

The Union Advocate.

1880 Board of Work

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Vol. XXI.—No. 34.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, June 6, 1888.

WHOLE No. 1074.

B. FAIREY.

Wholesale and Retail DRY GOODS.

Received June 1st—Ladies Black and Colored Kid Gloves, Children's Lace Mitts, Taffeta Gloves, Ladies White and Black Straw Hats, latest style, a fine stock of New Sunshades, Blind Linen, Dado Blinds, White Cottons, Lace Curtains, Curtain Poles, Sundries—Black Pins, India Tapes, Wave Braid, Lace do, Twist, Thread, etc., etc.

B. FAIREY.

Wholesale and Retail FURNITURE.

Received the past week, Baby Carriages, (new lot), Mattresses, Pillows, Wire Cots, Canvas Cots, Extra Quality Iron Bedsteads, New Spring Mattresses, Chairs, Tables, Bureaus with Glass, Marble Top Tables, etc., etc.

Newcastle, N. B., June 1, '88

Law and Collection Office

M. ADAMS,

Barriester & Attorney at Law,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.

Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.

EST. 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,

Barriester & Attorney at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,

RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 4, 1888.

F. L. PEDOLIN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

OFFICE at house formerly occupied by M. O. Thompson.

Newcastle, June 11, 1887.

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

SPECIALIST,

DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,

Office: Chr. Church and Main St., Moncton.

Moncton, Nov. 12, '88.

TUNING and REPAIRING.

J. O. Biedermann, PIANOFORTE and ORGAN TUNER.

Repairing a Specialty.

Regular visits made to the Northern Counties, of which due notice will be given.

Orders for tuning, etc., can be sent to the Advocate Office, Newcastle.

St. John, May 6, 1887.

KEARY HOUSE

(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL).

BATHURST, N. B.

THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor.

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and re-furnished throughout. Steps connected with all trains. Every connected with the Hotel, Yachting Facilities. Some of the best food and salubrious water within eight miles. Excellent salt water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for commercial trade.

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

Bathurst, Oct. 1, '86.

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, '88.

Clifton House,

Princes and 143 Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. W. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention and comfortable service. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.

April, 20 '88.

LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.

The subscribers return thanks to their numerous customers for past favors and would say that they keep constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of Goods to be had at lowest rates for cash. Also, E. Foster & Son's Halls and Tacks of all sizes, and Clark & Son's Dress Trunks, Luggage, Bags, Trunks, as well as home-made Toys to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.

J. J. CHRISTIE & Co.

THIS PAPER may be found on the 2d floor of the NEW YORK.

THE MOST PERFECT

PREPARATION OF COD LIVER OIL IS

ESTRY'S Cod Liver Oil Cream.

PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING.

PETER ROCHER, N. B., June 26, 1887.

K. M. ESTRY, Esq., Montreal, N. B.

Dear Sir:—Please send as soon as possible 1 dozen of your Cod Liver Oil Cream. I have been using your preparation in my practice for some time past, and I have had wonderful results from its use, so much so that I have no hesitation in stating that it is the most perfect Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil that I ever saw.

The Elegant manner in which it is prepared combined with its pleasant taste commend it to both physician and patient.

Yours truly,

P. M. CORREAU, M. D.

Ask for Estry's Cod Liver Oil Cream and take no other. For sale by all Druggists. Price 50 cents. Manufactured only by K. M. ESTRY, Pharmacist, Montreal, N. B.

Sold in Newcastle by

R. LEE STREET, Dispenser.

June 6th, 1888.

CHEAP CASH STORE.

Thos. Clark & Co.

would respectfully call the attention of the Public to the large Stock of

Spring and Summer Goods.

now in Store, with more to arrive. This Stock consists of a nice assortment of Dry Goods, Shirts, Shirts, Cottons, Stuffed Muslin, and Summer Dress Fabrics, splendid value in Cashmere. Something new and nobby in Jerseys expected shortly. A large assortment of Hats, all styles. Ladies' and Gents' Fine Underwear. Hand and Soft Hats. Boots and Shoes. Ribbons. Ready made Clothing. Gloves. Trunks and Collars. Trunks and Valises, and lots of miscellaneous articles.

