

Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, December 31, 1890.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WHOLE No. 1203

Vol. No. 12.

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS SALE.

My annual custom for the past several years has been to make SPECIAL CHEAP SALE OF DRY GOODS AND FURNITURE during the month of December.

This year I intend offering some of the Greatest Bargains ever offered in these lines and would direct your attention to the following leading lines:—

Ulster Cloth at cost price, from 65c per yard.
Ulsters and Jackets at cost price.
Ladies Fur lined circulars from \$10.50—less than cost price.
Boys' Clothing at cost price.
Fancy Fall Scarfs at cost price.
Table-covers at cost price.
Tapestry Carpets from 28c. per yard.
All wool and Union Carpets very cheap.
and all kinds of DRY GOODS at surprising reductions.

FURNITURE DEPARTMENT.

Parlor and Bedroom Furniture at cost price, Fancy Chairs, Easy Chairs, Rockers & very cheap. Sideboards, Secretaries, Hall Racks, Tables & c. special prices. Boys' and Girl's Stools, Wheelbarrows & c. very cheap.

TOYS, TOYS, TOYS.

As I wish to clear these goods out, I will sell them at 5, 10 and 15c each, the different lines will be shown on separate counters in the back store.

B. FAIREY,
Newcastle.

Newcastle, December 4, 1890.

L. J. TWEDDIE
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Chatham, N. B.

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

Q. J. MACCULLY, M.A., M.D.
Memb. Roy. Col. Surg., London.
SPECIALIST,
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,
Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Sts.
Moncton, Nov. 12, 86.

Charles J. Thomson,
Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Company of New York. The LARGEST INSURANCE Company in the World; Agent for the Commercial and Collecting Agency.
Barrister, Prior to Estate.
Notary Public, &c.
Claims promptly collected, 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,
McGUIRE ST., NEWCASTLE,
Jan. 22, 1889.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson,
OFFICE up stairs in SUTHERLAND & ORRAGHAN'S building. Residence Waverly Hotel.
Newcastle March 12, 1890.

Dr. H. A. FISH,
Newcastle, N. B.
July 23, 1890.

W. A. Wilson, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
DERBY, N. B.
Derby, Nov. 15, 1890.

Clifton House,
Princes and 142 German 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 6, 1885.

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CHRISTMAS GOODS

AT COST DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

The subscriber offers his stock at cost for cash during the holiday season, commencing from this date. His stock comprises:—

Groceries.
Provisions.
Cuts & Shoes.
Ready Made Clothing.
Crocery and Earthenware.
LAMP
&
Chimneys, Etc.

This will enable our Patrons to get CHEAP GOODS for this Christmas at least.

He wants to Purchase 1000 HIDES for which Cash will be paid.

Cash paid for Country Produce. **Edward Hickey.**
Newcastle, Dec. 4, 1890.

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Intercolonial Railway.

'90, WINTER ARRANGEMENT '91.

On and after Monday, the 24th Nov. 1890, the trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Express from St. John and Halifax Mondays excepted.
Express from St. John and Halifax Mondays excepted.
Express from St. John and Halifax Mondays excepted.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.
D. FOTTERING,
Chief Superintendent.

Public Notice.
A Meeting of the Liberal Association of Newcastle, will be held at the Liberal Hall, Newcastle, on

FRIDAY EVENING
each week until further notice.
All Liberals are requested to attend.

E. P. Whiston Secretary.
P. secy.
Newcastle, 15th March, 1890.

Tobacco. Tobacco.
JUST RECEIVED
50 Caddies NAPOLÉON CHEWING.
To arrive this week.

50 Caddies INDEX.
25 Butts CROWN.
A. J. BABANG & Co.
Moncton, Sept. 5, '90.

WANTED.

—000—
1,000 Cords
WHITE BIRCH
SPOOL WOOD
—BY THE—
Newcastle, (Miramichi), Spool and Crocker Company, (limited).

For particulars apply to
John Ferguson.
Managing Director.
Drs. G. J. & H. Sproul.

HI! HELLO!
JOHN. "Can't stop; I'm off for the Xmas supplies."
JOHN. "Where are you going?"
JOHN. "Why ask such a silly question. Don't you know who is the cheapest merchant in Newcastle?"

