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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

W. C. ANSLOW

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Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, October 10, 1888.

Whole No. 1092.

RECEIVED AT B. FAIREY'S.

Braided Sets,
Metal Buttons,
Crotchet Buttons,
New Style Girdles,
Cashmere Gloves,
Children's Cashmere Hose,
Wool Cloths and Shawls,
Fancy Dresses and Waists,
New Dress Goods,
Cloth Jackets in Curl Cloth, Jersey Cloth, etc.,
A Beautiful Assortment of Ulster Cloths,
Velvet Shawls,
Ladies Skirts,
Dress Goods,
Mellon Cloths,
Choice Foulies.

Black Cashmores,
Turkish Alambra Curtains,
Printed Table Covers,
Cheap Cretonnes,
Comfortables,
White Blankets,
Grey do.
Grey Flannels,
White do.
Scarlet do.
Fancy do.
Swansdowns,
Colored do.
Men's Tweed and Homespun,
Ladies Black Straw Hats,
Hat Shapes,
Kid Gloves, Stitched Backs,
Ladies' Undervests, etc.

PRICES RIGHT, GOODS A1
B. FAIREY.

Newcastle.

September 14, 1888.

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M. ADAMS,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.

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ESTIMATES collected in all parts of the Dominion.

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OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

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

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE,
May 4, 1888.

O. J. MACCULLY, M.A., M.D.,
SPECIALIST,
DISBURS OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,
Office: Cor. Church and Main St., Montreal,
Montreal, Nov. 14, 88.

Dr. DESMOND,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office and residence UNION HOTEL, Newcastle, N. B.,
Newcastle, June 4th, 1888.

GEO. 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 as a satisfactory manner.
Newcastle, Aug. 11, '88.

TUNING AND REPAIRING.

J. O. BIEDERMANN, PIANOFORTE and ORGAN TUNER.

Repairing a Specialty.

Regular visits made to the Northern Counties, of which due notice will be given.
Orders for tuning, etc., can be sent to the Advocate Office, Newcastle.

J. O. BIEDERMANN,
St. John, May 6, 1887.

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 lines. Every comfort with the Hotel's excellent facilities. Some of the best food and saloons open within eight miles. Excellent all water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for commercial men.
TERMS \$1.50 per day; with Sample Rooms \$1.75.
Bathurst, Oct. 1, '88.

Clifton House,
Princes and 149 Gormala 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, 20 '88.

LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.

The Subscriber returns thanks to his many customers for past favors and would say that they keep constantly on hand a full stock of the best quality of Goods to be had and at the lowest rates for cash. Also S. B. Foster & Son's Nails and Tacks of all sizes, and Clark & Son's Boot Ties, Laces, &c. English Yarns, as well as home-made Tapes to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.

J. J. CHESTNUT, & CO

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. W. C. Anslow's Office, 115 Spring Street, New York.

CANADA HOUSE.

Chatham, New Brunswick,
Wm. N. STON, Proprietor

Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first class Hotel and travel agents will 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 Offices.

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 Selling on the Spot.
Oct. 12, 1888.

Notice

To Stockholders Gene ally.

Our Fall stock of
Pure Wool Knitting YARNS

are now ready for delivery.
If you have not already placed your orders write for samples and prices.

GOLDEN GROVE WOOLEN MILLS,
St. John, N. B.
WILLIS, MOTT & CO.
St. John, Aug. 27, 1888.

Stoves for Sale.

For sale at a bargain, a large
BASE BURNER,
for Soft Coal, Style
"OHIO,"

suitable for a Hall or large Dining Room. It uses only two seasons. Also a

Model Parlor Stove.

For particular apply at the "Advocate" Office, Oct. 10, 1888.

For Sale.

The proprietor offers for sale the
Drug Store,

Stock and Fixings
complete, including Soda Fountain. Good chance for one who understands the business, as it is the only registered Drug Store in town.
Apply to
R. L. BOTSFORD,
Richibucto, N. B.
2nd July, 1888.

NEW GOODS

For SUMMER and FALL.

Just received at the
CHEAP CASH STORE

New Prints, Flannels, Fancy Velveteens and Lace Curtains, extraordinarily Cheap, Fancy Flannels and Wool Shawls.

Meltons, Meltons,
New Dress Goods, Embroideries, Kid and Silk Gloves, also Blankets, Yarns, Homespun Flannel and Checked Wines, Ladies' Socks, and Underwear, a large assortment of Men's Ties, Shirts and Drawers, Boots and Shoes, Crochets, &c.

