

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW

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Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, March 6, 1889.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WHOLE No. 1113.

6 CASES, 8 BALES.

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT.

Received the last few days and now ready for inspection.

Floor oil cloths 4-4, 5-4, 6-4, 8-4.
Heavy Carpets. Ladies Belts. Dress Shields.
Union Carpets. Black Bows. Knitting Cottons.
Wool Carpets. Colored Bows. Ladies Vests.
Tapestry Carpets. Lace Collars. White Linen Lace.
Hearth Rugs. Linen Collars. Colored do.
Omnibuses. Ladies Cuffs. Girls Corsets.

White Cottons 6cts. to 15cts. Lining Cottons, Jeans, Lace Cur-
tains 90cts. to \$4.00 per pair.

Lambrequins. Circular Pillow Cottons, Tickings.

A Beautiful assortment of New Prints.

Children's Prints and Holland Dresses.

Allover Embroidery Hamburgs.

Children's Cashmere Shirts.

White and colored Hosiery, Men's working Shirts, a large assort-
ment of Jet, Bone, Metal and Crochet Buttons, Roman Pearl Buttons
in White, Cream, Blue, Pink, Cardinal, Cats' Eye Buttons.

Black Italian Cloths, Cretones.

Melton Cloths, Canadian Tweeds—very cheap, Flannellette, etc.

Curtain Screens.

And the best Gingham in the Country, just examine our 10c
Ginghams.

B. FAIRY'S, Newcastle

Newcastle, March 2, 1889.

Law and Collection Office.

M. ADAMS,

Barriator & Attorney at Law.

Notary Public, Conveyancer, etc.

Real Estate & Fire Insurance

Agent.

CLAIMS collected in all parts of the 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,

Barriator & Attorney at Law.

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

RICHMOND, N. B.

Office: COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 4, 1885.

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

Head, BOY, COL. HRS., LONDON.

SPECIALIST.

DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.

Office: Cor. Waterman & St. John.

Moncton, Nov. 12, '88.

Charles J. Thomson,

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

Barriator, Proctor for Estates,

Notary Public, &c.

Clients Promptly Collected, and Profes-
sional Business in all its branches executed
with accuracy and dispatch.

OFFICE.

Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Dr. Desmond,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office and residence UNION HOTEL, New-
castle, N. B.

Newcastle, June 4th, 1888.

Dr. R. Nicholson,

Office and Residence,

MCCULLAN ST., NEWCASTLE.

Jan. 22, 1889.

Dr. W. Ferguson,

will further notice may be consulted at the
residence of Mr. John Ferguson, Newcastle,
Feb. 28, 1889.

KEARY HOUSE

(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL.)

BATHURST, N. B.

THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor.

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and re-
furnished throughout. Stage connects with all
trains. Delivery connected with the Hotel.
Yachting facilities. Some of the best trout
and salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent
all water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for
special men.

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

Bathurst, Oct. 1, '86.

8 BALES. Long-Standing

Hlood Diseases are cured by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is an Alterative, and causes a radical change in the system. The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others; but, with persistence, the result is certain. Read these testimonials:—

"For two years I suffered from a severe pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After giving several medicines a fair trial without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was greatly benefited by the first bottle, and after taking five bottles I was completely cured."—John W. Benson, 70 Lawrence St., Lowell, Mass.

Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In my experience with medicine, I never saw more Wonderful Results.

Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I had a dry, scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly; and, as my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I procured the medicine in hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tyson, (of Bermuda, Fla.) recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the last three months."—T. J. Wiley, 160 Chambers St., New York City.

"Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared and I was completely cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverhill, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Prepared and Bottled by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

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Selected Literature.

KATE'S STRATEGEM.

In a cosy breakfast room three persons were seated around the cheerful table. Mr. Morton, a fine looking man of 40, wealthy and a bachelor, and his two young and pretty nieces, Lillie and Kate Dale.

"What for, miss?" asked her uncle, as he laid aside the paper he was reading.

"Well, replied Kate, 'you see Lillie is going to marry Frank Hill and go to Chicago to live, and I, with a pretty blush, 'will marry Walter Field at the same time and go to Detroit; so, don't you see, you will be alone, for you will not go with either of us.'"

"Well, what of that, Miss Puss?" asked her uncle smiling.

"I should like to know who is going to look after your comfort and give you a good scolding when you come home late at night, demanded Kate in a voice of authority.

"Well, I can do very well without the scolding, and I expect that Aunt Mollie can take care of the rest," he answered lightly, amused at Miss Kate's air.

