

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. C. ANSLOW

Vol. XXIII.—No. 27.

Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, April 16, 1890.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WHOLE NO. 1171.

FURNITURE DEPARTMENT.

Now is the time to buy Furniture.

I have received my Spring Stock of Bedroom Sets and Parlor Suits. Also a large general stock of Furniture. Having had extensive alterations made I am now in a position to show my stock to advantage and shall be happy to show Furniture and Carpets to all who may wish them. Also—Over 200 new Dado Window Shades.

B. FAIREY,
Newcastle.

Newcastle, April 15, 1890.

Law and Collection Office.

M. ADAMS.

Barriester & Attorney at Law.
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.

Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.

CLAIMS collected in all parts of Dominion.

Office—NEWCASTLE, N. B.

L. J. TWEEDIE

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.

Chatham, N. B.

OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

J. D. PHINNEY.

Barriester & Attorney at Law

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

RICHMOND, N. B.

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 4, 1890.

O. J. MacCULLY, M.A., M.D.

Mem. Roy. Col. Surg., London.

SPECIAL ST.

DISKASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.

Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Streets.

Moncton, Nov. 12, 88.

Charles J. Thomson,

Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of New York.

Insurance Company in the World.

Barriester, Broker for Estates.

Notary Public, &c.

Claims Promptly Collected, and Profoundly Business in all its branches executed with accuracy and dispatch.

OFFICE.

Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Dr. H. A. FISH,

Newcastle, N. B.

March 25, 1890.

Dr. R. Nicholson.

Office and Residence,

McCULLAM ST., NEWCASTLE.

Jan. 22, 1890.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson.

OFFICE on stairs in SUTHERLAND and OREGAN'S building. Reside on Waverly Hotel.

Newcastle, March 2, 1890.

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. Yachting Facilities. Some of the best trout salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent hot water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for our special men.

TERMS \$1.50 per day with Sample Rooms \$1.75.

Richibucto Drug Store,

W. A. MacLaren, - Proprietor.

Dealer in

Drugs,

Patent Medicines.

Toilet Articles.

Smokers' Goods, etc.

Prices Moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Richibucto, Feb. 11, 1890.

HAY.

—FOR SALE CHAP—

Parties in need of really good hay for horses or cattle can be supplied by

W. J. MILLER, Dutch.

Terms reasonable.

Newcastle, April 8, '90.

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

Messrs. Adams & Pincus

respectfully notify the people of Newcastle and the surrounding country that they have opened a

New Merchant Tailoring ESTABLISHMENT

in Messrs. out land & Cregan building, Newcastle, where they are prepared to make up

STYLISH

AND

WELL FITTING CLOTHING

at moderate charges. Call and examine our Samples.

ADAMS & PINCO.

Newcastle, Oct. 29, 1889.

Waltham Watches.

A COMPLETE STOCK JUST RECEIVED.

PRICES LOW.

All Watches fully guaranteed.

H. WILLISTON & CO.

Watchmakers & Jewelers.

Newcastle, Feb. 17, 1890.

ESTEY'S

Iron & Quinine Tonic

THIS Medicine combining Iron and Quinine with vegetable tonics, purifies and completely cures Dyspepsia, indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Stomach, Chills and Feverishness, etc.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—after Iron Medicines do.

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

The genuine has my true mark and signature. Take no other.

Prepared only by E. M. Eater, Moncton, N. B.

C. P. CURTIS & Co.

General Commission Merchants

176 Atlantic Avenue,

Boston, Mass.

Consignments solicited of

Hay, Potatoes, Eggs,

Poultry of all kinds, (alive or dressed), &c.

Also—Spruce Gum. We want all kinds of Fish in their season.

Smelts or d. Mals a specialty.

C. P. CURTIS & CO.

Boston, Oct. 1, 1891.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

OUT NAILS AND

OUT SPIKES.

LOCKS, BRADS,

FINISHING NAILS

SHOE NAILS,

HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.

Office, Warehouse and Manufactory

GEORGE STREET ST. JOHN, N. B.

