

# The Union Advocate.

1060 [Board of Work]

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW,

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XXI.—No. 13.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, January 11, 1888.

WHOLE No. 1053.

## '88. JANUARY '88.

To my numerous Customers and Friends I return my sincere thanks for their very liberal patronage during the past year, and solicit a continuance of the same for 1888.

B. FAIREY,

Hays' Building, Newcastle.

### NEW GOODS.

One case containing the following:—  
Linen Flourishing Thread, Fancy Bordered Handkerchiefs, Boys' Linen Collars, Men's Linen Collars, Collinoid Collars, Collinoid and Linen Cuffs, Ladies' Linen Cuffs, Rubber Thimbles, Fancy Chenille Corsets, Tinsels all colors. Corsets in all sizes, Corset Clips, Skirt Braces, Vandyke Braids, Hooks and Eyes, Black Twist, Jeans, Waist Linings, Skirt Linings, Black and White Sheet Wadding, Swansdown, Clark's Thread, etc., etc.

Also in Furniture Department, Leaf Tables, Chairs, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Pillows, Parlor Suits, Bed Room Sets, etc., etc.

B. FAIREY,

P. S. I am sending half yearly accounts to some and shall be pleased to have an early settlement.

Newcastle, Jan. 5, 1888.

### Law and Collection Office.

M. ADAMS,

Barrister &amp; Attorney at Law,

Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.

Real Estate &amp; Fire Insurance Agent.

CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Dominion.

Office:—NEWCASTLE, N. B.

L. J. TWEEDIE,

ATTORNEY &amp; BARRISTER

AT LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CONVEYANCER, &amp;c.

Chatham, N. B.

OFFICE: Old Bank Montreal.

J. D. PHINNEY,

Barrister &amp; Attorney at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &amp;c.

RICHMOND, N. B.

OFFICE: COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 4, 1883.

F. L. PEDOLIN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

OFFICE: at house formerly occupied by M. O. Thompson.

Newcastle, June 11, 1887.

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

FELLOW COL. SURG., LONDON,

SPECIALIST,

DISEASES OF EYE, EAR &amp; THROAT,

Office: Cor. Church and Main St., Moncton.

Moncton, Nov. 12, 88.

TUNING and REPAIRING.

J. O. BIEDERMANN, PIANOFORTE and ORGAN TUNER.

Repairing a Specialty.

Regular visits made to the Northern Counties, of which due notice will be given.

Orders for tuning, etc., can be sent to the Advocate Office, Newcastle.

J. O. BIEDERMANN,

St. John, May 6, 1887.

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. Library connected with the Hotel.

Yachting Facilities. Some of the best trout and salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent billiard table. Good Sample Rooms to commercial men.

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

Bathurst, Oct. 1, '86.

CEO. STABLES,

Auctioneer &amp; Commission Merchant.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Goods of all kinds handled on Commission and prompt returns made.

Will attend to Auctions in Town and Country on a satisfactory basis.

Sewerage, Aug. 11, '85.

Clifton House,

Princess and 143 Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. H. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.

April, 20 '85.

LEATHER &amp; SHOE FINDINGS.

The subscribers return thanks to their numerous customers for past favors and would say that they keep constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of Goods to be had at lowest rates for cash. Also S. R. Foster &amp; Son's Halls and coats of all sizes, and Black &amp; Tan's Boot Trees, Laces, etc. English Vests, as well as home-made Tops to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.

J. J. CHILFITT &amp; Co.

### "MY PATIENTS."

Have always benefited by ITS USE.

MORISON, Dec. 6, 1887.

E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist.

DEAR SIR,—For the past two or three years I have prescribed your Cool Liver Oil Cream in my practice, and have much pleasure in stating that my Patients have always been benefited by its use. I consider it the best and most palatable preparation of its kind. Children will readily take it when refusing other Emulsions of Cool Liver Oil.

Yours very truly,

L. N. DOUQUE, M. D.

Ack your Druggist for ESTEY'S Cool Liver Oil Cream. Take no other. Price 50c per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$2.50. Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist, Moncton, N. B.

Sold in Newcastle by

E. LESTER STREET, Druggist.

Dec. 17, 1887.

### '87 THE FALL '87

OPENING.

The necessities

OF MAN

Woman and Boy supplied.

Boots and Shoes in such a variety as to leave

NOTHING

To be desired.

Ready made Clothing suitable

TO THE FALL

HATS AND CAPS NOW

IN OUR

STORE, at

PRICES

as low as to be raised only with a Derrick.

A general line of FALL DRY

GOODS to arrive shortly.

D. MORRISON,

Newcastle, Sept. 26, 1887.

ESTEY'S YOUR

BLOOD wants

toning up. You

have no appetite,

and what you do eat

does not do you

good. You are

nervous, and at

night you cannot

sleep. This is all

caused by your

system being run

down, and requiring something to

raise it up, and make you

feel all right again.

