

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANDERSON,

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIX.—No. 48.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, September 15, 1886.

WHOLE No. 984.

GO TO B. FAIREY'S! IF YOU WANT CHEAP DRY GOODS OR FURNITURE!

I have received the greater part of my NEW FALL STOCK OF DRY GOODS, and Notwithstanding the Advance in all kinds of Imported Goods, I shall sell them at as LOW PRICES as ever, having placed my Orders early in July, thereby saving in many lines from 10 to 20 per cent.

DRESS GOODS.

The New Boucle CLOTH 30c.	COSTUME CLOTHS 19c.
STRIPED do 40c.	do do 25c.
COLORED Cashmeres 50c.	BLACK COUPE 35c.
BLACK Cashmeres 35c.	Fancy Dress Goods from 10c.

The above goods have advanced 1½c. per yard since they arrived, but I will sell my present stock at above figures.

Colored VELVETEENS, "Princess Louise" make, (none better), from 65c. per yard. Extra value.

Black Velveteens from 30c. per yd. Black Silk Velvets and Plushes.

Ladies' WOOL WRAPS for evening wear, in all shades.

Ladies' Wool and Cashmere Hose in Black and Colored. Children's do. do. do.

Ladies' Merino Underclothes, etc., in Grey and Black. Ladies' Cashmere Undervests in Scarlet.

Ladies' Cotton Underclothes. Ladies' Wool Vests with and without sleeves.

Ulster Cloths in new styles. Black Curl Cloth for Jackets. Black and Colored Nap Cloth.

Black Diagonals, Beaver Cloth, etc.

CORSETS! CORSETS! CORSETS!

A Good Serviceable Corset for 45c. "Two Roses" Corset for 68c. "Best Yet" Corset for 85c. "Blanche" Corset for \$1.00. "Pearl" Corset for \$1.25.

Ladies' French Kid Gloves, Cashmere Gloves, Sanquhar Gloves, Linen Collars; Silk Handkerchiefs from 35c.; Cambric Handkerchiefs from 5c.

BUTTONS and Clasps for the million. A special lot of beautiful New Metal BUTTONS (large and small) with clasps to match.

YARNS! YARNS and WOOLS—Canadian Yarn, Scotch Yarn, Bee-hive Yarn, Arctic Yarn, Andalusian Yarn, Berlin Wool, BLANKETS! COMFORTABLES. Scarlet Flannels from 10c.; White Flannels from 25c.; Grey and White Shaker Flannels; Grey Shirting Flannels from 20c.; All Wool Shirting Flannels from 30c.; Navy Blue Flannels from 35c.; Fancy Shirting Flannels, extra value; Pink, Orange, Cardinal, Light Blue Flannels; Rock Maple Shirtings 25c. and 30c.; Cotton Flannels from 10c. to 20c.; Tickings from 14c. to 30c.; Sheet Cotton 2 yds. wide, 24c.; White do. do., all prices; Pillow Cottons all widths, Grey and White Gottons very cheap.

TWEEDS for Men and Boy's Wear—the very best value in the Dominion. Examine my 55c. All Wool Tweeds, Worsted Coatings, &c., &c.

Shirts, Drawers and Linters.—The very Best Value ever offered. Call and judge for yourself. Boy's Shirts and Drawers all sizes; Men's Extra Heavy Shirts; Lumbermen's Shirts; Lumbermen's Extra Made Extra Jumper; do. do. Pants. Special Value in above. Men's Overcoats—a few very Low; Men's Mufflers, &c.

House Furnishings and Furniture. Impossible to beat me in this Department.

Hemp Carpets 15c.; Jute Carpets 25c.; up; Patent Reversible Jute Carpets 40c.; up; Imitation Dutch Carpets 30c.; up; Tapestry Carpets all prices; Carpet Poles, Lace Curtains; Curtains—Danish and Hepp; Cocoa Matting 1 yd. and 1½ yd. wide; Floor Oil Cloth all widths; Opaque Window Shades.

ROOM PAPER! FURNITURE!

I have just purchased 2500 Rolls at Job Prices, and will sell them at small Advance on COST.