Prices down to Rock bottom.

Thos. Clark & Co.

Newcastle, May 8, '88.

ESTRY'S YOUR BLOOD

toning up.

You have no appetite.

You are nervous and at nights rest and sleep. This is all caused by your system being run down and requiring something to brace it all right again. To secure this you should take

ESTRY'S

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

IRON

Selected Literature.

WATER LILIES.

'Daisy,' remarked John Lester to his daughter, glancing up from his plate at the breakfast-table as if struck by some sudden recollection, 'I happened to meet Tom Hawley this morning as I came up from the village, and he told me that Miss Clarke, that pretty little seamstress you look such a fancy to when she was here last spring, is lying quite ill at his mother's. Hadn't you better run down and cheer her a bit, and—just see if she is comfortable, you know, for the Widow Hawley hasn't overmuch room, or time either, to spare for sick people, I'm thinking?'

'Certainly I'll go, father,' answered Daisy, a look of quick sympathy making her fair, pretty face seem still more winsome and attractive. 'Poor Theo! she is such a sweet, delicate girl to have to make her own way in the world by hand unceasing work. I hope she isn't seriously ill. Yes, I can run down just as well as not, after my work is done, if you ter had quite vanished, yet her foolish little heart was fluttering like that of a startled bird.'

'Indeed it doesn't matter, sir,' she returned, a sweet, half timid hesitation in her manner that was very taking, so the young man thought. 'I was terribly startled, I know, but with a bewildering smile as she raised her blue eyes trustingly to his—'I am not afraid now. And I only stopped here to gather a few water-lilies for a sick friend.'

Then, with a little farewell nod of her golden head, half shy, half reckless, Daisy slipped swiftly past him, and was in her boat and pushing off from the shore before he had time to offer his assistance, if he had so intended.

'A charming little beauty,' muttered the artist, his dark eyes following the tiny shell regretfully, until it had faded to a mere speck upon the sunlit waters.

And Daisy? Well, she was only a girl, and the memory of the handsome stranger's low, winning tones and thrillingly dark eyes haunted her silly little heart until the Widow Hawley's shrill, cheery tones of greeting, as her boat touched shore near the latter's cottage, recalled her wandering thoughts.

'Come to see me, Miss Clarke, eh? Well, I'm glad of it. I've taken a gentleman from the city to board awhile, and I haven't much time to give to the poor girl. Wish I had. Come right along to her room, Miss Daisy. She'll be tickled to death to see you.'

Daisy's warm heart thrilled with pity as she entered the small, cosy room near the kitchen where the invalid was—because the 'spare room,' as Mrs. Hawley explained, was now occupied by the boarder—and met the weak, patient look in Theo's soft brown eyes.

'Your father is very kind to think of my comfort, Daisy,' she murmured, with a grateful smile, as she tasted the dainty fruit and pressed the cool, wet lilies to her fevered cheek.

She was, indeed, quite ill—nothing dangerous, perhaps, but a low, nervous fever brought on by overwork and anxiety. And Daisy knew that every day taken from her work was a double loss to the little sewing-girl.

She spent several hours there, talking and reading to poor Theo, who brightened up wonderfully during the visit, and then found that she must really go.

'But I shall come again, dear,' she promised, leaving a tender kiss on Theo's brow; and in the mean time you must hope for brighter days ahead. And if I'm not mistaken I shall have you up at Cherryvale before the week is out,' she added mentally.

As she passed through the little hall she noticed a gentleman standing there in conversation with the widow.

Daisy gave him a careless glance, then drew back, with dropping eyes and burning blushes which she could not have repressed to save her life. It was the stranger who had started her so while gathering lilies on the island.

'Ah, Miss Daisy, are you going?' exclaimed Mrs. Hawley, bustling towards her. Theo, with an air of great importance introduced: 'Mr. Fleetwood, Miss Lester—the gentleman who is going to board with me.'

There was a look of unmistakable delight in the handsome dark eyes that laughed and met hers; and in a few words of greeting that passed between them—words that meant nothing to Mrs. Hawley's ears—heart-roke to heart in that silent language of youth and romance destined to be long misunderstood.

