

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. C. ANSLAW

Vol. XXVII.—No. 50.

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Newcastle, Wednesday, September 19, 1894.

Whole No. 1402

**Law & Collectors Office.**  
**Charles J. Thomson.**

**Collector & Notary Public.**  
Solicitor for Bank Nova Scotia.  
Trade for Estates.  
**Offices Newcastle and Bathurst, N. B.**

**O. J. MacCULLY, M. A. M. D.**  
Vemb. BOT. COS. SERG., LONDON.  
SPECIALIST.  
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.  
Office: 100, Westmorland and Main Street, Moncton, Nov. 12, 1894.

**W. A. Wilson, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
DERBY, N. B.  
Duty Nov. 5, 1892.

**J. R. LAWLOR,**  
Auctioneer and Commission  
merchant.  
Newcastle, New Brunswick.

Prompt returns made on consignments of  
merchandise. Auctioneers attended to in town  
and country.

**REDUCED PRICES.**  
I have on hand a lot of  
Boots and Shoes, including long  
boots and other goods, all of  
which I will sell at reduced prices  
to clear.

**Wm. Masson.**  
Newcastle, March 28, 1893.

**Waverley Hotel.**  
The Subscriber has thoroughly fitted up and  
newly furnished the rooms of the well known  
Waverley Hotel, Newcastle, and is prepared to  
receive and accommodate transient guests. A  
good table and pleasant rooms provided.  
Samples rooms if required.  
J. B. Green's team call attend all trains  
and boats in connection with this house.  
**John McKee.**  
Newcastle, March 28, 1893.

**CANADA HOUSE**  
CLIFTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.  
Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.  
CONVENIENT for Access  
Good Sample rooms for  
Commercial Travellers.

**Clifton House.**  
Princes street, Clifton, N. B.  
Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

**A. N. Peters, Prop'r.**  
Headed by Steam throughout. Prompt at-  
tention to all mercantile changes. Telephone  
communication with all parts of the city.  
April 10, 1892.

**The Derby House,**  
NEWCASTLE, N. B.  
(Formerly Mitchell House.)  
Hotels have been rented and newly fur-  
nished. Every attention paid to the comfort  
of the guests.

**Simple Room Free.**  
Rooms \$1.25 per day.  
**P. Leighton.**  
15 Newcastle, March 28, 1893.

**PROPERTY FOR SALE.**  
The Church, warden and vestry of St.  
Andrew's Church, Newcastle.  
Offer for sale  
the building and premises now occupied by  
the Rev. Mr. J. B. Sweet, also  
the Glebe Lands  
situated at Hurlingham.  
For further particulars apply to the Rectory,  
or to the writer, Mr. J. B. Sweet.

**E. Lee Street.**  
Newcastle, N. B.  
Sept. 18, 1894.

**Properties for Sale**  
—AT—  
**DALHOUSIE.**  
A lot of land 50x200 feet, and comprising  
a small house, situated near Port  
Hastings, and commanding a  
fine view of the Bay of Fundy.  
Apply to the writer, Mr. J. B. Sweet.

**Robert M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Newcastle, N. B.  
Office: 100, Westmorland and Main Street, Moncton, Nov. 12, 1894.

**Fashionable Tailoring**  
**Establishment.**

"Where did you get that  
**FINE SUIT OF CLOTHES?**"  
**"At McLeod's."**

Our spring stock is now in, all the new  
and the best in the market.  
We are ready to make up in first class  
style and at moderate prices.  
A few Choice Lines for Ladies' Coste and  
Suits—which we make up in the latest styles  
and at low prices and be satisfied.

—Next door to—  
**BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA.**  
Carter's Block.  
**SIMON MCLEOD.**  
Newcastle, March 9, 1894.

**TAILORING**  
I wish to remind my patrons and the public  
generally that I am still  
at the old stand over Messrs. Sutherland and  
Trentham's Store. I have a fine  
LINE OF SAMPLES  
of select from Parties furnishing their own  
clothes can have them made to order.

**GOOD STYLE**  
and Cheaper than elsewhere. Perfect Satisfac-  
tion has been given in the past and I can  
guarantee the same in the future.  
J. R. McDONALD.  
Newcastle Sept. 1892.

**Sash and Door Factory.**  
The subscriber is prepared to supply from  
his sash factory in Newcastle,  
**Window Sashes and Frames,**  
**Glazed or Unglazed,**  
**Doors and Door Frames,**  
**Mouldings**  
of all descriptions. Flooring, planed and  
matched. All work performed at reasonable  
prices. Persons requiring or desiring that  
promises shall see what I have to  
offer.

