

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. C. ANSLOW

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Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, October 8, 1890.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WHOLE No. 1196.

MONCTON HOSIERY

Just received, a full line of **WOOL HOSE** from Moncton, or Ladies Misses and Boy's wear, Colors—in Black, Browns and Greys. For Boys, Extra HEAVY RIBBED and Double Heel and Toe.

BOYS **FELT HATS** and Caps, **NEW SHAPES.**

BOYS SUITS, VERY CHEAP.

B. FAIREY'S, Newcastle.

Newcastle, September 16, 1890.

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. TWEEDIE ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c. Chatham, N. B. OFFICE—Old Bank

J. PHINNEY. Barrister & Attorney at Law

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. RICHMOND, N. B. OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE. May 4, 1885.

G. J. MacCULLY, M.A., M.D.

Mem. BOT. SOC. STRG. LONDON. SPECIAL AT. IRRASIES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT. Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Sts. Moncton, Nov. 12, 85.

Charles J. Thomson, Agent MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Company of New York. The LARGEST INSURANCE Company in the World; Agent for the Commercial and Collecting Agency.

Barrister, & for Estates. Notary Public, &c.

Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches conducted with accuracy and despatch.

OFFICE.

Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Dr. R. Nicholson, Office and Residence,

McCULLAN ST., NEWCASTLE. Jan. 22, 1889.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson.

OFFICE on stairs in SUTHERLAND & O'BRIEN'S building. Reside near Waverley Hotel.

Newcastle, March 12, 1889.

Dr. H. A. FISH, Newcastle, N. B.

July 23, 90.

KEARY HOUSE (Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL.)

BATHURST, N. B.

THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor.

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and repaired throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Every comfort, with the Hotel Yachting Facilities. Some of the best trout salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent all wet fishing. Good Sample Rooms for guest at men.

EXTRA \$1.50 per day with Sample Rooms \$1.75.

Richibucto Drug Store, W. MacLaren, Proprietor.

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles.

Smokers' Goods, etc. Prices Moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Richibucto, Feb. 11, 1889.

Clifton House, Princes and 143 Gorman Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city. April 6, 1885.

CANADA HOUSE Chatham, New Brunswick.

Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first-class hotel and to give it all the modern improvements. It is situated within two minutes walk of the station and is a desirable temporary residence for all who require location and comfort. It is heated by steam and has a fine view of the harbor and the city. The proprietor desires to thank 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 in the rear. Chatham, Jan. 1, 1890.

Spring & Summer MILLINERY.

I have now in stock a beautiful line of **MILLINERY** in all the latest styles and shades, also Old Ladies' and Widow's Caps, Ladies' Jersey and Dress Trimmings, Ladies' and Children's Collars and Cuffs, Infants' Robes, and a Variety of Fancy Articles.

Trimmed Millinery always on hand, and Orders promptly attended to.

Mrs. J. Demers, Newcastle, June 9, 1890.

Fruit and Groceries.

The Subscriber keeps constantly on hand a full supply of **Family Groceries, Canned Goods, Choice Cigars, and Tobacco.**

Also in season, **Fruit in season, Confectionery, Stationery, etc.**

which he will sell at a small advance on cost. During the summer season he will keep constantly on hand a full supply of **Ice Cream, Temperate Drinks, Cakes, Crackers, etc.**

Pie Nics and Private Parties supplied with Ice Creams, Fruits, Canned Goods at reasonable rates.

Store on the corner opposite the Post Office.

THOS. RUSSELL. Newcastle, July 7, 90.

WORDS OF LIFE.

NOW READY FOR DELIVERY.

A Volume of Sermons, by the Rev. A. J. NOWATT, of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Fredericton, N. B., containing 360 pages, and bound in brown English cloth, with handsome gold-tooled titles on back and front; printed on fine-toned book paper with frontispiece portrait of the author.

The book is a large 16 mo., and makes a handsome volume for Parlor or Library. The book was published to be sold only by subscription, and the edition is therefore limited. Those who wish the work, will kindly send their names at once. The price, \$2.00 for the volume, to be forwarded and the book will be returned by mail postpaid.

HERMAN H. PITTS, "Reporter" Park Office, Fredericton, N. B.

Liberal Terms to Agents.

Dental Notice.

Dr. GATES, DENTIST.

is obliged to attend to business elsewhere for a number of weeks but will return to Newcastle to do Dentistry for patients in due time. Notice of visit will be given in due time.

Newcastle, Sept. 20, 1890.

