

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

C. C. ANSLOW

VOL. XXII.—No. 14.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, January 16, 1889.

WHOLE No. 1106

Uster and Jacket CLOTHS.

The Balance of my Stock of Cloths have been greatly reduced in price to clear. Remnants suitable for Children's Usters at very low prices.

REMNANTS. REMNANTS.

Cottons, Prints, Tweeds, Winceys, Colored Flannels, Dress Meltons, etc., at a big discount to clear. Call in and see them.

B. FAIREY, Newcastle.

Jan. 11, 89.

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.

L. J. TWEEDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER

AT LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.

Chatham, N. B.

OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

J. D. PHINNEY,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,

RICHMOND, N. B.

OFFICE—COUNT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 4, 1888.

O. J. MACGILLIVRAY, M.A., M.D.

Member, B.M. Soc. Lond.,

SPECIALIST.

DISSEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.

Office: Cor. Waterland and Main Sts.,

Moncton, Nov. 12, '88.

Charles J. Thomson,

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

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Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches executed with accuracy and dispatch.

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Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Dr. DESMOND,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office and residence UNION HOTEL, Newcastle, N. B.

Newcastle, June 4th, 1888.

GEO. STABLES,

Anchorer & Commission Merchant.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

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

Will attend to Auctions in Town and Country as a satisfactory manner.

Newcastle, Aug. 11, '88.

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. Refreshing Facilities. Some of the best trout and salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent table d'hôte. Good Sample Rooms for commercial men.

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

Bathurst, Oct. 1, '86.

Clifton House,

Princes and 142 Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR,

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

April, 30, '88.

THIS PAPER is published on the 1st of each month, and is the only one of its kind in the Dominion.

Published by J. C. Anslow, at the Union Advocate Office, Newcastle, N. B.

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HARPER'S BAZAR will continue to maintain its reputation as an unequalled family journal. Its illustrations are of the highest order, its literature is of the choicest kind, and its fashion and household departments are the most practical and economical. Its pattern-sheet on pleated and fashion-plates alone will save its readers ten times the cost of subscription, and its articles on decorative art, social etiquette, house-keeping, cooking, etc., make it indispensable to every household. Its bright short stories, and timely essays are among the best published, and not a line is admitted to its columns that could offend the most fastidious taste. Among the attractions of the new volume will be a series of papers on money management by Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick.

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The Teacher

Who advised her pupils to strengthen their minds by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, appreciated the truth that bodily health is essential to mental vigor. For persons of delicate and feeble constitution, whether young or old, this medicine is remarkably beneficial. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"Every spring and fall I take a number of bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and am greatly benefited."—Mrs. James H. Eastman, Stoneham, Mass.

"I have taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great benefit to my general health."—Miss Thirza L. Cramer, Palmyra, Md.

"My daughter, twelve years of age, has suffered for the past year from

General Debility.

A few weeks since, we began to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved."—Mrs. Harriet H. Battles, South Chelmsford, Mass.

"About a year ago I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for debility and neuralgia resulting from malarial exposure in the army. I was in a very bad condition, but six bottles of the Sarsaparilla, with occasional doses of Ayer's Pills, have greatly improved my health. I am now able to work, and feel that I cannot say too much for your excellent remedy."—F. A. Pinkham, South Molmouthe, Me.

"My daughter, sixteen years old, is using Ayer's Sarsaparilla with good effect."—Rev. S. J. Graham, United Brethren Church, Buckingham, W. Va.

"I suffered from

Nervous Prostration, with lame back and headache, and have been much benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am now 88 years of age, and am satisfied that my present health and prolonged life are due to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Lucy Moffitt, Ellington, Conn.

"Mrs. Ann H. Farnsworth, a lady 79 years old, St. Woodstock, Vt., writes: 'After several weeks' suffering from nervous prostration, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken half of it my usual health returned.'"

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

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

Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$2 a bottle.

For sale by E. Lee Street, Newcastle, N. B.

THIS YEAR'S MYRTLE CUT AND PLUG SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

T & B

In Bronze on

Each PLUG and PACKAGE.

ESTEY'S YOUR BLOOD

toning up, Y. Y.

and what you do outside see you. You are low spirited and languid. You are nervous, and at nights roll and toss on your bed and cannot sleep. This is all caused by your system being run down and requiring something to brace it up, and make you feel all right again. To secure this you should take

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IRON

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Selected Literature.

ALL KINDS OF GIRLS.

There is the pretty girl, And the girl that bangs her hair; The girl that's a flirt, And the girl that is pert, And the girl with the baby stare.

There's the dowdy girl, And the lovely girl, And the girl that is always late; There's the girl of style, And the girl of wit, And the girl with the mincing gait.

There's the tender girl, And the slender girl, And the girl that says her prayers; There's the naughty girl, And the naughty girl, And the girl that puts on airs.

There's the true girl, And the "fool you" girl, And the girl that bets on the races; There's the canny girl, And the happy girl, And the girl that has two faces.

There's the well-bred girl, And the well-read girl, And the girl with a sense of duty; There's the dainty girl, And the "daisy" girl, And the girl that has no beauty.

There's the lady girl, And the "daisy" girl, And the girl that's a merry joker; There's the girl that's shy, And the girl that's gay, And the girl that bluffs at poker.

There are many others, Men and boys and girls, And they're all of them people, They're the best thing in creation.

A HOME-LY GIRL.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

"What a home-ly girl!" said a lady to her companion, as an ugly girl stepped into the street car, and took a seat opposite.