Staple Groceries.
A few pieces of Mantle and Ulster Cloths.
Thos. Clark & Co.
Newcastle, Aug. 14, '88.

New Spring and Summer MILLINERY.

I have on hand a large and well assorted Stock to which I would call attention of my customers and the public generally. My Stock comprises—

Ladies' and Children's Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats and Bonnets in all the new and leading shapes.

Shot and Changeable Silks, Satins, Gossams, Ribbons, Feathers, and Flowers; Crapes and Mourning Flowers, Fancy Frillings, Veilings, Chemise Trimmings in black and colors, Handkerchiefs in Silk and Lawn, Children's Collars, Bibs, Old Lady's Dress Caps, Lace Flouncings and Hamburgs, and a variety of other articles. All orders promptly attended to.

MRS. J. DEMERS,
Newcastle, April 16, 1888.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended as superior to any prescription known to man. It is a safe, pleasant, and effective medicine.

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Constipation

Demands prompt treatment. The results of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels. The best remedy is Ayer's Pills. Being purely vegetable, their action is prompt and their effect always beneficial. They are an admirable Liver and After-dinner pill, and everywhere endorsed by the profession.

"Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."—Dr. J. E. Fowler, Bridgeport, Conn.

"I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family."—J. T. Hise, Leithville, Pa.

"For several years Ayer's Pills have been used in my family. We find them an

Effective Remedy

for constipation and indigestion, and are never without them in the house."—Moses Greiner, Lowell, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for liver troubles and indigestion, during many years, and have always found them a prompt and efficient in their action."—N. Smith, Utica, N. Y.

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills effected a complete cure."—D. Burks, Saco, Me.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them as the most valuable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."—James Quinn, 30 Middle St., Hartford, Conn.

"Having been troubled with constipation, which seems inevitable with persons of sedentary habits, I have tried Ayer's Pills, hoping for relief. I am glad to say that they have served me better than any other medicine I have ever used. I arrived at this conclusion only after a faithful trial of their merits."—Samuel T. Jones, Oak St., Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine."

Is an old proverb and it followed out through life much time, money and suffering may be prevented. A Cough or Cold neglected often ends in Consumption, which is a fatal disease cured in a few days had the proper remedy been used. Don't delay, delays are dangerous. Secure a supply at once.

ESTEY'S

Cod Liver Oil Cream.

It will cure a cough or cold quicker than anything else you can use.
You are less excited and less languid. You are nervous, and at night roll and toss on your bed and cannot sleep. This is all caused by your system being run down and requiring something to brace it up, and make you feel as right you should take.

His uncle often said: "Nat, have a facelike oie fur atlock an' crapa. How canst thou, or so, or raps, or mow, agin the best; an' what's more, he's a quiet an' trimple lad. Quiet! why, his vice lo old an' soft as th' summer wind among th' grasses! Trimple! why, money fairly sticks to him!"

Young Nat's luck about money was not a matter of indifference to old Nat. His neighbors said: "He's near, very near, is old Nat; but what matter? He have money, an' money's th' best thing?"

Old Nat also had an obstinate will and a fiery temper, and he did not always practice as he preached. For instance, he professed to hate politics, but he would go any distance to see an Orange procession, or to hear the sound of fife and drums; and he certainly spoke with exceeding bitterness of a certain distinguished statesman, who had failed to rapplie, as he thought, successfully with Irish difficulties. "He's th' rary fatherly lie," he would roar; "an' old ruffian would be a prisobler!"

He daily lectured his nephew on the necessity for self-discipline, while he himself flew into violent rages on the slightest pretext, and literally tore his rervent long white locks in the punctuality upon which he insisted was infringed by so much as a moment's delay.

He professed the profoundest contempt for the softer sex, but as a matter of fact he was absurdly romantic, and capable of the most eccentric acts to compass a happy marriage for his quiet and sensible nephew.

He would exclaim: "I never met a young man so soft agin weeman as Nat; an' the girl is good-looking!" or he'd say, "an' he'll see faults where there's no faults."

And certainly from a boy Nat had approved his uncle's bachelor independence, and had drawn comparisons between his uncle's life and the less fortunate lives of his married neighbors, who habitually chanced to wear a subdued and even down-trodden air that was very inexplicable, while their wives were notoriously the reverse of perfect, and their homes by no means models of cleanliness.

However, on the whole, young Nat naturally ardent imagination had been, as it were, so strictly disciplined by circumstances during his quiet boyhood and early youth, that it had not added in any way to his intellectual attractions, enhanced joys of which he had had no experience, or unmitigated troubles which were destined to come later on, as it were, with a rush. Indeed, his life continued entirely uneventful, until, when he was thirty years old, his uncle died very suddenly.