NEW YORK STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

THE IRON STEAMSHIP VALENCIA,

1600 TONS, (CAPT. P. A. MILLER).

Leaves ST. JOHN for NEW YORK via Eastport, Me., Rockland, Me., and Cottage City, Mass.

EVERY FRIDAY AT 3 P. M., (Eastern Standard Time.) Returning, steamer will leave

Pier 40, East River, foot Pike Street, New York, every Tuesday at 5 P. M.

for Rockland, Me., Eastport, Me., and St. John, N. B.

Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points South and West of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces. Cheapest Fares and Lowest Rates.

Shippers and Importers can save TIME AND MONEY by ordering all goods to be forwarded by the New York Steamship Company.

N. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager, 55 Broadway, New York.

or FRANK ROWAN, Agent, 223 Prince William Street, St. John.

THE New York, Maine & New Brunswick S. S. COMPANY.

S. S. "WINTHROP," H. H. HOWER, Commander.

WILL sail from ST. JOHN, N. B., for New York, every SATURDAY, at 5 P. M., for New York, Eastport and St. John.

Returning, will sail from St. John, TUESDAY at 3:00 P. M., local. For further information apply to

TRUOP & SON, Agents, General Freight and Passenger Agent, or at the office in the Company's Warehouse, on the New York Pier North End.

Public Notice.

A Meeting of the Liberal Association of Newcastle, will be held at the Liberal Hall, Newcastle, on

FRIDAY EVENING each week until further notice.

All Liberals are requested to attend.

E. P. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

P. HENNESSY, President. Newcastle, 15th March, 1890.

Dunlap, Cooke & Co. Merchant Tailors.

Amherst, N. S.

Our representative visits the different towns on the North Shore every two months; and inspection of our samples is respectfully solicited.

Dunlap, Cooke & Co. Amherst, March 26, 1890.

BRICK FOR SALE.

70,000 Good Hard Brick, for delivery by rail or water.

Apply to **CHAS. VYE, JR.** South Nelson Road, Northumberland.

March 25, 1890

SPORTSMEN!

We wish to draw your attention to our Superior Quality of

HAZARD POWDERS.

The SEA SHOOTING is now fully recognized as a splendid TRAP POWDER and not expensive.

Hazard's Powders are used by leading sportsmen of the United States.

We keep in stock: "Sea Shooting," "Duck Shooting," "Electric" and Common.

W. H. Thorne & Co. Market Square, St. John, N. B.

CASTORIA for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." **Dr. A. A. MANN, M.D.,** 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CHESTNUT COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

DON'T GIVE UP

The use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One bottle may not cure "right off" a complaint of years; but a cure is effected. As a general rule, improvement follows the use of this medicine, but some constitutions are low susceptible to medicinal influences than others, and the curative process may, therefore, in such cases, be less prompt. Persistence in using this remedy is sure of its reward at last. Sooner or later, the most stubborn blood diseases yield to

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For several years, in the spring months, I used to be troubled with a pruritic, itchy feeling, and a dull pain in the small of my back, so bad at times, as to prevent my being able to walk, the least sudden motion causing me severe distress. Frequently, boils and rashes would break out on various parts of the body. By the advice of friends and my family physician, I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking it for a week, my blood was thoroughly eradicated."—**L. W. English, Montgomery City, Mo.**

"My system was all run down; my skin rough and of yellowish hue. I tried various remedies, and while some of them gave me temporary relief, none of them did any permanent good. At last I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, continuing it exclusively for a considerable time, and am pleased to say that it completely

Cured Me.

I presume my liver was very much out of order, and the blood impure in consequence. I feel that I cannot too highly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to any one afflicted with

"—**Mrs. N. A. Smith, Glover, Vt.** "After years I suffered from scrofula and blood diseases. The doctors' prescriptions and several so-called blood-purifiers being of no avail, I was at last advised by a friend to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and now feel like a new man, being fully restored to health."—**C. J. Fink, Decatur, Iowa.**

