

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW,

VOL. XX.—No. 25.

Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, April 6, 1887.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Whole No. 1013.

## DON'T FORGET.

B. FAIREY, proprietor of the popular DRY GOODS and FURNITURE STORE.

### HAS REMOVED HIS STOCK

to Store lately occupied by Mr. George Stables (Hay's Building). He will be pleased to see all his friends and customers, who so kindly patronized him at the Old Stand, as well as all others who wish to see and examine.

### A Well Assorted Stock at Low Prices.

My Stock is the largest and best I have ever shown. My prices are second to none. My Goods are new, cheap and good.

### NEW MILLINERY.

TWO CASES SPRING HATS FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

ALSO FEATHERS, FLOWERS, etc., etc.

### NEW DRY GOODS.

Ladies Collars and Cuffs, Prints, Cambrics, Italianes, Seersuckers, Brilliants, Ribbons, Men's White and Regatta Shirts.

### CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

—all widths, Gloves, Hosiery, making My Stock the most complete in the country.

WHITE COTTONS, special, at 6 cents per yard up, GREY COTTONS, 27 in. 4 cents, 35 in. 5 cents, MY 36 in. GREY COTTON at 6 cents is the best value in town, GREY SHEETING, WHITE PILLOW COTTONS, etc.

Agent for Evans & Brother, London.

### PIANOS.

A very fine instrument, written guarantee with every instrument. I have received one of the upright Pianos which I shall be pleased to show to intending purchasers.

B. FAIREY,  
Hay's Building, Newcastle.

### Law and Collection Office

M. ADAMS,

Barrister & Attorney at Law,

Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.

Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.

CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Dominion.

Office: NEWCASTLE, N.B.

PHOENIX Fire Insurance Co.,

OF LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1762.

LOSSES PAID over \$75,000,000.

INSURANCES EFFECTED at REASONABLE RATES.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

W. A. PARK, - Agent.

Newcastle, 10th Dec. 1886.

L. J. TWEDIE,

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, 1886.

WILLIAM MURRAY,

Barrister & Attorney at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

OFFICE: MURRAY'S BUILDING,

WATER STREET.

May 1, 1886.

J. D. PHINNEY,

Barrister & Attorney at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,

RICHTBUCTO, N. B.

OFFICE: COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 8, 1886.

GEO. 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.

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.

Feb. 1885.

O. J. MacCULLY, M.A., M.D.,

Member, ROY. COL. SURG., LONDON,

SPECIALIST,

DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,

Office: Old Church and Main St., Moncton.

Moncton, Nov. 12, '86.

### DR. McDONALD,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE

Corner Duke and St. John Street;

Opposite Canada House.

CHATHAM, N. B.

Chatham June 8, 1881.

DR. T. W. POMROY,

235-5 YVESANT 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, 1883.

JOHN HOPKINS,

DEALER IN

ALL KINDS OF

MEATS AND VEGETABLES

IN SEASON.

OUR MEAT, 5th Case, 60c.

186 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN.

Oct. 27, 1886.

CANADA HOUSE.

Chatham, New Brunswick.

WM. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first-class Hotel and travellers will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat landing and Telegraph and Post Office.

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

for Commercial Travellers and Stabling on the premises.

Oct. 12, 1885.

GARD OF THANKS.

The Subscriber wishes to return his sincere thanks to the travelling public and others for their patronage during the past ten years. He now wishes to announce that he has sold out his business and good will of the Wilbur House to Mr. F. P. Keary, and trusts that the patronage formerly given to him will be continued to his successor.

J. H. WILBUR,

Bathurst, Sept. 25th, 1886.

KEARY HOUSE

(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL).

BATHURST, N. B.

THOS. F. KEARY - Proprietor.

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and furnished throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Livery connected with the Hotel.

Yachting Facilities. Some of the best trout and salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent salt water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for commercial use.

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

Bathurst, Oct. 1, '86.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

GEO. McWERNY, CEO. D. FUCH,

PROPRIETORS.

Clifton House,

Princess and 143 Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention to moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.

April 20, '85.

## AYER'S PILLS.

If the Liver be Sick, the Pills will cure it. If the Stomach be Sick, the Pills will cure it. If the Bowels be Sick, the Pills will cure it. If the Blood be Sick, the Pills will cure it. If the Skin be Sick, the Pills will cure it. If the Nerves be Sick, the Pills will cure it. If the Head be Sick, the Pills will cure it. If the Feet be Sick, the Pills will cure it. If the Hands be Sick, the Pills will cure it. If the Arms be Sick, the Pills will cure it. If the Legs be Sick, the Pills will cure it. If the Body be Sick, the Pills will cure it. If the Soul be Sick, the Pills will cure it.

### Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Indigestion, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia. —G. F. Miller, Athol, Mass.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health. —W. T. Brightley, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to regulate my bowels.

My bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Indigestion, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia. —G. F. Miller, Athol, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.

—Morrison Gates, Danville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that I was expected to die. I was troubled at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in my bowels.

I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor. —John C. Patton, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in my bowels.

I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor. —John C. Patton, Lowell, Nebraska.

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured. —Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made. —S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. It was so mild that the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.

Theodore Kelling, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.



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

ANOTHER PROOF.

In February last I took a severe cold, which settled in my back and kidneys, causing great pain.

I must just pause to say that the poor dear fellow added a good deal to the unhappiness of those miserable weeks by his own self-reproaches. He had suddenly become aware of the rather crushing fact that he had married a wife with divided denunciations of his own beastly selfishness (as he was pleased to call it) and wonder that paya could ever have been so blind as to trust me and my happiness to the keeping of a gentle pauper.

To tell the truth, I have privately thought that my respected father was only too glad to get one of his six daughters married off at any price, and perhaps thought that my lot as Charlie's wife could hardly be more precarious than it already was as sixth daughter of a half-pay major-general with no private income whatever. However, be this as it may, I was only thankful that he had never thrown any obstacle in the way of our happiness; and I at last succeeded in convincing Master Charlie that I would far rather starve with him than live in luxury without him, and after that my troubles seemed comparatively easy to bear.

Attached to the Court were two old servants whose ages were commonly reported to be something fabulous, and whose presence about the place dated far back beyond the memory of man—"man" being Charlie. For beings so ancient they were remarkably hale and vigorous; they had served Charlie's great-grandfather, and were simple enough to fancy that the honor of serving a Beaucourt far outweighed any paltry consideration as wages—which indeed they had not have enjoyed for the last twenty years—and so had clung to the Court through all its reverses, and now ruled it as Stewen, the old man, acted as butler, gardener and general factotum; while Mrs. Susan—who I suppose never had a surname, as I never had the pleasure of hearing it—was housekeeper, cook, housemaid and general domestic; for to have allowed a Beaucourt to do the lightest piece of work would, in her eyes, have been the crowning stroke of humiliation. She never wearied of telling me long tales of the splendors of departed Beaucourts—though I very often doubted if all their doings and sayings that I sometimes inquired to believe in the popular report of her age, and think she must have served the first Dame Beaucourt of them all.

This same Mrs. Susan came upon me one gloomy afternoon in November, as I stood in the picture-gallery wondering whether any of those great grand-mamas of Charlie's were ever so worried about their daily bread as I was. I had just informed them wistfully that they were a set of stammering idiots to stare down at me in that smirking, imbecile way, when I heard a step, and turning, rather startled lest my impolite remarks had brought one of them down out of her frame to avenge the insult, I saw Mrs. Susan.

"Ah, Mrs. Charles, they're a grand family, the Beaucourts," said she, nodding her grim old head at the rows of pictures, and causing thereby the border of her mob-cap to flutter in a ghastly manner.

"Were they, Mrs. Susan?" I answered calmly, not particularly affected by a fact which I had heard some fifteen times a day since I made her acquaintance.

"They are, as you are pleased to remark," she retorted, with additional grimaces.

I was rather provoked, as I had not remarked anything of the sort, and could not very well see in what the grandeur of the present Beaucourts consisted; so I said, rather mockingly—

"To be sure, Mrs. Susan! we Beaucourts of to-day are overpowered by grandeur. The only pity is, our grandeur does not appear to strike the vulgar public."

"I was speaking of the Beaucourts, Mrs. Charles," said she, with dignity; "not of those persons who are only Beaucourts by alliance."

And as this unexpected home-thrust pondered me dumb, she continued severely—

"And if they are under a cloud just now—and I must say that you should be the last person to taunt them with that, Mrs. Charles—they are a grand family still, and will hold up their heads with the proudest in the land when once the Treasure is found."

"What treasure?" I cried, forgetting in my excitement that this odious old woman had dared to say I was not a Beaucourt. But she was gone before I could stop her; and going down-stairs in high dudgeon, I found dinner ready and Charlie waiting.

Out of the dozen public rooms at the Court, we had chosen this little faded boudoir for a dining-room and drawing-room combined, partly because it was in better repair and less ghastly than the others, and partly because—oh, poverty-stricken Beaucourts!—it was small and required less fuel to warm it.

