

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W.C. ANSLAW

Vol. XXVI.—No. 4.

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Newcastle, Wednesday, November 2, 1892.

Whole No. 1304

Charles J. Thomas
Solicitor for Bank Nova Scotia
Barrier Poles for Railways
for the Insurance Company
Notary Public, E.C.
OFFICE
Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N.B.

O. J. MacQuilly, M.A. M.D.
—M.D. (LOND.)—
SPECIALIST.
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT
Office: Over Waterland and Main Street
Newcastle, Nov. 12, 1892.

Dr. R. Nicholson
Office and Residence,
McQUILLAN ST.,
Newcastle,
Jan. 22, 1892.

Dr. H. A. FISH
Newcastle, N.B.
Nov. 23, 1891.

W. A. Wilson, M.D.
Physician and Surgeon,
DERBY,
N.B.
Derby Nov. 10, 1890.

KEARY HOUSE
Formerly WILSON'S HOTEL
N.B.
T.M.S.—F.A.Y.A.
Proprietor.
This Hotel has been entirely refitted and re-furnished throughout. Stage connects with all lines. Steamers connected with the Hotel. Yachting facilities. Some of the best trout and salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent table d'hôte. "A la carte" for Commercial men.
Rooms \$1.50 per day with Sample Rooms \$5.

Clifton House.
Princes and 4th St. in front.
ST. JOHN'S N.B.
Proprietor.

A. N. Peters, Prop'r.
Housed by steam throughout. Prompt attention. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.
April 20, 1892.

TUNING AND REPAIRING.
O. S. Berman, PIANOFORTE and ORGAN TUNER.
Repairing a Specialty.
As visitors to the Northern Counties of which this notice will be given.
For tuning, etc., call on the proprietor, J. O. BIERMANN.
May 1891.

YADA HOUSE
Corner New Brunswick
and St. John's Streets.
Proprietor.

Considerable notice has been made on this hotel for its location, its facilities and its service. It is a desirable temporary residence for those who desire to stay in the city. It is situated within two minutes walk of the Public and the Commercial Hotel. The proprietor reserves the right to refuse admission to any person who is not a member of the hotel.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS.
Commercial Travellers, and residing on the premises.
Chas. J. L.

S. R. Foster & Son,
MANUFACTURERS OF
WIRE NAILS,
WIRE BRADS,
and
Iron out NAILS,
NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.
ST. JOHN'S N.B.

J. R. LAWLOR,
Antiques and Commission
merchant,
Newcastle, New Brunswick.
Prompt returns made on consignment.
Not on account to be in town and country.

Wholesale Prices.
J. R. HOPKINS,
180 Union St. St. John, N.B.
1892.

CHATHAM
CARRIAGE AND SLEIGHT
WORKS.
The Subscriber has on hand Top Buggies, Conco and Driving Wagons, of different kinds, Truck wagons, Carts, &c., &c. of his own Manufacture. Stock and Workmanship guaranteed, all of which he offers at reasonable prices and on easy terms.
ALSO DEALER IN

Farming Implements
of which he has a stock of very large assortment of different makes of Machines consisting of Buckeye Mowers, 3 kinds; Reapers, Mowers, 3 kinds; Mowers, 3 kinds; Three different kinds of Threshing Machines, Cultivators, Ploughs, Harrows, etc. and all other kinds of machinery used in agriculture. Terms of sale, on the usual three payment system or a discount for cash.

ALEX. ROBINSON.
Chatham, June 20, 1892.

L. A. GORDON,
Commission Merchant
MONTREAL.
Eggs, Oysters, Oil, Fish, Potatoes and General Produce handled to Best Advantage.

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
Montreal, April 15, 1892.

Book's Cotton Root Compound
An old physician successfully used and mostly by thousands of patients. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Bowers of Compound, take as a substitute, or in case of 1st and 2nd three-cent Canada postage stamps in letter, and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sealed particulars in plain language to ladies only. 2 stamps. Address: Food City Company, No. 3 Fisher Block, 111 Woodman Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Sold in Newcastle by E. Lee Street, Dr. H. Johnston and all responsible druggists.