**H. C. Niven.**  
Newcastle, June 25, 1894.

**BARGAINS.**  
As I am about to make a complete change  
in my stock, I am offering my well selected  
stock of  
**GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,**  
**ETC.**  
at cost to clear them out. My intention is to  
confine my business in future to  
**Boots and Shoes.**

and purchases can get bargains.  
My present stock of boots and shoes, I am  
offering at great reductions to clear them out  
before the new stock comes in.  
Also on hand \$800 worth of single and  
double driving and working harness, and fifty  
horse collars, all of which I offer at cost.

**E. HICKEY.**  
Newcastle, July 2, 1894.

**CLOCKS.**  
A new Stock and  
Great Values.  
An Extra Day Clock  
Strikes the Hours and Half  
Hours on a Cathedral Gong  
**ONLY \$5.50.**  
**Cabinets Only**  
**\$7.00**  
**CALL AND INSPECT.**  
**H. Williston & Co.**  
Newcastle June 18, 1894.

**Intercolonial Rly.**  
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.  
On and after Monday the 25th June, 1894,  
the train of this railway will run daily  
(Sunday excepted) as follows:

**Will leave Newcastle,**  
Through express for St. John, Halifax  
and Pictou, (Monday excepted) 2.55  
John 10.35  
Accommodation for Moncton and St. John  
12.10  
Through express for Pictou, Halifax  
and Moncton, (Monday excepted) 12.15  
Through express for Quebec, Montreal  
and St. John, (Monday excepted) 12.25  
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

**D. POTTINGER,**  
General Manager.  
Moncton, N. B., 20th June, 1894.

**Toilet Requisites.**  
Just call at  
**STREET'S DRUG**  
**STORE**  
and see the fine assortment of  
**Hair Brushes,**  
**Tooth Brushes,**  
**Nail Brushes,**  
**Combs, Toilet Soaps,**  
**Toilet Powder,**  
**Complexion Powder,**  
**Tooth Powder,**  
**Violet Powder,**  
**Smelling Salts,**  
**Sachet Powder**  
as well as many other toilet articles.  
**Newcastle Drug Store.**  
Newcastle, May 19, 1894.

**THE NEW BRUNSWICK**  
**Royal Art Union**  
**LIMITED,**  
Of the Province of  
**NEW BRUNSWICK.**  
**CAPITAL STOCK \$150,000.**

**Incorporated to Promote Art.**  
This Company will distribute among its  
members, on the  
**15TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, '94,**  
3432 Works of Art, representing in value  
\$80,115. Every subscriber has an equal  
chance.

The Grand Prize is a Group of Works of Art  
valued at \$15,720. Subscribers tickets for  
sale at the New Brunswick Royal Art Union  
Gallery in St. John, N. B. Price \$1.00 each.  
In addition to the monthly chance of winning  
a valuable prize, the holder of 12 consecutive  
monthly subscription tickets, will receive an  
original Work of Art, by such artists as  
Thos. Moran, N. A. Wm. H. Shute and others.  
Send money for subscriptions by registered  
letter, money order, bank cheque or draft to  
the Secretary.

**THE NEW BRUNSWICK**  
**ROYAL ART UNION, LTD.**  
St. John, N. B.  
Circulars and full information sent free  
or can be had on application at the galleries  
of the Co. 60 & 62 Prince William St., St.  
John.

**AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.**  
Circulars and full information sent free  
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John.

**SINGING OF THE WONDROUS**  
**NERVE FOOD**  
The Great South American Nerve  
Food.  
This remedy is prepared by one of the most  
eminent specialists of the age, who has  
absolutely proven that two-thirds of all dis-  
eases are caused by deranged nerve centres  
at the base of the brain, which supply the  
different organs of the body with nerve force.  
As all varied in physiology know, the stom-  
ach, heart, lungs, liver and in fact all internal  
organs, are connected with the nerve centres  
within or at the base of the brain by means of  
nerves. If these nerves are deranged, the differ-  
ent organs of the body will be affected, and  
the result will be a general derangement of the  
system. The Nerve Food is a powerful  
stimulant to the nerve centres, and it will  
reflect through these small nerves to the differ-  
ent organs of the body, which they supply with  
nerve force, and thus produce a healthy and  
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**E. HICKEY.**  
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**Selected Literature.**

**COLLARS AND CUFFS.**  
BY KATHERINE GRACE HUBBERT.  
HUBBERT, MICH.  
Bert Trueman was leaning over the  
gate watching for his father. It had  
been warm for September, and he knew  
his father would be very tired after the  
long day in the close, dismal little office  
where he was book-keeper. Any one  
could have told in an instant that the  
boy had something to tell, for his face  
was full of suppressed excitement and he  
alternately whistled and sang and  
drummed on the gate post.

