

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. C. ANSLOW

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Vol. XXVI.—No. 41.

Newcastle, Wednesday, July 19, 1893.

WHOLE No. 1341

Charles J. Thomson
Solicitor for Bank Nova Scotia
Barrister, Pleader for Estates
Agent for the Manufacturers Accident & Life Insurance Company.

Notary Public, &c.
OFFICE
5 Mr. Thos. Russell's Store, Hayes' Building
Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

O. J. McCULLY, M. A. M. D.
Mem. BOT. COL. SURG., LONDON.

DISEASES OF EYE EAR THROAT
Office: Cor. Waterfront and Main Street
Newcastle, Nov. 15, 1893.

Dr. R. Nicholson.
Office and Residence,
McQUILLAM ST., NEWCASTLE.
Jan. 22, 1893.

Dr. H. A. FISH,
Newcastle, N. B.
Nov. 23, 1891.

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

J. R. LAWLOR,
Auctioneer and Commission
merchant,
Newcastle, New Brunswick

S. B. Foster & Son,
MANUFACTURERS OF
WIRE NAILS,
WIRE BRADS
Steel and IRON CUT NAILS,
And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHIMS
NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.

MILLINERY.
I have opened a usual elegant line of
Ladies' and Children's

NEW SPRING MILLINERY
with all the latest novelties in trimmings.
Also dress trimmings in French silk, lace, jet,
&c. Ladies' White, Colored, Lace Mitts
and Gloves, Linens, Cloths, Hats, Bows,
&c., and a variety of articles too numerous to
mention.

TAILORING.
I wish to remind my patrons and the public
generally that I am still
Carrying on the Tailoring
in the old stand over Messrs. Sutherland and
Creighton's Store. I have a fine
LINE OF SAMPLES
to select from. Parties furnishing their own
goods can have them made to fit.

MILLINERY.
I have just opened a beautiful line of Ladies and
Children's
SPRING MILLINERY
with all the latest novelties in trimmings.
Also dress trimmings in French silk, lace, jet,
&c. Ladies' White, Colored, Lace Mitts
and Gloves, Linens, Cloths, Hats, Bows,
&c., and a variety of articles too numerous to
mention.

SHORTHAND.
Miss Annie Nicholson is prepared to receive
a limited number of pupils for instruction in
the above. Terms will be made known on
application.

Groder's Syrup
Positively CURES DYSPEPSIA

Waverley Hotel.
The Subscriber has thoroughly fitted up and
specially furnished the rooms of the well known
McKeen house, Newcastle, and is prepared to
receive and accommodate transient guests. A
good table and pleasant rooms provided.
Sample rooms if required.
R. H. Groder's terms will attend all trains
and boats in connection with this house.

John McKeen.
Newcastle, March 28, 1893.

The Derby House,
(Formerly Mitchell House.)
This Hotel has been refitted and newly fur-
nished. Every attention paid to the comfort
of guests.

Sample Room Free.
TERMS \$1.25 per day.
I. P. Leighton.
Newcastle, March 22, 1893.

Clifton House.
Princes and 143 Gmain Street
ST. JOHN N. B.

A. N. Peters, Prop'r.
Heated by Steam throughout. Prompt at-
tention and moderate charges. Telephone
communication with all parts of the city.
April 6th, 1893.

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

CONVENIENT OF ACCESS.
Good Sample rooms for Com-
mercial travellers.

JOHN MORRISON & CO.,
Lumber Dealers,
Elm Tree, Petit Rocher, Glou-
cestor, N. B.

Manufacturers of Cedar Shingles, Box Shooks,
Dimension Lumber in hard and soft woods,
Saw Wood, &c.

JOHN MORRISON & Co.
Elm Tree, Petit Rocher, Nov. 19, 1892.

DR. CATES, DENTIST.
will occupy his dental office, over Mr. Thomas
Russell's store, in the Hayes' Building
From the 24th to the 30th or
31st of each Month.