Apr. 10, 1892

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SOMETHING NEW!!

AND VERY VERY NICE,

BLENDED CAYEN TEA.

I have just received a few packages of the above Tea. If once used you will have no other.

ALSO 20 CHESTS

Choice English Breakfast Tea.

James Brown,

The Cheap Cash Store.

Newcastle, Dec. 18th, 1889.

BRICK FOR SALE.

70,000 Good Hard Brick, for delivery by either rail or water.

Apply to

CHAS. VYE, Jr.,

South Nelson Road,

Northumberland.

March 25, 1890.

Selected Literature.

THE DESERTED FARMHOUSE.

Alone it stands, its walls gray-grown,
The moss roots on the roof,
Grass growing round the old doorway
From which all keep aloof.

No sound comes from its dreary rooms
Dark in the brightest hours,
The garden gay with summer blooms
Grows waste and full of flowers.

Where once the joyous laugh was heard
And merriment and gladness
All is silent now save when the bird
Outside, trills sweetly near.

And when the summer breezes blow,
They murmur through the trees,
And about a wondrous requiem low
To make sad memories.

The swallow builds her nest of clay,
Beneath its drooping eaves,
They twitter every summer day
Till autumn turns the leaves.

And the summer suns, drip their gold
In through each window pane,
But still in this farmhouse old
And never more again.

Will the smoke in curling wreaths arise,
No more the lamp will burn
Like a signal light in the silent night,
Where the wanderer's foot may turn.

The friends who lived within these walls
Are parted now for aye,
No more is heard their soft foot-falls
At close of summer day.

And it stands in the bright sunlight,
This ghost of a long dead home,
Staring through its vacant windows
Dreary as a midnight tomb.

W. H. J.

Nowaka Settlement.

DOUGLAS.

A SKETCH.

A June evening; one of those lovely summer evenings when all Nature seems to speak of peace and rest, and the rising moon peeps over the tree tops. Far away behind the western hills, the sky was radiant still, with the after glow of a beautiful sunset. But the pale pink and golden tints were momentarily decreasing before the deepening shades of advancing night, and already one or two faint stars had appeared. The exquisite beauty of the scene would have served to attract the attention of almost anyone; but it was quite ignored by two young people who stood in a mossy, old-fashioned rose garden, apparently lost to everything but their own engrossing conversation. The girl, for it is needless to say they were of opposite sexes, was young, lovely, and almost beside herself with rage. Her slender figure was drawn to its full height, her dark eyes sparkled with indignation, and her willful, pretty mouth uttered passionate scornful words, which ill accorded with the beauty of her surroundings. Words which her companion listened to in absolute silence. He was young also. A mere boy, in fact, barely more than two and twenty. In spite of the serious, griefed expression on his sunburnt face, which appeared unusually pale in the moonlight, he was very good looking as he stood there. He was tall and well built, with regular features, close-cropped brown hair, and a pair of expressive blue eyes, which were pronounced by all his girl acquaintances to be fetching in the extreme.

"I know it must look awfully strange to you, Blanche," he said, sadly, raising the blue orbs in question pleadingly to the girl's flushed, excited face, as she ceased speaking. "But if you would only trust me; you might, dear, till—"

"I must request you to cease calling me by my Christian name," she interrupted, laughing, as with trembling fingers she pulled a sparkling diamond ring from her left hand, "you refuse to give me an explanation of what I witnessed to-day. I refuse to wait for one. Here is your ring. What, you refuse to take it. Well—" she shrugged her shoulders slightly, and dropped the glittering circlet at his feet. Her first anger, over her trembling voice had become a cold and hard, which affected him more than her childish rage.

"Blanche, darling, what are you doing?" he exclaimed, trying to take her hand. "We cannot part like this, dear. I am off to-morrow, you know. We may never meet again." His boyish face was very anxious and eager, and his young voice trembled as he spoke, and looked imploringly at her.

"I assure you," he went on, but again she interrupted him, curiously.

