

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLAW

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Vol. XXIII.—No. 6.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, November 20, 1889

WHOLE No. 1150.

HOSIERY AND GLOVES.

FOR LADIES.

Wool Black or Colored Hose for 21 cents per pair
do. do. do. " 25 " "
Black and Colored Cashmere " 30 " "
do. do. Ribbed " 30 " "
An odd lot of Women's Wool Hose for 25 cents per pair, former price 35, 40 and 45 cents.
Ladies Cashmere Gloves 20, 24, and 28 cents per pair.
do. do. Kid Tips " 38 " "
Ladies Knit Gloves all at 25 " "
Children's do. do. 25 " "
do. Hose from 15 " "

Ladies, Boys and Girls' Vests.

Ladies under vests from 69 cents.
Girls do. " 48 " "
Boys do. " 25 " "
Boys Drawers " 25 " "
For Cash only at above prices, if charged will be at regular prices. Positively no exception to this rule.

B. FAIREY,
Newcastle.

Newcastle, November 15, 1889.

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.

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J. D. PHINNEY,

Barrister & Attorney at Law
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FOR SALE

10 tons No. 1 Horse Hay.
A Complete List of Stock can be seen at my office, Newcastle.
M. ADAMS,
Assignee.
Sept. 30, 1889.

The University of Mount Allison College, SACKVILLE, N. B.
James E. Inch, LL. D., President.

THE University of Mount Allison College, with its associate institutions, the Ladies' College and the Mount Allison Academy, constitutes one of the most extensive, complete and thorough establishments in the Dominion of Canada. Students may enter either as regular Matriculants or as Specials who wish to follow chosen lines of study. Women are admitted to College Courses and Lectures on the same conditions as students of the opposite sex. The domestic and social arrangements are pleasant, and the expenses moderate.

The first term of the Collegiate Year 1889-90 begins on the 29th of August, and the 2nd term on the 2nd of January, 1890.

For further particulars address the President for a Calendar.
Sackville, Aug. 1st 1889. 3m.

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.
Messrs. Adams & Pinco

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

NEW Merchant Tailoring ESTABLISHMENT
in Messrs. Sutherland & Crighton 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. 25, 1889.

ESTEY'S Iron & Quinine Tonic

THIS Medicine combining Iron and Quinine with vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Neuralgia, Chills and Fever and Nervousness. It is an antidote, and 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 stomach, causes headache, or produce constipation—order *Estey's Medicine* at once.

It 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 trade mark and signature. Take no other.

Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Montreal, N. B. For sale by E. Lee Street, Newcastle, N. B.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
All persons having claims or accounts against the estate of the late Edward R. Whitely, Parish of Northside, are required to render the same, duly attested, within three months, and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to

R. P. WHITNEY, Executor,
JANE WHITNEY, Executrix.
Northside, Sept. 11, 1889. 2m.

Scott Act Prosecutions.
Information solicited from any part of the County against violators of the Canada Temperance Act. Such information will be received and treated as strictly confidential. Those writing must give their names.

Newcastle, Aug. 6th, 1889. B. BROWN.

TEA, TEA.
In Store:
150 Half Chests Choice Teas.
A. J. BABANO & Co.
Moncton, Aug. 16.

CEO. 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 in a satisfactory manner.
Newcastle, Aug. 11, '89.

Selected Literature.

TERRA-COTTA.
"What in the name of goodness are you doing?"

The question came from a man of soldierly bearing, who, while riding through a war-ravaged and apparently deserted plantation in Georgia, had come suddenly upon a negro girl engaged in some mysterious occupation in the ground.

"You jes go long an' sin' yer own business," was the sassy answer. "His 'tint nuthin' ter you, nohow, and I hain' no time ter be 'trubbed wid yo' white trash,' and, without looking up, she labored more diligently than before.

Bruce Cummings laughed at his reception. He could not see the face, but the head, covered with numerous short, kinky braids, that stood out in every direction and gave it the appearance of an excited porcupine, left no doubt as to the race, or color of the exposed shoulders, arms, feet and legs, that she was not of pure blood.