MUSICAL TUITION.
Miss Edith Froy,
Graduate of Mount Allison
Conservatory of Music, is now
prepared to take pupils in
PIANO FORTE, PIPE ORGAN, and
VOCAL CULTURE.

Tailoring Establishment.
Call at McLEOD'S and
Examine our Spring and
Summer Stock
of Plain and Fancy Suitings,
BLACK, BLUE and FANCY
WOOLWEBS,
English, Scotch and Canadian
TWEEDS,
and a great variety of FANCY
TROUSERINGS,
which we make up in good style and
at reasonable prices.

SIMON McLEOD.
Newcastle, May 1st, 1893.

TO ANGLERS.
As the fishing season has arrived
I have prepared a fine lot of
Fishing Tackle
so that those interested in fishing
may be able to procure an outfit.
I have a speciality of reels, fly-
hooks, lines, castings, etc. and can
guarantee them as being of the
very best quality.

THIS PAPER
may be found at
No. 21, GORE ST.,
Newcastle, N. B.
Newspaper Advertising Bureau (No. 21, GORE ST.)
Street, Newcastle, N. B.
NEW YORK.

Selected Literature.

HOUSE-TRAINING.

'The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,'
of cleaning paint and scrubbing floors, and
washing far and near.

Hopeful in the corners of the room, the an-
gry dirt lay quiet,
And spiders were their web secure from fear
and din and riot,
But now the carpets are all up, and from the
staircase top

The mistress calls to man and maid to wish
the house but now presented,

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms,
the house but now presented,
Where we dwell, nor dreamed of dirt, so
cozy and contented!

Alas! they're turned upside down, that quiet
suite of rooms,
With slops and suds, and soap and suds,
and tubs and pails and brooms.

Clear, tables, stands, are standing round
at sides and at severals,
While wife and maid fly about like vectors
in the heavens.

The parlor and the chamber floor were cleaned
a week ago,
The carpets shook and the windows washed,
as all the neighbors know.

But still the mistress had escaped—the table
piled with books,
Pens, ink and paper, all about, peace in its
very looks.

Till fell the women on them all, as falls the
plague on men,
And then they vanished all away—books,
papers, ink and pen.

And now when comes the master home, as
came he usual at nights,
To find all things are 'set to wrongs' that
were there before.

When the sound of driving locks is heard,
though the house is far from still,
And the carpet women are on the stairs, that
harbinger of ill.

He looks for papers, books or bills, that all
were there before,
And sighs to find them on the desk or in the
drawer no more.

And then he grimly thinks of her who set
this fuss afoot,
And wishes she were out at sea in a very
leaky boat.

He meets her at the parlor door, with her
dresses tucked up and broom in hand,
and she looks at him with
dejection in her eyes:

He feels quite small, and knows full well
there's nothing to be said,
So looks his tongue, and drinks his tea, and
sneaks away to bed.

A PARISH SKETCH.
We were just putting things to rights
in our new parsonage. We had left our
beloved home in S—, and accepted a
call to this church in a neighboring town.

I had a little flower-bed at my old
home that I tended with much care. If
I saw a sturdy little weed assert itself,
I saw it at once pull it up and throw it
away.

It was often necessary to transplant
the flowers. I had a sort of pity then
for the little plants, they were so con-
tent with their lot, and I thought they
would not know a ruthless hand would
come along without warning, and uproot
them. Some plants would soon
accommodate themselves to the new sur-
roundings and grow as vigorously as
ever, but others more delicate could not
take to the shock, and would soon
die.

I confess I was thinking of this bed of
flowers that evening, and comparing my-
self to the 'under plants that could not
flourish under the new surroundings,
and pitying myself most unreasonably.
I was very tired—I was in a frame of
mind to see only the dark side. You
know that the carpets are only half
down, the faces of your friends in frames
turned to the wall as if they scorned to
look upon such confusion, absolutely
nothing in the house to eat, only strange
faces passing the windows, there comes a
feeling of loneliness that only those who
have been in like circumstances can ap-
preciate.