The fire-light and candle-light danced together over the damask hangings that had once been blue, and flashed on the carved furniture that was black and shiny with age; it lit up Charlie's brown moustache as he sat by the fire, and rested with a cheerful glow on the dinner-table, with its fine old damask cloth, its old-fashioned silver, and delicate old china—a bit of a modern aesthete—which he had bought for a trifle.

"The smallest chop for me dearest," I said quickly. "I am not hungry to-night, and I don't think mutton agrees with me."

Charlie looked at me with a vain attempt to deny me. "You wicked child!" said he in a voice which tried to be severe and failed utterly. "Where do you expect to go to if you tell such lies? Don't you suppose I can see through you?"—and immediately put the largest chop on my plate.

"Do you know," I said, "I am beginning to think that perhaps excursions through wet grass, and over sharp rocks, and all that sort of thing are not conducive to the preservation of one's wardrobe. I haven't a decent dress left to my trousseau; they're all gone to rags by this one, and it's doing the best it can to follow their example; while that coat and its young last, as I very well know—is more comfortable than it was, but less elegant. However, I've got comfort in these things so we have a last resource. Do you know there are warps, and cupboards and chests upstairs filled with the faded vestments of my male and female ancestors? And upon those we can fall when our present garments are no more. I assure you I am most anxious to begin. You never saw anything like the velvets and brocades!—and such lace! yellow as saffron!"

"Perhaps you might wash it clean again," suggested Monsieur Charles.

"Perhaps I might! Did anyone ever hear the like of that? How like a man! No, dear sir, I shall not wash it clean again, since its dirtiness is its special charm. Have you finished your chop? That's right, for I've something to impart which I would not tell you before lest it should spoil your appetite. Did you enjoy that chop, dear? I hope so, for I fear much it's the last you will ever eat."

Charlie laid down his knife and fork, and regarded me attentively.

"Because," I continued, "Mrs. Susan came to me this morning with those very chop off which we have just dined, and said with her usual severity, 'If you please, Mrs. Charles, Mrs. Jones has bought these, and says they're the last you'll have from him till his ill's paid, and that pretty quick.'"

## Selected Literature.

COURT BEAUCOURT'S TREASURE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

To begin with, Charlie and I married for love.

I was the youngest of six sisters, and though papa had a comfortable income, it required the whole of it to feed, clothe and educate six girls; and though we lived handsomely, we certainly lived up to the last half penny of our *revenu*, as the French say. Consequently there were not much left for marriage portions, particularly as I, though the youngest, was the first to marry; and every spare penny was required for the demands of five girls all of whom were out in society, and rather verging upon the "ere and yellow."

So I came to Charlie without a possession in the world, beyond my trousseau, with which to bless myself; while he, dear fellow, the last of all the Beaucourts, as he expressed it, "rather better than a beggar," the worldly goods with which he had endowed me consisting of the utterly neglected estate and monolithic old house of Court Beaucourt, and an income of rather more than two hundred a year.

For the first eighteen months we lived in a sort of paradise, "taking no thought," like the birds; finding quite sufficient occupation in roaming all day in the wild park, or exploring the gloomy old rooms of the Court, perfectly happy and engrossed in each other.

But at last there came a day when I awoke to the fact that people could not live on nothing, and that was about the state of our finances; also that the butcher and baker at Holme Beaucourt did not seem particularly anxious to supply us with bread and meat without remuneration—and were even so inconsistent as to hint about the payments of past debts.

I had an idea that pretty dresses and rich food, and all that sort of thing, came spontaneously; at all events I had no experience of the want of money, nor much knowledge of the world, for I was only eighteen (Charlie looking over my shoulder, remarks that I need hardly write that so contemptuously, since it all happened "only" two years ago; but I daresay I was innocent even beyond my years); and Charlie was not much better; so the awakening was a great shock, and for two or three weeks we were plunged into the deepest despair, unimpaired over the supine behavior of Charlie's guardians in never having had him taught the means whereby to earn his bread, and made ourselves altogether wretched; after which, feeling that a few weeks more of such misery would shorten our lives and consign us to an early grave—or two early graves, as Charlie more correctly expressed it—we began to grow more resigned to the inevitable, and to keep up our spirits in spite of everything—a much more easy and agreeable proceeding than yielding to despair when one is eighteen, and one's husband is twenty-three.

And here I must pause to say that the poor dear fellow added a good deal to the unhappiness of those miserable weeks by his own self-reproaches. He had suddenly become aware of the rather crushing fact that he had married a wife with divided denunciations of his own beastly selfishness (as he was pleased to call it) and wonder that paya could ever have been so blind as to trust me and my happiness to the keeping of a gentle pauper.

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"Were they, Mrs. Susan?" I answered calmly, not











