that pleasant June evening.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.
The simplest recipe for happiness is to make some other person happy. This rarely fails. We are so eager to do some great thing that we are apt to overlook opportunities which occur every day for doing little kindnesses. A few flowers or a simple delicacy daintily served to one of the shut-in; the loan of books to hungry souls who count them a luxury they have no money to buy; a walk into the country for a person whose days are spent in household drudgery; and full pay to the seamstress or washerwoman when her work is done; an unexpected interval of leisure to a faithful employee by now and then cutting short the prescribed hours of labour; a bright cheerful good morning to a laboring man, with a kind word about his work and welfare—these are all trifles, take little time, cost little money, give little trouble, but they brighten the drudgery of a work-a-day life.

TRY.
"Can't do it," sticks in the mud, but "Try" soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said "Try," and he got away from the hounds when they almost snatched at him. The bees said "Try," and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said "Try," and up he went to the top of the beech tree. The snowdrop said "Try," and bloomed in the cold snow of winter. The sun said "Try," and the spring soon drove Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lady said "Try," and he found that his new wig soon took him over hedges and ditches, and up to where his father was singing. The ox said "Try," and plowed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for "Try" to climb; no field too wet for "Try" to drain; no hole too big for "Try" to mend. "Can't do it" is a lazy fellow, but "Try" is the law for me!

If you've tried and have not won, Never stop for crying; All that's great and good is done Just by patient trying.

THE AGE OF PAPER.
(The Paper World.)
The world has seen its iron age, its stone age, its golden age, and its brazen age. This is the age of paper. We are making so many things of paper that it will soon be true that without paper there is nothing made that is made. We live in paper houses, wear paper clothing, and sit on paper cushions in paper cars on paper wheels. We do a paper business over paper counters, buying paper goods, paying for them with paper money or charging them up in paper books, and deal in paper stocks on paper margins. We row races in paper boats for paper prizes. We go to theatres where paper actors play to paper audiences. We elect paper men with paper votes on a paper issue to represent a paper constituency in a paper Congress and make paper laws.

As the age develops, the coming man will become more deeply enmeshed in the paper net. He will awake in the morning and creep from under the paper clothing on his paper bed, and put on his paper dressing-gown and paper slippers. He will walk over paper carpets down paper stairs, and seating himself in a paper chair, will read the paper news in the morning paper. A paper bell will call him to his breakfast, cooked in a paper oven, served on paper dishes, laid on a paper cloth on a paper table. He will wipe his lips with a paper napkin, and having put on his paper shoes, paper hat, and paper coat and taken his paper cane, and will walk on a paper pavement or ride in a paper carriage to his paper office. He will organize paper enterprises and make paper profits.

He will go to Europe on paper steamships and navigate the air in paper balloons. He will smoke paper tobacco in a paper pipe, lighted with a paper match. He will write with a paper pencil, white the paper with a paper knife, go fishing with a paper fishing rod and paper line and a paper hook, and put his catch in a paper net. He will defend his country in paper forts with paper cannon and paper bombs. Having lived his paper life and achieved a paper wealth, he will retire to paper leisure and die in paper peace. There will be a paper funeral, at which the mourners, dressed in paper crape, will wipe their eyes with paper handkerchiefs, and a paper preacher will preach a paper sermon in a paper pulpit from a paper text. He will live in a paper coffin

wrapped in a paper shroud, his name will be engraved on a paper plate, and a paper hearse, adorned with paper plumes, will carry him to a paper-lined grave, over which will be raised a paper monument. The papers will record his paper virtues, while paper angels with paper wings will clothe him in a paper robe and wait his paper spirit from this paper world to the paper gates of a paper paradise, where all is paper and fire-proof that is that.

It was a very little-minded fellow who wrote to her lover, "I'll meet you at the altar if I don't alter my mind; and she was very much astonished when he replied, "I'll settle the parson's bill if your father isn't too parson-mous to do it himself!"

Temperance.
DRINK DID IT!
A medical gentleman was taking a walk in Regent's Park, London, when he observed an old man seated by the roadside, whom by his dress he recognized as a pauper, and, stopping, spoke to him. "It's a pity," said he, "to see a man of your years reduced to spend the remainder of your days in a poor-house. How old are you?" "Close upon eighty, sir." "What was your trade?" "Carpenter, sir." "Were you in the habit of taking intoxicating liquors?" "No, sir—that is, I only took my beer three times a day. I never was a drunkard, sir." "How much did that beer cost you a day?" "Well, sir, I should think about sixpence a day." "How long did you continue that expenditure?" "About sixty years." The gentleman took out his pencil and calculated while the old man went on rambling about his temperate habits.

Temperate as you say you have been, let me tell you, sir, that your sixpence a day for sixty years, at compound interest has cost you three thousand pounds sterling and twenty-five pounds sterling! That would give you now one hundred and sixty pounds a year, or three pounds a week, without touching the principal, a place of living in a poor-house, or being dressed like a pauper. That was an eye-sore for the old man.