As I was vainly trying to make the
carpet cover the space necessary, there
came a cheery little knock at the door,
and before I could open it a beautiful
young girl came in.

'This is Mrs. Gray, our new minister's
wife, I know, and I am Carrie Lewis,
Mamma sent you a few little things she
thought you might like,' she said, and
set down a basket that I found afterward
to contain the most appetizing lunch
I have ever had. She stayed and chatted a
while, leaving behind her a glow of sunshine
and changing my despondent heart into
a light and hopeful one.

I looked out of the window to see her
carry a beautiful house just across the
way.

Carrie Lewis was no ordinary girl—
she was beautiful as 'spring beauties'
of the woods are beautiful, with that
delicate, frail air of a flower, and yet
there was about her a womanliness most
winning.

Our acquaintance began so auspiciously
that evening, grew into a warm
friendship such as exists between a young
and older sister. She was the only child
of a wealthy widow, surrounded from
birth with every luxury, she had never

known a want. Carrie was a Christian,
a truthful, childlike Christian. Her
face glowed at the mention of her
Savior's name from the fire of holy love
that burned in her heart.

Her mother was a fashionable woman,
with little depth of feeling. Her ambi-
tion was to 'keep up' there was a
rumor that at one time she had not the
position in society that she now enjoyed,
and while society seemed to have forgot-
ten she had not.

To her credit be said that she showed
great zeal in the missionary work and
espoused the call of the Africans. She
did every opportunity to air her knowl-
edge of the great work done in that dark
land, and some of our ladies, with a
keen sense of the ludicrous,
laughed slyly about it. I remember
once going to her with some other
ladies asking her co-operation in the
temperance work commenced in our
town. She listened in a patronizing
way until we had finished, and then said:

'I hope, my ladies, you won't feel
that I am not interested in every good
work, but, really, I have never felt the
interest in the temperance work that I
have in this missionary. I presume that
the women who have success-
fully accounted of drink are the ones
most interested.'

I had to admit that, to all appearances,
she was far removed from the trouble
that might come from the curse of drink
as she was from her beloved Africans.

Carrie Lewis was not without admir-
ers, but her love was given to a young
man not far from her own age, the son
of a prominent lawyer, and an elder in
our church.

Their love had grown from childhood,
and the only separation they had known
was the few years he had spent away at
college. He graduated this year, and
his marriage was to occur in a few
days. I remember the first time I
saw him ascending the steps of the house
opposite. He was so manly in carriage,
and had such a forceful, vigorous way,
I was charmed at once, and gave my sweet
friend to him without a fear. Upon
becoming acquainted with him I was
more pleased, and said to my mother
of her husband, who always laughed at my
enthusiasm. Surely the match was made
in heaven.

My husband visited the college which
young Lane attended during the year,
and asked after our friend.

'A fine fellow,' said the president,
'one of our best students; but do you
know I am very much afraid he is given
to his cups? He often comes to class
with red eyes and the general air of a
delinquent.'

'Oh,' said my husband, 'that cannot
be; he is ill; he is the son of one of the
best men of my church, and I'm sure he
lives a most exemplary life.'

'I wish I were mistaken,' said the
president; 'would you mind looking into
the affair a little while you are here? My
position prevents me coming very close
to the boys.'

My husband shrank from doing this,
but his desire to know the truth, and to
help, if possible, the young man en-
gaged him to do so.

He called upon the young man, only
to find him the same courteous gen-
tleman. He would have been dis-
satisfied for two young men that called for him,
and impatient at the delay caused by a
visitor, were not careful to disguise their
character.

With tact and good judgment, my
husband found out that the very worst
was true, and also learned the sad story
of the young man's downfall.

He began early in college life to asso-
ciate with a set of young men of his own
social strata, but of fast ways. At first
he engaged but seldom in their gay
amusements, but in a short time he
began to be taken by the excitement
they offered, and to take to their
drinking wine—at first he just began to
take to their cups to avoid the ridicule
of his friends; then, toward the end, he
was taking it because he was discovered in
his fault.

