

The Union Advocate.

Sheet of Work

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. C. ANSLOW

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XXIV.—No. 35.

Newcastle, Wednesday, June 10, 1891.

WHOLE No. 1231

FANCY PARLOR CHAIRS.

Received and ready for inspection, a very nice assortment of Fancy Chairs in Tapestry, Velvet Pile and PLUSH.

Common Bedsteads, Tables, Chairs, Sinks, Wash Stands, Bureaus, Cradles, etc., Mattresses Pillows and Bolsters.

B. Fahey, -- -- Public Wharf, Newcastle.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am selling for Prompt Cash. I cannot give Credit. My Terms are—All amounts under \$25.00, Prompt Cash; over that amount, 2 months Note, equal to cash.

B. FAHEY.

Newcastle, May 21, 1891.

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

OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

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

RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 4, 1888.

U. J. MacCULLY, M.A. M. D.

Member, BOT. COL. SERG., LONDON.

SPECIALIST.

DISORDERS OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.

Office: Cor. Waterman and Main Street, Montreal.

Montréal, N. B., 12, 6.

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, Prior 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. R. Nicholson.

Office and Residence,

McCULLAM ST., NEWCASTLE.

Jan. 22, 1889.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson.

RESIDENCE AND OFFICE in house

owned by Mr. R. H. Grimes, at foot of

Street's Hill

Newcastle, Jan. 2, 1891

Dr. H. A. FISH,

Newcastle, N. B.

July 23, 1890.

W. A. Wilson, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

DERBY. -- -- N. B.

Derby, Nov. 15, 1890.

J. R. LAWLOR,

Auctioneer and Commission

Merchant,

Newcastle, New Brunswick.

Prompt returns made on consignments of

merchandise. Auctions attended to in town and

country.

Newcastle, Oct. 1, 1890.

Bank of Montreal.

Capital -- -- \$12,000,000

Rest, -- -- \$6,000,000

A Savings Department has been opened in

connection with this Branch.

Interest allowed at current rates.

F. E. WINSLOW,

Manager Chatham Branch.

KEARY HOUSE

(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL.)

BATHURST -- -- N. B.

THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and re-

furnished throughout. Stage connected with

all trains. Every comfort with the Hotel.

Yachting Facilities. Some of the best trout

and salmon pools within eight miles. Excel-

lent salt water bathing. Good Sample Rooms

for Commercial men.

TERMS, \$1.50 per day, with Sample

Rooms \$1.75.

\$3000 A YEAR! (Indemnity to Family)

which can be secured by paying \$1000

into the hands of the Union Advocate, and

after 12 months, will work for the Union

Advocate for the next 12 months, and will

be paid \$3000 at the end of the year. The

Union Advocate will not be bound to pay

the \$3000 unless the \$1000 is paid into the

hands of the Union Advocate, and the \$1000

is not paid into the hands of the Union

Advocate, and the \$1000 is not paid into

the hands of the Union Advocate, and the

\$1000 is not paid into the hands of the

DON'T GIVE UP

The use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One bottle may cure "right off" a complaint of years' persistence until a cure is effected. With many people, the effect is immediately noticeable, but some constitutions are less susceptible to medicinal influences than others, and the curative process may, therefore, in such cases, be less prompt. Persistence in using this remedy is sure of a reward at last. Sooner or later, the most stubborn blood diseases yield to

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For several years, in the spring months, I used to be troubled with a feverish, tired feeling, and a dull pain in the small of my back, so bad, at times, as to prevent my being able to walk, the least motion causing me severe distress. Frequently, boils and rashes would break out on various parts of the body. By the advice of friends and my family physician, I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continued it till the poison in my blood was thoroughly eradicated."—L. W. English, Montgomery City, Mo.

Cured Me.

"My system was all run down; my skin rough and of yellowish hue. I tried various remedies, and while some of them gave me temporary relief, none of them did any permanent good. At last I began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, continuing it extensively for a considerable time, and am pleased to say that it completely

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists, \$1.00 per bottle.

ESTEY'S

The most effective remedy for

the treatment of many diseases in

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Selected Literature.

SALLY.

Chapter IV.

Summer had come and gone, winter was nearly over, yet Sally was still solitary, with no more certainty of what had become of Bill than she had the April morning he had left her. So deeply had she exerted all her strength to drag the poor creature in front of the fire, she was exhausted, what next was to be done? In her mind's eye she had the recollection of a lodge at Mrs. Tipper's, who had been subject to what she called "dead faints." Sally had often—under Mrs. Tipper's directions—rubbed her hands, held brown paper to her nose, and dashed her head with cold water.

On this occasion the cold water seemed superfluous, the unfortunate sufferer already saturated with wet and icy cold. To Sally's practical mind a good drink of hot tea and to get her into something dry and warm would be the most certain cure, and while chafing her stiff hands she brought her of the blanket of her bed, in which, when she could get her wet clothing off, she would wrap her up. Already, however, the heat of the fire was beginning to restore animation, so that when Sally began trying to remove the drenched gown, although seemingly powerless to open her eyes, the woman was sufficiently conscious to make a show of resistance.

"I'm only tryin' to get your wet things off of you," said Sally, bending down to her; "but if you're comin' to, we'll wait a minute or so."

"Let me be," murmured the woman; "I'm dyin'—and she sighed heavily."

"I'm dyin'!"

"Not a bit of it—not you," said Sally, cheerily. "You'll feel better presently. You'll get warm and dry, and I'll make a cup of tea for ye. Poor soul! I wish now I hadn't acted so silly, and had opened the door before; only when you're alone by yourself you're forced to be a bit careful."