Wood Bedsteads of all kinds; Iron do.; Iron do. with Combination Spring Mattress; Wash Stands, Toilet Tables, Sinks, Bureaus; CHAIRS—over 500 in stock and to arrive; Bed Room Sets—all hardwood at \$32.00, \$35.00, \$37.50, up to \$65.00, none to equal them in the County; Solid Walnut Bed Room Sets \$75 up; Parlor Suits—hair cloth, \$45 up; Parlor Suits—Ray Silk, \$85 up; TABLES—all kinds; Mattresses, Pillows, Bolsters, Ship Beds, Cradles, Cots, Lounges, Sofas. Everything you want to furnish your houses.

Newcastle, Sept. 3, 1886.

Gw.

B. FAIREY.

Law and Collection Office

M. ADAMS,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c.
Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.

OFFICE: NEWCASTLE, N. B.
157 CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Dominion.

L. J. TWEEDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
Chatham, N. B.

OFFICE: Old Bank Montreal.

JOHN McALISTER,
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Conveyancer, &c.,
Campbellton, N. B.
May 7, 1885.

WILLIAM MURRAY,
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Campbellton, N. B.
OFFICE: MURRAY'S BUILDING,
WATKIN STREET.
May 1, 1885.

P. PHINNEY,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
RICHMOND, N. B.
OFFICE: COURT HOUSE SQUARE.
May 5, 1885.

RAW FURS.

I am paying the highest prices in cash for the following: Fur—Otter, Beaver, Bear, Mink, Muskrat, Lynx, Fox, Rat, &c.

F. L. PEDOLIN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

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

OFFICE HOURS from 9 to 12 a.m., 1 to 6 p.m., 7 to 10 p.m.

Dr. McDONALD,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
Corner Duke and St. John Streets,
Opposite Canada House.

CHATHAM, N. B.
Chatham June 3, 1885.

DR. T. W. POMROY,
285 STUYVESANT ST.,
NEW YORK CITY, U. S.

Persons wishing to consult the Dr., and unable to call on him personally, can do so by letter.

Aug. 24, 1885. 29-lyrd.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CUT NAILS AND
CUT SPIKES.

TACKS, BRADS,
FINISHING NAILS,
SHOE NAILS.

HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.

Office, Warehouse and Manufactory
GEORGE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
April 10, 1885.

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, '85.

Leather & Shoe Findings.

THE Subscriber returns thanks to his numerous customers for past favors, and would say to all that he keeps constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of goods to be had and at lowest rates for cash. Also, S. R. Foster & Son's Nails and Tacks of all sizes, and Clarke & Son's Boot Trees, Lasts, &c. English Tools, as well as home-made Taps to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.

J. J. CHRISTIE & CO.
No. 65 King St., St. John, N. B.

WINDSOR'S DELICIOUS RASPBERRY & STRAWBERRY JAM!

In cases of each one dozen Pint. Quart and Half Gallon.

GLASS JARS.
Guaranteed equal if not superior to any in the market.

Write for Quotations.

JOHN WINDSOR.
Petit Rocher, N. B., Oct. 20, 1884.

SAMPLE'S DOMINION Horse Liniment!

Sample, Parker & Co., Proprietors, Upper Musquodobi, Nova Scotia.

THE BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY before the public for Lameness, Sprains, Swellings, Stiffness, and all kinds of Rheumatism, Cracked and Grassy Heels, Harness Galls, Cuts, Sores of long standing, Fists, Polypus, Warts, Swellings and Bruises of all kinds.

Also, will eradicate Lice on the Head and Neck of Cattle; will cure Cuts and Burns upon the Human Body; also Frost Bites, Chilblains and Salt Rheum.

Sold by all Druggists.

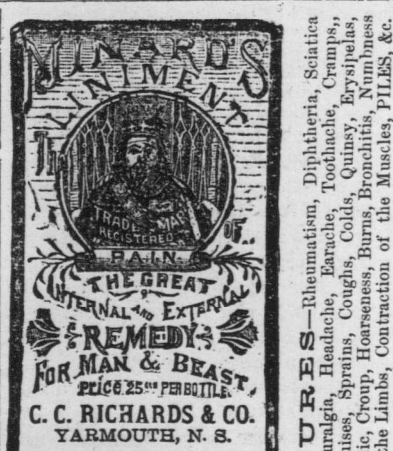
Forth, Scotland & Co., Wholesale Agents for Halifax.

