

The Union Advertiser.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, July 27, 1887.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No. 1029

W. C. ANSLOW,

VOL. XX.—No. 41.

NEW FURNITURE!

Very Handsome HARD WOOD BED ROOM SETS, from \$22.00 to \$75.00.

Hair Cloth Parlor Suits,

RAINIE CLOTH, from \$45.00. PLUSH SUITS, from \$85.00.

WHAT NOTS,

CENTRE TABLES,

Toilet Tables, Extension and Leaf Tables, Side Boards, Easy Chairs, Hat Trees, Hall Stands, Sinks, Bureaus, Iron Bedsteads, with or without Spring Mattresses, Mattresses of all kinds,

PILLOWS and BOLSTERS,

(The cheapest Chair is No. 2, S. B., at 45c., Light or Dark, don't come and say I advertise so sell them at 40c., for I don't, my price is 45c. each, or \$2.70 per doz., no reduction.)

Single Bedsteads at \$2.00, Double at \$2.15, not one cent less to any one.

Children's High Chairs with or without Tables, Rockers, etc. etc.

Baby Carriages will be sold very cheap to clear, at

B. FAIREY'S Furniture Rooms, Newcastle.

Newcastle, July 23, '87.

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. TWEDDIE,

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.

RIICHIBUCTO, N. B.

Office: COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 5, 1884.

PHOENIX Fire Insurance Co.,

OF LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1782.

LOSSES PAID OVER \$75,000,000.

SURANCES EFFECTED 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.

DR. T. W. POMROY,

285 ST. VESANT ST.,

NEW YORK CITY, U. S.

Persons wishing to consult the Dr., and unable to call on him personally, can do so by letter.

Aug. 23, 1883.

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, '85.

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.

J. O. BIEDERMANN.

St. John, May 6, 1887.

KEARY HOUSE

(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL.)

BATHURST, N. B.

THOS. P. KEARY, - Proprietor.

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and furnished throughout. Stage connects with trains. Livery connected 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.

For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, cures itching humors, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

AYER'S Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my hair is now well covered with a new growth of hair. —Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

HAIR that has become weak, gray, faded, and fallen out in large quantities, Ayer's Hair Vigor stops the falling, and restores the hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal. —Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

VIGOR, youth, and beauty, in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. A "disaster" of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to its healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff. —Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily found in the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and free my head from pain. —William L. Page, Richmond Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Druggists.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

CURES PAINS—External and Internal.

RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions, Stiffness of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.

HEALS Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cracks, Scratches, and Cuts.

Best Stable Remedy in the World.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria and all kindred affections.

LARGE BOTTLE! POWERFUL MEDICINE! MOST ECONOMICAL!

IT COSTS BUT 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.

TESTIMONIAL.

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. —Your truly, DANIEL K. KIERSTEDT, Canaan Forks, N. B.

SKINNER'S Carpet Warehouse,

59 KING STREET.

My Spring Stock is now complete in every Department, and customers can rely on getting the best assortment ever offered in this market.

125 Designs BRUSSELS; 100 " TAPESTRY; 50 " WOOL CARPET; 25 " LINOLEUM.

CURTAINS and FOLDS IN ENDLESS VARIETY. All Direct from the Manufacturers.

A. O. SKINNER.

St. John, April 24, 1886.

ESTEY'S YOUR BLOOD

and what you do not desire, you have no appetite, you are low spirited and languid. You are nervous, and at nights roll and toss on your bed and cannot sleep. This is all caused by your system being run down, and requiring something to brace it up, and make you feel all right again. To secure this you should take

ESTEY'S IRON TONIC.

IRON TONIC.

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Selected Literature.

OUR MR. JENKINS.

I was fortunate in my uncle. So everybody thought, for uncle Braithwaite was a wealthy and thriving manufacturer as any in Lunenburg, and I, his dead sister's son, Cyril Vaughan by name, was not merely drawing a fair salary, but was actually engaged to be married to my second cousin, reputed a great heiress—sister, sweet Lucy Braithwaite—the old man's only child.

