

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. C. ANSLOW

Vol. XXIV.—No. 8.

Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, December 3, 1890.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No. 1204

## BARGAINS IN BRY GOODS

AT  
**B. FAIREY'S.**

## BARGAINS IN FURNITURE

—A T—  
**B. FAIREY'S.**

Special low prices in all goods at

**B. FAIREY'S.**

Newcastle, November 25, 1890.

Law and Collection Office.

**M. ADAMS.**

Barrister & Attorney at Law.

Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.

Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.

CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Dominion.

Office: NEWCASTLE, N. B.

**L. J. TWEDDIE**

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.

Chatham, N. B.

Office: Old Bank Montreal.

**J. D. PHINNEY.**

Barrister & Attorney at Law

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

**RICHIBUCTO, N. B.**

Office: COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 4, 1886.

**G. J. McCULLY, M. A., M. D.**

Hon. ROY. COL. SURG., LONDON.

Office: 101, QUEEN ST.,

ISLANDS OF EYE, E. R. & THROAT.

Office: Cor. Westmoreland and Main Sts.,

Moncton, Nov. 12, 86.

**Charles J. Thomson,**

Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Co.

of New York. The LARGEST INSURANCE Company in the World; Agent for the Commercial and Collecting Agency.

Barrister, Printer for Agents.

**Notary Public, &c.**

Chatham, N. B.

Office: 101, QUEEN ST.,

Moncton, Nov. 12, 86.

**Dr. R. Nicholson,**

Office and Residence,

101, QUEEN ST.,

Newcastle, N. B.

Jan. 22, 1889.

**Dr. W. A. Ferguson.**

OFFICE on stairs in SUTHERLAND & CREAHAN'S building. Reside near Waverley Hotel.

Newcastle, March 12, 1889.

**Dr. H. A. FISH,**

Newcastle, N. B.

July 23, 90.

**W. A. Wilson, M. D.,**

Physician and Surgeon,

**DERBY, N. B.**

Derby, Nov. 15, 1890.

**KEARY HOUSE**

(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL.)

**Clifton House,**

Princess and 143 Germain Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

**A. H. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.**

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

April 6, 1885.

**CANADA HOUSE**

Chatham, New Brunswick.

**Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.**

Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first-class hotel and travel will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of steamboat wharf and Telegraph and Post Offices.

The proprietor refers 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 Stabling on the premises.

Chatham, Jan. 1.

**Dental Notice.**

**Dr. Cates, DENTIST,**

obliged to attend to business elsewhere for number of weeks but will return to Newcastle to do dentistry for patients in due time. Notice of visit will be given in this paper.

Newcastle, Sept. 20, 1890.

**To the Public.**

I have in stock a good assortment of

**STAPLE GOODS**

as Cottons, Union Tweeds, all Wool Tweeds, Ladies' Dress Goods, Prints, Shirts, Grey and White Cotton Flannels, White Cottons, Grey Cottons, Check Gingham and Shirtings.

**BOOTS & SHOES**

In Ladies' Buttoned and Lace Boots, Low Shoes and Slippers, Men's Lace Boots, Long Boots, Low Shoes, Buttoned Boots.

A general stock of

**TEAS,**

In Green, Oolong, and other Teas of very fine quality all of which will be sold at the lowest prices by

**WILLIAM MASSON,**

**B. & C.**

Now that cold weather is approaching you will probably be thinking of

**Buying an Overcoat.**

When this thought strikes you we wish you to think of our Store and just for your information we wish to say that we have them all sizes, and if we should be allowed to judge they are extra good value, the best we have ever handled. They have been selling pretty fast but we still have a good stock and all the sizes. Now is the time to buy.

—ALSO—

**JUMPERS**

and Heavy Pants for lumbermen, cheap for cash.

**Bryant & Clarke.**

Newcastle, Nov. 12, 1890.

**Intercolonial Railway.**

**'90. WINTER ARRANGEMENT '91.**

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

Express for St. John and Halifax (Mondays excepted) as follows:

St. John to Moncton, 11:30 a.m.

Moncton to St. John, 11:30 a.m.

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Clearance Sale

—BY—

**AUCTION.**

At the store of John McKee, commencing at 7 o'clock, every evening only, by private sale during the day at same prices as obtained by Auction.

The Stock consists of

**Boots and Shoes,**

**Hats and Caps,**

**Clock and Silverware,**

and must be disposed of. If you want

**BARGAINS**

don't attend.

**Geo. Stables,**

Auctioneer.

Newcastle, Nov. 11, 1890.

**FREE**

Offering of a large quantity of

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Offering of a large quantity of

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**FREE**

**By All Odds**

The most generally useful medicine is Ayer's Pills. As a remedy for the various diseases of the stomach, liver, and bowels, these Pills have no equal. Their sugar-coating causes them not only to be easy and pleasant to take, but preserves their medicinal integrity in all climates and for any reasonable length of time. The best family medicine, Ayer's Pills are also, unsurpassed for the use of travellers, soldiers, sailors, campers, and pioneers. In some of the most critical cases, when all other remedies have failed,

**Ayer's Pills**

prove effective.

In the summer of 1861 I was sent to the Annapolis hospital, suffering with chronic diarrhoea. While there, I became so reduced in strength that I could not speak and was compelled to write everything I wanted to say. I was then having some 25 or 30 stools per day. The doctors ordered a medicine that I was satisfied would be of no benefit to me. I did not take it, but persuaded my nurse to get me some of Dr. Ayer's Pills. About two o'clock in the afternoon I took six of these pills, and by midnight began to feel better. In the morning the doctors came again, and after deciding that my symptoms were more favorable, gave me a different medicine, which I did not use, but took four more of the pills instead. At the end of that time, I considered myself cured, and that Ayer's Pills had saved my life. I was then weak, but had no return of the disease, and gained in strength as fast as could be expected. — J. C. LANE, Late Lieut. 6th Regt. Mass. Vol. Infantry.