Wholesale by E. Lee Street, Newcastle, N. B., 12, 1885.

MILL PROPERTY FOR SALE.

The well known Grid Mill, Carling Mill and Saw Mill at Pockshaw, Gloucester County, N. B., is offered for Sale. All are in good running order. There is also a dwelling house on the property, which is within one hundred yards of a Station on the Carleton Railway.

For particulars apply to
THOS. DEMPSEY,
Pockshaw.
August 6, 1886.



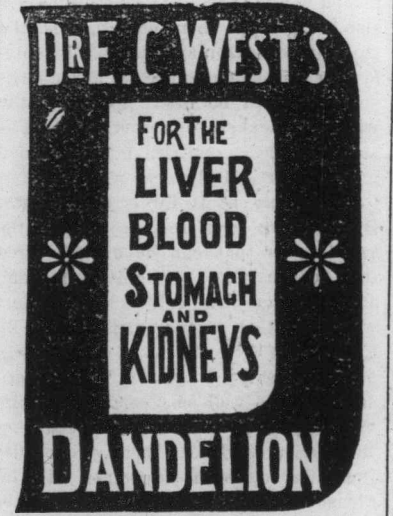
C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,
Sole Proprietors.

It is an invaluable Hair Renewer and cleans the Scalp of all Dandruff.

The Dreadful Disease Defied.
GENTS—I have used your Mianit's Liniment successfully in a severe case of scurf in my family, and I consider it a remedy no household can afford to be without.

J. F. CUNNINGHAM.
Cape Island, May 14, 1885.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is for sale everywhere.
PRICE 25 cents.



Dr. E. C. West's Dandelion
For the Liver, Blood, Stomach and Kidneys.

Infallible Blood Purifier, Tonic, Diuretic, and all kinds of ailments.

For sale by Geo. C. Allen, Newcastle, and G. E. Frost, Campbellton.

CANADA HOUSE,

Chatham, New Brunswick.
Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first-class hotel and travel agency, and it is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat landing and Telegraph and Post Offices.

The proprietors are anxious to give the public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS
For Commercial Travellers and Stabling on the premises.
Oct. 12, 1885.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.
Geo. McSWENY, Proprietor.

4 Princess and 143 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 20 '85.

SKINNER'S Carpet Warehouses,

59 KING STREET.
New Carpets, New Oilcloths, New Linoleums.

Just Received for Fall Trade:
6 bulles New Brussels Carpets;
6 " " Tapestry do;
4 " " English Oilcloths, New Designs;
3 " " Best Linoleum, at \$1.30 per yard;
3 " " 4 yds. wide do., " 1.10 "
4 " " 4 yds. wide do., " .75 "

The above is the first installment of my FALL STOCK, and as it contains some very novel designs, intending purchasers would do well to examine them.

A. O. SKINNER.
St. John, Oct. 5, 1885.

LOVELL'S GAZETTEER AND HISTORY OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

IN NINE VOLUMES, ROYAL 8vo., TO BE COMMENCED whenever a sufficient number of subscribers is obtained to cover cost of publication. Subscription to the Nine Volumes \$25.00, to the Province of Quebec or Quebec \$12.50, to New Brunswick or Nova Scotia \$12.50, to the Maritime Provinces or British Columbia \$12.50, to Prince Edward Island or to North-west Territories \$8.50. Each Province to have a Map.

Please send for Prospectus.

JOHN LOVELL, Manager and Publisher.
Montreal, 4th August, 1885.

PATENTS.

INVENTORS send model of sketch of your invention, when I will make an original preliminary examination, and report on patentability, with advice, circulars, etc.

FREE OF CHARGE. All business before U. S. Patent Office attended to for **MODELS, PATENT FEES.** Information and references sent on application. **NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.**

C. E. LITTLE, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Directly opposite U. S. Patent Office.

Selected Literature.

KELPIE.

She stood in the stormy twilight, the swollen waters running swiftly beneath her bare feet; her dark eyes fixed intently upon some object lower down the stream; a little stray lamb closely clasped in her arms.

They called her Kelpie; nothing else, for the slim like-limbed, lustuous-eyed maiden had no claim to any other name.