The woman made no sign of having heard her—she lay on motionless, and Sally was just about to resort to the burned paper when the closed eyes suddenly opened, and fixing them on the face near her:

"Where am I?" she asked. "Who are you?"

"Never mind that now," said Sally, soothingly. "You wouldn't be a bit wiser if I was to tell ye. Try and get to feel a little better. There's time enough for all the rest afterward. But in such a night, with nothing thicker than this on—and she held up the stuff gazed drearily at it—'tis enough to freeze up your senses altogether."

"I'm so ill," murmured faintly.

"Wait, now, till I get you tea."

"Oh, it ain't tea," started Emmeline; "it's a glass of water. Inside of my head a hammer seems to go, and everything about me is all of a swim. I can't see your face properly. You seem a young-looking thing. What's your name—eh?"

The questions were jerked out as if by the efforts to speak gave pain.

"Sally—that's my name."

"Sally! Ah Oh, Sally, you won't turn me out? You'll let me be till to-morrow?"

"Why, I ain't the one to turn out a dog in this weather," said Sally, stoutly. "Let alone a fellow-creature. And you shall have my bed, too, and I'll stretch out by the fire here. Now never mind about thankin' me, for the woman was trying to clutch her hand. 'If the truth was to be told, I ain't half sorry that you're here. I'd sat by myself till I'd got a fit of the shivers, and was wantin' somethin' to do for me and so here I come for you to look after. Now what name shall I call you by?'"

"Maggie," was said, after a little hesitation. Sally nodded approval, and lent her aid to raise her visitor into a chair; then she bustled about to get the tea ready, but the sick woman could not drink it. The labored manner of speaking, which Sally had attributed to her hitherto recumbent position, seemed more marked than before. She kept her hand to her side, explaining that she felt "a catch" there and distressed herself by her efforts to cough, saying she had such a load on her chest that if she could only give a cough it would ease her.

"Was you trying to reach your home?" asked Sally, who at length had the satisfaction of seeing her efforts crowned by the poor wanderer lying in greater ease in her bed.

"Home! Ah, I haven't had a home for many a long year."

Sally looked her surprise. Neither in appearance nor manner did this Maggie answer to the usual tramp. True, her clothes were worn and poor, but it was tattered fancy that, like herself, seemed to have known better days. "No home—no friends—nothing—not I—What are ye starin' at me like that for—eh?" and her voice sounded fierce and shrill. "Now you knows that—what I am—are ye wantin' to give me the kick-out?" the eyes previously so dull, glittered with sudden fury. Sally laid her hand on the covert drawn close round the unknown's shoulder.

"That'd be a poor reason for me turnin' round on you," she said. "I've known the feelin' myself; I've stood in

from the hatch, and opening it just wide enough to look out, she caught sight of a prostrate figure on the path—whether man or woman it was impossible to see.

What's the matter? What is it? No answer. With the stick with which she had armed herself, Sally ventured to move the garments of the inanimate form, and to her relief found they were those of a woman. The discovery scattered every fear. In another minute the whole door was wide open, and Sally was exerting all her strength to drag the poor creature in front of the fire.

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"That'd be a poor reason for me turnin' round on you," she said. "I've known the feelin' myself; I've stood in

the streets without a roof to give me shelter or a helpin' hand that I'd a claim on." And in an instant memory brought before Sally her own poor self, standing, thrust out, heart-broken and forlorn. By her side Bill was offering comfort to her—offering to marry her—Suppose that he had not been the man he was? The eyes that she had turned within fell upon the wanderer, whose tawdry finery, uncared for body, and lined, haggard face told of more than poverty. A turn of her head, and Sally saw her own reflection, neat, comely, with a grace of youth which, when she was a beggared little drudge, had never shown itself. And all this she owed to Bill—but for him it might be she lying there. A great swell of emotion rose in Sally. Her body seemed too small to contain her heart, full to bursting. For his sake, because of all he had done for her, would she succor this poor sufferer. With no teaching for guidance, it seemed to Sally that in paying this debt of gratitude she was paying what might be repaid to Bill.

"I'll look to her, and feel her, and tend her till she's well, mentally soliloquized Sally; and all this everything that was in her mind, and to be set down to his score. Maggie! she said aloud, stooping over the woman, who at the sound of her voice warmly opened her eyes, "the best friend you've got is unbeknownst to you, and 'tis for his sake that I'll be a sister and mother to ye."

The poor creature, half roused to consciousness, tried to grasp her hand.

"All right," added Sally, giving it to her, "only you mustn't think of me; 'tain't me that's doin' for ye, mind—'tis him. What you must try and say is, 'all this is the work of William Kitto—that's his name—William Kitto—Bill!'"

Into the eyes that had been fixed on Sally, without seeming to see her, there leaped up a sudden fire. "William Kitto—Kitto!" she exclaimed, breathlessly, trying to pull herself up by Sally's arm. "That's him, ye sceam!—'That's he that I'm after—he that—' But, exhausted, she fell back on the pillow, and Sally, bending down, straining to catch what she was muttering, could only hear, "Husband—wife—marriage—line—safe sewed up inside my stays; and with this effort the last flicker of reason seemed to go out, and nothing came after but the ravings of fever.

(To be continued next week.)

Dominion Parliament.

OTTAWA, June 1.—The session in the House to-day was a violent scrap between Hon. Mr. Dewdney and Mr. Davin. The scene was anything but edifying and was looking upon anything but an evidence of good taste on the part of both Mr. Davin and the Minister.

The Speaker took the Chair at three o'clock.

Mr. Tarte asked whether it was within the knowledge of the Government that Mr. Dewdney was appointed chief engineer of the Quebec Harbour Commissioners, during the month of September 1890, that is to say about four months previous to the alleged resignation of Mr. H. F. Perley, on the 15th of January, 189