

# The Union Advocate.

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W. C. ANSLOW

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Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, September 11, 1889.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WHOLE No. 1140.

## 1889. FALL ARRIVALS 1889.

8 CASES, 2 BALES.

New Fall Goods, part of my Fall Importation are now ready for inspection. Grey and White Cottons, Flannels all colors, Grey and White Blankets, Camp Blanketing, White and Unbleached Swansdowns, Colored do, Turkey Red Cottons, Jeans, Lining Cottons, Dress Goods: Wool Shawls, Ladies Vests, Collars and Cuffs, Ribbons, Laces, New Fall Hats, Corsets, Mens Underwear, Homespuns, Tweeds, Cardigans, Guernseys, Top Shirts, Smallwares. Making a complete assortment in nearly every Department.

**B. FAIREY,**  
Newcastle.

Newcastle, September 2nd, 1889.

P. S. All Goods will be marked in Plain Figures from this date, no Second Price, same price to everyone man, woman, or child.

**B. FAIREY,**  
Newcastle.

Law and Collection Office

**M. ADAMS,**

Barriester & Attorney at Law.

Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.

Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.

Claims collected in all parts of 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,**

Barriester & Attorney at Law

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

RICHMOND, N. B.

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 4, 1885.

**O. J. MACCULLY, M.A., M.D.,**

Home, 107, COL. ST., LONDON.

SPECIAL AT.

DISPENSER OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.

(S. C. C. Waterland and Main, St. Louis, Mo.)

Moncton, Nov. 12, 86.

**Charles J. Thomson,**

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

Barriester, Proctor for Estates.

Notary Public, &c.

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

OFFICE.

Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

**Dr. R. Nicholson,**

Office and Residence,

McCULLAN ST., NEWCASTLE.

Jan. 22, 1889.

**Dr. W. A. Ferguson,**

Office up stairs in SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN'S building, Residence Water Street.

Newcastle March 12, 1889.

**Dr. H. A. FISH,**

Newcastle, N. B.

March 20, 89.

**KEARY HOUSE**

(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL.)

BATHURST, N. B.

**THOS. P. KEARY, Proprietor**

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and furnished throughout. Stage connects with trains. Laundry connected with the Hotel. Bathing facilities. Some of the best food and service in this city. Excellent all water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for commercial men.

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



**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**  
**Florida Water.**

The Universal Perfume.

"I Heartily Recommend

Putner's Emulsion to all

who are suffering from

affections of the throat and

Lungs and I am certain

that for wasting diseases

nothing is superior to it

can be obtained."

"I have been suffering from Pulmonary Diseases for the last five years. About two years ago, during a severe period of my illness, I was advised by my physician to try Putner's Emulsion. I did so with the most gratifying results. My cough diminished, my appetite improved, I added several pounds to my weight in a short time and began to recover strength. This process continued until life which had been a misery to me became once more a pleasure. Since then, Putner's Emulsion has been my only medicine. As one who has fully tested its worth, I heartily recommend it to all who are suffering from affections of the Lungs and Throat, and I am certain that for any form of Wasting Diseases nothing superior can be obtained."

ROSE R. J. EMMERSON.

Sackville, N. B., Aug. 18, '89.

**BROWN BROS. & CO.**

Chemists, Halifax, N. S.

The University of

Mount Allison College,

SACKVILLE, N. B.

James R. Inch, LL. D., President.

THE University of Mount Allison College, with its associated institutions, including the Mount Allison Academy, constitutes one of the most extensive, complete and thorough educational establishments in the Dominion of Canada. Students may enter either as regular students or as students of the College of Arts and Sciences. Women are admitted to College Courses and Degrees on the same conditions as the Students of the other sex. The domestic and social arrangements are pleasant, and the expenses moderate.

The first term of the Collegiate Year 1889-90 begins on the 29th of August and the 2nd term on the 2nd of January, 1890.

For further particulars address the President for a Calendar.

Sackville, Aug. 1st, 1889. 3m.

**THIS YEAR'S**

**MYRTLE**

**CUT AND PLUG**

**SMOKING TOBACCO**

**FINER THAN EVER.**

See

**T & B**

In Bronze on

Each PLUG and PACKAGE.

**STEY'S YOUR**

**BLOOD**

and what you do not desire.

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## Selected Literature.

A HARD CASE.

CHAPTER I.

'Yes, dear reader, a very hard case.