A severe, just man was John Braithwaite. He had won his own way in life by rigid self-denial and unswerving industry during a joyless youth, and I doubt if he ever thoroughly enjoyed the fruits of his well-earned prosperity. It was only when his eyes rested on his daughter's pretty face that his stern looks relaxed. Lucy reminded him, doubtless of her gentle mother. But he was a good master to a good servant, notably when he, who by his nature and habit suspected, could repose full trust. He did so in his confidential clerk, Mr. Jacob Jenkins.

That head clerk was one out of a thousand. "Respectable Jenkins" was the nickname by which irreverent youngsters in the counting-house spoke with bated breath of that pearl of clerks; but even those poor office lads had a belief in him—he was so respectable, with his lean well-shaven face, his square-cut suit of formal black, and his neatly brushed boots. Never, as I have heard, in the twenty-nine years of his toil had honest Jenkins been known to ask for a holiday, to shirk extra work, or to make a blunder as to time and tide, a thing of moment with a house like ours, large exporters as we were.

As for myself, I am afraid that my poor merits, if I had any, were quite eclipsed by those of that commercial comet, Jenkins. Indeed, I know of no reason, except my blood relationship to our principal, head of the house of Braithwaite, Pery & Co., for any comparison between that veteran of the desk and my inexperienced self. But my uncle often said, in his gruff way:

"Take Jenkins for your model," or, "Cyril, lad, it will be one while before you will fill Jenkins' shoes! See how neatly he settled that business with Chauvin et Fils of Bordeaux, and how cleverly he avoided the heavy loss of that last shipment when Krakow and Kildergersten of Hamburg were going to smash."

Yet I stuck to my work, young as I was, and had my best not to be underserving of the prospective partnership, and somehow I got the vague impression in my head that instead of my being jealous of Jenkins, Jenkins was jealous of me.

One day there was a big check to be cashed—nearer to three thousand pounds than two—and it was my task, no unusual one, to present the draft to Peabody & Sons.

In a house like ours, where the furnaces were always glowing, and the tall chimneys always smoking, and the out-going for wages, housekeeper and fuel were, I heard hardly say, very large indeed.

On that day—how well I remember it!—I was in exceptionally high spirits. I had been talking with dear Lucy, and though her father, who said that children need not be in a hurry, would never consent to name even an approximate day for our wedding, still there was a vague prospect of connubial bliss next spring.

It was fine, bright weather, and on Tuesday there was to be a garden party at some Richmond villa, to which we were all to go. Altogether I was in excellent spirits, and as far as any man could be from dreaming of the evil that was to come.

"How will you take it?" inquired the boyish clerk, for which I heartily thanked him. "Short!" I answered, with a sort of boyish pride in my newly acquired familiarity with business phrases, and then with my gold notes I left the bank.

As I did so, a man staggered toward me, jostled me, then reeled away, muttering, "Beg pardon," and would have fallen but for the support of my arm. I saw in a moment that the man was sober; but he looked ill, haggard and hollow-eyed, though still young, and he was decently clad in a warm velvet suit, with large, dark buttons. There was a smudge on the country about him, and his accent, so far as I could judge, was that of Yorkshire or Northumberland.

"You are ill, I fear, and perhaps a stranger to London," I said.

"Nigh clammed in this blessed London paved with golden guineas, as our old cronies say in Craven; paved with say I, and cause for it, since all that grandfetter stored up, whether for Bess and Bell or for me—"

Clearly the man was fainting, and from starvation. He had walked some distance. In tempting proximity, at the corner of side street was a place over the door of which in great gold letters were the words "Luncheon Bar." Into this, quite instinctively, I half dragged, half hustled the fainting man.

It was the middle of the day, luncheon time, a brisk hour for business in the city, and I entered with full customers, young men mostly, noisily chat-

ting over their sandwiches. As I flung open the swinging door I was sure that I caught a glimpse of my uncle's confidential clerk on the pavement.