M. BANNON,
who keeps always on hand the finest grades of FLOUR
SUCH AS
Jersey Lily,
Crown of Gold,
Stockwell;
MEAL
in standard Oatmeal, Rolled do. as well as Cornmeal.

MESS PORK, PLATE BEEF.
Fresh BEEF, PORK and POULTRY always on hand.
Fresh Eggs when the Hens lay.

Raspberry, Strawberry, Pine Apple, and Lemon Fruit Syrups.
RAISINS, CURRAN,
and a choice lot of

Family Groceries,
which he is selling off for cash cheaper than any man in this business. He buys for cash and meets the farmers on the road and takes their orders, and what is more he will send them home for you. And then his

MOLASSES and TEAS
are not equalled by any other merchant. And then you know you can get everything there—fine Lard in 5 lb parcels, Butter, Tinsars, Crockery, Furniture.

CLOTHING.
Boots and Shoes, Linens and Drapers, Socks, Mitts etc.
Mr. Bannon says that his stock for the holidays is so large and crowds his store and cellar enough that he has had to work to move and and he wants to clear them off as soon as possible to make room. His prices will be found

EXTREMELY LOW!
He also offers a preparation which will enable the dyspeptic to enjoy a good Christmas Dinner, and would strongly recommend

BANNON'S DYSPEPSIA CURE,
in 25c and 50c bottles. A sure Cure.
M. BANNON,
Newcastle, Dec. 8, 1890.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla

The Best Blood Medicine

So say Leading Physicians and Druggists, and their opinion is endorsed by thousands cured by it of Scrofula, Eczema, Erysipelas, and other diseases of the blood.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won the reputation by years of valuable service to the community. It is the best."—R. S. Lang, Druggist, 22 Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass.

"In my practice, I invariably prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla for chronic diseases of the blood. I find it highly efficacious in the treatment of all disorders of the blood."

Dr. R. B. Boyle, Third and Oxford Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "For two years I have prescribed Ayer's Sarsaparilla for chronic diseases of the blood. I find it highly efficacious in the treatment of all disorders of the blood."

"What is it, Jones?" Mrs. Vandylke asked last night. The children had disappeared from view now; the shed looked dark again.

"It's these children, ma'am, if you please," said the old servant. "It's the queerest thing. I do believe they're getting up a Christmas tree for themselves in there."

And Jones, quite respectfully, laughed. Mrs. Vandylke turned around in surprise.

"Why, who are they?" she asked; and at that instant the front door-bell sounded; Jones disappeared. Mrs. Vandylke waited a little impatiently for his return and the answer to her question, but it was fully five minutes before he reappeared, and then his face betrayed a nervous perplexity and amusement he could not conceal.

"Well, Jones," said Mrs. Vandylke. The man had in his hand a damp, heavy piece of paper, and he held it out with a funny twinkle in the eyes.

"If you please, ma'am," he explained, trying to look serious, "it is one of them very queer ones, and it is a tree they're fixing up, and—"

But Mrs. Vandylke waited to hear no more; she let Jones go away and relieve his feelings by a lounge in the kitchen with Joanna, the cook, and then she read the queer little letter the factory address had written her, over and over again, with a feeling of bewilderment, in the midst of which something new to her heart retained the "lonely lady" from haunting outright for it might be something that it was a very unusual and funny proceeding.

"We're going to have a Christmas tree party in your shed, Miss Val," said Jones, "and will you come to it, please?—seven o'clock on Friday."

Always, I believe, there is a voice waiting in the air, and the children, better, but she herself remained silent before the letter when they went to open the long silent nursery.

There was something in the poor little word of invitation that knocked gently on the very door of her heart, and she felt the feelings which for weeks had been stirring within her mind that she perhaps had a duty to fill to wake into the feelings which for weeks had been stirring within her mind that she perhaps had a duty to fill to wake into the feelings which for weeks had been stirring within her mind.

"Matilda," she said, decidedly, "bring my fur boots and my fur cloak and silk hood. I am going out."

Matilda gazed and wondered while she helped her mistress with her wraps. Still greater was her surprise when the lady said: "Ask Jones to get my coat and come with me. I am going over that shed. Do you know anything about those children, Matilda?"