Everybody said so and everybody keeps saying so. There can be no reasonable doubt on the subject. So if you try to be patient and charitable and all that sort of thing, I'll tell you something about it. You see, I am just dying to tell somebody, so I'll just rattle you off a few lines over the fire, and while it rains, and rain outside enough to fret a saint, I'll talk it all over with you. Well, to begin: I am the hard case. I, Belle Hardy, aged nineteen and a half, well born, well educated and well disciplined generally. I am a very pretty girl. I may say uncommonly pretty. There! I see your eyebrows go up and I know the cause. You are shocked, of course, because I say I am pretty. The difference between other pretty girls and myself is that I am honest enough to declare what I know so well. Haven't people been telling me so always? Don't I see myself in the glass a dozen times a day? Aye, and don't I see it in other people's eyes every time I walk in the streets? Why, I know it well. Of course, I know it well. I've got a pretty figure, too, and such a pretty foot, and oh, me! these two pretty feet do walk me into such a lot of trouble!

We are living in the South—in Florida, papa and mamma and I. We had a lovely home there—not a stately home, but a bird's nest of a place, all flowers and shade and quiet and fragrance, and besides this, almost too many alligators and snakes, all things considered. I was the only child about, and it goes without saying that I was Queen Bee and 'ruled the roost.' My dear old mamma mamma said I was the best child in the world, and mamma said just as often that I was the worst. (There will be such little differences of opinion in the most harmonious families.) My papa was an old man, with snowy hair and feeble step, even in my first recollection of him, and people were always mistaking my pretty, youthful mother for his daughter.

One hot day I remember nurse took me over to the Bannette Plantation, a few days. I was then about ten years old. Well, we stayed a week there, and I was very happy playing with the Bannette children, and then we went back home, and there was my mamma in a black dress, looking sad enough, and she told me my poor papa was dead and buried, and that she had only me to love now. After this it was teachers and lessons, lessons and teachers, all the time. Generally these (the teachers, I mean) came from New England and were very nice and kind and faithful with me, but one was a hard case, and my mamma mamma had hated him all accordingly. One day, when I was about eighteen, I had been all the morning on the lake with Carlos (Carlos Halesen was one of our neighbors, and a handsome, graceful crook he was too). He had just asked me to marry him, and I had told him, 'maybe I would and maybe I wouldn't,' I'd see about it—so I had just come in and found a tall, rhy, long faced man sitting with mamma. He looked at me awfully hard, with his eyes half closed, and she said:

'Oh, Louis! Don't you remember Belle?'

He said (graciously! what a gruff one he was to be sure):

'No; how could I, when she was only seven when I saw her last?'

He really looked as if he was angry with mamma for asking the question.

'How do, Uncle Louis? I said.

'H'm, she's as independent as a wood-sawyer,' he remarked very pleasantly, 'and just like she was ten years ago.'

'Yes, that's her way, Louis. I am afraid she is a little too independent.'

'Seems so indeed.'

'But she's grown up pretty?'

'Too much hair. I don't like redundancy, you know, Kate. I like a girl with a cool eye—her's ain't.'

'No, I am afraid her's ain't.'

'Mamma, I said, 'if you and Uncle Louis are quite through interviewing me, I'll go up and take off my bonnet.'

'Very well, dear, go along, if you like, you'll find us both in here when you come down.'

'No, I won't either, I thought, as I slipped out at the back door and went over to mamma's cabin to tell her that my Uncle Louis, whom I hated, had come—we both knew he was expected—to take mamma and me to live with him in his dismal, hateful, stupid, brick and mortar house in that far-off New York, where it snowed from year's end to year's end, and where the people's hearts were as cold as the climate.

You see, dear reader, you needn't mention it, but I had never been farther from the plantation in my life than St. Augustine one way and Savannah the other.

Sure enough the plantation was sold and all our pretty furniture and every thing, and we came here to New York to

live, and I'd no sooner gotten here than I fell in love with New York, and have been faithful to this sentiment ever since. We have lived with Uncle Louis in his bachelor home all this time. Mamma says Uncle Louis is a good man, and is a father to me, and I suppose she knows; but, dear reader, I'll tell you in strict confidence the Bible says 'it is not good for man to live alone,' and Uncle Louis has been trying it fifty-seven years, and oh! ye gods and little fishes, how he has soured on it. You see, the trouble is he cannot let me alone.

'Belle, are you going out again?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What for?'

'(Now it just riles me for people to ask questions.)'

'What for, I say?'

'Mamma wants some thread and I want a walk, and I'm going for it.'

Stepping back to the sitting room door, he says:

'Kate, why do you send Belle out shopping? She is in the streets earlier too much. I'll get the thread. Call her back.'

As he closes the front door, mamma, who always obeys literally, says:

'Come back, Belle; your uncle will get the thread.'

'Very well; let him get the thread.'

This I say as I watch his back going up one square, and then ran off the other way.

He would stop me anywhere and at any time, just to have a few cross words. One day on the stairway he says:

'Belle?'

'You are staidly young.'

'Then after a moment—'

'Have you nothing to say? I repeat it—you are staidly young.'

'Not a syllable.'

'Ah! You're a hard case—you are.'

