

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W.C. ANSLOW

Vol. XXVI.—No. 20.

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Newcastle, Wednesday, February 22, 1893.

Whole No. 1320

**Charles J. Thomson**  
Solicitor for Bank Notes and  
Barriers, Patent for Estate,  
Agent for the Manufacture Accident &  
Life Insurance Company.  
**Notary Public, Sr.**  
Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

**O. J. MacCULLY, M. A. M. D.**  
Memb. BOT. COL. LOND.,  
SPECIALIST.  
DISEASES OF EYE EAR THROAT  
Office: Cor. Waterland and Main Street  
Newcastle, Nov. 12, 1892.

**Dr. R. Nicholson**  
Office and Residence,  
McCULLAM ST.,  
NEWCASTLE,  
Jan. 22, 1893.

**Dr. H. A. Fish**  
Newcastle, N. B.  
Feb. 22, 1893.

**W. A. Wilson, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
DERBY, N. B.  
Derby Nov. 15, 1892.

**J. R. Lawlor**  
Auctioneer and Commission  
merchant,  
Newcastle, New Brunswick  
Prompt returns made on consignments  
merchandise. Auctioneering in town and country

**Clifton House.**  
Prices and 143 Gormain Street,  
ST. JOHN N. B.

**A. N. Peters, Prop'r.**  
Heated by Steam throughout. Prompt at-  
tention and moderate charges. Telephone  
communication with all parts of the city.  
April 6th, 1893.

**CANADA HOUSE**  
Chatham, New Brunswick.  
Wm. Johnston, Proprietor.

Considerable outlay has been made on this  
house to make it a first-class hotel and travellers  
will find it a desirable temporary residence.  
It is situated within two minutes walk of the  
landing and Telegraph and Post Offices.  
The proprietor returns thanks to 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.**  
Commercial Travellers, and Staying on the  
premises.  
Chatham Jan. 1.

**S. R. Foster & Son,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF

**WIRE NAILS,**  
**WIRE BRAIDS**  
**Steel and**  
**Iron cut NAILS,**  
And SPICES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE  
NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.  
ST. JOHN N. B.

**HARDWARE,**  
**GROCERIES,**  
etc.

On hand Picks, Shovels, Spades, 3 and  
4 pronged Forks and a general assortment of  
**SHELF HARDWARE,**  
Boots and Shoes,  
Groceries,  
y Goods,  
FOR SALE AT REASONABLE RATES.  
**W. MASSON.**  
Newcastle July 22, 1892.

**DR. CATES, DENTIST,**  
will supply dental office, over Thomas  
Russell's store.  
From the 24th to the 30th or  
31st of each month.  
until further notice. Hoping to meet his pa-  
tients as formerly, for whom satisfactory  
dental work will be done in all branches.  
August 9th, 1892.



**JOHN A. KIMBALL.**  
Healed of the Heart! Chronic Dyspepsia!  
Atrial Regurgitation! Rheumatism!

**CURED BY  
GRODER'S SYRUP**  
SANT JUAN, N. B., October 11, 1892.  
Dr. J. C. Groder, of the City of New Brunswick,  
has cured me of the most distressing  
dyspepsia, chronic dyspepsia, atrial regurgitation,  
rheumatism, and all the other ailments  
which have afflicted me for many years.  
I am now in perfect health and feel  
better than I have for many years.

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## A FORTUNE

Inherited by few, is pure blood, free  
from hereditary taint. Catarrh, con-  
sumption, rheumatism, Scrofula,  
and many other maladies born in the  
blood, can be effectually eradicated  
only by the use of powerful alteratives.  
The standard specific for this purpose  
—the one best known and approved—  
is **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**, the com-  
pound, concentrated extract of Hon-  
duras sarsaparilla, and other powerful  
alteratives.

"I consider that I have been  
**SAVED**  
several hundred dollars' expense by using  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and would strongly  
urge all who are troubled with lameness or  
rheumatic pains to give it a trial. I am sure  
it will do them permanent good, as it has  
done me."—Mrs. Joseph Wood, West  
Plattsburgh, N. Y.

"I am a sufferer from Scrofula, and have  
been treated by the best physicians in my  
hometown, but have not been cured. I  
have now been using Ayer's Sarsaparilla  
for several weeks, and feel much better.  
I have also been using it for my skin  
disease, and it has done me much good."  
—J. W. Shields, of Southville, Tenn.

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## Selected Literature.

**THE WINNING TICKET.**

"I hardly think, Ezra, that she would  
suit you for a wife."  
Friend Mary Minton stood at the  
kitchen table, looking at the bread, a  
snappy cap surrounding her head, a white  
apron tied around her ample waist. At  
sixty-six her color was as fresh as that  
of a girl, her eyes blue as the blue  
heavens above.

Ezra, her adopted son—Friend Minton  
was brought in a basket of roses, the  
very last in the corner bin of the  
barn cellar. He had leaned against the  
kitchen window, playing nervously with  
the big velvet leaves of the monster  
fish geranium that blossomed there. He  
was a tall, thin young fellow, with  
clear, brown eyes, a fresh com-  
plexion and hair that grew in a curly  
mat all over his head. Friend Mary's  
glance softened as she looked at him.  
It was evident that he was the very  
apple of her eye.

