

The Union Advocate.

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ANSLOW BROS.

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITORS and PROPRIETORS

Vol. XXXIII—No. 33.

Newcastle, Wednesday, May 16, 1900.

Whole No 1698

What We Have We'll Hold.

We have some very nice customers in Newcastle and we intend to keep them, but, at the same time, it behooves us to look for more, and we will get them by keeping the

FINEST GOODS AT THE FINEST PRICES

J. FEINBROOK
Newcastle and Chatham

PROFESSIONAL.

C. J. McCall, M.A., M.D.

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE ROYAL LONDON, G.B.

SPECIALIST.

DISEASES OF THE EAR & THROAT

Office: 10, West, Strand and Main Streets

London, W.C., 1904.

Dr. F. L. PEDOLIN

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Pleasant Street

Telephone 15.

Davidson & Aitken,

Attorneys, etc.

Newcastle, N. B.

HOTELS.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

MONMOUTH, N. B.

GEO. McWELSH, PROPRIETOR

QUEEN HOTEL.

J. A. DWARDS, Prop.

FREDERICKTON, N. B.

ADAMS HOUSE

Chatham, N. B.

Thos. Flanagan, Prop.

Is now opened for the reception

of guests. This hotel now ranks

with the best in the Maritime

provinces

RIVER VIEW HOTEL,

CHATHAM, N. B.

Peter Archer, Prop.

Telephone 5 & 15

GENERAL BUSINESS.

F. O. PETERSON

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Wain Street, Chatham, N. B.

ECITON

Largest lot of American sewing machines, new

and old, at a low price. Also a large

lot of American sewing machines, new

and old, at a low price. Also a large

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and old, at a low price. Also a large

Men often dress in bad taste without knowing it.

If you wear Shorey's Clothing you cannot be otherwise than correctly dressed.

Shorey's
4 Button Sack
Kilmarnock Tweed Suits,
Retail at \$12.00.

They are as good as any one wants for a business suit and better than you can get to order for \$20.00. Sold only by the best dealers, and guaranteed in every particular. Not made to order, but made to fit.

THE VERY LATEST IN SHIRT WAISTS.

THE WAR

With DIET will soon commence and it is time for you to think about getting ready for it.

We can Supply the Ammunition.

We have the following for sale at the lowest prices:

Calsomine, Marbleine, London and Paris Whiting, Glue, Plaster Paris, White wash and Calsomine Brushes, Scrub Brushes, Washing Soda.

We have just received a lot of WALL PAPER in nice designs and shades and at very low prices. Give us a call and see what we have

GEO. STABLES,
The Peoples' Grocer

WANTED A Travelling General Agent.

An experienced canvasser, or a man with good character and address, with the necessary ability to travel from town to town and appoint agents. No canvassing. Salary and expenses paid. Position permanent and promotion according to merit. The BRADLEY-GARRETTSON Co., Limited Brantford, Ont.

Special Sale of Fancy Shirts
this week at

CLARKE & CO'S.

White Shirts, with colored bosoms, regular \$1.00 shirts and good value at that, now 69c. Large variety of patterns and colors to choose from.

White Unlaundried Shirts 50c, great value.
White Laundried Shirts 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.
Fancy Cambric Shirts, 75c, 80c and \$1.00.
Silk Bosom Shirts \$1.20.
Fancy Negligie Shirts, with reversible collars, 75c.
Boys' Cambric Shirts 50c and 65c.
Men's Working Shirts from 25c up.
Men's Spring and Summer Underwear.
All wool, nice quality Shirts and drawers \$1.10 a suit.
All wool, good quality, 1.00.
Great variety of other qualities down to 40c a suit.

Clarke & Co.

Newcastle, May 7th, 1900.

Spring Medicines.

Burdock and Sarsaparilla,
50 cts. a bottle.

Beef Iron and Wine,
50 and 75 cts. a bottle.

Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites,
75 cts. a bottle.

Any one of these is a good tonic and just what is required to build up the system for spring and summer.

For cold in the head take Ammoniated Quinine.
25 cts. a bottle.

A. E. SHAW,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

THE TERRIBLE AMEER

Afghanistan's
Imperious Ruler and the
Fierce Soldiers Whom He Commands.

Every once in awhile the ameer of Afghanistan bobs up as a personage of importance. Just now, when England is warring with her Indian frontier closely, he holds the centre of the stage.

In appearance the ameer is forbidding, though he has a very pleasant smile. When his lips part, the corners of his mouth curl up, and he shows a double row of very white and very even teeth. While he is strong in his friendships, he is not at all certain, but is of fiery temper and apt to change. He remembers kindnesses, however, and if treated uniformly well will not turn upon his friends. But woe to the ruler or nation that trifles with him. The ameer will not countenance anything like interference with his plans, nor will he allow any one to dictate to him. Turkey may be the most buffeted nation on earth, but Afghanistan is treated with respect.

In religion the ameer is a Mohammedan. The followers of Mohammed believe that God rules in heaven and on earth. They believe in the Ten Commandments and the golden rule. They oppose usury, murder and theft. They do not eat pork and believe that a man should mind his mother and his business. They reject Christ as the Son of God, but believe him to have been a great man, next to Mohammed.