"Spare me any more assurance. I, for one, will be delighted at your departure after what has occurred," she said; coldly.

"Blanche!" That was all he said; but, oh! what a world of reproach and regret he put into that little name. For an instant she faltered, as it rang out clearly on the evening air. Then a sudden memory brought the crimson flush back to her face. Struggling her shoulder against, without another word or look she turned away, and left him there—alone.

Blanche Vernon was the only child of the Squire of Heathdale, a charming village in one of the southern counties. She was young, lovely and an heiress to wealth, and had been engaged to Douglas Campbell since the previous winter. He was a good-looking young Lieutenant in the Navy, and being well endowed with this world's goods, besides belonging to a good old Scotch family, was considered a fit mate for the "belle of the county."

They were to have been married on his return from his next voyage, but a little more and a whispered conversation had altered the course of events. Blanche, being an only child, and motherless, had been provided with a companion, in the shape of Miss Ida Burton, a pretty, fair-haired girl, a year or two her senior. The spoiled beauty, who was self-willed and petulant to a degree, as pretty girls with hosts of admirers and everything they desire, are apt to be, loved Douglas Campbell devotedly and was not a little jealous where he was concerned. Not that she had the slightest cause to be so, for she was all in all to him, and a more ardent lover could not have been found. But the fact of his being a great favorite with the fair sex had a good deal to do with the "green-eyed monster," who at times took possession of Blanche. Douglas had a gentle, chivalrous manner, which, coupled with his boyish handsome appearance, made him very attractive to most women. Of this Blanche was fully aware, and as he was stopping at the Vernons, and the only other girl he met there daily was the pretty companion, she had become the object of the heiress's suspicions. The latter, who was often rendered miserable by her quick temper and jealous doubts and fears, had noticed that her fiancé was in her estimation, quite unsuccessfully seduced by Miss Burton, who at times took possession of Blanche. Douglas had a gentle, chivalrous manner, which, coupled with his boyish handsome appearance, made him very attractive to most women. Of this Blanche was fully aware, and as he was stopping at the Vernons, and the only other girl he met there daily was the pretty companion, she had become the object of the heiress's suspicions. The latter, who was often rendered miserable by her quick temper and jealous doubts and fears, had noticed that her fiancé was in her estimation, quite unsuccessfully seduced by Miss Burton, who at times took possession of Blanche.

from happy time since that eventful interview in the rose garden. When she realized that Douglas had really gone, that every hour so many more miles of blue water were being put between them, her grief was intense. Her doubts and fears shrank into insignificance before the overwhelming fact that repentance came too late. He was gone. No tender reconciliation, no "make-up" such as she had longed for in spite of her anger, could now take place till—he returned. And perhaps that time he would have ceased to care for her; would not wish to renew their old relations towards each other. At this thought, the girl shivered. "Oh, why, did I not trust him? Why was I so hasty?" was her constant cry. Never, in all her life, had she suffered as she did now, and the sting lay in the thought that it was all her own fault. Remembering that the beautiful Miss Vernon experienced it to the full now, and she felt it more keenly than ever, when a few mornings after old Mr. Campbell's death appeared in the paper, Miss Burton's place at the table was vacant, and the following letter was handed to her.

"DEAR MISS VERNON—I wonder what you will think when I inform you that I am married and have been so for the last six weeks. I am on my way to join my husband now, and this will explain my absence. I met Mr. Ernest Campbell when we were in town last, if you recollect. We—well, to put matters shortly, we became very fond of each other, and as his regiment was ordered out to India, he induced me to become his wife before he left England, unknown to anyone except his brother. Old Mr. Campbell was ill at the time, and Ernest thought it best to keep him in ignorance concerning our marriage. Of course, he made Lieut. Campbell promise not to betray us, and I assure you I do not know what we would have done without him. He was so kind and considerate, though I could see he did not approve of our marriage. But it was too late to object when the ceremony was over, and he was not taken into dear Ernest's confidence till then. I often wonder how he managed to keep our secret from him. He wished so much to tell you, but Ernest feared you would be so shocked you would refuse to keep me with you, or rather, Mr. Vernon would, so he made his brother promise not to enlighten you. One day you came in just as Lieut. Campbell was giving me a note Ernest sent me under cover, and I was so afraid everything would come out. Now all necessity for secrecy is at an end, and I will finish this hasty letter by thanking you deeply for all your kindness to me, and hope you will be as happy as Lieut. Campbell's wife as I am as

IDA CAMPBELL."