One mid-winter night, when the snow lay white and heavy on the surrounding hills, and a bitter blast whistled through the valley in which Mapletown nestled, the widow Buckstone, sitting comfortably in her chimney corner, was startled by a sharp rap at the door.

"Why, who can it be on such a night?" cried the widow, pushing her spectacles up on her forehead. "Run to the door, Tom!"

Tom obeyed.

"Who there?" he demanded.

Only the hoarse roar of the wintry blast answered him.

"There's some one lurking about," said Tom. "I'll see what they're after."

But he stumbled over something at his feet. A basket covered with a colored blanket.

"What's this?" he cried.

The colored blanket removed, and underneath, all folded in flannels, they found a little mite of a baby.

Tom's mother held up two deprecating hands.

"It's a shame," she cried, "and I alone widow. I won't keep it; I won't; it shall go to the poorhouse in the morning, now there."

Tom was silent.

But when the morrow came, and the news got abroad, and all Mapletown, and flocking in to have a look at the little foundling, Tom got behind his mother's chair and pinched her arm.

"Mother," he whispered, when she turned round, "don't send the midget away; I shall be a big fellow soon and I'll work for you both."

His mother nodded and smiled, but tears rose in her eyes. And when Mr. Thorndyke, the minister, came with the rest and offered to make some provision for the child, she answered with curt decision:

"I intend to keep it myself!"

So the little waif remained at the small cottage, in the sunny, pine woods, beyond the village of Mapletown; and when spring came in on beauty, Mrs. Buckstone carried her little charge to the village church, and the baby was christened, the minister's wife standing god-mother. Only Rose! And the sweet name suited her well; for the bloom on her dusky cheeks and the dewy carnation of her young lips were as bright as the heart of that queenly flower.

Rose was her name, but as she grew into a slim slip of a girl everybody called her Kelpie. Because she was such a wild defiant thing, perhaps, and had such a fondness for the water.

While other girls of her age were playing at baby-house, Rose might be found on the shore of Cedar creek, launching her miniature boats amid the shallows, wading in the cool water, with bare, brown feet, as exquisite in form as a sculptor's model, or swinging in the fork of an overhanging willow, watching the wild ducks as they sailed down stream.

"She's an out-and-out Kelpie," said old Hawks, the Mapletown miller, and from that hour the name clung to her.

Tom made good his promise and worked hard and willingly for his mother and her adopted child, but there came a time when the little lumbering town was too small for Tom. His growing capacities called for some wider field of action.

When a will, a way is generally opened. A fine opportunity came up and Tom availed himself of it at once. But he required a severe wrench to tear himself away from Mapletown and the little cottage under the shelter of the pine woods.

"Kelpie, I'm going," he said, when he had parted with his mother.

The girl was driving her lambs into their fold, but she turned round and faced him.

"I'm going," repeated Tom, standing up straight and handsome, a wistful expression in his resolute gray eyes, "but I shall come back, Kelpie."

Kelpie stood like a statue.

"Shall I find you here at the old cottage?" he went on. "Will you wait, Kelpie, and have a welcome for me?"

A slight quiver stirred her red lips, but she looked at him with shy, almost defiant eyes.

"I cannot promise," was all she said. "A shadow of pain crossed the young man's eager face. He made a step forward, and caught her two hands.

"You are cruel!" he cried. "You know how I love you—"

"Stop," she commanded, freeing herself from his grasp; I will not hear another word. You have been kind and good to me all my life, and I am not ungrateful; let that suffice. Go your way and leave me to mine.

Tom drew a deep breath; his eyes flashed.

"You prefer some one else," he said, bitterly. "If I were young Dr. Talcott asking you for your promise, you would answer him quite differently, I'll warrant."

"If you think so, well and good," she made answer, and, turning from him, followed her lambs to pasture.

Years came and went, Kelpie grew up to womanhood, straight as a dart, and graceful as a young willow.

There was not a young man in Mapletown who would not have risked life and limb for a smile or a glance of favor from her luminous, dark eyes. But she kept them all at a distance, even young Talcott.

Then came, as time sped on, a spring afternoon, wild with storm and rain. The valley was deluged and the mad wind tossed and bent the pines, and tore off the branches of the maples.

