

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. C. ANSLOW

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Vol. XXIII.—No. 46.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, August 27, 1890.

WHOLE No. 1190

## BEDROOM FURNITURE.

I have now in stock the best assortment of Bedroom Sets I have ever shown, Hardwood Bedroom Sets from \$20.00 to \$45.00. Some very Handsome Bedroom Sets in Walnut and Oak from \$45.00 to \$75.00.

Maile Top Bedroom Sets from \$45.00.  
**NEW HALL FURNITURE.**  
Hall Stands with Chairs to match.  
Hat Racks, Umbrella Stands.

**PARLOR SUITES.**  
Very fine Suites from \$12.50 to \$120.00, finished in all the newest materials.

**B. FAIREY,**  
Newcastle.

A few Baby Carriages from \$4.00 each to clear out.  
Newcastle, August 9, 1890.

Law and Collection Office.

**W. 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.  
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**RICHMOND, N. B.**  
OFFICE—COUNT HOUSE SQUARE.  
May 4, 1885.

**G. J. MacJULLY, M.A., M. D.**

Membr. ROY. COL. SURG., LONDON.  
SPECIAL AT.

ISSUES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,  
Office: Cor. Wainwright and Main Street  
Moncton, Nov. 12, 86.

**Charles J. Thomson,**

Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of New York. THE LARGEST INSURANCE Company in the World.

Barrister, Practitioner for Estates,  
Notary Public, &c.

China Promptly Collected, and Profound Business in all its branches executed with accuracy and despatch.

**OFFICE.**  
Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

**Dr. R. Nicholson,**

Office and Residence,  
McCULLAM ST., NEWCASTLE,  
Jan. 22, 1889.

**Dr. W. A. Ferguson.**

OFFICE up stairs in SUTHERLAND & CHEAGHAN'S building. Reside near Water Street Hotel.  
Newcastle March 12, 1889.

**Dr. H. A. FISH,**

Newcastle, N. B.  
July 4, 1890.

**KEARY HOUSE**

(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL.)  
BATHURST, N. B.

**THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor.**

This has been entirely refitted and repaired throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Livery connected with the Hotel. Yachting Facilities. Some of the best trout salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent all sort of building. Cool Sample Rooms for men all men.

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

**Richibucto Drug Store,**

W. MacLaren, Proprietor.  
Dealer in

Drugs,  
Patent Medicine,  
Toilet Articles.

Smokers' Goods, etc  
Price Moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
Orders by mail promptly attended to.  
Richibucto, Feb. 11, 1889.



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

THE IRON STEAMSHIP  
**VALENCIA,**

1600 TONS, (CAPT. F. A. MILLER),  
Leaves ST. JOHN for NEW YORK  
via Eastport, Me., Rockland, Me., and Cottage  
City, Mass.

**EVERY FRIDAY AT 3 P. M.,**  
(Eastern Standard Time) Retaining,  
steamer will leave

**Pier 40, East River, foot Pike  
Street, New York, 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 Rates and Lowest Tolls.

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

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

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

**THE**

**New York, Maine & New Brunswick**

**S. S. COMPANY,**

**S. S. "WINTHROP,"**  
H. H. HOMER, Commander,

Will sail from Pier 18, East River, New York, every SATURDAY, at 5 p. m., for Bar Harbor, Eastport and St. John. Returning, will sail from St. John, TUESDAY at 10:00 p. m., local. For further information apply to

**TROOP & SON,**  
E. D. McLEOD, Agents,  
General Freight and Passenger Agents,  
at the office in the Company's Warehouse, on the New York Pier North End.

**Public Notice.**

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

**FRIDAY EVENING**  
each week until further notice.  
All Liberals are requested to attend.

**E. P. WILSON, Secretary**  
**P. FERNESY, President.**  
Newcastle, 15th March, 1890.

**Dunlap, Cooke & Co.**  
Merchant Tailors,  
Amherst, N. S.

Our representative visits the different towns on the North Shore every two months; and inspection of our samples is respectfully solicited.

**Dunlap, Cooke & Co.**  
Amherst, March 20, 1890.

**BRICK FOR SALE.**

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

Apply to  
**CHAS. YEE, Jr.,**  
South Nelson Road,  
Northumberland.