A thoughtful, troubled look was on John Lester's still handsome face when he was not much past forty—when Daisy told him at supper-time all about poor Theo's loneliness and uncomfortable quarters.

He got no further in his speculations, for just then the bell had rung and he sprang lightly to the ground, and with scarcely a glance about her, she began to gather the lilies whose drooping white cups dotted the shore so thickly along the water's edge.

He got no further in his speculations, for just then the bell had rung and he sprang lightly to the ground, and with scarcely a glance about her, she began to gather the lilies whose drooping white cups dotted the shore so thickly along the water's edge.

The young artist, safely screened behind the sheltering clump of willows, watched her with admiring eyes as she flitted about like a butterfly among the flowers that were scarcely fairer than herself.

He kept the promise he had made to himself, however, and his presence there was not even suspected, until Daisy, her hands filled with fragrant lilies, passed too near his hiding place in returning to her boat. Then a slight rustling of the leaves betrayed it, and with a genuine feminine shriek, Daisy sprang backward from the path, her blue eyes dilating with terror as they fell upon the stalwart figure of a man stretched at full length upon the velvet turf, and a pair of handsome dark eyes fixed with intense, though respectful, admiration upon her.

In an instant he was on his feet, bowing low before her.

'I ought to have made my presence known, perhaps,' he added, contritely, when he had offered a manly and gracefully apology for the alarm he had unintentionally caused her. 'But I feared it would only frighten you, and spoil all your pleasant anticipations. Yet I can not forgive myself for having caused you such annoyance.'

Daisy smiled as she glanced shyly up into the handsome face so full of genuine regret and respectful admiration. Ere he had spoken a half a dozen words her terror had quite vanished, yet her foolish little heart was fluttering like that of a startled bird.

'Indeed it doesn't matter, sir,' she returned, a sweet, half timid hesitation in her manner that was very taking, so the young man thought. 'I was terribly startled, I know, but with a bewildering smile as she raised her blue eyes trustingly to his—'I am not afraid now. And I only stopped here to gather a few water-lilies for a sick friend.'

Then, with a little farewell nod of her golden head, half shy, half reckless, Daisy slipped swiftly past him, and was in her boat and pushing off from the shore before he had time to offer his assistance, if he had so intended.

'A charming little beauty,' muttered the artist, his dark eyes following the tiny shell regretfully, until it had faded to a mere speck upon the sunlit waters.

And Daisy? Well, she was only a girl, and the memory of the handsome stranger's low, winning tones and thrillingly dark eyes haunted her silly little heart until the Widow Hawley's shrill, cheery tones of greeting, as her boat touched shore near the latter's cottage, recalled her wandering thoughts.

'Come to see me, Miss Clarke, eh? Well, I'm glad of it. I've taken a gentleman from the city to board awhile, and I haven't much time to give to the poor girl. Wish I had. Come right along to her room, Miss Daisy. She'll be tickled to death to see you.'

Daisy's warm heart thrilled with pity as she entered the small, cosy room near the kitchen where the invalid was—because the 'spare room,' as Mrs. Hawley explained, was now occupied by the boarder—and met the weak, patient look in Theo's soft brown eyes.

'Your father is very kind to think of my comfort, Daisy,' she murmured, with a grateful smile, as she tasted the dainty fruit and pressed the cool, wet lilies to her fevered cheek.

She was, indeed, quite ill—nothing dangerous, perhaps, but a low, nervous fever brought on by overwork and anxiety. And Daisy knew that every day taken from her work was a double loss to the little sewing-girl.

She spent several hours there, talking and reading to poor Theo, who brightened up wonderfully during the visit, and then found that she must really go.

'But I shall come again, dear,' she promised, leaving a tender kiss on Theo's brow; and in the mean time you must hope for brighter days ahead. And if I'm not mistaken I shall have you up at Cherryvale before the week is out,' she added mentally.

As she passed through the little hall she noticed a gentleman standing there in conversation with the widow.

Daisy gave him a careless glance, then drew back, with dropping eyes and burning blushes which she could not have repressed to save her life. It was the stranger who had started her so while gathering lilies on the island.

