

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. C. ANSLOW

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XXIV.—No. 2.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, October 22, 1890.

WHOLE No. 1198

SPECIAL BARGAINS.

2 pieces Men's Tweed, 33 cts., former price \$1.25.
2 pieces Fine Canadian Tweeds, 75 cts., former price \$1.25.
3 pieces do. do. do. 85 cts., do. do. 1.00.
1 piece overcoating, double width, \$1.00 do. do. 1.50.
These goods are suitable for Fall and Winter wear and are the greatest bargains ever offered in cloth.

LADIES' CLOTH JACKETS.
12 Black Jersey Cloth Jackets at \$2.55, former price \$3.65.
12 Grey Cloth Jackets at 3.10, do. do. 4.00.
Also several small lots at a great reduction.
Ladies' Fur lined Circulars at cost price.
Men's Tweed Overcoats at \$5.00, former price \$8.50.
The above are a few special lines I wish to clear out, all in perfect order or money refunded, and are without doubt unusual value.

Ladies' Braided and Embroidered Dresses.
1 Brown Dress \$5.00, former price \$8.75.
2 Grey Dresses 6.75, do. do. 10.00.
1 Dark Grey Dress 7.25, do. do. 10.00.
A few pieces all wool Dress Goods at 19 cts., worth 25.
Cash only will buy them at the above prices.

B. FAIREY'S,
Newcastle.

Newcastle, October 11, 1890.

Law and Collection Office.

M. ADAMS.

Barriester & Attorney at Law
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Convey-
ances, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.,
Real Estate & Fire Insurance
Agents.
CLAIMS collected in all parts of
the Dominion.
Office: NEWCASTLE, N. B.

L. J. TWEEDIE

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Chatham, N. B.
OFFICE—Old Bank

J. PHINNEY.

Barriester & Attorney at Law
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
RICHMOND, N. B.
OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE,
May 4, 1890.

G. J. MacCULLY, M.A., M.D.

Member, COL. COL. MED. ASSN., LONDON.
ISSUES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.
Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Sts.
Moncton, Nov. 12, 1890.

Charles J. Thomson,

Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COM-
pany of New York, THE LARGEST INSUR-
ANCE Company in the World; Agent for the
Commercial and Collecting Agency.
Barriester, Practitioner for Estates.
Notary Public, &c.

Claims Promptly Collected, and Profes-
sional Business in all its branches executed
with accuracy and dispatch.

OFFICE.

Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Dr. R. Nicholson.

Office and Residence,
McCULLAN ST.,
NEWCASTLE.
Jan. 22, 1890.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson.

OFFICE on stairs in SUTHERLAND &
CREAGHAN'S building. Read use Waver-
ley Hotel.
Newcastle, March 12, 1890.

Dr. H. A. FISH,

Newcastle, N. B.
July 23, 90.

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.
Facilities for the use of the best front
admission within eight miles. Excellent
all over building. Cool Sample Rooms for
the use of all.

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

For Sale.

THAT Lot of Land Fronting on Pleasant
Street in Newcastle Containing 24 acres
with 13 story Dwelling, Kitchen and Barn
thereon.

There is also a good Cellar and a never fail-
ing supply of water in the Kitchen.
For terms and particulars apply to
C. P. ATKINSON, or J. R. LAWLOR,
Auctioneers,
Newcastle, Sept. 2, 1890.



**NEW YORK
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.**
THE REGULAR LINE.

**THE IRON STEAMSHIP
VALENCIA,**
1600 TONS, (CAPT. F. T. MILLER),
Leaves ST. JOHN for NEW YORK
City, Mass.

EVERY FRIDAY AT 3 P. M.,
(Eastern Standard Time) Returning,
St. John, N. B.

**Pler 40 East River, front Pike
St. John, N. B., every
Tuesday at 5 p. m.**

for Rockland, Me., Eastport, Me., and St.
John, N. B.

Freight on through bills of lading to
and from all points South and West of New
York, and from New York to all points in the
Maritime Provinces. Cheapest Fares and Low-
est Rates.

Shippers and Importers can save TIME AND
MONEY by ordering all goods to be forwarded
by the New York Steamship Company.

N. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager,
61 Broadway New York.

or FRANK ROWAN, Agent,
225 Prince William Street, St. John.



Public Notice.