"I must see that the lambs are folded," said Kelpie as the twilight grew near.

"You'd better stay indoors, and let the creatures shift for themselves," said the widow, from the chimney corner.

But Kelpie had a will of her own, and went out into the storm. A little later she looked in.

"The house lamb is missing," she said; "I'm going to find it."

"Nay, nay," cried the widow, "you must not think of it. Ten to one it has strayed beyond the creek. Let it alone."

"The water is rising rapidly, and it may perish. It is a poor, little stray lamb, too," said the girl, her bright eyes softening. "I raised it myself; I cannot leave it to die."

Mapletown was fast closed against the storm, not a creature to be seen in the streets. Beyond, in the ravine, through which the creek ran, the gale had been fearful. Trees were uprooted, and broken boughs tossed about, and the swollen stream dashed over rocks at a mad gallop.

Kelpie went resolutely on, calling her lost lamb in a clear, high voice that rang even above the clamor of the storm. And at last, away up amid the laurel cliffs a plaintive cry answered her, and at the foot of an old pine she found her lamb.

She caught it up with a hushed cry of delight, and turned her face homeward. Twilight was falling, and the rising waters were all about her feet. She went on carefully, picking her way, leaping lightly from rock to rock, the wind tossing her unbound hair.

A sound of tramping hoofs, and directly a man's voice, in imperative command, reached her from below. Standing on the slippery rocks, the swift flowing waters beneath her, one hand resting upon a rough boulder, the other grasping her lamb, she peered down the surging stream.

There was a horseman at the lower ford, making vain efforts to cross.

He had all sorts of traps the world ever saw in frames, and he studied leopards until he knew all about it, and had thousands of specimens of different sorts of lugs. And the mischievous students took the legs of one bug, and put them all together, just like nature puts them together, and carried the bug to the old Professor with his thick glasses on, and laid it on the table, and said: "Professor, what sort of a bug is that?" The old Professor looked at it and turned it around and looked at it, and looked at it, and said, "Gentlemen, this is a humbug." And this is just what we mean by a religious humbug. He has got the head of a Christian and the feet of a dancer, and the tongue of a tattler, and the appetite of a drunkard, and the laziness of a shirk, and you just put him altogether and he is the finest specimen of humbug you ever saw.

There he lay, his right arm doubled under him, the sharp edge of a rock piercing his temple.

Kelpie raised his head to her bosom, and held it there for an instant, as a fond mother might hold her babe, then, with an unspoken prayer on her ashen lips, she caught up her lamb, and darted off through the falling darkness, with the speed of a swallow.

"He is not dead," said Kelpie, confronting Doctor Talcott, when the brief examination was over.

The young man looked at the lovely, dusk face, pallid with suspense and agony, and in that minute he understood why it was that Kelpie had turned a deaf ear to all his ardent wooing.

"No, he is not dead," his eyes softening with pity. "I will save his life for your sake."

It was after midnight when Tom recovered consciousness.

"Where is Kelpie?" were his first words.

"You mustn't talk," said his mother; but she silenced her with a gesture.

"Call Kelpie!"

And the girl came. He took her hand in his left one; his right hand lay bandaged and disabled by his side.

"I was coming to bring you good news," he said, a slight quiver stirring his firm lips; "that's what brought me, Kelpie, I have found your friends. You are no longer a waif. The man who put you at my mother's door is dead. I saw him die and heard his confession. You stood between him and a great fortune, and he wanted you out of the way. He is dead, and the fortune is yours, and your mother will be in Mapletown to-morrow to claim you."

The dark southern face grew fairly dazzling in its exceeding joy.

"Oh, thank God! thank God!" she said.

A shadow of intense pain filled Tom's eyes.

"How glad you are," he said.

"Yes, I am glad, very glad, Tom," she said, "I'll try to be glad for your sake," he answered hoarsely, and turned his face away.

Silence fell. The clock ticked on the mantel, and the cat purred on the hearth. Kelpie stood irresolute, great tears stand-

ing in her eyes. At last she stole to the bedside, and her slender, brown hand, which had never touched Tom's, only with the shy, soft touch of a bird, fell softly on his bandaged head.

He opened his eyes with a great start. "Kelpie?"

"Yes, Tom."

Again there was silence.