TALMAGE ON TEMPERANCE.
I tell you the dram shop is the gate of hell. The trouble is they do not put the right kind of a sign. They have a great many different kind of signs now on places where strong drink is sold. One is called the "restaurant," and another is called the "saloon," and another is called the "hotel," and another is called the "wine cellar," and another is called the "sample room." What a name to give one of those places! "A sample room!" I saw a man on the steps of one of those sample rooms the other day, dead drunk. I said to myself, "I suppose this is a sample!" I tell you it is the gate of hell.

"Oh," says some man, "I am kind, I am indulgent to my family, I am right in many respects, I am very generous, and I have too grand and generous a moral nature to be overthrown that way." Let me say that the persons who are in the most peril have the largest hearts, the best education, the brightest prospects, the sin chooses the fittest lams for its sacrifice. The brightest garlands are by this caruncled hand of drunkenness torn off the brow of the poet and orator. Charles Lamb, answer! Sheridan, answer! Thomas Hood, answer! Edgar A. Poe, answer! Junius Brutus Booth, answer!

Oh, come and look over into it while I draw off the cover—hang over it and look down into it, and see the seething, boiling, lathouse, smoking, agonizing, blaspheming hell of the drunkard. Young man, be master of your appetites and passions. There are hundreds—night I not say thousands—of young men in this house mourning—of young men in fair prospects. Put your trust in the Lord God, and all is well. But you will be tempted. Perhaps you think this moment be addressed on the first Sabbath of your coming to the great city, and I give you this brotherly counsel. I speak not in a perfunctory way. I speak as an older brother to a younger brother. I put my hand on your shoulder this day and command you to Jesus Christ, who himself was a young man and has sympathy for all young men. Oh be master, by the grace of God, of your appetites and passions.

PITHILY PUT.
It is not often that the various aspects of the liquor problem is put more tersely and pithily than in the following, from an English paper:—

Twenty-five snakes, running through streets that free whiskey? 25 snakes gathered into a box in which twenty-five holes are made by authority of the court—that is low license. Ten of it holes are closed, and the snakes all get out through the other fifteen—that is high license. Dr. Dr. all the snakes over to the next village—that is local option. Kill all the snakes—that is prohibition.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Pitcher's Castoria.

Pitcher's Castoria.

Pitcher's Castoria.

Pitcher's Castoria.

Pitcher's Castoria.

Pitcher's Castoria.

Pitcher's Castoria.

Newcastle, July 27, 1889.

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May 4, 1889.

O. J. MacGULLY, M.A., M.D.,
M.B., B.S., LOND.,
SPECIALIST IN
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR, THROAT,
&c. &c. Waterhouse and Main Streets,
Moncton, Nov. 12, 88.

Charles J. Thomson,
Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Company of New York. The LARGEST INSURANCE Company in the World.
Barrister, Prosecutor for Estates,
Notary Public, &c.
Claims Promptly Settled, and Professional Business in all its branches executed with accuracy and dispatch.
OFFICE.
Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Dr. R. Nicholson,
Office and Residence,
McGILLUM ST.,
NEWCASTLE
Jan. 22, 1889.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson.
OFFICE up stairs in SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN'S building. Residence Waverley Hotel.
Newcastle March 12, 1889.

D. 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 and Yachting Facilities. Some of the best treated and salubrious pools in this night-miles. Excellent all water-bathing. Good Sample Rooms for commercial men.
TERMS \$1.50 per day; with Sample Rooms \$1.75.

BOLOGNAS.
50 lbs. Case, very large.
Soused Tripe,
VERY CHOICE.
JOHN HOPKINS,
85 Union Street, St. John.
May 1, 1889.

CANADA HOUSE
Chatham, New Brunswick.
JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first-class Hotel and travel still find it 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 merit the same in the future.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS
for Commercial Travellers and Dining on their feet.
Oct. 12, 1893.

Clifton House,
Princes and 142 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.
April 4, 1889.

LAMP GOODS
On hand a great stock of
LAMP GLASS, CHIMNEYS,
SHADES, GLOBES, WICKS, etc.
AT LOWEST PRICES.
J. R. CAMERON,
88 Prince W. St. Street,
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CEO. STABLES,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
Goods of all kinds handled on Commission and prompt returns made.
Will attend to Auctions in Town and Country on satisfactory terms.
Newcastle, Aug. 11, '88.

LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.
The Subscribers return thanks to their numerous customers for past favors and would say that they keep constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of Goods to be had in the West for cash. Also, R. P. Foster & Son's, Malle and Tacks of all sizes, and Clark & Son's Boot Trees, Laces, &c. Bag's, &c. as well as the best-made Taps to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.
J. J. CHRISTIE, & CO.

Property to Lease.
The premises recently occupied in Newcastle by Mr. Frank Morrison, comprising Residence, Barn and Garden. For particulars apply to
M. Adams,
Barrister.

ESTES'S COB LIVER OIL CREAM
"Belly, have you any idea what this Child is crying for? Nothing seems to give him any relief, she wants more of ESTES'S COB LIVER OIL CREAM. The Medicine cured her Child."

ESTES'S COB LIVER OIL CREAM
PRE