Wedgwood, Wedgwood
JUST RECEIVED
—AT THE—
Newcastle Drug Store

Royal Crown,
Derby,
Royal Worcester,
Belmont, Dymart.
Fine English China,
Terra Cotta.

Parian and Japanese Ware.
111 Pitches, Butter, dikes, Candlesticks, Sugar bowls, Tea Pots, &c., &c.
Also the usual large stock of Spoons, Chandeliers, Hair, Clocks, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Perfumery and Toilet Articles.
Drugs, Patent Medicines &c., Physicians' Prescriptions. Carefully prepared.
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE,
211 E. Lee Street.
Newcastle, August 1, 1892.

JOHNSTONE'S
BEEF
IRON &
WINE,
50 Cts. & \$1.00
A Bottle,
—AT—
MEDICAL HALL.
Newcastle.

TAILORING.
I wish to remind my patrons and the public generally that I am still
Carrying on the Tailoring
in the old stand over Messrs. Sutherland and Graham's Store. I have a fine stock of samples
to select from. Parties furnishing their own goods can have them made up in
GOOD STYLE
and cheaper than elsewhere. Perfect Satisfaction has been given in the past and I can guarantee the same in the future.
J. R. McDONALD,
Newcastle, Sept. 20, 1892.

IT PAYS
To be cautious in the choice of medicines. Many are injured by trying cheap ones. Being made up of blood-purifiers, the principal recommendation of which would seem to be their "cheapness." Being made up of worthless, though not always harmless, ingredients, they may well be "cheap," but, in the end, they are dear. The most reliable medicines are those which are made up of the raw materials in large quantities. It is economy, therefore,

To Use
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the valuable components of which are imported, wholesale, by the J. C. Ayer Co. from the regions where these articles are richest in medicinal properties. It is a wonder to me that any other than Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a show in the market. If people consulted their own interest, they would never use any other; for it is not only the best, but, on account of its concentrated strength and purity, it is the most economical. —James E. Daily, Druggist, Washington St., Providence, R.I.
Dr. A. L. Almond, Druggist, Liberty, Va., writes: "Leading physicians in this city prescribe

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Sarsaparilla. I have used it for eighteen years, and have the highest regard for its healing qualities."
"Although the formula is known to the trade, there can be no successful imitation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Without having the enormous facilities of the J. C. Ayer Co., it is impossible for other parties to put together such valuable ingredients, at the low cost of Ayer's.

Sarsaparilla
It stands at the head of all similar preparations. —Mark A. Jones, 50 years a druggist, 55, 60 Cambridge St., Cambridge, Mass. Testimonial by Dr. J. D. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. 8-11 by all druggists. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Cures others, will cure you

SHARPS
BALSAM
OF
TOLUENE
AND ANISEED.
FOR
CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH,
COUGHS AND COLDS.
OVER 40 YEARS IN USE.
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.
W. M. TONG & CO., PROPRIETORS
KING ST. N.B.

CAUTION
EACH PLUG OF THE
Myrtle Navy!
IS MARKED
T. & B.
IN BRONZED LETTERS
NONE OTHER GENUINE

HARDWARE,
GROCERIES,
etc.
For sale at reasonable rates.
W. MASSON.
Newcastle July 22, 1892.

SAFE
THE GREAT
BLOOD
PURIFIER
RELIABLE
BRISTOL'S
SARSAPARILLA
CURES ALL
Taints of the Blood.
CERTAIN

TO LET.
A Dwelling House, immediate possession given.
Apply to
Rev. P. W. DIXON.
Newcastle, Sept. 19, 1892.

Selected Literature.
LIFE'S VICTORY.
Dust sing, sing the best;
Dust weep, weep in truth—
For the world loves an earnest deed;
And laughing or singing,
Do nothing by half,
But live out the whole of thy creed.

