

The Union Advocate.

1050 Board of Work

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW,

Vol. XXI.—No. 2.

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, October 20, 1887.

Whole No. 1042.

LADIES' JACKETS.

I have a very fine assortment of Ladies' Jackets, in Kyril Cloth, Astrachan, Ottoman and Jersey Cloth, handsomely braided or trimmed with Plush.

Perfect Fitting, and very Cheap.

Also a full range of ULSTER and JACKET CLOTHS, in all the new materials for Fall and Winter wear.

MILLINERY.

New Felt Hats, for Ladies, Misses, and Children; Fancy Flowers, Feathers, Pompons, etc. etc. Silk Plush, Velvets, etc. Ornaments, Hat Pins, etc. Tam O'Shanter. At

B. FAIREY'S,
Hays' Building,
Newcastle.

Newcastle, Oct. 7, 1887.

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.

L. J. TWEEDE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.

Chatham, N. B.

OFFICE Old Bank Montreal.

J. D. PHINNEY,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

RICHMOND, N. B.

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 8, 1884.

PHOENIX Fire Insurance Co.,
OF LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1752.

LOSSES PAID over \$75,000,000.

SURANCES EXCEPTED AT REASONABLE RATES.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

W. A. PARK, Agent.

Newcastle, 10th Dec. 1886.

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.,
M.B., BOT. COL. SURG., LONDON.

SPECIALIST.

DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.

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

Moncton, Nov. 12, 88.

CEO. STABLES,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Goods of all kinds handled on Commission and prompt return made.

Will attend to Auctions in Town and Country and a satisfactory manner.

Newcastle, Aug. 11, '85.

TUNING AND REPAIRING.

J. A. 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.

J. O. BIEDERMANN.

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 furnished throughout. Stage connects 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 men.

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

Bathurst, Oct. 1, '86.

CANADA HOUSE.

Chatham, New Brunswick.

WM. JOHNSON, Proprietor

Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a desirable temporary residence for all who desire a comfortable and convenient place to stay. The house is situated within two minutes walk of the station and is well adapted for the accommodation of the public. The proprietor returns thanks for the past and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS

For Commercial Travellers and Staying on the premises.

Oct. 12, 1885.

MINARD'S LINIMENT

"KING OF PAIN."

CURES PAINS—External and Internal.

RELIEVES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Stomachache, Backache, etc.

Best Stable Remedy in the World.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Stomachache, Backache, etc.

LARGE BOTTLE! POWERFUL REMEDY! MOST ECONOMICAL!

25 CENTS.

Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best selling medicine they have.

Beware of imitations, of which there are several on the market. The genuine only prepared by and bearing the name of

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,

YARMOUTH, N. S.

GENTS.—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family for some years and believe it to be the best medicine made, as it does all it is recommended to do.

DANIEL L. KIRSTEAD.

CANADA, N. B.

ESTEY'S YOUR BLOOD

And that is what we all thought. Sleepy-eyed, slow of movement, listless, and not very clean, he presented himself at the door of Woodland's mill.

ESTEY'S

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Selected Literature.

OVER THE BANISTERS.

Over the banisters he saw a face, Daringly sweet and beguiling; Somebody stands in careless grace, And watches the picture, smiling.

The light burns dim in the hall below; Nobody sees her standing; Saying good night again, soft and low, Half-way up to the landing.

Nobody, only the eyes of brown, Tender and full of meaning; That smile on the faded face in town, Over the banisters leaning.

Tired and sleepy, with drooping head, I wonder why she lingers, And when all the good nights are said: Why, somebody holds her fingers—

Hold her fingers and draws her down, Suddenly growing bolder, Till her loose hair drops its masses brown, Like a mantle over his shoulder.

Over the banisters soft hands fair Brush his cheek like a feather: Bright brown tresses and dusky hair, And the smile on the faded face in town, Like a mantle over his shoulder.

There's a question asked, there's a swift answer: "He has flown like a bird from the hall—"

Put over the banisters drops a Yes That shall brighten the world for him always.

Daily Pioneer.

LUBBER DICK.

BY J. M. MERRILL.

"He's a lubber, and no mistake."

And that is what we all thought. Sleepy-eyed, slow of movement, listless, and not very clean, he presented himself at the door of Woodland's mill.

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It was a sight to see. Hiram Dight lay on his back under the knee of the tramp.

"Oh?"

Dan Chambers rubbed his eyes.

"You can't do it again," growled Dight, enraged at losing the championship.

"I can try," was Lubber Dick's dry response. He did try, and again the champion was laid low. After the third fall the Dights gave it up, and Lubber Dick was the hero of the hour. Such a shout as rent the heavens! It is ringing in my ears yet.

A sudden revolution took place, and no one wanted Lubber Dick turned aside now. Stay, there was one. Dan Chambers had been our leader and champion boxer and wrestler, and now he was lounched in a twinkling, and the tramp workman occupied his place.

From that hour the boys of our crew defended Lubber Dick, and Dan Chambers became his deadly enemy.

What little things change the whole course of human events. The gay and companionable Chambers became gloomy and sour. He lost no opportunity to tease Lubber Dick, and tried hard to involve him in a quarrel.

Dick utterly refused. Finally, however, the time of test came. I remember it as though but yesterday, and I never return to that time without a sad feeling at heart.