'Ah, Miss Daisy, are you going?' exclaimed Mrs. Hawley, bustling towards her. Theo, with an air of great importance introduced: 'Mr. Fleetwood, Miss Lester—the gentleman who is going to board with me.'

There was a look of unmistakable delight in the handsome dark eyes that laughed and met hers; and in a few words of greeting that passed between them—words that meant nothing to Mrs. Hawley's ears—heart-roke to heart in that silent language of youth and romance destined to be long misunderstood.

A thoughtful, troubled look was on John Lester's still handsome face when he was not much past forty—when Daisy told him at supper-time all about poor Theo's loneliness and uncomfortable quarters.

He got no further in his speculations, for just then the bell had rung and he sprang lightly to the ground, and with scarcely a glance about her, she began to gather the lilies whose drooping white cups dotted the shore so thickly along the water's edge.

He got no further in his speculations, for just then the bell had rung and he sprang lightly to the ground, and with scarcely a glance about her, she began to gather the lilies whose drooping white cups dotted the shore so thickly along the water's edge.

The young artist, safely screened behind the sheltering clump of willows, watched her with admiring eyes as she flitted about like a butterfly among the flowers that were scarcely fairer than herself.

He kept the promise he had made to himself, however, and his presence there was not even suspected, until Daisy, her hands filled with fragrant lilies, passed too near his hiding place in returning to her boat. Then a slight rustling of the leaves betrayed it, and with a genuine feminine shriek, Daisy sprang backward from the path, her blue eyes dilating with terror as they fell upon the stalwart figure of a man stretched at full length upon the velvet turf, and a pair of handsome dark eyes fixed with intense, though respectful, admiration upon her.

In an instant he was on his feet, bowing low before her.

'I ought to have made my presence known, perhaps,' he added, contritely, when he had offered a manly and gracefully apology for the alarm he had unintentionally caused her. 'But I feared it would only frighten you, and spoil all your pleasant anticipations. Yet I can not forgive myself for having caused you such annoyance.'

Daisy smiled as she glanced shyly up into the handsome face so full of genuine regret and respectful admiration. Ere he had spoken a half a dozen words her terror had quite vanished, yet her foolish little heart was fluttering like that of a startled bird.

'Indeed it doesn't matter, sir,' she returned, a sweet, half timid hesitation in her manner that was very taking, so the young man thought. 'I was terribly startled, I know, but with a bewildering smile as she raised her blue eyes trustingly to his—'I am not afraid now. And I only stopped here to gather a few water-lilies for a sick friend.'

Then, with a little farewell nod of her golden head, half shy, half reckless, Daisy slipped swiftly past him, and was in her boat and pushing off from the shore before he had time to offer his assistance, if he had so intended.

'A charming little beauty,' muttered the artist, his dark eyes following the tiny shell regretfully, until it had faded to a mere speck upon the sunlit waters.

And Daisy? Well, she was only a girl, and the memory of the handsome stranger's low, winning tones and thrillingly dark eyes haunted her silly little heart until the Widow Hawley's shrill, cheery tones of greeting, as her boat touched shore near the latter's cottage, recalled her wandering thoughts.

'Come to see me, Miss Clarke, eh? Well, I'm glad of it. I've taken a gentleman from the city to board awhile, and I haven't much time to give to the poor girl. Wish I had. Come right along to her room, Miss Daisy. She'll be tickled to death to see you.'

Daisy's warm heart thrilled with pity as she entered the small, cosy room near the kitchen where the invalid was—because the 'spare room,' as Mrs. Hawley explained, was now occupied by the boarder—and met the weak, patient look in Theo's soft brown eyes.

'Your father is very kind to think of my comfort, Daisy,' she murmured, with a grateful smile, as she tasted the dainty fruit and pressed the cool, wet lilies to her fevered cheek.

She was, indeed, quite ill—nothing dangerous, perhaps, but a low, nervous fever brought on by overwork and anxiety. And Daisy knew that every day taken from her work was a double loss to the little sewing-girl.