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY **DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.** Sold by Druggists. 50¢, 75¢, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00, 13.00, 14.00, 15.00, 16.00, 17.00, 18.00, 19.00, 20.00, 21.00, 22.00, 23.00, 24.00, 25.00, 26.00, 27.00, 28.00, 29.00, 30.00, 31.00, 32.00, 33.00, 34.00, 35.00, 36.00, 37.00, 38.00, 39.00, 40.00, 41.00, 42.00, 43.00, 44.00, 45.00, 46.00, 47.00, 48.00, 49.00, 50.00, 51.00, 52.00, 53.00, 54.00, 55.00, 56.00, 57.00, 58.00, 59.00, 60.00, 61.00, 62.00, 63.00, 64.00, 65.00, 66.00, 67.00, 68.00, 69.00, 70.00, 71.00, 72.00, 73.00, 74.00, 75.00, 76.00, 77.00, 78.00, 79.00, 80.00, 81.00, 82.00, 83.00, 84.00, 85.00, 86.00, 87.00, 88.00, 89.00, 90.00, 91.00, 92.00, 93.00, 94.00, 95.00, 96.00, 97.00, 98.00, 99.00, 100.00.

ESTEY'S Iron & Quinine Tonic

THIS Medicine combining Iron and Quinine with vegetable tonics, purifies and completely cures Dyspepsia, indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Stomach, Chills and Fever and Neuralgia.

It is an infallible remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, produce constipation—*after Iron Medicines.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Headaches and Stomach, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

The genuine has my trade mark and signature. Take no other.

Prepared only by **E. M. Estey, Moncton, N. B.**

FOR THE Handkerchief, THE Toilet AND The Bath.

Beware of Counterfeits.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water.

The Universal Perfume.

TO BUILDERS AND JOINERS.

Having Received a lot of Byrn's Patent Common Sense Sash Balance and Automatic Center Rail Sash Lock, I wish to call the attention of Builders, Joiners, and others to the above patents as being simple, useful, durable and cheap as compared with the old style of Cords and Weights, call and see model.

W. M. MASSON. Newcastle, May 27, 1890.

Boneless Ham, BOLOGNAS, PRESSED TONGUE, Cooked Pressed Ham.

Prime Suet. JOHN HOPKINS.

156 Union St., St. John, N. B.

Selected Literature.

A PRETTY GIRL'S WHIM.

It was a beautiful garden—a garden in which one might almost lose one's self among the heavy sweetness of the blossoming syringa bushes and the avenue of pink wiggles that wound irregularly here and there.

It was a July day. A girl lay idly in a wide luxurious hammock, her bright head on the soft tinted cushions, her deep brown eyes upraised to the whispering leaves above.

She looked the ideal of happy content as she lay there in a dreamy laziness, an arm hand drooping over the hammock's edge. A great Newfoundland dog lay on the grass beside her as she gazed idly to and fro, trying affectionately with the dog's great, noble head.

Sometimes he would open his almost human eyes and look up at her silently, with a happy content that matched her own.

It was very pleasant there. The book she had been reading had dropped upon the grass and lay with crumpled leaves. A rosebud marked the place.

Wilma Pierce, whose summers were spent at her grandmother's quaint old country home, had come here a few days since, tired out in body and brain as only a young, hard working teacher can be.

Already the soothing quiet of the lovely place had done her good, and the brightness of complexion and the liltiness of form, which had been impaired by the year's hard work, were returning to her.

A silvery haired, sweet faced old lady came out of the wide hall door with a light wrap in her hand. She approached the hammock with anxious solicitude in her kind, old face.

"Child, it is cool for thee here; these must be more prudent with thyself."

She wrapped the soft, gray shawl about the girl's shoulders with loving, motherly hands. Wilma looked up and smiled protestingly.

"It isn't chilly, grandmother, dear—but I submit."

She took the wrinkled old hand in hers and held it gently against her warm cheek.

The old Quakeress bent her stately form and laid a soft, sweet kiss upon the girl's forehead.

"I must go in, dear heart; these had best fall asleep for a little if thee can."

The soft, gray gown swept across the grass, and the wearer stooped beside the door to pull a sweet, white rose that stretched temptingly toward her.

She went in, and the girl and her dumb companion were again alone.

By and by she fell asleep. The roses at her bare, white throat rose and fell with gentle regularity as her breath came and went. It was a pretty picture. Ronald Mitchell, coming quietly across the garden, thought so as he caught sight of it and paused involuntarily.

The dog raised his great, shaggy head and looked a silent welcome from his brown eyes. They were old friends—Ronald, the young farmer, and Rebecca Northfield's dog Don.

The young man stood breathless a moment looking at the sleeper, then with a softer light in his blue eyes and a warmer tinge on his smooth shaven cheek he went toward the house. He entered with the familiarity of a well-known and welcome friend, and sat down easily in a big, antiquated rocking chair.

Rebecca Northfield came into the room, her old face alight with welcome.