March 25, 1890

**Brandram Bros. & Co.**

**TO BUILDERS AND JOINERS.**

Having Received a lot of Byron's Patent Common Sense Sash Balance and Automatic Centre Rail Sash Lock, I wish to call the attention of Builders, Joiners, and others to the above patents, as being simple, useful, durable, and cheap as compared with the old style of Cord and Weights, call and see model.

WM. MASSON,  
Newcastle, May 27, 1890.

**Boneless Ham,**

**BOLOGNAS,**

**PRESSED TONGUE,**

**Cooked Pressed Ham.**

Prime Suet.  
**JOHN HOPKINS,**  
86 Union St., St. John, N. B.

**W. H. Thorne & Co.,**  
Market square,  
St. John, N. B.

**WHITE LEADS,**

**AND—**

**COLORED PAINTS,**

**25 TONS**

Now in Store at Lowest Prices.

**W. H. Thorne & Co.,**  
Market square,  
St. John, N. B.

**Victor Hugo.**

Victor Hugo will leave Newcastle every Tuesday afternoon for Douglastown, and will stand in Chatham every Wednesday as usual. Thursday mornings commencing June 19th he will take the early train for Blackville, where he will stand Thursday until 6 o'clock, and then travel as far as Schofield's Thursday evening, where he will remain until Friday morning, at 10 o'clock, returning to Newcastle same day.

**James Conway,**  
Groom.  
Newcastle, June 9, 1890.

**Tobacco, Tobacco,**  
No. 100 CIGARETTES INDEX SMOKING.  
NAPOLÉON CHEWING.  
A. J. BARAG & Co.,  
Moncton

## PUBLIC SAFETY DEMANDS

That only honest and reliable medicines should be placed upon the market. It cannot, therefore, be stated too emphatically, nor repeated too often, that all who are in need of a genuine Blood-purifier should be sure and ask for

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**

Sarsaparilla. Your life, or that of some one near and dear to you, may depend on the use of this well-approved remedy in preference to any other preparation of similar name. It is compounded of Honduras sarsaparilla (the variety most rich in curative properties), stillingia, mandrake, yellow dock, and the lozides. The process of manufacture is original, skillful, scrupulously clean, and such as to secure the very best medicinal qualities of each ingredient. This medicine is not heated, and is, therefore, not a dejection; but it is a compound extract, obtained by a method exclusively our own, of the best and most powerful alteratives, tonics, and diuretics known to pharmacy. For the last forty years, Ayer's

has been the standard blood-purifier of the world—no other approaching it in popular confidence or universal demand. Its formula is approved by the leading physicians and druggists. Being pure and highly concentrated, it is the most economical of any possible blood medicine. Every purchaser of Sarsaparilla should insist upon having this medicine, and see that each bottle bears the well-known name of

**J. C. Ayer & Co.,**  
Lowell, Mass.

In every country of the globe Ayer's Sarsaparilla is proved to be the best remedy for all diseases of the blood. Lowell druggists unite in testifying to the superior excellence of this medicine and to its great popularity in the city of its manufacture.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**  
PREPARED BY  
**DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.**  
Sold by Druggists. 50c. per bottle.

**ESTES'S**

**Iron & Quinine Tonic**

THIS Medicine combining Iron and Quinine with Vegetable Tonics, purifies and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Injures, Biliousness, Chills and Fever and Neuritis.

It is an infallible 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—other 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.

Get the genuine. Has my trade mark and signature. Take no other.

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

FOR THE  
**Handkerchief,**

**TOILET**

**AND**

**The Bath.**

Beware of Counterfeits.

**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**

**Florida Water.**

The Universal Perfume.

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## Selected Literature.

POOR MISS BROWN.

'Giffard!—Lowry!'

'How are you, old fellow? I'm awfully glad to see you.'

Thus two men greeted each other at the corner of Regent street one bright October afternoon. Undemonstrative Englishmen they were, and as unlike each other as they could possibly be; there was, however, no mistaking their delight at meeting.

'Why, I did not know you were in London?'

'Come up only yesterday,' said the tall, lank, sun-browned man, as he passed his arm under his friend's.

'Where are you off to, Bob?'

'Well,' replied the other, a clergyman, 'I was just going to give myself a holiday and turn into the Grosvenor.'

'So be it; I will go with you. I used to know something about pictures. And how is the world using you, old man? Are you working as hard as ever? You don't have many holidays, I expect?'