To restore this you should take

ESTEY'S

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

### Selected Literature.

THE OLD MAN AND JIM.

Old man never had much to say,

"Ceptin' to Jim,"

And Jim was the wildest boy he had—

Never heard him speak but once

In his life, and that first time was

When the army broke out, and Jim he went.

The old man backin' him, for three months

And all 't' he heard the old man say

Was, "Jes as we turned to start away,"

"Well; good-bye, Jim;

Take keer of yourself!"

"Pard-like, he was more satisfied

Jes' lookin' at Jim

And likin' him all to pieces 'fike, see!"

"Cause he was 'jes' wrapped up in him!"

And over and over 't' mind the day

The old man came and stood round the way

While he was drillin', a watchin' Jim—

And down at the deopot a-cherin' him say—

"Well; good-bye, Jim;

Take keer of yourself!"

Never was nothin' about the farm

Distinguishin' Jim—

Neighbors all not to wonder why

The old man 'peared wrapped up in him;

But when Capt. Biggler, he writ back

"As Jim was the bravest boy we had"

In the whole dern regiment, white or black,

And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—

"At he had led, with a bullet clean

Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag

Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen—"

The old man wound up a letter to him

"At 'Cap. read to us, 't' said," "Tell Jim

Good-bye,"

And take keer of himself!"

Jim come back 'jes' long enough

To take the whin'.

"At he'd like to go back in calvary—"

And the old man 'jes' wrapped up in him!"

"Jim 'lowed 't' he'd had sick luck afore,

Guess he'd tackle her three years more.

And the old man give him a colt he'd raised

And sent him over to camp Ben Wade,

And laid around for a week or so

Watchin' Jim on dress-parade—

T'el finally he rid away,

And last he heard was the old man say—

"Well; good-bye, Jim;

Take keer of yourself!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,

"At he'd clean up to the shoulder-strap—"

And the old man 'jes' wrapped up in him!"

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

And he'd been with the boys in gray,

Our party crept quietly into a seat,

and, looking about, discerned through

the half-light a few supplicants bowing

motionless in prayer in the remote parts

of the church. An old negro, trembling

and prone, with labor-worn hands de-

voutly folded, crouched before the altar;

near her a pale-faced lady bent low at

the same shrine; half way down the aisle

were praying two little creole girls with

pretty oval faces, lighted with deep dark

eyes.

As I gazed, the busy, bustling world

without fell from me, and the shadow of

the just folded me as a veil. Far away a

sound arose and died verily; some one

whispered, it is the choir. Again the

wind note breathed above us, and sank

away as a dewdrop sinks into the heart

of a white rose.

Across the silence came a footstep, and

the old negro, clasping the benches for

support as he went, tottered past; the

pale-faced mourner followed, bearing her

unseen cross with a meeker strength, and

then the pretty creoles tripped down the

aisle and out into the sunlight, and we

were left alone.

Let us go, too, I said; this weird old

cathedral is haunted; I am sure it is,

drawing a free breath as we stepped in

to the open air, I feel as though I had

seen all the ghosts of the Montalbas.

Do let us visit something of flesh and

blood—something we can touch and know

to be alive, I cried. Our companion,

musing for a moment, said:

I have it! We will visit Margaret!

Who is Margaret? I queried.

A wonderful woman, the very sight of

whom will make you better and wiser

and happier!

Allons, then, for I have much greater

faith in Herbert Spencer than in Calvin;

I believe in happiness as a moral agent

much more than I do in misery. But

who is this princess, queen or goddess?

She is none of these, only an Irish

woman. Shall I tell you her history on

the way?

If you please, I assented.

About thirty years ago, began my com-

panion, Margaret was a poor young widow,

maintaining herself by selling the milk

of one cow. Trundling her cart away

about she often discovered in the by-ways

deserted little children. Her purse was

empty of money, but her heart was filled

with pity, and these motherless ones crept

unawares beneath the wings of her love.

So Margaret gathered, one after another,

seventeen waifs, and gave them shelter.

As she went on her daily rounds she

asked for broken food, and cast-off clothes.

She prospered, and presently

was the owner of several milk cows—

About twenty-five years ago, she sold

these and bought an old shanty where

she started a bakery. As we shall soon

be there, I will reserve the rest until we

reach our destination.

Walking a few squares farther, we

halted before a large business house.

Glancing up, I read the sign, Margaret's

Bakery. Several delivery wagons were

waiting at the open doors. As we entered,

an elevator piled with boxes of

wreath in this city so vile that he would

not lend a helping hand where she to

neel it. She is the noblest woman I

have ever known, he added reverently.

After making the tour of the building,

and testing the hot crisp crackers, as they

were swept from the revolving wire bak-