She wore the remnants of a once costly silk dress, now torn and dirty, and looped up and decorated with an endless variety of bits of ribbon, of the most striking and contrasting colors, and around her neck was a string of lustrated and broken odds and ends of jewelry.

"I scarcely believe you will find a gold mine," continued Cummings, good humoredly.

"Haint fool 'er ter look 'ter one. Them with a dugout snuff." "Day haint no gold nor nuffin heah, sir; de sagers cum 'long an' gobblet everything. But jes skip out ob dis, and don't loader me no mo'!"

"Here is some silver," and he tossed a few bright dimes within reach of her nimble fingers.

"Hi! De great glory!" Forgetting the importance of her business, the girl sprang up leaped high in the air, danced a double shuffle, and finished her expressions of joyous surprise by clapping her breast with her hands as if they had been wings, and crowing as a victorious rooster.

Then looking at Cummings for the first time, her manner slightly changed; she became profuse in thanks, and avowed her intention to buy 'sumthin' nice ter eat fer de young missus."

"Does any one live in the old ruined mansion I passed half a mile back?" questioned Cummings in surprise.

"Reckon you'dink so, if you saw 'em." And the eyes grew larger, and the already immense mouth was stretched until every tooth was revealed, and the safety of the ears endangered.

"What are their names?" "Dat's de old missus, dat's Miss Clayton, and de young missus, dat's Miss Jenny, and Terra-Cotta's dat's me, and dat's all. Ter; dat's what de kernal, Masah Clayton, need to call me befo he went to war and got killed, like a hare ob fool."

"A widowed mother and daughter?" "Yes—what you tink ob my dress? Haint it gran, 'er and she expanded the skirt like the tail of a peacock.

"It certainly is very becoming," agreed Cummings; with diffidently restraining his laughter. "And, now please tell me what you were doing when I rode up?"

"And took you for some po' white trash? Hi! What a mistake! I was grabbin' few sweet taters and grubbers."

"What are they?" "Don't know what grubbers am? 'er her laughter was so wild and shrill as to startle both rider and horse. "Heah! 'er understand now. What do you mean by 'grabbin' 'er?"

"Diggin' de big ones out wid de fingers, and leaving de little ones ter grow," and she gave a practical illustration of the process.

"What do you do with them?" "Roast 'em taters and eat 'em, and roast de grubber and make coffee, of course. What you libed dat you am sick a big iggeramus!"

It was the first insight of Cummings into the way many decimated and reduced families were forced to live during the latter portion and immediately after the close of the war. Though he had been in the army he had never seen South, and everything he observed him and everything he heard of the war, and the sufferings of the people, and the bitterness still lingering in the average female heart against the wearers of the blue, he wisely refrained from uttering himself, and, placing a few dollars in the hand of the girl, said:

"Use this for the benefit of your young mistress, and if you get into trouble, come over to me. I live on the next plantation."

"What ole Squire Hartner uster own?" "Yes."

"Dun bo't hit 'er," she questioned, sharply.

"Yes; hurry home now, and gladden de sorrowing hearts. But you needn't tell how you did de money."

"Hope ter die if I do. What yer address name general?"

"Cummings," and he laughed at his sudden promotion from a simple lieutenant.

"Kummings! No! I won't say nothin', and if dey hap de impudence ter as, I'll swear I foun' hens' eggs, and took de eggs to de sto' and dun wrapped 'em off fer flour and sick. Good by, general; hope ter see ye mighty soon again," and she danced away, singing at the top of her voice:

"De angels! Ho! De angels! At a kummin' fer de yarb!"

A few days later, Cummings inquired of an old mammy, who had general supervision of his recently acquired home, about his neighbors, and particularly the ones living on the plantation adjoining his own.

"Den't de Clayton, and mighty gran people dey war. But dey haint got nuffin now but de las and am stuffed full ob pride and brogerias and guineas. De han's all run away, and de sager look de stock and de grain and de cotton. I don't believe dey left so much as a miserable chicken."

Cummings laughed at what a slight foundation Terra-Cotta would have for her story of all the hens' nests, but said nothing, and Aunt Rose continued:

"Der kernal and him two sons was killed as I hab been sold, and de old missus and de young missus hab ter search grabbit ter live."

"I foun' I saw a young colored girl as I rode pass."