"Aunt Mollie, indeed! Yes, she will do very well with the cooking, but she will not take care of the other things, she would if you were married and there was some one to give orders about the household," answered Kate, shaking her head.

"Well, I did not get married when I was a young man, and I don't think I will now; and besides, there is no one whom I know or care to marry," he added, sipping his coffee.

"There is little Miss Bell," retorted Kate, darting a quick, sly glance at her uncle from under her dark lashes.

"Well, then, there is the Widow Dayton, and I know that she admires you and would willingly become Mrs. Morton."

Mr. Morton had a wholesome horror of the Widow Dayton, who had on several occasions tried to capture the wealthy bachelor, but had failed sadly; and of this Kate was well aware, and at times teased her uncle unmercifully.

"Heaven protect me from ever marry-
ing her! She has two red-headed, freckle-faced boys, and has badgered one man to death already," replied Mr. Morton hurriedly, as he pushed back his chair from the table.

"But, uncle, continued Kate, 'the widow has lost her eyes, and you had better be careful or you will be a married man before you know what you are about.'"

"Yes, but you see, miss, she cannot marry me unless I ask her to, and that I don't intend to do," he returned, as he hastily rose from the table and prepared to start for his place of business.

"Uncle, Kate called after him as he left the room, 'this is leap year, and if you don't propose to her she can to you, and it would not surprise me one bit if she did.'"

"Oh, Kate, how can you tease uncle so?" asked Lillie, after Mr. Morton had passed out of hearing. "You know he will hardly ever speak to a lady if he can help it."

"Yes, I know, and if he hadn't been so bashful he could have been married long ago to Miss Bell," retorted Kate.

"Mrs. Jones told me all about it; uncle was too timid to propose and Miss Bell is single yet. I do, wish the widow would propose to him," she added.

"No, I don't want him to marry her, for she would have him badgered to death in a month's time; but it would be such fun if she only would propose to him, and maybe that would scare him into marrying some one else."

Silence reigned for a few minutes after this speech of Kate's; as she was busy with her own thoughts. All at once Kate sprang to her feet, with mischief in her eyes, and clapping her hands exclaimed:

"I have it, Lillie!"

"Have what?"

"A joke on Uncle Bert. I am going to make Mrs. Dayton propose to him."

"How?" asked Lillie.

"This is leap year, and uncle will get a proposal from Mrs. Dayton; if he doesn't, my name is not Katharine Dale," answered Kate, nodding her head sagely, while her dark eyes spoke volumes of mischief.

"Kate, what do you mean? How can you make her propose?"

"Just wait and you will see. I can manage that part perfectly well," retorted Kate, as she danced gaily out of the room and ran up stairs, where she was soon busily engaged in some mysterious scheme.

Meanwhile Mr. Morton had not spent a very enjoyable forenoon, for the words Kate had spoken in the morning kept ringing in his ears, spite of all efforts to forget.

"Both!" he exclaimed at last, throwing down his pen for the twentieth time, and glancing at his watch. "One o'clock, and I have done nothing to-day. What a fool I am! Of course Kate was only joking. Mrs. Dayton would not dare to propose. Well, Tom, what is it?" he asked, as an errand boy entered.

"A letter, sir," said the lad, as he handed Mr. Morton a large yellow envelope, and then darted quickly out of the door with a broad grin upon his face.

Mr. Morton tore open the envelope, and drew forth the letter. His hand shook and great drops of perspiration broke out on his brow while he read the following lines.

Mr. Morton:

DEAR SIR—I take the advantage which this year affords to my sex to inform you of the tender feeling I have long felt for you, and I believe my sentiments are returned. I understand that your nieces are to be married soon, and I know that you will want somebody to care for your home, and greet you with soothing words of cheer, when you return home weary with the business cares of the day. Therefore I concur with you modestly and plainly ask you to marry me. Hoping to receive a favorable reply soon, I remain, Yours truly,

NANCY DAYTON.

"Heaven and earth!" gasped Mr. Morton, letting the letter drop from his trembling hands, and starting to his feet. "Kate was right. She intends to marry me whether or no. What on earth am I to do?" he groaned, sinking back into his chair and dropping his throbbing head upon his hands despairingly.

It is an old adage that 'it never rains but it pours,' and so thought Mr. Morton, for the next moment a clerk put his head in at the door and said:

"If you please, sir, Mrs. Dayton is in the store and wishes to see you at once upon important business."

"Eh! What?" almost shrieked Mr. Morton. "Mrs. Dayton in there? What shall I do?" he cried, starting up wildly and darting behind the door.