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he saluted the cat, which sat purring on the window seat, and at length discovered there was nobody within. Neither meal nor penny was to be expected that day; the rain was growing heavier, some of the hay must be wet, and Mrs. Simpson would return in half an hour. But two objects powerfully attracted George's attention; one was the broom pot boiling on the fire, and the other the silver spoons scattered over the table. Bending over the former, George took a considerable sniff, gave the ingredients a stir with a pot stick, and muttered, "Very thin." His proceeding with regard to the latter must remain unmentioned; but half an hour after, when he was safely ensconced in a farmhouse a mile off, and the family had been driven indoors by the increasing storm, they found everything as it had been left—the broom on the fire, the cat on the window, the whitening and the flannel on the table; but not a spoon was there.

"What's the spoons' end Mrs. Simpson to the entire family, who stood by the fire drying their wet garments. No body could tell. Nancy had left them on the table when she ran to the hay. No one had been in the house, they were certain, for nothing was disturbed. The drawer was pulled out, and the empty stocking exhibited. Every shelf, every corner, was searched, but to no purpose: the spoons had disappeared, and the state of the farmhouse may be imagined. The widow ran through it like one distracted, questioning, scolding and searching. Robin, Nance, and the farm men were dispatched in all directions, as soon as the rain abated, to inform their neighbors, under the supposition that some straggling beggar or gypsy might have carried off the treasure, and would attempt to dispose of it to the parish. Nobody thought of George Wilson. He had not been seen from the hay field, his circuits were wide; his visits to any house were not frequent; and if he avoided Widow Simpson from the day of her loss, it was believed George would neither her temper nor her liberality would be improved by that circumstance.

Lost the spoons were beyond a doubt, and the widow bade fair to lose her senses. The rich relation came to his appointed time, and had such a tea that he vowed never again to trust himself in the house of his entertainer. But the search was on; rabbit holes were looked into for the missing silver, and active boys were bribed to turn out magpies' nests. Wells and barns in the neighborhood were explored. The cries of the three nearest parishes were employed to proclaim the loss; it was regularly advertised at Kirkcaldy and market place, and Mrs. Simpson began to talk of getting a search warrant for the beggars' mail pouch. Balthage was alarmed through all its borders concerning the spoons; but when almost a month had worn away, and nothing could be heard of them, the widow's suspicions turned from beggars, barns and magpies to light on poor Nancy. She had been scouring the spoons, and left the house last; silver could not leave the house without hands.

It was true that Nancy had always borne an unquestioned character; but such spoons were not to be met with every day, and Mrs. Simpson was determined to have them back in her stocking. After sundry hints of increasing breadth to Robin, who could not help thinking the widow was losing her wits, he, in turn, one day plumped the charge to the utter astonishment and dismay of the poor girl, whose anxiety in the search had been inferior only to her own. Through pool and an orphan, Nancy had some honest pride; she immediately turned out the contents of her kitchen, and looked for her pocket in Mrs. Simpson's presence, and ran with tears in her eyes to tell the minister.

As was then common in the country parishes of Scotland, difficulties and disputes which might have employed the writer and puzzled the magistrates were referred to his arbitration, and thus lawsuits or scandal prevented. The minister had heard—as who in Balthage had not—of Mrs. Simpson's loss. Like the rest of the parish, he thought it very strange; but Nancy Campbell was one of the most serious and exemplary girls in his congregation, and he could not believe that the charge preferred against her was true. Yet the peculiarities of the case demanded investigation.

With some difficulty the minister persuaded Nancy to return to her mistress, bearing a message to the effect that he and two of his elders who happened to reside in the neighborhood would come over the following evening, hear what could be said on both sides, and if possible clear up the mystery. The widow was well pleased to have the minister and his elders come to inquire after her spoons. She put on her best attire—that is to say, a prepared her best speeches, and enlisted some of the most serious and reliable of her neighbors to assist in the investigation.