"Oh! there is father now," and away  
went Bert down the road, as nearly on  
run as the dignity of his nineteen years  
will allow.  
"Well, father?"  
"Well, Bert," with a downward in-  
clination that told of weariness.  
Bert turned back with his father, and  
full of news that he did not know where to  
begin. Then it came with a burst.  
"What do you think, father? I had  
a letter today from Mr. Crandall in  
Moncton. I wrote to him two weeks  
ago, but I'd given up hearing from him  
—about a place in his store, and he'll  
take me as an assistant book-keeper at forty  
dollars a month."

"Well, Bert! That's good—that's  
good! Only—don't like to have you go  
away from home. I don't know."  
"Father! It's a good deal better to  
let me go. There's nothing to do here,  
and I must get to work. I can just im-  
agine what people say about my staying  
here, doing nothing. Of course that  
ought not to make any difference," as his  
father's brow darkened "but you know  
I can't always stay, and it would be such  
a help to me."

"Yes, I know. But forty dollars isn't  
such a fortune that you can save much  
money. We'll talk it over after supper."  
"But—"  
"After supper," Bert, after supper.  
The store-teasing hurry about it.

As father and son entered the cosy  
sitting room, Mrs. Trueman looked up  
with a quick, inquiring glance.  
"Yes," answered Mr. Trueman, "Bert  
has told me, but we've put off discuss-  
ing it until after supper, and he's waiting  
at the door in the big chair by the  
window."

"Yes, that is better. Here is the evening  
paper. Louie, get your father's glass of  
water. Then, as she saw Bert's  
restlessness and impatience, she glanced  
quickly around as if to make sure that  
nothing was going on, and then she said,  
"Bert, won't you go down to  
Price's for a book and get a yard more of  
this cloth?"

"All right—there'll be time before  
supper if you wait."  
A silence fell upon them. Mr. Trueman  
quickly around as if to make sure that  
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**THE MARVELS OF WOOD PULP.**

(Washington Star.)  
"It would be a wise oracle, indeed,  
who could tell when the wonders of  
wood pulp would cease," said F. A. Perry  
of Bangor, recently. "Of course it is  
well known that the paper upon which  
all the newspapers of America are printed  
is manufactured from wood pulp, and  
it is also stated that pulp is made from  
the waste of the saw-mill, and that it  
is the only place of steel and paper  
machines articles now in use. Up in  
Gardner, Me., a manufactory has been  
started to make stoppers out of wood  
pulp, with the intention of replacing the  
use of cork for a similar purpose. As  
the new style of stopper can be made at  
four-fifths less cost than cork, the new  
industry will doubtless be very profitable  
as no less than \$12,000,000 a year are  
now expended in this country for cork  
stoppers alone."