"Dat miserable Terra-Cotta; dat imp ob darkness; dat lim of Satan! I expell de old woman, rising in her wrath and shaking her fist threateningly. 'You jes wait until I git my hands on her!'"

"You don't appear to have any particular love for the girl, Aunt Rose?" "Lub! Don't de steel ebery time she comes ober here? I cannot keep a chicken or an egg; and one day didn't she steal a loaf of bread right out ob de sbeag and run away befo' my face and eyes?"

"Lucky she left the stove, Auntie!" "She wouldn't if her hands haint been so hot and heavy, I do believe."

"Perhaps her mistress was suffering from hunger?" "Bery likely," was the reply, with an entire change of voice and manner and sudden filling of the eyes with tears. "Yes, yes; and Miss Jenny only wanta wings to be an angel."

"There is a small triangle of land that sets badly into mine. I wonder if they would sell it?"

"Only be too glad. I know dey am often bery high starvin'. Why, saw dat Terra-Cotta slip into de smoke house and hide away wid a hull piece of side meat, but I not say nothin'. I know it was wrong, Masah Kummings, but I wouldn't 'emplain."

"You did right Rose, under de circumstances. 'T was an act of charity, and they will never miss it. Their all ways to be condemned, but in this instance the motive would appear to justify the deed."

With the purchase of land an excuse, Cummings rode over to a Magnolia Lawn, the postical name of a now very unprosperous place. Terra-Cotta was, evidently, upon the watch for him; she presented herself upon the broad veranda, and, without the slightest hesitation, ushered him into a room where two ladies were sitting.

"Dis am General Cummings, and he's kummin' in," she said.

The older of the ladies looked daggers; the younger blushed as deeply as the Jacquemont roses flouting their glory at the window. "Er, it had no impression upon Terra-Cotta, as she went gibbly on."

"He's dun come over to buy kum! Aunt Rose uster me all bout it, and I told her you'd be glad to sell it, I did. Then, with an aside and comical look at the visitor: "You use can do de tradin' while I go and hunt for some mo' hen's nests, and leaping through an open window, she disappeared."

"Please pardon such an unceremonious entrance," stammered Cummings, with the best grace he could command.

"Certainly," answered the young lady, offering him a chair; "you will kindly pardon our blundering remarks." She is all we have, and—

"You came upon business, general, interrupted the elder, with a haughty curling of lip and defiant flashing of eyes.

"To purchase a little piece of land that was the property of the plantation I have recently purchased; if you are disposed to sell. But before entering upon the negotiation, permit me to disabuse you if the idea that I am entitled to the rank 'er sargent has pompously bestowed upon me."

"You were in the war," she asserted, rather than questioned.

"In a humble position; but never less a soldier in the South. That, however, has passed. Your graves become our graves, our graves your graves, and the same sky bends tenderly and the same stars shine brightly over both. Perchance you have loved ones sleeping beneath the Northern soil, as I have beneath the Southern, and the same God will bind up our broken hearts, and—"

"Hi! Jes her him. He talks like a whitester man, came in tones that could be mistaken."

"Terra-Cotta," exclaimed both of the outraged ladies, "for shame!"

A month later a wedding followed,

and true to character, Terra-Cotta turned up in the most unexpected and surprising manner.

The greatest care had been taken to keep her from appearing at the ceremony. Before dawn, Aunt Rose had dragged her out of bed and locked her in the smoke house, to keep her prisoner until the last guest had departed.

In blissful ignorance, the happy couple stood in front of the huge fireplace (filled with evergreens) and plighted their truth until death. Then, in the midst of the congratulations, a diabolical noise was heard in the chimney, and Terra-Cotta, robed in a white trained dress of her mistress, with every kinky braid blossoming into a white rose, and begrimed with soot, appeared, turned up her saucy face and exclaimed:

"Hi! haint this jolly! Thought yer might smart didn't yer! Reckon I want'er to know how to get married jes as much as anybody. Haint yer going to kiss me, general and Miss Jenny?"

Rushed away by Aunt Rose, she vented her indignation in screams and kicking, and then strapping, and bread and water diet inflicted was well merited for her burning smoke house and contents in order to escape.