What were Blanche's feelings as she read these lines, which had evidently been hurriedly written? Ernest Campbell was Douglas's only brother. He had always been a well-hung, strong, and full of fellow, continually getting into scrapes, and now he had capped the climax by marrying a penniless nobody, Blanche thought, contemptuously. Ida Burton was a very nice girl as a companion, but old Mr. Campbell would certainly have known of his marriage. Blanche could imagine Douglas's surprise when the secret was disclosed to him. She determined to cast aside the pride which had caused her to be so much unkind to him. It was a sad, loving letter; a letter that would have moved the hardest heart, such a pitiful, tear-stained epistle. And when it had gone, the girl settled down to long, weary days of waiting; days she never forgot.

A week or two later Blanche stood in a brilliantly lighted drawing-room in a fashionable West End mansion. Thinking a change would benefit her, her father had brought her to town a few days after her letter was despatched, and the beautiful heiress was, as usual, surrounded by a crowd of admirers. A "musical" was in progress, and the large room was crowded to excess. As the girl stood there in her rich satin gown, waving her fan slowly to and fro, a smile parting her red lips, who among the gay throng gazed at the passionate longing and regret which filled her heart, and which almost served to break down her self-possession at times. As she rested her large, bright eyes on her companion's face, her little thought how bored she was by his conversation and how she longed to be away from the gay scene. She was thinking, as she always was now, of a young, eager face, a pair of pleading blue eyes, and rudely she started and the color flew to her face, for the name of the object of her thoughts was ringing through the room. Someone was singing. She could not see who, for the piano was hidden from her view by the crowd, but it was one with a sweet, pathetic voice which brought tears to Blanche's long eyes. It was an old, old song; one that she used to sing herself in her dear old days, which seemed so long ago now. But never had it affected her as it did at that moment.

Could you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas, in the old likeness that I knew? I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas, Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

As in a dream the girl listened to the old refrain. Had the singer a Douglas

to, she wondered, that she sang so feelingly, as if she felt every word. A strange hush had fallen over the room, for no one wished to lose a word of the old song. Blanche grasped her fan so tightly that the delicate handle snapped as she listened. The lights, the bright scene faded away. Once more she was with him, could hear the voice she loved, see the handsome young face, meet the glance of the laughing eyes which had looked so wistful when she last saw them. The eyes which haunted her night and day.

Oh, Douglas! Douglas! She came back to the present with a start, to hear the clapping of gloved hands, the murmur of congratulations, which rewarded the sweet singer. The young man, whose conversation had bored her so a few minutes before, a Mr. Wilmont, was startled by the pallor of her face, and offered to conduct her to the conservatory where it was cooler. Blanche accepted his offer readily, and sent him for an ice, anxious to have a few minutes alone in which to recover herself. Throwing herself on a low seat she gave herself up to her reflections.

"He will get my letter in a little while," she wondered. "Ah!" and as she remembered her last cruel words to him, she shivered as though with cold. "Oh, Douglas! never a scornful word would grieve you," she murmured, forcing back the tears from her eyes, and then a brief prayer rose from her heart, as she thought of the Douglas in the song. Suppose everything should happen to—she put the dreadful thought resolutely from her, and even managed to summon up a smile to greet her cavalier when he returned with the ice.

"Awfully sorry to be so long, Miss Vernon," he began, and then she noticed how grave his face had become.

"What—what is the matter?" she exclaimed, rising hastily, a vague feeling of undefined terror taking possession of her. She had only met the young man that evening, but she knew something out of the common must have occurred, to bring that serious look over his youthful countenance.