With such principles as these, allied to wealth and power, the ameer has a personality which is not to be slighted, and he controls a country which is worthy to rank high in the world. To be liked by the ameer has been England's greatest Asiatic desire, and so eager did she become in this regard four years ago that she invited Nizam-ul-Khan, the second son of the ameer, to come to London make her a visit.

Dorchester House, in Park Lane, one of the most magnificent houses in London and the property of Captain Holford, a member of the Prince of Wales' staff and a great swell, was placed at his disposal. Its splendour was known far and wide. The interior decorations included rare woods and a number of priceless values. The bedroom selected for the prince was furnished in pink silk and birdseye maple and was dazzling.

The young Mohammedan prince lived there, going into English society and entertaining. But in spite of England's best endeavors she could not please his young royal highness. He went away, displeased because Lady Lansdowne, in delectable, attempted to take his arm at a reception. He was offended because a committee, headed by the lord mayor, called upon him at the unearthly hour of 10 in the morning, and more than all, he was hurt because the Prince of Wales did not come daily to spend several hours upon his knees in prayer with him, for which purpose the ameer's son had brought a special prayer rug all the way from Afghanistan with a pointed pattern for the chin of the Prince of Wales and two triangles upon which his hands could rest, while oblations were carefully worked in rug for his feet.

Gladstone, Rosebery and Salisbury were chagrined at this failure to please the favorite son of England's most powerful foe, and for awhile England trembled, but nothing came of the diplomatic disaster.

Russia, on the north, has been also for 20 years courting the favor of the ameer. Now that the time has come when Russia will take the initiative steps toward getting the attention of her life—namely, a passage to the Indian ocean—the ameer comes out openly and says he will oppose her. In the most remarkable state letter of recent times he declares England's interests are my interests; England's joys are my joys; England's woes are my woes.

At the same time he declares that he can bring all Islam to his side to fight with him for England and against Russia, and so he cheers the heart of the Queen.

Afghanistan may be destined to hold an important place in the history of the next century. Surely, if she grows in power and see an ally of England, her prestige will be increased.

The courage and undaunted boldness of the Afghan will bear comparison with those of any nation; and many are the instances of personal bravery known to British officers. There lives in the Yusufzai country an old chieftain, the hero of many fights, who now enjoys a well earned pension, with the village manor as a reward for honorable service, and who on more than one occasion risked his life to save that of his commanding officer.

Colin Mackenzie, one of the Kabul prisoners of 1842, often told the story of that Afghan chivalry which protected the lives and honor of English ladies in the excitement of a national rebellion. Nor are they slow to appreciate the quality of bravery in others.

In the frontier war of 1863 a young English officer was deserted by his native sepoy and for some time held his own in the midst of a crowd of Afghan warriors. When the brave soldier fell, covered with wounds, the very men who had cut him down bore testimony to the indomitable pluck of the young Englishman, who, rather than run with his men, faced the foe and died like a man. They raised one united shout in the Afghan language as he fell: "Bravo, bravo! There's a brave young fellow!"

But they are revengeful and jealous, and if England gets them as allies she must handle these terrible fighters of the mountains with gloved hands.

The crowning production of a great Physician. Paine's Celery Compound. The Great Life Renewer and Health Giver. A Noted Physician's Opinion.

Paine's Celery Compound was the crowning production of America's most eminent physician—Professor E. E. Phelps, M. D.

Such a physician could only give what was worthy of his great and elevated character to suffering humanity. His best hours were devoted to the perfecting of what is known to millions of homes in Britain, Europe and on this continent as Paine's Celery Compound nature's food medicine for the nerves, brain and blood.

HAUNTED BY MEMORIES.

Deibler, the Famous Old Headsman of Paris, Tortured by Visions of the Guillotine's Many Victims.

Paris was recently startled by the news that old Deibler, the man who for 35 years chopped off the heads of French criminals, had attempted to cut his own throat.

It was a novel piece of news for the boulevardiers. Many grinned at the irony of the situation. The man who had killed 160 of his fellow beings had tried to kill himself. But the razor was dull or his hand shook and the cut was not a dangerous one. He swears that he will try it again, and a watch has been placed over him by the members of his family.

Two years ago Deibler, retired, and his son, who had long been his chief assistant, succeeded him. The old man had reached ripe old age of 78. He had acquired plenty of money, and he decided that he had worked long enough.

And so, in a pleasant villa on the outskirts of Paris, like unto an honest merchant who has prospered and finally passes the business to younger hands, Deibler settled down to a quiet enjoyment of his well earned repose.

But now a strange thing took place. The hardened cynic who forced down into the death collar so many unwilling necks, the man who could fight with unwilling, wriggling bodies, bend them under the knife, watch their lives spurt out with their blood and sleep a dreamless sleep the next night—that man is haunted by horrible visions of the past.

The specters of his victims have risen. By night and by day they keep him company. They have haunted his waking hours and filled his sleep with indescribable horrors. They have made the old "bourreau" (headsman) howl at God for mercy.