Early in the evening of the following day—when the summer sun was waning low and the field work was over—they were all assembled in the clean scoured kitchen, the ministers, elders and neighbors solemnly listening to Mrs. Simpson's testimony touching her lost silver. Nancy, Robin and the farm men sitting by, their turn came; when the door, which had been left half open to admit the breeze—for the evening was sultry—was

quietly pushed aside, and in did George Wilson, with his usual accompaniments of staff and wallet.
"There's nae room for ye here, George," said the widow; "we're on weighty business."
"Well, meen," said George turning to depart, "it's of no consequence. I only came to speak about your spoons."
"Hae ye heard o' them?" cried Mrs. Simpson, bounding from her seat.
"I couldna miss 'em," blessed wi' the precious gift of hearing, and what's better, I saw them," said George.

"Saw them, George? What are they? and here's a whole shillin' for ye," said Mrs. Simpson's purse, or rather an old glove used for that purpose, was instantly produced.
"Well," said George, I slipped in at day and seen the silver unguarded, I thought some ill-guided body might covet it, and just laid it by, I may say, among the leaves of the Bible, thinking you would be sure to see the spoons when you went to read."

Before George had finished his revelation Nancy Campbell had brought down the proudly displayed but never opened Bible, and interspersed between its leaves lay the dozen of long-sought spoons.
The minister of Balthage could scarcely contain his gravity while administering George on the trouble and vexation his trick had caused.
The assembled neighbors laughed outright when the daft man, pocketing the widow's shilling which he had clutched in the early part of his discourse, assured them that he had seen Mrs. Simpson read her Bible so often the spoons would be certain to turn up. George got many a basin of broth and many a lichen of bread and cheese on account of that transaction, with which he amused all the friends of the parish. Mrs. Simpson was much dumb-struck from scolding. The disc very put an end to her ostentatious professions, and it may be hoped, turned her attention more to practice. By way of making amends for her unjust imputations on Nancy Campbell, she consented to receive her as a daughter-in-law within the same year, and it is said there was peace ever after in the farmhouse; and the good people of Balthage, when discussing a character of more pretence than performance, still refer to Widow Simpson's spoons.

APPELLING FIGURES.
Mrs. McSwat—Billinger, how often do you get shayed?
Mr. McSwat—About four times a week on an average.
"How much time does it usually require?"
"About half an hour."
"Half an hour four times a week; that's two hours a week, 4 1/2 days a year, and nearly a month and a half in 10 years. Think of it, Billinger, if you should let your beard grow you would save time enough in 10 years—"

"But look here, Lobelia! Great Scott! don't want to be a pig. Did you ever see me with a full set of whiskers?"
"No, but—"
"Well, let it be the cause of the most heart-felt joy and gratitude you ever experienced, Lobelia, that you never did! I don't want to be a pig. Did you ever see me with a full set of whiskers?"
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that no notice might be taken of the statement; but the good lady insisted on having her own way, and the effect was that in her circle scandal was seldom uttered, and never allowed to spread.
"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." How often we forget this commandment, not that we really tell absolute falsehoods about our neighbors, but we often give an exaggerated account of their failings, which puts them in a wrong light as regards their true characters. It seems so easy to magnify the shortcomings of others to give a wrong motive for their actions which we do not understand, and which, if we did not know the true facts of the case, would exonerate them. Why are we so prone to attribute selfish or wrong motives to things which are not clear to our comprehension?

It is a beautiful characteristic, and I may add, a rare one, never to speak ill of anybody. It is a characteristic which the young should strive hard to acquire. There are so many and results following unjust criticisms of others. A derogatory story regarding a person will travel very fast, and will gather additional luggage on its journey. It is as true that human nature delights to hear and tell some new and strange thing.

Be very careful not to repeat an injurious story of any one lest you bear witness by not telling it as it really is, and if you are sure that it is just as bad as it is painted, don't tell it. The one who has done wrong may be suffering untold remorse because of the sin, and by trying to live the story down, and every time it is told it makes it harder, instead of easier, to overcome. "What," asked one, "are we here for, if not to make life easier for others?"