"Why, no," said the housekeeper, smiling. "It seems they're giving a Christmas party to some other poor children. We didn't deride the poor little things away, because they seemed so happy and innocent. I told Jones I was afraid it would get to your ears; but, indeed, I don't think the little things meant any harm."

But Matilda caught her breath suddenly, for into Mrs. Vandylke's face had come a look of intense interest.

"Matilda," she exclaimed, "why—and I so—Yes, I suppose I am just as hard and cold—I don't wonder—Mrs. Vandylke's face had not a low tone. The words of her housekeeper had been a revelation to her.

I have told you that for weeks some tender feelings had been stirring in her mind, and she had needed just this touch from some unexpected quarter to reveal to the poor "lonely lady" what a treasure lay hidden in her daily life. It seemed to her as though Jones and his lantern never would appear; but they came at last, and in a few minutes the old shed was faintly illuminated while Mrs. Vandylke inspected the children's work with strange and remorseful sensations.

"That will do, Jones," she said at length, in so quiet a tone that the old servant declared afterward he could not tell what she meant to do or what she was thinking; but as they retraced their steps, and Jones' lantern swung ahead of her, lighting up large cold patches of lawn and garden, Mrs. Vandylke's mind was very busy. To begin with, she was delighted to think she had yielded to her impulse to send for the Williams children and Adelaide, the older cousin.

What was it that had prompted this? Mrs. Vandylke believed it was something she had heard a child singing the last day she went down to the factory—a bit of an old hymn about Christmas Day and "giving comfort." Mrs. Vandylke remembered the tune and the singer—a little girl with a thin bright face and dark eyes, and an honest, brave sort of way with her work—and as that happened to be Val herself, singing as she planned her "party," the credit of giving the "lonely lady" a merry Christmas belonged to her from the first.

The young Williams had been delighted at their invitation, and yet felt a little afraid of spending two whole days with Aunt Irene, who was so cold, although always kind in her manner; but there was a certain sense of exhilaration about arriving on a clear, cold night at the fine house, after a ten mile sleigh ride, with the prospect of a good hot supper before them, and a cosy chat with old Matilda, anyway, who was their staunch friend. So while Mrs. Vandylke was looking at Val's Christmas tree, and then laying off her wraps in the library to which she brought back a much more alert-manner and a happier expression, the big sleigh full of Christmas guests was turning the corner at the end of the main street, showing happy young faces to Val and Dolly, who with their mother were out again doing a little—a very little—Christmas shopping. The luxury of fresh meat and an apple dumpling had been decided upon, to Dolly's infinite delight, although in Mr. Vandylke's eyes it seemed longingly, while Val was wishing that they could have dinner enough for the twenty little guests she counted on at her party, for whom her mother had made twenty cakes, and Johnny Baker had procured twenty sticks of candy.

There's the "lonely lady's" sleigh, called out Dolly, as the sleigh whirled by, and for an instant the four pairs of young eyes exchanged glances.

"Oh, perhaps she's going to have a party herself," cried Dolly in a tone of despair. Val was a little worried lest her scheme should be interfered with. Still, she was not sure, she said, bravely, "What if she is? I won't hurt anything or anybody with mine."

"But will be a little bit of a party Dolly upon whom the vision of the merry young people speeding towards Mrs. Vandylke's lovely house had a depressing effect. If Val thought of this, more than likely she did not say so, but trotted home, keeping Dolly's spirits up by thoughts of how pleasant the lane children in the alley would be, and how nice to have a real tree all for themselves. Still, even when the bell-rings sounded these, Val had to admit to herself it was turning terribly cold, and a tear or two which she could not very well choke down, woke into the feelings which for weeks had been stirring within her mind that she perhaps had a duty to fill to wake into the feelings which for weeks had been stirring within her mind.

Christmas-tree party given in a perfect ice-box.

"I never was more surprised, or amused, I hardly know which," Mrs. Vandylke said, laughing, when her young guests had enjoyed a delicious supper, and were sitting around the library fire. "And now, girls, I don't suppose you'll mind entering into a plan I have for returning my invitation in the most appropriate manner. I am not certain whether you all know that upstairs—my children's nursery—has been closed for years. Tessa's boys and Phil's are there. Suppose, in the character of an unexpected Santa Claus, we take them over and leave the children to discover them?"