A Meeting of the Liberal Association in
Newcastle, will be held at the Liberal Hall,
Newcastle, on

FRIDAY EVENING

at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of

electing a committee to represent the

association at the annual meeting of the

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla

**The Best
Blood Medicine**

So say Leading Physicians
and Druggists, and their opin-
ions are endorsed by thousands
of cured by it of Scrofula, Ec-
zema, Erysipelas, and other
diseases of the blood.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won its repu-
tation by years of valuable service to the
community. It is the best."—R. S. LANE,
Druggist, 212 Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass.
Dr. W. P. Wright, Paw Paw, Mich., says:
"In my practice, I invariably pre-
scribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla for chronic dis-
eases of the blood."

They live in an elegant stone house on
Kenyon avenue, and consist of a middle-
aged gentleman, John Godfrey by name,
maiden sister and his daughter, a girl of
a sixteen.

Mr. Godfrey, who is a wealthy railroad
man, has a hard, stern look, and his sister
doesn't appear to be any too amiable, but
the daughter has fairly won my old heart.
She is a handsome as a picture, and she
always had a smile for me when she
came to the door (the maiden aunt
answers my ring now), and how her face
would light up when I handed her a let-
ter addressed in a round, neatly hand-
written Miss Nena Godfrey, and postmarked C—.

At first, when she and the servants
stopped coming to the door, I couldn't
understand it, but I have arrived at the
conclusion that the maiden aunt always
takes the mail in order to prevent Miss
Nena from getting her letters. During the
time Miss Nena came herself I brought
her a letter postmarked C—, nearly
every day. Since then I have delivered
only two. And the maiden aunt's face
has worn such a satisfied look as she
took them that I am sure the letters are
from some nice man. Miss Nena is in love
with, and her father and aunt are trying
to break off the match.

I met her on the street one day a short
distance from the house, and she stopped
as though to speak to me. She changed
her mind, however, and passed on with a
pleasant "Good morning," but I noticed
that her lips quivered as she spoke. I
think she wanted to say something, but
she didn't. Poor girl! I wonder
how it will end.

THE MESSENGER BOY'S STORY.
Last night 'bout 7 o'clock I had ter
take a message up on Kenyon avenue. It
was for Miss Nena Godfrey, an' 'en I
rung 'er bell a young lady came to the
door. I asked her if 'er was 'n answer
an' she told me to come in an' she would
see. She then went inter the parlor an'
tore open the message, an' 'en she read
it she turned as white as a sheet, an' I
thought she was goin' to faint. 'En she
told me to wait 'er a minute, an' she said
"What's the matter? Who's the tele-
gram from?"

She didn't answer an' he said, "Let me
see it," but she turned quicker'n a flash
an' 'er face was as white as a sheet, an'
she said "It's from a man named C—, an'
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'En she told me to wait 'er a minute, an'
she said "What's the matter? Who's the
telegram from?"

I saw a good many funny things
carryin' round messages, but I never see
anything like that before.

THE TELEPHONE OPERATOR'S STORY.
Something rather odd of the common
kind happened at our office last evening.
The following message was sent from C—:
Miss Nena Godfrey, 103 Kenyon
Avenue:
Come at once if possible. Will is very
low.

DR. OTTO SCHMIDT.
The message was delivered to Miss
Godfrey, and about 9 o'clock the lady's
father came into the office. The clerk
having stepped out for a moment. I got
up to wait on him.

Mr. Godfrey wanted to know if we had
a copy of the telegram that came for his
daughter that evening. I told him that
I was acquainted with the contents. He
then wanted to know if I would tell him
what was in it. He said that he was not
at home when the message came; that
his daughter had gone out and had left
the message for him, but that the ser-
vants had mislaid it.

As Mr. Godfrey is a well-known citizen
I complied with his request. The con-
tents of the telegram had an entirely dif-
ferent effect upon him from what I ex-
pected. Instead of being surprised or
shocked, it seemed to make him very
angry. He recovered himself quickly,
however, and with a curt "Much obliged,"
he walked out. I wonder who Will is!

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.
There was one incident connected with
the accident on my train last night that
I did not give to the reporters.

A young lady boarded the train at R—
whom I recognized as the daughter of
John Godfrey, one of the stockholders of
the road. She had a ticket for C—,
and I noticed when I stopped at her seat
she was pale and agitated. After the
accident she was one of the first to get clear

Selected Literature.

A COMPOSITE ROMANCE.

THE LETTER-CARRIER'S STORY.