'Not many,' admitted the clergyman, a square faced, energetic looking little man. 'You see, my parish is very poor, and it is rather uphill work at first setting things going.'

'Ah, yes! From Cosby Giffard's tone it might have been guessed that he was not much interested in parish work, as indeed was the case; but he and Bob Lowry had been bosom friends ever since their school-days, and Cosby had a very great love and admiration for the earnest, hard working little vicar, and liked to hear of all he was doing.

'It is five years since we met, Cosby; plenty of changes everywhere.'

'I suppose so. But you don't look much changed, old fellow, though, by Jove, you are! I was almost forgetting!—Maj. Giffard made a usual little remark—"you are a married man, Bob?'

'Yes! There was quite contentment in the clergyman's face; it was evident his marriage was a happy one.'

Cosby Giffard looked at him with a rather odd expression in his blue eyes.

'I must come and pay my respects to Mrs. Lowry,' he said.

'Yes, I should like you to make her acquaintance; she's a vicar returned. She has often heard of you.'

'And you are as happy, Bob, as we used to be in the old Oxford days to imagine we should be?'

'Happier, I think,' Robert Lowry answered with a smile. 'When you see Mary, you will understand what a lucky fellow I am.'

They had passed into the Grosvenor gallery by this time, and were making a preliminary tour of the rooms. It was early in the afternoon yet, and there were few people about.

'That's not a bad picture,' remarked Maj. Giffard, referring to a landscape on the opposite wall—a winter scene, with winl-blown trees and stormy skies. 'Let us sit down for a while, Bob, and study it at our leisure.'

'And so you are a rich man now, Cosby?' said Robert Lowry, after a short silence. 'I suppose you have come home to settle down? What an awful lot of good you can do!'

'Then you don't know of the absurd conditions? No. What are they? I just heard the fact. I forget now who told me.'

'He must have been crazy, I think, poor fellow; he was always rather odd in his head. He leaves the place to me on condition that within a year of his death I marry a woman whom I never even heard of before—a Miss Brown, a daughter of an old sweet heart of his, so far as I can make out, very rich—and vulgar, no doubt. Her father made his money in business. If I don't marry her within the time, the man goes to her, and I get a miserable five hundred a year. Rather hard lines, when one has been brought up to look upon one's self as the heir of a place, to find it at last given to you with one hand and taken away with the other?'

'But, after all, why should it be taken away? Have you seen this Miss Brown?'

'No; nor do I wish to see her. My dear Bob, surely you would be the last man in the world to think such a marriage as that possible! I suppose you fell in love with your wife—matters were not arranged for you by your relatives?'

'No. I certainly did fall in love with Mary, and she with me—which is more wonderful. But, Cosby, if you have never seen this Miss Brown, you can not possibly tell what you might think of her. Perhaps you might fall in love with her?'

'Not likely!' returned Cosby laughing. 'No, my dear fellow, she's not at all the sort of person I could fall in love with. Though I have never seen her myself or met any one who has seen her, I've heard a great deal about her. She is a strong-minded young woman, I believe, goes in for women's rights and that sort of thing. She has a place somewhere in Devonshire, where she builds noel outages, gives lectures on cleanliness, on pure water, and so on—I believe she has even written pamphlets. If there is one woman in the world whom I detest, it is

the one who mixes herself up in such things.'

'Surely it is better for a woman to have some aim in life,' objected Mr. Lowry, 'than to fritter away her time on dress and amusements?'

'A woman's aim in life,' the major said decisively, 'is to dress well and look pretty. I hate a woman with convictions and opinions!'

The clergyman made no reply to his friend's last remark; he was not quite sure that he agreed with him, and, not knowing Miss Brown, he was at a loss as to what to say.

'What have you done, then?' he asked, after a minute's silence.

'Done? Well, I have written to my aunt Mrs. Skeffington—you remember her? She wants me to go down to Hertfordshire to meet this girl. I have told her that I cannot possibly go; that I have no more intention of marrying Miss Brown than I suppose Miss Brown has of marrying me; that I will hold the manor for a year, as a matter of form, then hand it over to her. She can turn it into a soup kitchen, or a model laundry, or anything she likes, and I shall take my £500 a year and retire into private life again.'

'It seems a pity,' remarked the clergyman, 'getting up from the seat.'