The day of old Nat's death the latter country, during the afternoon, to the nearest country, as young Nat suspected upon some mysterious errand, for it was not market-day. He did not even return at his usual hour, and at length Nat sent

Selected Literature.

NAT.
CHAPTER I.
OLD NAT.

A respectable and prosaic Protestant farmer in a quiet part of Ireland has little food for his imagination, should he possess such a faculty—one which he very seldom does possess. He is, indeed, as a rule, the most commonplace and romantic of men. His neighbors do not habitually thrill him with exciting tales of their personal adventures with leprechauns, with bewitched black cats with bristling hair and eyes aflame, with great enchanted dogs of furious aspect, or tricky fairies, or ghosts with a horrid weakness for blarney; innocent folk who may be unfortunate enough to cross their path.

In religion the Protestant farmer is strictly Puritan, and he seldom takes a very lively interest in the next world; perhaps, because he does not believe in purgatory, and very dimly realizes the full and terrible significance of the doctrine of eternal punishment; while he very fully realizes the doctrine of justification by faith alone, though the sermons which teach him to grasp it are dull to a degree which it would be impossible for any one to conceive who had not had the misfortune to listen to them; nor would there be no work to him a place ever, his faith in his religion in the abstract is boundless; so is his loyalty to the State; and his party spirit is as a consuming fire. Though more civilized, humane, and truthful than his west-Irish countrymen, he is not nearly so picturesque.

Nathaniel Scarlet, senior, was an old bachelor. His only near relative was a nephew, whom he had adopted when the latter was a thin, long-legged boy of six, with thoughtful dark eyes and a painful sensitiveness to harsh words. Old Nat never regretted having adopted the younger Nathaniel Scarlet. He sent him to a small school connected with the parish church, where he quickly learned to read, to spell, and even a little arithmetic. These accomplishments he seldom cared to practice, but he early displayed a capacity for practical farming, and began to combine a delicate air of strength with an amount of physical vigor that was amazing.

His uncle often said: "Nat, have a facelike oie fur atlock an' crapa. How canst thou, or so, or raps, or mow, agin the best; an' what's more, he's a quiet an' trimple lad. Quiet! why, his vice lo old an' soft as th' summer wind among th' grasses! Trimple! why, money fairly sticks to him!"

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The day of old Nat's death the latter country, during the afternoon, to the nearest country, as young Nat suspected upon some mysterious errand, for it was not market-day. He did not even return at his usual hour, and at length Nat sent

the yard boy and his two farm-laborers to bed, and sat up himself in the kitchen with old Dora the housekeeper, a woman of an extremely superstitious turn of mind, who was occasionally capable of almost fervid eloquence. This evening she was unusually silent, and did not care to express her sense of uneasiness.

At length Nat rose with some impatience and said: "I believe Dora, I'll be goin' down a bit iv' th' road. Maybe Old meet me uncle."

He started accordingly and walked some distance along the highroad.— Though it was past eleven o'clock it was still light enough, this July evening, to recognize any one passing, and presently Nat saw his uncle's short, thickset figure approaching.

"Well, uncle," he called out, "whatever kept ye out so late, an' where did ye leave old Orange the mare?"

Old Nat made no reply. To his nephew's unbounded surprise, he glided toward him noiselessly and with extraordinary celerity, and finally past him and disappeared in the direction of the farm. Nat turned and hastened after him. On entering the house, however, he found Dora still alone in the kitchen.

"Where did me uncle go when he come in?" he asked.

"Sure he never come in 'till, Dora answered.

"Never come in 'till?" he repeated.

"He actually passed me on th' road tin minutes ago. He hadn't th' mare, an' he was walkin' loike th' wind. I called to him, but he never answered, but meef for home; thin I turned and follwed him."

"Take care but 'twas his fetch ye seen," said the old woman. "Gee, Nat, fur Gawd's sake, an' call the min, an' go loike fur ye'r uncle. I wouldn't me 'tis but his dead body ye'll find!"

Nat, who was beginning to feel seriously uneasy, thought it as well to take her advice. He called up the men, and proceeded along the road to look for his uncle. The men carried a shutter, and as a matter of fact, about two miles from the farm they found the old man's dead body lying in the middle of the road, and saw old Orange grazing at a little distance. The animal's knees were so badly cut it was evident that she had fallen and thrown her master heavily to the ground.

However, it is unnecessary to linger over these details. It is sufficient to say that Nat's grief for his uncle was sincere, but not so extreme as his confusion and dismay, when, a few hours later, he heard certain equally unexpected and startling discoveries.