He could not temper with the vice,
it was his nature to keep the truth, and to
help, if possible, the young man en-
gaged him to do so.

My husband, burdened with this
secret, came home to me. He looked ill.
My eyes were quite to see the shade of
trouble in the face I had studied so long,
but I hid my eyes, 'ere that whether
the trouble was of body or soul, I would
hear it soon.

'My dear,' said he, 'as we drew toward
our evening lamp, I have something to
tell you, something that will sicken your
heart as it has mine.'

'What is it?' said I quickly; 'I have
seen that something troubles you.'

'Then my husband, his sympathetic
heart touched on his face, related the
sad story of this shameful life.

I cannot tell you how I felt. It seemed
to me that the burden of the secret

would break my heart as I thought of
it day after day.

It did not occur to me then that for
me there was any part to take in this
tragedy.

My husband, most conscientious of
men, grew graver every day, and one
evening as we talked and prayed over
the matter, he said: 'I cannot shirk
what is plainly my duty. I must go to
Judge Lane and tell him, and, my dear,
you must decide whether or not it is your
duty to go to Mrs. Lewis. Carrie must
not marry this young man without
knowing that he is addicted to drink.'

My heart gave a great throb, but, with
a sense of relief, I thought in a moment
that that would do good Mrs. Lewis,
so desirous of making a good match for
her daughter, would pass the matter over
lightly. I could see her look of scorn at
what she would term my interference,
say a few complacent about 'young
men sowing their wild oats,' and dis-
miss me.

'No, Mr. Gray,' said I, 'I will not go
to Mrs. Lewis; it would do no good.'
But at that moment there came a thought
as clear as day as if I had heard it.
'You must tell Carrie herself.' I tried
to put it away from me, but I could not,
and I felt that it was my duty to tell her.

I feared the effect upon the shrinking,
delicate girl that had never known
trouble, but I thought she would receive
even this sad word from me better than
another. 'Oh, ministers' wives,
into whose lives so much of the sorrows
of other people's lives, sympathize with
me!

I tried to tell her in the most gentle
way I went to tell her what was un-
pleasant, and the reason why I, who
loved her so much, came to tell her.

Her face changed to the pallor of
death, then settled into the stern, set
line of marble.

She said not a word until I finished,
then looked at me as if I alone were to
blame, and in a voice unusual and
harsh, with the dignity of an aroused
woman, said 'Mrs. Gray, I do not
believe you. I have known him all my
life and he is incapable of deceit. You
have listened to evil reports. You should
have saved me this!'

She turned and left me. Then I felt,
not for the first time, the sorrow of
being misunderstood. My message un-
derstood, my motive impugned, breathing
a prayer to the One that had committed
this work to me, I went to my home.

Weeks passed, and I did not see my
friend; then she avoided me, and when
we would chance to meet she recognized
me only with a cold bow.

I saw her face grow paler; the light-
ness was gone from her step; she seemed
years older—my sweet girl friend.

Mr. Gray went to Judge Lane and
told him the minutest incident of the
story he had heard it at C—. The
father listened with a grave face. Then
he seized my husband's hand and thank-
ed him for his interest in his boy and
his words of sympathy and encourage-
ment.

'Mr. Gray,' said he, 'I have sus-
pected, but I should have told my boy,
and by the memory of my father's dis-
grace and my mother's prayers, I am
blameless. I should have told my boy,
and by the memory of my father, pledged
him to never touch the cup. My foolish
pride and the hope that he would
never be tempted to drink, kept me
from it. I have watched him, but
not recently have I suspected the
truth. God help me! and the strong
man buried his head on his hands and
wept.'

Our cruel story told, we had only to
wait for the result. Young
Mr. Lane graduated and came home. I
saw him frequently ascend the steps of
the house over the way. I saw my
friend's face brighter, and we grew hap-
pier about our own friends and hoped that
all would be well.