"Yes, sir. What shall I tell her?" said the clerk, looking as if he thought that Mr. Morton had gone crazy.

"Oh, for mercy's sake don't let her come in here!" he exclaimed in a shaking voice. "Don't, Brown, there's a good fellow. Tell her anything—that I am ill, or not in—tell her to come in some other time. Get rid of her quick, some way or other; but for Heaven's sake don't let her come in here. I won't see her on any terms whatever."

"All right, sir," said Brown, as he backed out of the office, almost choking with laughter, as the situation of affairs and the cause of Mr. Morton's frantic actions flashed through his mind.

"Oh my stars!" groaned Mr. Morton, as the door closed behind Brown. "What on earth am I to do? Kate was right. What a fool I was that I did not ask Miss Bell to marry me years ago! Then I would have been safe from the clutches of that brazen-faced widow!"

He stepped from his place of retreat, and, sinking into the nearest chair, bowed his head upon his hands in perplexed thought. Suddenly a bright idea struck him, and he exclaimed:

"I'll do it yet—right away, too, and be done with it!"

Springing to his feet, he seized his hat and gloves and put them on hurriedly. Then he went to the door, and in a nervous whisper called out to the clerk:

"Brown, has she gone yet?"

"Yes, sir," replied Brown, while a broad smile spread over his face.

"Well, I am going home; I am ill; you will attend to looking up the store."

"Certainly," returned Brown.

Mr. Morton hurried out and walked rapidly up the street until he arrived at a tiny white cottage. Here he stopped and rang the bell. The door was opened by a pretty, dark-haired, brown-eyed woman of 35 or 40, who, when she caught sight of her visitor's flushed face, and noticed his excited manner, exclaimed:

"Mr. Morton are you not well? What has happened?"

"Nothing, Bessie. Yes, I mean I have come to—confused and crimson."

"Come in," said Miss Bell, calmly, leading the way into a cozy sitting room.

She placed a chair for her visitor and waited for him to speak.

Mr. Morton did not take the offered chair, but remained standing, looking nervously at the buttons on his gloves. For several moments neither spoke, then a voice that would tremble, in spite of his efforts to be calm, he said:

"Bessie, I have come to ask you a question. Will you marry me?"

Mr. Morton, surely you don't mean it!" faltered Miss Bell, while a rosy blush mounted to her smooth white brow.

"Yes, Bessie, I mean every word of it. I have never seen any woman that I loved but you; do you think you could care enough for me to be my wife?"

"It's so sudden!" stammered Miss Bell.

"I know it is Bessie; but say yes—please," he pleaded, gaining courage to plead his cause, now that the ice was broken.

What her answer was the reader can judge; for three weeks later he led her into his own home, and introduced her as 'My wife, Mrs. Bessie Morton.'

Imagine the surprise and delight of Kate and Lillie at this sudden announcement.

"Oh, Lillie, didn't I tell you how it would be? And I am glad of it," cried Kate, after she had kissed her new aunt and nearly smothered Mr. Morton with a 'bear hug' in her delight at the turn affairs had taken. "But uncle, what about the widow?" she quizzed, after the surprise and excitement had somewhat subsided.

Mr. Morton looked searchingly into her face for a moment, and catching the gleam of mischief that sparkled in her eye, he exclaimed:

"So, miss, it was you who did it? I might have known it was one of your tricks; but then, all is well that ends well," he added, with a loving glance at the sweet face at the other side of the room.—Waverley.

Temperance.

IS IT RIGHT TO ENACT LICENSE LAWS? IS IT RIGHT TO AMEND THEM?

"It can never be legalized without sin." Such is the declaration of the Methodist Church of the United States, in reference to the liquor-traffic. It is a sound, common-sense declaration. The legalization of sin is sin. An illegal liquor-traffic is vile in character, and terrible in its consequences. A licensed liquor-traffic is infinitely worse, and more dangerous in its operations. It glides the dangerous business with the sanction of law. Law is one of God's methods of helping humanity to a nobler and better life. It is degraded, prostituted, when it is made the means of adding to the seductiveness of sin, and deluding men into a belief that what is atrociously evil, is something that can be made good by regular legislation.

It cannot be too often repeated that all that is good in a license law is the part of it that is the direct reverse of license. As well might one say that the incendiary's torch did good by rousing action to quench the fire it started, as claim that license is good because with it are legislative provisions to restrict the evils it provides for. It is, therefore, wise and right to crowd into the so-called license law, all of restriction that we can get into it. Our action