In vain, for he says that the ghastly sight and sounds of long forgotten tragedies haunt him more and more persistently and that he would rather die.

Some people reading the accounts about these things which are published here simply say: "Deibler has gone crazy, and no wonder. A man would see ghosts with less excuse than his past charged with human agonies, mutilations and blood. Deibler is insane."

The retired executioner does not ascribe his mental torture to the presence of ghosts hovering about him. He is a man of keen intelligence and no superstition at all. He reasons his trouble remarkable lucidity and somewhat in these words:

"For some reason, perhaps because of my age or of my present illness, my memory has grown to be the one faculty in which all my brain power concentrates."

"I used to remember the past, but as we all do—vaguely, without any feeling that it was being re-enacted again—and these remembrances were mixed with interest taken in the present and in the future. They did not hurry me."

"But now, despite all my efforts to turn my mind to other things, it is the past that obtrudes itself always, and of the past only those ghastly bits that would be nightmares in any one. I declare I can't stand it. I simply can't."

"Nobody can form any conception of the vividness, of the acuteness, of every detail. It is as if I saw it all again there before my eyes—the spurring blood, the freshly cut muscles of necks! My God!

Old Materials Profitably Used.

DIAMOND DYES
Are the favorites of all Mat and Rug Makers.

Mrs. P. L. Staabope, of Victoria, B. C., writes thus:

"I recently discovered that I had sufficient old materials such as flannel, cloth, yarns and discarded underwear stored away from which I could make a couple of diamond dyes for the floor. I sent to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, for two of their handsome rug designs. After they were received, I washed my old material and colored them with Diamond Dye to match the shades on the rug pattern. I looked the two rugs, and they are so handsome that all my friends admire them. The Diamond Dyes are, I think, the best and most reliable for home dyeing. I certainly recommend them to all who make mats and rugs."

"You remember how Carrara fought when we took him up to the guillotine. He fought, he begged and whined. He was mighty unwilling to die. Well, at night I can hear his voice in my memory, with just the same intonations as I heard then. Ah, that awful clamor of a strong man who is dragged and carried to the knife against his fierce resistance. Yes, I hear the same terrified clamor that filled the air that morning before dawn."

"Of course I have said to myself time and again that it was all nonsense, that I ought to think of the flowers and the sunlight and of my pretty daughter, who loves me, and that these creatures had murdered and had deserved their fate."

"But if I sit here and look at the garden my mind suddenly remembers Marie Chanut, the ugly old devil, that we executed in Algiers 15—18 years ago. I hear her cursing me and my race. And just as plain as if it was all being done over this minute I hear the knife swing through the flesh and the sound of her head falling in the sawdust. Call it nonsense if you will. I say it's a disease, this too graphic memory."

"And my sleep, my sleep! To some people sleep is oblivion rest. Mine is peopled with these things—severed heads, wringing their last nervous winks to me from the basket where I have sent them rolling. And those headless bodies! Have you ever seen the headless body of a man move, jump and scold about like a decapitated thing? The stump of the neck is quivering flesh and the blood spurts out of the arteries. It is a terrible sight to see, as they say, 'the headless man'."

The physicians who have been called in to take care of Deibler think his self-inflicted wound in a fair way of healing. But they are concerned over the physical effects that his brooding may have.

One of these doctors, a man of great reputation, does not hesitate to pronounce that the old executioner's hallucinations are a form of monomania. Another physician, the specialist who was called upon to succeed Dr. Charcot at the Salpêtrière, having been told the symptoms, said similar cases of "a hysterical memory" had been observed.

It is believed that Deibler's case is a hopeless one and that he will go on being haunted by his scores of victims until the end of his rapidly waning days.

IN NEWFOUNDLAND

Great work on the Island Inaugurated by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Kidney Disease being Driven from Newfoundland—A more Wonderful Medicine never known here—John Brooks, of Lunenburg, Bight, Cured.

St. John's, N.F.L., May 14—From all parts of the island comes word of the great remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills. Kidney disease has always been considered the most dangerous ailment to which the people of Newfoundland were subject. No satisfactory or certain treatment had ever been known here, and Dodd's Kidney Pills have proved a blessing of which the whole country is fast availing itself.

The large number of diseases which Dodd's Kidney Pills are known to cure is too numerous to list. Bright's Disease and Diabetes are local maladies of the kidneys themselves. Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Bladder and Urinary Troubles, Women's Weakness and Blood Diseases are all caused by the bad action of the kidneys—a fault—Dodd's Kidney pills promptly correct.

John Brooks, of Lunenburg Bight, Little Bay Island writes as follows: "I have been a sufferer this ten or twelve years. I have used lots of different medicines such as used for pain in the stomach, pain in the back, pain in the side, but all to no effect. I do not know what was the matter. There was no doctor here to tell anyone. I got an account of Dodd's Kidney Pills from a lady friend of mine and I bought a box, and as soon as I could I bought a box, and before I used one box I was cured, and I can say it was Dodd's Kidney Pills I owe my health to."