One evening, as I sat after there was a
tinkling knock at the door, and, without
waiting, Carrie Lewis came in, pale as
the flowers to which I had always likened
her. She came directly to me, and, kneeling by my side, said, 'My dear
Mrs. Gray, can you ever forgive me?'

I took the dear little girl in my arms
and we cried out our heartaches together.
She told me how she had schooled her-
self, encouraged by her mother, to believe
that what I had told her was false, and
that I had listened to those that would
malign him.

The days passed and their love was
uninterrupted. Unaccustomed to keep
from those she loved, anything, she told
him one evening of my visit and what
I had told her, but timidly assured him
that she did not believe one word, and
trusted him more than ever.

She was very angry—then she had over-
seen him. He said: 'A meddlesome
minister's wife is the greatest curse of a
family. I sincerely wish we were rid
of both she and her husband.'

'But, dear,' said she, 'net to be
put off by his anger, you never drink
at all, do you?' He did not answer. 'O
Tom, tell me,' she pleaded. 'Can you
not lie in the presence of truth, and he
told her, making light of it, and then
solemnly pronounced that by the love he

had for her, and the hope of calling her
his bride in the near future, that he
never would drink. Her trusting heart
believed him, and she grew happy in
the thought that for her sake he had
given up that which would have been
his ruin.

But, alas! One evening he came to
see her, and she detected liquor on his
breath. Again he came, then, growing
more careless, one evening she saw an
unmistakable unsteadiness in his step.

Then she rose in the strength of her
Christian womanhood—this gentle girl—
and sent him from her home. No one but
God could know all that it meant to her.

Were not my story a true one I would
like to tell you that Mr. Lane reformed,
and that they were happily married;
but, alas! it is too true.

Years have proven the wisdom of Car-
rie's course. After two or three futile
efforts to reform, young Lane gave up
to the demon that possessed him, and sunk
into the lowest degradation.

Society blamed for a while and finally
praised Carrie. It meant little to her.
She had fought her own battle. She
had done right. But her sad face testified
to what it had cost her.

AN EARTHQUAKE AT SEA.
A Galveston despatch says: The
Norwegian barque 'Elsa Anderson'
came into port a week or two ago with a
strange looking vessel in tow. This was
a small brig of English build, dismasted
and in need of repairs, which had not
sunk more than fifty years ago, judging
from its ancient appearance and awkward
rigging, so sailors who have looked at it
say. On the afternoon of Feb. 17th of
this year the 'Elsa Anderson' had been
seen in the vicinity of the coast of the
Faroe Islands where the
Elsa Anderson had been blown by a recent
gale, there was a violent upheaval of the
sea, about two miles distant from the spot
where she was riding, that sent several
waves sweeping over her which did much
damage and threatened to submerge her
entirely. When the alarm caused by this
sudden sea had subsided there was seen
about a mile off a wreck which had not
been there before the upheaval of the bot-
tom of the sea, a phenomenon corre-
sponding to an earthquake on land.

The wreck excited much interest
among the officers and passengers of the
Norwegian vessel, and an order
was issued to approach the strange craft,
when it was seen that the remains of her
rigging, stumps of her masts and the hull
were covered by thousands of sea
shells causing the wreck to present the
appearance of the miniature ship of shell
work to be purchased at any seaside town.
The leaks which had sunk the vessel were
now stopped by an accumulation of hard-
pan and the derelict role the waves
like a duck.

A boat load of sailors were despatched
to board the wreck and they found the
hold and the under deck watertight save
for a few feet of water, which covering
the cargo, had sunk her. But this cargo
was of pulp with the exception of a
few articles of iron, and the remains of her
entirely destroyed. In what had been
the captain's berth were found several iron
bound chests, which
had resisted to some extent the ravages
of time and the sea, but on being opened
the contents were found to be reduced to
a sort of pulp with the exception of a
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