A few days since, taking up a book of "Daily Readings" belonging to a friend, I saw there two verses pinned on to the fly-leaf. They impressed me so much that I copy them here that all of us may put them, not only on the fly-leaf of our daily readings, but commit them to memory, that they will always be where we can remember them when the occasion requires:
"What are another's faults to me?
I've not a value's worth
To pick at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.
"It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And on myself that care bestow,
And let my friends alone."

Temperance.
NEWCASTLE W.C.T.U.
A meeting of the W.C.T.U. is held in the Mission Hall every Tuesday afternoon, commencing at 2 o'clock. Visitors from other Unions or any who are interested in the Temperance cause are cordially invited.
SHINGLE YOUR OWN HOUSE.
There seems to be two reasons why money put into the till of the liquor seller should be easily recognized as enriching him at the expense of his customers. This could be fairly said, perhaps, of no other business called honest, in the sight of the law, at least. The first reason appears in the fact of the enormous and varying profits in this trade, showing that the purchaser pays much more than the fair price for his article. And secondly, he gets no valuable return for his money; in fact he gets pain and misery, and, often, sickness and death. The Irish World illustrates the result of a little thought on the subject, in one instance—

"Wife—I wish that man would go home if he has one to go to.
Landlord—Hush! hush! he'll call for a drink directly.
Wife—I wish he would make haste about it then, for it is time every honest man was in bed.
Landlord—He is taking the shingles off his house and putting them on ours. At this time James came to his right senses, and commenced rubbing his eyes, and stretching himself as if he had just awoken, and said, 'I believe I'll go.'
"Don't be in a hurry, James, said the landlord.
"Oh yes! I must go," said James, and he started.
After an absence of some time the landlord met him and accosted him with—
"Hollo, James! why ain't you been down to see us?"
"Why, I have taken so many shingles off my house it began to leak; so I thought it time to stop the leak and I have done it," said James.

The tavern-keeper and his wife were astonished. James is now a happy man, and his wife and children are happy too. Young man, whose house are you shingling?—Ex.

THE INTERPRETER MUST BE HELLED!
I should like to see the very lowest of our people so elevated in their tastes, with minds so cultivated, and hearts so sanctified; they could not be tempted on ever—
—Youth's Companion.

them. But thousands, tens of thousands are unable to do so. They must be helped with crutches till they have acquired the power to walk. They must be propped up, and fenced round with every possible protection until they are rooted and grounded in the love of God. In the country, I have often seen a little child, with her sun-browned face, and long golden locks, sweet as any flower she pressed beneath her naked foot, merry as any bird that sang from bush or brake, driving the cattle home; and with fearless hand controlling the sally leader of the herd, as with armed ferocity and colossal strength he quailed before the slight image of God. Some days ago I saw a different sight—such a child with hanging head, no music in his voice, nor blush but that of shame upon his cheek, leading home a drunken father along a public street. This man required to be led, guided, guarded, and into a condition hardly less helpless, large masses of our people have sunk—
Rev. Dr. Guthrie.

TIME TO QUIT.
The South Bend Star tells of a man who once received wholesome instruction concerning this matter. He was a prominent professional gentleman, living in the city, who one morning stepped into a saloon to get his customary drink. After passing the ordinary salutations with three or four loafers who were hanging about the place, he went up to the bar and called for a straight whisky, which was handed to him, and he filled the glass and was raising it to his lips, a miserable wretched drunk, tramp stepped up beside him and said:

"Say, squre, can't you give me a drink out of that bottle?"
Not wishing to be annoyed by associates of that class, the gentleman roughly told him to go away and mind his own business. The tramp, angrily replied that he need not be so unkind about the matter, for before he got to drinking he was just as respectable as he was and wore as fine clothes as he did, and was trying to live the story down, and every time it is told it makes it harder, instead of easier, to overcome. "What," asked one, "are we here for, if not to make life easier for others?"

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