CHAPTER II. A SURPRISE.

It appeared that his uncle had lately negotiated a marriage for him without his knowledge or consent; that old Nat had, indeed, carried matters with a high hand; that he had arranged all the preliminaries; had given orders to the mother of the bride-elect about the settlements—orders which had been carefully carried out; and had actually named the wedding-day. Money had naturally been the paramount influence in determining old Nat's choice of a wife for his nephew. Eliza Jane Scarlet of Maryville Farm near Glengal, in the west of Ireland, was an heiress. She was the daughter of old Nat's first cousin, John Scarlet, who had died of smallpox, when that disease was devastating Glengal some years before—

She was an only child, and exactly young Nat's letterly. Old Nat, however, had not been wholly uninfluenced by romantic considerations; as a very young man, he had been much in love with Mrs. Scarlet, then Eliza Jane Judge—

Since she had married his cousin, John Scarlet, he had never seen her. Indeed, his decision about her daughter and his nephew had been altogether the result of a sudden inspiration, upon which he had acted with his usual promptitude. His too sanguine hopes had endowed a person he had never seen with inherited charms it was possible she might not possess, and had exaggerated the amount of wealth she would eventually possess.

In his uncle's pockets Nat found all the correspondence connected with the affair. It would be impossible to imagine anything more characteristic than old Nat's letters—copies of which he had carefully preserved—and no doubt they would have been extremely amusing to any one but his nephew. However, Mrs. Scarlet's letters filled Nat, who had much sensitiveness, with positive despair.

Old Nat had gone into town the afternoon of the day of his death for the purpose of signing his will. In his will he left his nephew the interest of his farm, of which he had a long lease, and also his ample savings, amounting to over eleven hundred pounds, on one condition, that he married, on or before the tenth day of the following month August, his cousin Jane Scarlet, it being then the twentieth of July.

All day old Nat had been looking forward to telling his boy and retiring asleep of the trick he had played him about his marriage, and to crowing about any objections he might possibly make, by informing him of the signing of the will, and by describing its contents.

During the few days immediately succeeding his uncle's death Nat had many fine hours in which to ponder over his position; after all, a very ordinary one for a young man of his class and of his country. The difficulty of his position

lay in this—that he did not happen to be, by any means, an ordinary young man, and therefore, unfortunately, the longer he thought of the matter the less he liked it. He, who had all his life disliked women and looked forward to a career of bachelor peace and independence, found himself suddenly deprived of the support and maintenance of his uncle, and engaged to marry in a fortnight or less, a woman whom he had never seen, and of whose probable age, character, or appearance he knew nothing.

He had still an air of boyish purity and freshness, and a somewhat demure and exaggerated quietness of voice and aspect. He was tall and slight, almost to frailness. His hair was small, his hair brown, and his naturally brown complexion bronzed by the sun. He had a short but not ill-shaped nose, fine teeth, and rather thick lips, which betrayed, by their occasional tenderness, perhaps an almost morbid sensitiveness. His eyes were handsome, almond-shaped, with rather full lids, and in color dark brown.

His ordinary dress was a worn old corduroy waistcoat and trousers (he never wore a coat except on Sundays, or when he went to a fair), a very white shirt, and a battered old jerry hat, low in the crown, and narrow in the brim, and placed too far back upon his head not to detract seriously from his good looks—

He wore no hair upon his face and shaved every morning.

During the evening of the day on which his uncle had been buried Nat joined Dora by the kitchen hearth. The men had gone to bed and the place was quiet.

"I believe I'm goin' to Glinalp by th' early train to-morra, Dora," he said slowly.

"So best," she answered dryly.

"What's yer opinion, Dora, iv' this marriage as me uncle up an' settled afore his death?" he went on.

The old woman hesitated. At length she said—

"To be candid wid ye, Nat, it looks mo judgement vry loike buyin' a pig in a poke. But th' ye'r uncle knew that iv' he didn't settle the marriage at once, ye'd surely ship ye'r head out to th' noose."

Nat groaned.

"What's money any way," he said.

"Faix, Nat, boy, money ain't ivrythin' said Dora. "It can make ye very comfortable, but it can't make ha'appy, an' ha'appiness an' comfort is two very different things!"

"I'm sure I'll hate th' very sight iv' her," he said vehemently.

"Take care will ye hate th' very sight iv' her? Take care iv' ye'r Nat, me boy. Though gintle as a lamb pe'r th'roo as th' impetuous, I mislout me, Nat, but iv' ye once cared for a woman, but it'd go th'ry hard, wid ye. Take care will ye hate her!"

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