The years that have passed somewhat sobered up her excess of animal spirits. Upon the death of Aunt Rose, Terra-Cotta was promoted to the dignity of housekeeper. But the head of the family never leave her in charge without anticipation of mischief. Yet, they had the comfort of knowing that, like a wild cat, she would fight for 'de young missus' and give the last drop of blood to save him from harm or scratch.

of those communities which are resident in foreign states, and which may become the enemies of His Majesty and His Government." He adds:—"The possession, therefore, of the Society of Jesus in Canada, in every view of the case, lapsed to His Majesty by right of conquest, and His Majesty by right of conquest, and the supreme power itself, of whose good pleasure those possessions were lately held, no provision having been made for them by the Act of Cession; by the want of an original title in a body incapable of legal taking, holding and transferring; by the nature of defective trusts, founded upon such defective titles; and by the non-compliance of the Order with the occasional terms of re-admission, as preliminary occupants and only pro tempore, into the dominions of France, domiciled in the person of the Father-General at Rome, subject to the execution and effect of the *arrêt* which was passed by the original tribunals for their expulsion in 1594, to which they are still liable, and for never having observed, but rejected, the conditions of their first admission; which are the conditions of the second, and further, are liable, *ipso facto*, whenever they should be hurtful and dangerous to the realm."

I have given the opinion of the English Attorney-General, and I think, Mr. EYRE, that his opinion will have greater weight with the readers of the *Advocate* than the *ipse dixit* of TRUTH. There is not a word of truth in the statement that "the Jesuits were secured in the possession of their property by the terms of capitulation. They had neither a legal nor a moral claim to their estates. PATRIOT never said "that there exists only a moral obligation."

TRUTH reads history thus: "James II for a somewhat similar exercise of the prerogative in his Declaration of Independence granting liberty of conscience to all his subjects, lost the Crown of Great Britain and Ireland." Is this the kind of history that is taught in Newcastle? There is about as much truth in the statement as there is in the following extract taken from a book which is used in the Roman Catholic Schools in the United States, and probably in Canada:—

"To make converts Catholicity has ever appealed to reason, Protestantism, like Mohammedanism to force and violence. In England and Scotland Protestantism was forced upon the people by fines, imprisonment and death; in Germany and Russia, Sweden and Denmark and Norway the same. Protestantism began with an open Bible and free interpretation, and has ended in division and disbelief. By the above principle everyone becomes judge of what he will or will not believe. Hence among Protestants there are always as many religions as there are individuals; the churches divided and torn to pieces, ending in infidelity and Mormonism. On the other hand Catholicity remains ever the same, because Catholicity is true, and truth changes not."

How beautiful! How sublime! We see the fruits of this Catholicity in France, Spain, Ireland and other countries. I am tempted to quote from a text-book, issued by the "Catholic Publication Society" in New York, Baltimore and Cincinnati, p. 97-104:—

"Q. Have Protestants any faith in Christ?"

A. They never had.

Q. Why not?

A. Because they never lived such a Christ, as they imagine and believe in.

Q. In what kind of a Christ do they believe in?

A. In such a one of whom they can make a liar with impunity, whose doctrines they can interpret as they please, and who does not care what a man believes provided he is a honest man before the public.

Q. Will such faith in such a Christ save Protestants?

A. No sensible man will assent to such absurdity.

Q. What will Christ say to them on the day of Judgment?

A. I know you not because you never knew me.

Q. Are Protestants willing to confess their sins to a Catholic bishop or priest, who alone has power from Christ to forgive sins?

A. No; for they generally have an utter aversion to confession, and therefore their sins will not be forgiven them throughout all eternity.

Q. What follows from this?

A. That they die in their sins and are damned."

Is it any wonder that persons taught to believe such trash should approve of the ecclesiastical murder of Bruny, who was burnt to death in the city of Rome in the year 1600 or that they should champion the cause of the Jesuits? or that they should teach that "Protestantism is not a religion, and has not a single right" or that they should sympathize with King James II who became a miserable tool of the Jesuits, a violent persecutor of the Protestants, a violator of the Constitution and an open enemy of the rights and liberties of the people? And they lecture other people on moral obligations!

Yours,
PATRIOT.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria,

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