She came and laid her small hand on his shoulder. "Ronald," she said, "my grandchild, Wilma Pierce, is come. Perhaps it is not news to thee? She is a good child, Wilma is, but I fear she loves the world too well. There is little of the Quaker about her, Ronald."

He smiled. "I saw her when I came through the garden just now. She is unlike you in her dress, but her face has a likeness to yours."

They sat together in the quiet room and talked a little while. All at once a shadow fell across the bare, white floor, and they both looked up. Wilma stood in the wide doorway, her face a little flushed with sleep, her eyes dewy like a child's after a refreshing slumber. She held a yellow rose in her hand.

"Grandmother," she said, "all unconscious of a stranger's presence, as she looked half asleep at the flower; 'grandmother, what a lovely rose. Just see how—'"

"Wilma," the calm, sweet voice interrupted her, "come here. This is Ronald Mitchell, the son of my old friend and schoolmate, Eunice Sand."

Wilma advanced a little and held out her hand frankly, but when she met the intense gaze of the clear blue eyes above her a shy look came into her own and she withdrew her hand.

Ronald, watching her, wondered if her grandmother's remark about her had implied that she was a bit of a coquette.

She bowed once the old lady's high locked chair and fastened the rich rose in the silvery white waves of her beautiful hair. And then she went away, with a murmured word of excuse, leaving behind her a scent of roses and a remembrance of a fair, fresh young face rising flower-like above her pale blue gown.

That was their first meeting. All summer the young farmer came and went at his own will and helped to make the old place pleasant.

They sang together in the garden. There was no musical instrument in the primitive Quaker household, but Wilma had brought her guitar with her. They sat together in the old summer house through long lovely afternoons, while grandmother sat near with her homely knitting work.

They walked together in the great old fashioned garden and along the murmuring creeks, and sat idly on the little rustic bridge, watching the rhythmic flow of waters and the minnows darting in the cool, dark depths below. It was an idyllic summer. Both were happy. One knew why it was; the other only half guessed it.

Ronald Mitchell at thirty years had for first time felt his inmost heart stirred and thrilled by a woman's presence. He loved her with all the unwavering tenderness of a true man's first love.

One evening he told her. They were sitting together on a mossy log beside the creek.

Wilma had thrown off her white garden hat, and the late rose in her dark hair gleamed whitely like a soft star in the dark.

What caprice seized the girl? She listened to his eager words with averted face turned toward the dying sunset light.

When he had finished she did not answer.

"He takes too much for granted," she thought; "he is too masterful, he asks as though my heart was some light thing to which he had a right. I will teach him it is not."

She rose and turned to go. He caught her hands and detained her.

"Wilma, are you not going to say a word? Are you then the coquette I almost thought you that first day?"

His words stung her. She tried to free herself, and the rose fell from her hair. He picked it up.

"If you won't say anything, Wilma, give me this rose. Let it be a symbol of hope to me."

She matched it from his hand.

"When I am ready to answer you," she said, "I will send it to you," and then she slipped away and hurried towards the house. A spice of romance had always been part of her nature. Now as she slipped away she touched the senseless flower with her lips that trembled.

"I do love him—I do love him," she whispered as she sped along the shadowy path through the garden.

But the girl's willful heart was slow to yield. A week passed.

Ronald Mitchell came not once to the farmhouse. Rebecca Northfield wondered at his absence, and looked searchingly at the quiet faced girl. One evening she came into the quiet old room, with its sloping roof and lattice window, where Wilma sat reading.

"I thought I'd tell thee, Wilma, that Ronald is going away to-morrow. He is tired, he said when I met him to-day, and needs a change. He does look worn. I wonder why he keeps away from us."

She looked keenly through her gold rimmed glasses at the girl.

"I don't know, grandmother, I'm sure. He does act strangely of late. Will he stay away long do you think?"

"A month, he said," she answered.

"The girl drew a quick breath. 'A month,' she thought. 'In a month I shall be back in school.'"

Her heart beat quickly. After a while, as she took a little box from her bureau, and went down stairs and out into the garden.

She sat down on the log, and Don sat beside her, looking lovingly at the running stream.

She drew a little folded note from the box in her hand and opened it.

"Come to me," it said, and then in delicate tracery her name, "Wilma."

That was all.

The girl's eyes shone half mischievously as she fastened the tiny box to Don's silver collar with a bit of ribbon and a bright color gleamed in her cheek.

Then she folded her small hands together and looked seriously into the dog's great noble eyes.

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