Major Giffard was a very fine looking man without being actually handsome. His complexion had been tanned almost to mahogany color by years of Indian service. He had very light blue eyes, with a wonderfully honest expression, and a determined mouth under a reddish moustache. Robert Lowry was firmly convinced that there was scarcely another such man in the world. To the hard working little vicar his friend was the realization of everything splendid and heroic. He had won the Victoria cross, and he was idolized in his regiment. Robert had been very glad to hear that the major had come in for his uncle's property, and now he was exceedingly sorry to hear of his hitch which would respect his final proprietorship.

'I am awfully sorry,' he said, as they strolled slowly round the room. 'I wish it could be arranged.'

'It can never be arranged in that way, at all events. Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but, though I am 35, I have not quite outgrown a little romance, and have rather a prejudice in favor of people falling in love with each other. I am sure that your wife will see at once how impossible it is for me to fulfil the condition imposed by my late uncle. I must go and confide in her. That's a fine bit of color there.'

And so their conversation was turned from Miss Brown to color and drawing, and effects of light and shade. Cosby Giffard really did know a great deal about pictures, and Mr. Lowry had a fine appreciative eye, and a visit to a picture gallery was in his hard working life a real treat.

The rooms were filling fast as the two friends went round, but the clergyman knew very few people in London—at least in that part of London—and Cosby Giffard had been away so long that he scarcely expected to recognize any one. He was standing now before a picture of a girl in a sickly greenish yellow gown, and referring back to the catalogue in his hand, with a puzzled face, he said:

'Yes; it is certainly the same. Well, it is very odd that any one could think so, but it is evident they do.'

'What?' asked Robert Lowry.

'Think that backslapping-looking girl a beauty. I called at Lady Brownlow's yesterday, and they were all raving about her beauty.'

'Well, I myself certainly do not admire her,' the clergyman said calmly.

'Admire her? Why, the fact is, Lowry, beauty has gone out of the world. Since women have taken to have opinions and so on, their good looks have deserted them. I myself have not seen a pretty girl for years! Robert Lowry smiled, but was not inclined to agree with his companion's opinion; he thought his own Mary pretty and winsome enough for any one.

'Take this gallery, for instance,' pursued Cosby, warning to his subject. 'I presume the artists thought the women they painted good-looking, otherwise they would not have landed them down to posterity—is there a beauty among them?—and then look at the women in real life! Maj. Giffard groaned; he could not find words to express his disgust.

Robert Lowry gave him a little warning touch on the arm, and looking round quickly, he saw standing close behind him a lady!

He had been talking rather loudly, and she heard every word. For one moment her eyes met the discomfited major's, and then she moved away slowly to rejoin her companion, leaving Cosby with two very distinct impressions on his mind—first, that there was a decided flash of amusement in the girl's gray eyes as they met his; and secondly, that he could no longer say it was years since he had seen a pretty girl.

What a fool she must think him! And what an idiot he was to talk in that way! Maj. Giffard was more vexed to hear that he would have cared to own.

'She heard you, Mr. Lowry, said in a rather awe-struck voice. The vicar's pleasant face was crimson.

'Why on earth didn't you stop me, Bob, when you saw she was there?'

Cosby said testily.

'My dear fellow, I tried to stop you as soon as I saw she was there; I did not see her at once.'

'Ah, well, it doesn't much matter! Probably she is rather glad to have shown us that there is some beauty left in the world.'

'Then you thought her pretty?'

'Pretty? Why, Bob, where are your eyes?'

'I did not notice her face. I don't think I should know her again,' Mr. Lowry admitted.

'To me she seemed beautiful.'

'Well,' said Mr. Lowry, with a little laugh, 'I am glad of that; I thought you were too sweeping in your commendation just now.'

Cosby said no more. He was vexed with himself—and yet he thought it absurd to be vexed. What did it matter about the girl? It would be a good story to tell to her friends! and it was not likely he would ever see her again.

As they came to the head of the stairs, Maj. Giffard caught a glimpse of a tall, erect figure passing out into the street. It was that of the young lady who had overheard his remarks—he could not be mistaken in her; but, when they got down into the street, there was no trace of her.

'Driven away? The major thought, with increased vexation—he would have liked to have got another glimpse of her! and then he thought with a feeling akin to disgust of that other girl—the Miss Brown whom he was expected to marry.

'Fancy looking at a Miss Brown next to that glorious creature!'

</