"Mr. Jenkins," I called out, but he evidently did not hear me, but passed on. There was a rush of excited young fellows towards us—Bet you he's drunk!" "Four to five he's dead!" Run over!" and so forth—and it was not immediately that I could get some restorative. But the poor countryman's face was livid, his eyes closed, his teeth fast shut and he could swallow nothing. Then a doctor was sent for, and the doctor was slow in coming, and I had explanation after explanation to give, first to a dull-witted landlord, who came blinking out of a back parlor; then to inquisitive customers; and when, at last, a breathless surgeon, hastily summoned, came panting in at the heavy swing-door, amid the surging crowd, there was also a necessary word with him.

"But where is my patient?" asked the bewildered man of science.

Indeed the "poor fellow" who was the object of all the stir had disappeared in the midst of the hub-bub, and with him had vanished the heavy, steel-clasped, black morocco pocket-book, which I remembered too late to have incautiously laid on a table in the flurry and confusion of our sudden and awkward entry, and which was gone, pitilessly.

"Cyril Vaughan, I always deemed you to be a simpleton—a soft, as we Yorkshire chaps say—but now I know you to be a knave!" thundered out my irate uncle, the north country accent in his wrathful voice becoming unusually predominant. "Had you not been my relative, had not my girl—who shall never be the wife of such a scoundrel—begged you off, I would have prosecuted you as I would any other rogue, and sent you to quarry stone among convicts at Dartmoor or Portland. As it is, I won't hear another word of your lies or excuses. Go, go! I shall forget Lucy's pleadings, and act as a citizen not as a father. The 'confidence trick,' eh? The countryman—the I am not your dupe, lad! You won't starve on the sum of which you have robbed me!"

Then came a terrible three months—it was that or more—a time of depression, of crushed spirits, a half-broken heart for me. That I was wrongfully suspected gave me but cold comfort. I was innocent, but Lucy was lost to me; my prospects were blighted, no more would give work to me, and I was poor and sinking fast into the dire depths of want. I remember how pale and thin and shabby I had become when I received a visit from my uncle's lawyer, Mr. Mordaunt.

"Mr. Vaughan, you wonder to see me," said the shrewd solicitor as he took the broken chair I offered him—a wretched room in a suburban lodging-house compared to the one I now occupy as a messenger of good tidings. Do you remember a serving man, Enoch Clint by name, whom your uncle, my client, Mr. Braithwaite, engaged some weeks before the unlucky affair of the stolen money? He was a smart young fellow with excellent testimonials—all forged by the by—and made himself useful both in the house and in the stable-yard, and was vastly popular with his fellow-servants on account of his powers of mimicry and the juggling tricks that he could perform.

I had an indistinct recollection of having seen and heard of such a person in my uncle's household, and I said so, wondering then there could be anything in Enoch Clint to concern me.

"This Enoch," said Mr. Mordaunt slowly, "was a north countryman, and drew out the shrewd lawyer."

Then a light broke in upon me and I grew sick and dizzy, and could hardly hear Mr. Mordaunt's friendly voice as he said, shaking my passive hand the while:

"You have been sorely wronged, Mr. Vaughan. I, for one, believe you guilty, for which I heartily beg your pardon. Now listen to me. This poor wretch, Enoch Clint, was two days since run over by a heavy-laden van, and not fifty yards from his master's door, and carried back to the house, the crushed and bloodstained wreck of a man. He asked for his master, and Mr. Braithwaite being absent, he prayed to see Miss Lucy. To her, in the doctor's presence, the dying man gasped out some inarticulate confession, clearing up all his blame but that of credulity, pardonable at your age, and implicating posteriously another person. Altho' you desire his broken statement was, by the doctor's help, taken down in writing, but he died before the narrative was complete. Miss Lucy had an interview with her father, I need scarcely say, on his return home, as a sequel to which, Mr. Braithwaite, more agitated than I had ever known him to be, called on me, and laid the matter before me. We two had a long talk, and the result of it was, Mr. Cyril, that on the following morning I received a visit from—have you guessed it?—the confidential clerk, Mr. Jenkins!"

"Oh, Mr. Jenkins?" I returned, perplexed by the half-comic expression of the solicitor's face.