**Ayer's Pills**

I have ever used for headaches, and they act like a charm in relieving any disagreeable sensation in the stomach after eating.

—Mrs. M. J. Ferguson, Pullen, Va.

"I was a sufferer for years from dyspepsia and liver troubles, and found no permanent relief until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. They have effected a complete cure." — George W. Mooney, Walla Walla, Wash.

**The Best**

I will keep you company, Gustave, said the farmer, "or perhaps you had better remain here while I go and ascertain if anything has happened to Almida. The wind could do no damage on the island, but the river is rising, and it may be well enough for your sister to seek the main land till after the flood subsides."

"I can remain here," declared Gustave. "I can manage some way to get to the river, and Rob will lead the way."

The boy patted the head of his dog, a stout shepherd, which stood near regarding his young master with intelligent eyes.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Frost; but, I'm afraid you'll find it a tedious road with your lameness."

It was about three miles to the river, and it required nearly three hours time for boy and man to gain the bank, so they went on in advance, instructed by his master to go seek Almida.

Long before the twin reached the river the distant bark of a dog was borne to their ears. At times this became a howl, and but added to the daring of Gustave.

The kind farmer lifted the lame boy over fallen trees, and in other ways assisted him forward, although he had urged him to leave him and push forward alone.

"I cannot do that," declared Mr. Frost. "You are under my protection now, my boy, and I shall see that you get through this tangle in safety."

The howls of the dog grew louder as he caught sight of the foaming water in the distance; "the river is overflowing its banks! the island is gone!"

"No, no, my lad; let us hope it is not so bad as that!"

Pushing on with nervous haste, Mr. Frost reached the river some rods in advance of Gustave. The dog was nowhere to be seen, while the roar of mad waters drowned all other sounds.

But a narrow strip of the river bank above the water, and the island was indeed inundated.

Mr. Frost strained his eyes, but could see nothing of the humble cot that had so lately been occupied by the brother and sister. It had indeed been swept away.

Gustave, limping to the side of Mr. Frost, uttered a moaning cry and sank to the ground, covering his face with his hands.

"Almida! my poor Almida!" he groaned.

A hand plucked at the sleeve of the boy, and Mr. Frost said, cheerily:

"Don't give way like this, Gustave. The girl may have escaped before the flood."

"No, no. She could not. I took the only boat. She is drowned! I drowned!" wailed the lone lad.

"Hush! Listen! There's the dog again," declared Frost.

Sure enough, Rob's bark rang faintly over the water, and then the two on the shore saw the animal's head peer up from between the trunks of trees that had been swept down by the mighty flood, and now formed a part of a large jam at the head of Gull Island. Around and through these fallen mounds of the wood the water whirled with a rush and roar that was terrible to contemplate.

Below this jam a part of the island was visible. Evidently the house had been swept away at the outset, and it was this thought that indicated to Gustave that his sister had perished.

"See! the dog is anxious to attract our attention!" cried the farmer. "What has he found?"

"Rob, Rob!" called Gustave, as he saw the large mass of timber tremble before the rising flood; come here or you are lost!"

The jam of trees was likely at any moment to break into fragments and go dashing down the stream. It was a wonder that the dog had ever stemmed the flood and gained the spot he occupied.

"I tell you what, Gustave," declared the farmer after a minute, "that dog ain't a fool. He never risked his life to get to that jam pile for nothing. He must have seen something there."

**Selected Literature.**

PRINCE ROB.

It was a grand sight. The mad waters of the swollen river boiled and seethed like a cauldron as they rushed over the fallen timber and tore the moss to fragments.

A cyclone had cut a swath through the pine woods, and the flood that followed tore the fallen trees from the bank and bore them down the wild stream.

Gustave Stein, the lame boy, lived on Gull Island with his sister Almida. Gull Island was just below the rapids, a narrow strip of land containing a few acres that Mr. Stein cultivated, and when he died left as a legacy to his children.

Gustave was away at a neighbor's house when the storm came, and his anxiety for Almida was pitiful. The road from the house where he was stopping to the river opposite Gull Island was filled with trees, and the wind continued to blow even after the storm was over.

"I will keep you company, Gustave," said the farmer, "or perhaps you had better remain here while I go and ascertain if anything has happened to Almida. The wind could do no damage on the island, but the river is rising, and it may be well enough for your sister to seek the main land till after the flood subsides."

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Even as the man spoke Rob appeared again, tugging at something desperately, and in a minute a head and arm appeared above the debris—it was Almida, white and wet, yet alive.

Mr. Frost uttered a cry of joy, while Almida stood dumb for a moment with clasped hands; then he uttered a great joyful shout.

His joy was of short duration, however. It soon became evident that the jam must soon go to pieces before the rapidly-rising water, which meant doom to Almida and the dog.

"Can't we get to them some way?" questioned Gustave, in a strident voice, his face looking white as death.

"Impossible!" declared Mr. Frost, as he pointed to the seething water all about the jam and between them and the helpless Almida. "Even if we had a boat we could not get on there. See! the logs move! In a minute they will all go down the stream!"

It was true, the jam was breaking and poor Gustave covered his face to shut out the awful sight.

A minute thus, then an ejaculation of wonder fell from the lips of Mr. Frost.

Just below the centre of the jam the water eddied about, and below this some rods the river ran smoothly. The dog ran over the logs toward the eddy, then back again to Almida, pulling at her skirt with his teeth.