The stage one night brought a passenger who looked at Dan Chambers and called him father—a boy of ten, with laughing blue eyes and curling golden hair, as pretty a child as ever I saw.

This was the first intimation the boys of Woodland's mill ever had that Chambers was married. He explained immediately that his boy had been living with a sister and that his wife had been dead some years. Father and son were delighted to meet, and from that moment the old-time jollity returned to Chambers. Once, a few days later, I saw the boy, Arthur, in converse with Lubber Dick. Dan saw it, too, and was very angry.

The saw room was directly over the great water wheel, in one corner of the mill. From the single window of the room the hill was to be seen not twenty feet distant, a narrow road winding about its base. From the window it was a sheer descent of twenty feet to logs, water and staves below. Just at dusk one summer evening Dan Chambers entered the mill, and looking into the saw room discovered Lubber Dick on a long bench fast asleep.

Many years ago a man was employed in the Department of State and entered upon his duties as clerk at a very small salary in the building then known as the State Department, which stood upon the ground now occupied by the north wing of the Treasury Department. He was very attentive to his work and made himself useful generally. Gradually he acquired information and step by step he made progress in the special business of the branch with which he was connected. Men came in and went from positions all around him, but he remained, and with more and more business pertaining to his bureau. Knowing the uncertainty of official tenure he discarded all records and literally kept his books in his head. In his office papers were not filed, but were piled all around the room three or four feet high. As a result he was forgetful, and promotion came by degrees. He kept a close mouth, permitting no clerk to learn the business beyond a certain point, and came to be regarded as much of an authority on certain questions as the Secretary himself. When he felt secure in doing so he informed the authorities that he was contemplating a resignation in order that he might engage in more lucrative business. The outcome of this stroke of diplomacy was promotion to the position of Assistant Secretary, which he held until he had accumulated sufficient to enable him to retire.

The wives and daughters of new Congressmen and officials are frequently thrown into society without previous preparation. From the quiet of a country home this is a terrible transition. There are ladies here in Washington whose husbands have been Army or Navy officers. They have spent years in society and have held and still hold high rank. The mysteries of form and usage are familiar to them, but the death or retirement of their husbands have reduced their finances below the figures of their extravagant tastes. These ladies now sustain their position in society by leading the uninitiated through the mysterious mazes. They teach the wives of new Senators and members from the back districts the polite forms, and pilot them safely through a winter in Washington. The relation they hold to the novice is that of a superior, who condescends to take the part of a friendly adviser or chaperon.

They are courteous, followed and paid. They are women who have been belles in society in the past, and who dictate its forms now. They now make a business of pleasure. They advise their patrons what to wear, how to furnish their houses, how to talk and act, how to set their tables, how to receive callers and who to receive; when to call, how to call, and who to call. They tell them the difference between a dinner party and a luncheon. They rub the dust off their dialect and teach them the forms of speech, and tell them what to talk about. They lead them around the circle and teach by example. These

chaperons are not known as such except to those who employ them, and they are the most courted of all society. They are experts in Washington life.

Washington is admirably adapted to the meeting place of the great political conventions, but has, at present, no hall of the necessary dimensions. Something that the convention should first be secured, on the principle of catching before cooking the hare, and then a large temporary structure could be readily erected at one of a number of places indicated. Others favor the building of a great hall as a preliminary, claiming that when accommodations are once provided the conventions, political and otherwise, can be readily brought here.

The coming season promises to be a long and very gay one as in addition to the regular list of entertainments there will be a number of elegant receptions and balls given by several wealthy families, who have leased houses, and will come to Washington for the first time this winter. There will be more than the usual number of changes this season as quite a number of persons hitherto prominent in the society of this city have decided to spend the winter abroad.

LENEX.

Temperance.

REV. SAM JONES ON PROHIBITION.

The following extracts are from a speech on prohibition recently delivered at Chattanooga, Tenn., by Rev. Sam Jones:

A man can beat his wife just as well on license as on no license liquor.

There are not enough men on earth nor devils in hell to hush me when I feel I am right.

Prohibition is a plea for a purer land, for our heartbroken women and destitute orphans, it is a plea for God and our native land.

A man that will preach one way and vote the other is a hypocrite or a fool. I'd rather be a hypocrite than a fool, because you can straighten out a hypocrite, but you can't a fool.

I want to tell you folks that if you don't pass this prohibition amendment and put pouring your damnable whiskey into Atlanta, Atlanta is going to pour its damnable whiskey business into Chattanooga.

I can beat up a crowd around the bar-room that the devil wouldn't let in more than one at a time. Why, if they were all in hell, in less than a month they'd eat off the devil's head and turn hell themselves. The devil is a rascal, but he's no fool.

Some people say God made whiskey. God didn't. God didn't make anything that whiskey could be made out of until it rots and becomes so mean that a hog won't eat it. God made the juicy peach, but it can't be made into brandy until it is so rotten that no animal would eat it.

Suppose all the liquor in a town was in one large cask, what difference would it make whether that cask was tapped in one, two, or ten places, so the liquor was all drawn out and drunk? High license proposes to draw all the liquor the people will buy, but it proposes to have a few less taps—that's all—Ex.

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