The person addressed was a beautiful old lady with white hair. She glanced at the newcomer, and saw with pain that the thoughtless criticism had reached her ears, and wounded her.

"I think," then answered the old lady, that she looks like a home-ly girl in that sweet, old-time sense, of a girl who could make a home."

The face across the aisle brightened so responsively that it almost ceased to be ugly, and when the first speaker left the car, the girl after an instant's hesitation, took the vacant seat by the old lady.

"I wish I knew," she said impulsively, "just what you meant by a girl making a home; it seems to me that girls find homes ready made for them."

"But not completely made," said the sweet old voice. "There is always need of girl help. I think, in a home; sometimes the need is for baking and brewing, but there is no such need, I fancy, in your home?"

She was looking at the uncontentious but rich dress.

"No," said the girl simply.

"Some other times," continued the old lady, "a great many times, a girl's work is to bring all the members of a family together, and thoroughly interest them in one another."

The bow drawn at a venture was aimed by that blessed Providence who knows when apertures fall, and went straight to the mark.

"Thank you," said the young girl—"This is my place to get off; good-bye."

She sought the yards of ribbon she had come for, in an absent-minded way and started home.

"I will walk," she said to herself. "I can think better."

Acquaintances bowed to her unnoticed, as with lifted head and far-seeing eyes she moved briskly up the crowded way.

"What's the matter with Emily Vane?" said one merry girl to another.

"Oh, she's on some high horse or other," laughed the girl. "She is away out of sight of us earthly mortals."

And indeed Emily's young heart was overflowing with enthusiastic resolves.

"How strange it was for that old lady to pick out the very thing I ought to have been doing all this time," she said to herself, and memory pictured before her all the years that she and her home folk had occupied their luxurious house, each one living to himself, and having no real home community of plans and interests.

Emily left square after square behind her rapid feet, all the time planning to do this and so, with the confidence of youth, nay, with the over confidence of one who says, "To-morrow I will go into such and such a city, and buy and sell and get gain," when suddenly a bit of slippery pavement brought her down with a sharp cry.

It was quite a serious accident, one of the small bones of the ankle being fractured, and poor Emily suffered intolerably while kind strangers carried her to the nearest apothecary's.

A surgeon was at hand, and by the time the hurt ankle was properly set and bandaged,

Mr. Vane had answered the telephone call in a carriage.

All through the trying time, though the ray of the fish was so sore, Emily was passionately regretting her marred plans.

"I can't begin to be a home-ly girl," she moaned to herself. "Oh, how hard to bear!"

But on the third day of her imprisonment to the couch, Emily's eyes were suddenly opened.

"Why, it's the very thing!" she said. "I couldn't have managed it better if I had done it on purpose."

"What will you think of me, little sister, if I say I am almost sorry that you are getting well?"

"I think I could find something sweet in that speech," Emily replied, looking up at big Brother John from her couch.

But the couch was down stairs now, and she was even beginning to walk a little on Grandfather's Vane's stick. Decidedly she was getting well.

"Yes," answered John, somehow this had seemed more like home since we've had your couch to tie to. We reserved people are getting acquainted with one another."

"We were always ready to die for one another," laughed Ned from the other end of the room. "But somehow we never understood fraternal relations. Did you do it on purpose, sis?"

"What, break my ankle?" she asked, archly.

"No, shake us all up together this way!"

Then she told him the story of the old lady in the horse car.

"My homeliness had been a bitter trial to me until then," Emily confessed. "I don't think a man can understand what a hard lot it is for a woman to be without any of those personal charms that makes a woman loved. But that dear old lady drew out the sting when she told me what compensation might be in store for a 'home-ly girl!'"

"God bless our home-ly girl!" said the father, who had come in unperceived.

"Tell me your old lady's name, sis," cried John. "I'll go and take her a pony for her happy wheels."

"You can't do that," said Emily, smiling. "I never saw her before, and don't know what she is. Perhaps she will have to wait till we all get to the blessed home, for the grateful thanks of the 'home-ly girl!'"—*Congratulations!*

A USE FOR SAWDUST.

CONVERTING INTO COMMERCIAL VALUES FORMER NUISANCE—CREATING REFUSE.

It is generally easier for a mill owner to dump his sawdust into the stream for the water to wash away than it is to burn it or cart it off. The sawdust kills the fish in the stream, but he would be an idiotic mill owner who would permit such a public loss to interfere with his private gain; and so he dumps the sawdust, kills the fish, puts his hands in his pockets, and asks the public: "What are you going to do about it?" The States have enacted laws for bidding this disposition of sawdust, and prescribing penalties for the offence, but the offenders usually manage to ignore the law or evade it entirely. Thousands and thousands of streams which once harbored excellent fish food have been ruined by the sawdust. In the last report of the New York Commissioners of Fisheries, it is stated that of all causes there is probably none that has exerted such influence in expelling both salmon and trout from our spring streams as the presence of sawdust. And the Commissioners go on to state that although there is a statute governing this, it is practically useless because carelessly worded.

"The destruction of fish is not all that the sawdust must answer for. It kills human beings. Water polluted by decaying sawdust must spread malaria and make miserable the lives of those who dwell on the banks of the plague-bearing stream. This is notably the case in the Saginaw river, whose whole lower course is cursed with chills and fever; and Potsdam, where one of the State Normal Schools is located, has become a very undesirable place of residence from this cause.

When urged to burn, or in some other way dispose of their sawdust, lumbermen have