"Your Mr. Jenkins, if you will cling to the ancient formula," assented the lawyer, with twinkling eyes. "That commercial lunatic came to me blantly, unsuspectingly, for, as it had turned out, he had not even heard of the death of his accomplice. My first act, when he had made his low and sated himself in the client's chair, was to shut the door and

lock it. When he heard the click of the lock he started, and turned as pale as his shirt-collar.

"Now, my friend," I said to him, in a frank, pleasant way, "my advice to you is, for your own good, to make a clean breast of it at once."

"Then you should have seen the ingenious wonder of his interesting countenance."

"Excuse me, Mr. Mordaunt, but I cannot have heard you aright," he said, after a pause.

"Oh, yes, you have," said I, shaking a finger at him. "Come, come, Mr. Jenkins, it is time for you to drop the sheep's clothing, and stand forth as the wolf you are—only this I promise, in Mr. Braithwaite's name, that if your revelations be full and ample you shall have gentler and more generous treatment than you deserve."

"A stormy colloquy ensued. Once I thought the man meant to strike me, but there was something in my eye that restrained him, for next he began to sob, and then to whine like a beaten hound, as sitting on the edge of my writing table, and clanking at the carpet, he stammered out a confession, which I reduced to writing, and to which he presently affixed his reluctant signature."

"The revelation, when this slippery witness was at length brought to make it—he did not know, you see, Mr. Cyril how much my colleague had confessed—was a tolerably complete one. He had, it seemed, an especial malice against yourself, as the kinsman and future partner and heir of the employer whom it had been the business of his life to dupe by a show of zeal and a display of mock honesty—I say mock, because probably, when the books come to be overhauled, it will be found that this was not the first time of a betrayal of trust. And Mr. Jenkins thought, too, that young as you were, you did not share Mr. Braithwaite's high opinion of him, and might one day ask troublesome questions. Wherefore, by the help of a forged character, he got this fellow Clint into your uncle's service, put him up to the trick which he played on you—Clint had been a low comedian; mountebank and thimble-rigger in his time—and received from Clint himself, at the door of the city public house, the morocco pocket-book containing the gold and notes which you in the hurry and excitement of the moment had—why, Mr. Vaughan, you are ill!"

But if he said I heard it not, for I was weak with long privation and sleeplessness, and the blood surged up to my temples, and there was a roar as of waves in my ears, and I sank fainting on the floor.

I have not much more to tell. How cordial and self-reproachful even was the reception which my uncle, Mr. Braithwaite, extended to me, or with what grateful joy my Lucy's eyes met mine, are easy to imagine but difficult to describe.

"I wronged you, my boy, and I thank heaven that I was wrong in what I thought," said the old man, with a sob in his imperious voice; "Lucy, here, knew you best."

Temperance.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR TEMPERANCE.

BY E. L. BROWN.

What can I do? I am only a girl! What can I do in the world's busy whirl! Others have money and influence strong, But what can I do toward lighting the wrong of a drunkard's home? I am a poor girl, I would not stand idle and carelessly dream, But what can I do?

What can you do? Do you ask from your heart! As "only a girl" will do a girl's part! Much can you do for a long time to come But out of the many you're uplifted some. Some will be stronger because you are strong; Some will more eagerly battle the wrong; And this you can do:

For God, for home, and for your own native land, This much you can do.

Then you can help by your words every day, Patiently scattering seed by the way. You may not see fruit for a long time to come But out of the many you're uplifted some. Some will be stronger because you are strong; Some will more eagerly battle the wrong; And this you can do:

Let the words that you say, the acts that you do, Always show forth the good and the true; To your acts and your words add tact and good taste; With these many difficult things can be faced, Use all your talents in the cause of the right, And for Temperance you can sing and recite, All this you can do.

Don't wait for great things in a distant "some day," But do the small things that come in your way. Always be careful to show where you stand; Opportunely in every father's command. If you are earnest, thoughtful, and true, A great many things will your hands find to do. Work away, and the Father will show you some day.

How many you've gladdened and helped on the way, "Only a girl," but there's work you can do— "Only a girl," and we greatly need you. Come join us and work with your heart and your hand, For God, for home, and our own native land.