'Late in the evening mamma and I were in the sitting room, very quiet and comfortable, when he comes in looking black enough. It is evening, and he hates snow.'

'Where's my paper! Where's this morning's World?'

'My heart jumps into my mouth. I knew where his World was, but how could I tell him?'

'Haven't you read your World to-day, Uncle Louis? I ask, trying to get time.'

'Yes, but there's something in it that I want to see, and I must have it, and I will have it. You know where it is. I see you do. Tell it—tell it.'

'Oh, my gracious! how he glared, and at about a pitiful morning paper already stale and old.'

'Do you know where it is? he asks, leaning towards me with such a scowl.'

'Yes, I know.'

'Then where?'

'I have got it on this very moment for you. There? I said.'

'Well, after what followed, I felt that I never could again engage the World in another bustle on my own account.'

CHAPTER II.

Now, I don't literally love work; of course I don't, but I'm not lazy. So I do whatever I have to do, and then I consider my time my own; but you see, mamma cannot understand this. I like a brisk walk up and down Broadway on the sunny afternoons. I love to watch the people—all possible sorts and sizes—and the shop windows in their tempting array, and (now don't even tell this, dear reader, I don't mind having the dudes look at me with most evident admiration and say under their breath, but quite loud enough for me to hear, 'Very pretty girl, too; and I love to walk on as if I didn't hear and have the same thing repeated half a dozen times within the hour. I suppose all of this is very wrong, very wrong, but as I am a 'hard case' I'm bound to do wrong. Of course mamma don't know all this, but she suspects that I set a proper value on my looks, and so she tries to be what is called 'very particular' with me. You see, she thinks she must go through a certain formula every time I go out alone, thus:

'Belle, dear, don't look at the men. Hear?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'And don't let the men look at you!'

'No, ma'am.'

'I wouldn't walk by the Fifth Avenue Hotel.'

'No, ma'am.'

'Nor Delmonico's.'

'Nor the club house.'

'No, ma'am.'

'And, Belle, my darling, do get back early. You know your uncle will fret so.'

'Yes, ma'am.'

We go through this little entertainment every time, and go through it much as gapping irreverent sinners go through the grand ritual, and with as little interest in its meaning.

One day—it was on Thursday, I remember—I had been having a tremendous tilt with Uncle Louis, and was feeling more like a 'very hard case' than usual. I was walking down Broadway and had stopped to cross at Madison Square. But it was a hard thing to do. The cars, carriages, vans, hansom cabs and buses kept coming. Finally despairing of an opening, I determined to start anyway and risk getting caught be-

tween wheels. A very foolish thing to do, of course, but I suppose a 'hard case' would naturally be expected to do a foolish thing. So I started, but in five seconds, feeling the warm breath of a pair of fiery horses in my face, my poor cowardly heart forgot to keep beating. I felt giddy and sick, and then—then streets and houses and people, all seemed to fall into a big heap together, and the 'subsequent proceedings' interested me no more! somehow, for I have never been able to recall them, only a little later—it might have been ten hours or ten minutes—I found myself sitting on a bench in Madison Square, leaning back against a tree, and a man—a rather large middle aged man—with glasses on, was sitting close by me, holding my hands, and as I look at him, he says:

'Better now, ain't you? and I say, Oh, yes!'

But my hands are trembling and I feel a little sick still.

'That was a foolish, thoughtless thing to do, you know,' he goes on; 'being thoughtless, you've had a narrow escape. I knew you'd do it sooner or later.'

I could feel the red blood come rushing into my cheeks when he said this, because I knew so well what would inevitably follow.

'Yes, I know you'd do it sooner or later. Every afternoon you will cross there in the most crowded place, and I knew you wouldn't always make a safe trip. I have seen you cross fifteen times—the sixteenth came perilously near being the last.'

And didn't I know it all! Hadn't I seen him in the very same place watching me, following me up and down with his eyes day after day—such handsome, soft, gray eyes, too.

He wasn't a dude—no, indeed!—nor was he very young—thirty-five, perhaps forty—but in the crowded street there was not another face like his.

'Why do you always walk alone? he asks.

'Because I don't know anybody here in New York.'

'You're no father! No brother?'

'None.'

'Are you alone in the world?'

'Oh, no—I've mamma at home and Uncle Louis.'

'What would 'Uncle Louis' think of this afternoon's escapade?'

'He'd scold most awfully. I tremble to think of it.'

'Is he—he is he cross?'

'Excessively.'

He laughed a little at this, and then looking very grave, said:

'Promise me you won't do that again.'

'What, cross over there?'

'Yes, or in any other such place?'

'Oh, I don't like to make promises. I never did.'

'Child—child!' he says, 'you know you run across there to show your little feet.'

'Well, they are pretty, and most of the feet about here ain't you know?'

'True, very true; but what value would they have if you had