There is one family on my route that
gives me more trouble than all of the
others put together. Not that they ever
complain of me or compel me to walk to
the top of a five-story building, but I
can't make 'em out. I don't usually
bother my head about the people to
whom I deliver mail; there is something
so singular about this one family, how-
ever, that I can't help taking particular
notice of them.

They live in an elegant stone house on
Kenyon avenue, and consist of a middle-
aged gentleman, John Godfrey by name,
maiden sister and his daughter, a girl of
a sixteen.

Mr. Godfrey, who is a wealthy railroad
man, has a hard, stern look, and his sister
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she was pale and agitated. After the
accident she was one of the first to get clear

Johnstone's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Wild Cherry.

50 cents a Bottle.

doze, still holding her hand. This lasted
until midnight, and then he opened his
eyes and I saw that he would live. He
spoke her name in a whisper, and tried
to raise her hand to his lips. She made
no sound, but gave him a look of love and
tenderness that he understood at once,
and he closed his eyes again as though
her mere presence was all he asked.
After he had lost himself, Miss Godfrey
looked up at me, and the expression of
my face told her the glad truth. The
next instant she had fainted. I carried
her into the adjoining room and called
my wife. She came to my assistance at
once, and after we had worked over Miss
Godfrey for a few moments, she opened
her eyes and said, with a faint smile:

"I am sorry to give you so much trou-
ble, but I think my arm is hurt, and
that is what made me faint. The train
on which I left R— met with an ac-
cident, and I guess that I have not re-
ceived any injury."

On making an examination I found
that her left wrist was sprained and the
forearm considerably bruised. Although
suffering intense pain, the plucky little
woman had managed me in ignorance of
her injuries until she knew whether her
lover would live or die. I did everything
for her that my skill suggested, and then
fused her to take some rest. A couch
was arranged for her in the room adjoin-
ing Will's, and although she obtained
but little sleep—she was up every hour
to look at him and ask how he was—her
condition this morning was much better
than I had expected.

Shortly after daylight some one rang
the office bell, and when I opened the
door I knew instinctively that the man
standing before me was John Godfrey.
He stepped into the office, told me his
name, and asked if his daughter was in
the house. I told him that she was, and
he requested me to send her to him.
Whatever his feelings to me were he did
not show them.

I went to Miss Godfrey and informed
her that her father was waiting to see her.
She trembled for an instant, and then
closed her lips over her firm little mouth
and went to him without a word. I had
placed her arm in a sling, and the pain
and emotion she had lately undergone
had left her limbs on her feet. I was
sure that the sight of her father would
move her father to pity.

What took place during the interview I
did not learn. I was not surprised for
the scene that met my gaze. Nena was
holding her father's hand, and Mr. God-
frey's eyes showed that he had been shed-
ding tears. Nena turned to me with a
happy smile.

"Father has forgiven us," she said.
Edward Weitzel.

THE ENGLISH RACE.
AN AMERICAN GIRL'S PRIDE IN IT.
Starting two months ago from a vast
continent which the English race have
made their own, where the English lan-
guage, English laws, customs and man-
ners reign from sea to sea, in my whole
course around the globe I have heard that
same tongue, seen the same laws and man-
ners, found the same race. Have had proof
with my own eyes of the splendor of their
empire, of their power, their wealth, of
their dominion and orgulousness of their
superb armies, their unbreakable com-
munes, their magnificent possessions,
their own unrivalled physical beauty and
force—and lo! now at last I find from a
tiny island, ringed with grey seas, has
sprung this race of kings. It fills my
soul with a passion of pride that I too am
an Anglo-Saxon. In my veins, too, runs
the blood of the great island of the
heart of this lord of the earth—the blood
of this clean, fair, noble English race!

It is worth a journey round the world
to see
"This royal throne of kings, this scap-
tured isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in a silver sea;
This blessed plot of earth, this realm, this
England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal
kings,
Fostered by their breed and famous by
their birth,
Renowned for their deeds so far from home,
In war, in peace, in rich and in in poverty,
In sickness and in health,
In wealth, in poverty, in honour and in dishonour;
This land of such dear souls, this dear
land—
England, bound in with the triumphant
sea"

and I understand now the full meaning
of this trumpet-cry of love and pride
for the greatest of earth's poets—an
Englishman.—Miss Bland in the Compo-
sition.

BE HONEST FIRST.
You know the old old story of how Sir
Walter Raleigh wrote with a diamond on
a window—
"Fain would I climb, but that I fear
to fall," and Queen Elizabeth wrote under
it—
"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb
at all."

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Johnstone's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Wild Cherry.

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