**General Intelligence.**  
**CRISIS IN IRISH AFFAIRS.**  
PRECIPITATED BY THE RECEIPT OF  
GLADSTONE'S CHECK.  
NEW YORK, September 11.—(Herald)  
Frederic cables from London to the  
Times: "Bert, Mr. Parnell's death Irish  
politics have been for most people a sort  
of Serbian bog whence proceeding from  
time to time unintelligible squeaking and  
groaning, and through the obscurity of  
which vague shadows now and again may  
be seen flitting about, but no one seri-  
ously tried to follow what is going on or  
to understand what it is all about. To  
tell the truth, it has required the  
diligence of an antiquary and the sci-  
entific calm of an ethnologist to get through  
these two years of Irish chaos with any  
remaining interest in Irish affairs. At  
last, however, something has happened  
which brings this long and miserable  
confusion to a climax, and may offer to  
helpful minds a promise once more of  
solid ground under foot and day-light  
overhead. The English liberal and  
radical papers, with striking unanimity  
misunderstand the whole matter, and  
they are sincere enough in their belief  
that they are friends of Ireland, but a  
change of sentiment unhappily does not  
necessarily involve a change of brains  
and their affectionate stupidity about  
Ireland is almost as expensively as their  
former wrathful misrepresentations  
were. To them too earthly reason is  
apparently why Gladstone's cheque,  
Twelvemonth's cheque and every other  
rich English liberal's cheque should not  
be pocketed with thanks, and all this  
hubbub in Ireland about it is to the  
quite unintelligible. In their bewilder-  
ment they fall back on the explanation  
which has served them so often before,  
and lay it to the natural stupidity of  
Tim Healy. To-day's Speaker, for in-  
stance, which is pre-eminently a  
ministerial organ, arranges him in the  
inherent badness in phrases which ac-  
tually need only a little reasoning to re-  
produce some of the lofty scolding  
administered by Parnell or Montjoy to  
the Munster men of Elizabeth's time.  
What passes in the estimation of these  
pundit London gentlemen for a mere  
chronic fact of faction (equally it is in  
Ireland rightly considered as an episode  
of vital importance. Nothing of equal  
significance has happened since Parnell's  
death, and, perhaps, hardly that had  
such deep effect on the movement to ob-  
tain self-government for Ireland. What  
has happened is this: The rhetorician,  
otherwise the brawler, the Dillon and  
O'Brien majority on the Irish parliamen-  
tary committee, having compassed their  
passionate desire to have  
the rope whirled in their hands, they  
have been using their control of the par-  
liamentary fund to bind to their faction  
all the weak-kneed and poorer members  
of the party. Without plenty of money  
in this fund they could not hope to hold  
their own against the popular nationalist  
feeling in constituencies which are strong-  
ly hostile to them, and when they stop-  
ped the Irish contributions they conceived  
the idea of raising this money from the  
English liberals. A meeting was  
accordingly held August 8th, at the  
Westminster palace hotel, to which, be-  
sides the Irish in London, English  
members and ex-members were invited.  
Several of the latter attended; T. F.  
O'Connor presided. Dillon also spoke.  
Both affirmed the inability of the Irish  
members to raise sufficient funds for the  
Irish party and the necessity of appeal-  
ing to their English friends. The  
proposition that a circular to this effect  
be sent out, was reserved by the  
executive committee for action. They  
directed the circular to be drawn up  
and sent, and this was done on the 12th.  
This circular, bearing the names of

Five years after that, Bert and Mr.  
Crandall had a quiet conversation in the  
course of which Mr. Crandall offered  
him a junior partnership, saying that  
he never could have won it had it not  
been for his strict attention to business  
and nothing else.  
Bert was quietly happy over it. But  
he sat long that night thinking of the  
time when he ceased being "just a boy."

He knows he has found better things  
but that time was such a gay, happy  
one; and he hopes that it may be that  
on the other side he can have that year  
again.

He looked at the list of necessities  
with a troubled face. "If I was only a  
Pejeee Islander, and didn't have to  
wear collars and cuffs and neck ties," he  
thought, "I could do it. Three dollars  
and a half just for their washing and  
new ones this month. That would just  
help out. Carver wears those awful  
flannel things in the store, and they are  
all very well, but I go out to much," he  
smiled complacently—"that it wouldn't  
be any saving." He occurred to him that  
moment that he might save by not going,  
but certainly that was a foolish, quixotic  
idea. Give up this delightful new social  
life? Why, it helped him in his busi-  
ness future! No, it was not to be  
thought of. But it was the night of  
it. He turned into the office the next  
day. Several times he roused himself from  
a reverie. He was imagining that  
Mr. Crandall had called him into his  
private office, and was telling him how  
much more his services were worth than  
he had expected, and that in the  
future his salary would be fifty dollars.  
He could see Effie's delight at the  
money he should send her. Yes, he  
would make it fifteen dollars, now.  
He would only keep for himself what  
was absolutely necessary. But he was  
suddenly brought back to stern reality by  
a sharp call from Mr. Crandall.

"Your wife must be wool-gathering,"  
Trueman. This is the third time I have  
spoken to you."

No, there was no hope of a raise yet.  
As he left the office at his going, he  
saw that pretty Alice Thorne not far  
ahead of him. Her bright talk would  
make him forget this vexing question  
for a little while. In a moment he had  
reached her side.

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Trueman?" she  
said, looking up at him with a smile.  
"You are just the person to consult. Kate  
and I are going to give a party next  
week and we want to have something  
perfectly new and original in the way of  
entertainment. Of course we count on  
you as one of the guests and also want  
your counsel."

Here it was again. This time the  
question had come to an issue.  
"Thank you," he said slowly. Then he  
went on rather loudly, I am very sorry,  
but I can't come."

"Oh, that is too bad! Why, I hadn't  
thought of anyone's having engagements  
so far ahead."

"I haven't an engagement, but—"

"Oh, I understand!" she said with  
cold haste. "I must stop here. Good  
afternoon."

He looked after her in bewilderment.  
Then light dawned on him. How could  
she have supposed that he didn't care for  
her?

"Just like a girl—always jumping to  
conclusions!" he muttered angrily. Very  
likely everyone else