"I've just heard something awfully sad," he replied, gravely. "News has just arrived of the loss of the 'Victory,' which sailed last week. Don't you know? Every soul on board has perished, except two little jackets, who were picked up by a passing ship to tell the tale."

Was the singer repeating her song, or was it a dream vision which Blanche heard in the dimly lighted conservatory?

Oh, to call back the days that are not! Mine eyes were blinded, your words are free. Do you know the truth now in Heaven, Douglas? Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

SYDNEY DALE.

HOW EDITORS ARE MADE.

STARTLING DISCLOSURE MADE BY A REST IN A BOY'S BRECHES.

The following story is told about the editor of one of Maine's most prominent dailies—

When a small boy with his father, now one of the most prominent men in the state, was running a printing office and publishing a weekly paper in one of the largest towns in Kennebec county.

One day the advance agent of a show came along and ordered some posters printed upon cotton cloth. His order was filled, but for some reason he neglected to call for them and they were thus left on the printer's hands. The printer's wife ran across them, and as cloth was then high she took the cloth home and used it to line a pair of pants she was then making for the editor above mentioned, then a boy about ten years of age.

As the months rolled by, the pantaloons grew threadbare and at school one day he accidentally tore the seat out, leaving about one foot of the lining exposed to view. This in itself would have made the boys smile, but they laughed till the tears came when they observed the following words standing out boldly upon the lining in large type:

"Doors open at 7.30. Performance begins at 8."

It is needless to state that the boy was sent home to his mother in tears.

Dominion Parliament.

OTTAWA, April 8.—When the common re-assembled this afternoon after the Easter recess the attendance was very slim, but the house filled up during the day. The debate on the budget was resumed by Mr. W. L. (St. John), who complained that the government devoted too much time to trade relations with Australia and the West Indies, when they had the States ready at their hand. He made much of the annual deficit on the carrying of Nova Scotia coal to the west. The tariff, he said, discriminated against the lower provinces, but was forced to admit that those portions of the Dominion were enjoying more prosperity than some years since, which was due to the rise in freights. He contended the reduction on molasses and corn would not offset the increased duty on flour and beef, and threatened that if the duties were increased the people would rise and demand abolition.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Mr. Daly reminded Mr. Watson, who had dwelt the other night on a resolution of the Manitoba legislature in favor of unrestricted reciprocity, that resolution was moved by Attorney General Martin, who was an avowed annexationist, and proceeded to show how the tariff and completion of the C. P. R. had lessened the price of goods to the Northwest settlers and kept the market for Canadian goods.

One of the best speeches of the debate was made this evening by Dr. Cameron, who showed most conclusively that the increased duties upon flour would result in no increase in price, Ogilvie, the big miller of Montreal, having expressed his willingness to sell flour at the same rate as before the duty was raised.

April 9, 2 a. m.—The members were called in at 1.25 a. m. and the house divided. Cartwright's amendment was rejected by 97 to 60.

OTTAWA, April 9.—Mr. Jones of Halifax inquired when the amended Intercolonial railway freight tariff would be laid before the house.

Sir John Macdonald said it would be submitted in a few days. Since the new tariff was agreed on there had been a great many applications for modification, and due consideration had been given to these.

Mr. Gillmor read from a Fredericton paper a complaint that the Scott act, supposed to be in force there, was set at defiance at the Military school, liquor being openly sold at three pence.

Sir Adolphe Caron said his attention had not before been called to the matter, but he would cause an investigation to be made.

Before the orders of the day were proceeded with Sir John Macdonald made a feeling reference to the death of Chisholm, M. P. for New Westminster.

The house then went into committee on the tariff resolutions.

The explanatory clauses were adopted with slight verbal alterations.

The changes in the tariff came next, the first noteworthy discussion being on this item: Animals, living namely, cattle, sheep and hogs, 30 per cent. ad valorem.

Mr. Foster explained that this was an increase of ten per cent. over the old duty and was intended to be about an equivalent for the higher duty placed upon dead meat.