"Why not, mother? said he. 'I know  
the village gossip don't like the Calver-  
ly family, but you're not one of the  
gossiping kind.'"  
"She's very young, Ezra, and I should be  
very glad to see her," said Mary, and  
very pretty.

"Oh, if you will, then, I'll—"  
"Wait a minute, Ezra; there has not  
been heard of her. I regret deeply that  
of getting to live with friend War-  
burton, the minister's wife, she has pre-  
ferred to enter the factory, where there  
are so many giddy girls and careless  
young men."

"But the pay was so much better,  
mother."  
"Man doth not live by bread alone,"  
caustically answered Friend Mary.  
"There has been carefully brought up,  
Ezra. There must be something right  
and seemly in the way of matrimony.  
Thy father and I would break our hearts  
if we went wrong after all our hopes  
and prayers."

"I trust I shall never do that, mother."  
"But she must remember, Ezra, how  
powerful an influence the wife exerts  
over her husband."  
"Mother, are you very much set  
against Evelyn Calverly?"

Friend Mary hesitated for a moment.  
"I think it would break my heart,  
Ezra," she answered, "if they were to  
wed with a daughter of Heb, like E-  
veline."

"Then that settles the question," said  
Ezra quickly. "You have done every-  
thing for me, mother. I was homeless,  
homeless, friendless, when you took me  
in and cared for me, and I should be an  
ingrate indeed to turn against you."  
"Wishes now. But mother, let me go  
away for awhile. Let me go to Uncle  
Aaron, out in Montana, until I get  
over this."

Friend Mary lifted her tender blue  
eyes with a pitying light to his face.  
"Is it so hard with thee as that, my  
son?" said she. "Oh, I am sorry! I—  
I could almost find it in my heart—"  
"Although," he interrupted with a  
sigh, "I am not by any means so  
certain that Evelyn would have me,  
even if I asked her. Gerald Winthrop  
is going there a good deal of late."

"Yes," quietly spoke Friend Mary,  
"who by this time had patted her white,  
firm, young face in the shade of the  
blue eyes, and she said, 'I should be an  
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"Is it so hard with thee as that, my  
son?" said she. "Oh, I am sorry! I—  
I could almost find it in my heart—"  
"Although," he interrupted with a  
sigh, "I am not by any means so  
certain that Evelyn would have me,  
even if I asked her. Gerald Winthrop  
is going there a good deal of late."

"Yes," quietly spoke Friend Mary,  
"who by this time had patted her white,  
firm, young face in the shade of the  
blue eyes, and she said, 'I should be an  
ingrate indeed to turn against you.'"  
"Wishes now. But mother, let me go  
away for awhile. Let me go to Uncle  
Aaron, out in Montana, until I get  
over this."

## Selected Literature.

**THE WINNING TICKET.**

"I hardly think, Ezra, that she would  
suit you for a wife."  
Friend Mary Minton stood at the  
kitchen table, looking at the bread, a  
snappy cap surrounding her head, a white  
apron tied around her ample waist. At  
sixty-six her color was as fresh as that  
of a girl, her eyes blue as the blue  
heavens above.

Ezra, her adopted son—Friend Minton  
was brought in a basket of roses, the  
very last in the corner bin of the  
barn cellar. He had leaned against the  
kitchen window, playing nervously with  
the big velvet leaves of the monster  
fish geranium that blossomed there. He  
was a tall, thin young fellow, with  
clear, brown eyes, a fresh com-  
plexion and hair that grew in a curly  
mat all over his head. Friend Mary's  
glance softened as she looked at him.  
It was evident that he was the very  
apple of her eye.

"Why not, mother? said he. 'I know  
the village gossip don't like the Calver-  
ly family, but you're not one of the  
gossiping kind.'"  
"She's very young, Ezra, and I should be  
very glad to see her," said Mary, and  
very pretty.

"Oh, if you will, then, I'll—"  
"Wait a minute, Ezra; there has not  
been heard of her. I regret deeply that  
of getting to live with friend War-  
burton, the minister's wife, she has pre-  
ferred to enter the factory, where there  
are so many giddy girls and careless  
young men."

"But the pay was so much better,  
mother."  
"Man doth not live by bread alone,"  
caustically answered Friend Mary.  
"There has been carefully brought up,  
Ezra. There must be something right  
and seemly in the way of matrimony.  
Thy father and I would break our hearts  
if we went wrong after all our hopes  
and prayers."

"I trust I shall never do that, mother."  
"But she must remember, Ezra, how  
powerful an influence the wife exerts  
over her husband."  
"Mother, are you very much set  
against Evelyn Calverly?"

Friend Mary hesitated for a moment.  
"I think it would break my heart,  
Ezra," she answered, "if they were to  
wed with a daughter of Heb, like E-  
veline."

"Then that settles the question," said  
Ezra quickly. "You have done every-  
thing for me, mother. I was homeless,  
homeless, friendless, when you took me  
in and cared for me, and I should be an  
ingrate indeed to turn against you."  
"Wishes now. But mother, let me go  
away for awhile. Let me go to Uncle  
Aaron, out in Montana, until I get  
over this."

Friend Mary lifted her tender blue  
eyes with a pitying light to his face.  
"Is it so hard with thee as that, my  
son?" said she. "Oh, I am sorry! I—  
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