She spent several hours there, talking and reading to poor Theo, who brightened up wonderfully during the visit, and then found that she must really go.

'But I shall come again, dear,' she promised, leaving a tender kiss on Theo's brow; and in the mean time you must hope for brighter days ahead. And if I'm not mistaken I shall have you up at Cherryvale before the week is out,' she added mentally.

As she passed through the little hall she noticed a gentleman standing there in conversation with the widow.

Daisy gave him a careless glance, then drew back, with dropping eyes and burning blushes which she could not have repressed to save her life. It was the stranger who had started her so while gathering lilies on the island.

'Ah, Miss Daisy, are you going?' exclaimed Mrs. Hawley, bustling towards her. Theo, with an air of great importance introduced: 'Mr. Fleetwood, Miss Lester—the gentleman who is going to board with me.'

There was a look of unmistakable delight in the handsome dark eyes that laughed and met hers; and in a few words of greeting that passed between them—words that meant nothing to Mrs. Hawley's ears—heart-roke to heart in that silent language of youth and romance destined to be long misunderstood.

A thoughtful, troubled look was on John Lester's still handsome face when he was not much past forty—when Daisy told him at supper-time all about poor Theo's loneliness and uncomfortable quarters.

He got no further in his speculations, for just then the bell had rung and he sprang lightly to the ground, and with scarcely a glance about her, she began to gather the lilies whose drooping white cups dotted the shore so thickly along the water's edge.

He got no further in his speculations, for just then the bell had rung and he sprang lightly to the ground, and with scarcely a glance about her, she began to gather the lilies whose drooping white cups dotted the shore so thickly along the water's edge.

The young artist, safely screened behind the sheltering clump of willows, watched her with admiring eyes as she flitted about like a butterfly among the flowers that were scarcely fairer than herself.

He kept the promise he had made to himself, however, and his presence there was not even suspected, until Daisy, her hands filled with fragrant lilies, passed too near his hiding place in returning to her boat. Then a slight rustling of the leaves betrayed it, and with a genuine feminine shriek, Daisy sprang backward from the path, her blue eyes dilating with terror as they fell upon the stalwart figure of a man stretched at full length upon the velvet turf, and a pair of handsome dark eyes fixed with intense, though respectful, admiration upon her.

In an instant he was on his feet, bowing low before her.

'I ought to have made my presence known, perhaps,' he added, contritely, when he had offered a manly and gracefully apology for the alarm he had unintentionally caused her. 'But I feared it would only frighten you, and spoil all your pleasant anticipations. Yet I can not forgive myself for having caused you such annoyance.'

Daisy smiled as she glanced shyly up into the handsome face so full of genuine regret and respectful admiration. Ere he had spoken a half a dozen words her terror had quite vanished, yet her foolish little heart was fluttering like that of a startled bird.

'Indeed it doesn't matter, sir,' she returned, a sweet, half timid hesitation in her manner that was very taking, so the young man thought. 'I was terribly startled, I know, but with a bewildering smile as she raised her blue eyes trustingly to his—'I am not afraid now. And I only stopped here to gather a few water-lilies for a sick friend.'

Then, with a little farewell nod of her golden head, half shy, half reckless, Daisy slipped swiftly past him, and was in her boat and pushing off from the shore before he had time to offer his assistance, if he had so intended.

'A charming little beauty,' muttered the artist, his dark eyes following the tiny shell regretfully, until it had faded to a mere speck upon the sunlit waters.

And Daisy? Well, she was only a girl, and the memory of the handsome stranger's low, winning tones and thrillingly dark eyes haunted her silly little heart until the Widow Hawley's shrill, cheery tones of greeting, as her boat touched shore near the latter's cottage, recalled her wandering thoughts.

'Come to see me, Miss Clarke, eh? Well, I'm glad of it. I've taken a gentleman from the city to board awhile, and I haven't much time to give to the poor girl. Wish I had. Come right along to her room, Miss Daisy. She'll be tickled to death to see you.'

Daisy's warm heart thrilled with pity as she entered the small, cosy room near the kitchen where the invalid was—because the 'spare room,' as Mrs. Hawley explained, was now occupied by the boarder—and met the weak

