

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No. 1038.

W. C. ANSLOW,

Vol. XX.—No. 50.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, September 28, 1887.

## Open to-day —AT— B. FAIREYS.

New Flashes, Fancy Flowers, Velvets, Velvetines, Gloves, Java Canvases, Children's Handkerchiefs, from 4c. each, Ladies' vests; Kyri cloth, Flaid Melton coats, Dress Steels, Tam o'Shanter, Opera Wool Shawls, and 2 cases of seasonable goods.

LOOK AT SHOW WINDOWS  
TO-NIGHT.

## B. FAIREY, Newcastle.

Newcastle, Sept. 21, 1887.

Law and Collection Office

—OF—  
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 Montreal.

J. D. PHINNEY,

Barrister & Attorney at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,

RIICHBUCKTON, N. B.

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 8, 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. PRODLIN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

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

September, June 11, 1887.

O. J. MacGILLIVRAY, M. A., M. D.,

Mem. R. COL. SURG., LONDON,

SPECIALIST.

DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,

Office: Church and Main St., Montreal,

Montreal, Nov. 12, 86.

CEO. 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, '86.

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, N. B.

J. O. BIEDERMANN,

St. John, May 6, 1887.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK,

Proprietor, CRO. McWHERRY, CEO. D. FOUT,

KEARY HOUSE

(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL),

BATHURST, N. B.

THOS. F. KEARY - Proprietor.

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and re-furnished throughout. Stage connects with all trains. Large commodious billiard room. Bathing facilities. Some of the best trout fishing in the Province. 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 first-class hotel and travellers still find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat landing and Telegraph and Post Office.

The proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to justify the same in the future.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS

For Commercial Travellers and Stopping on the premises.

Oct. 12, 1885.

## AYER'S PILLS.

The Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightwell, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Littleborough, Mass.

Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.

—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Littleborough, Mass.

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## Selected Literature.

THE MODEL MILLIONAIRE.

Unless one is wealthy there is no good in being a charming fellow. Romance is the privilege of the rich, not the profession of the unemployed. The poor should be practical and prosaic. It is better to have a permanent income than to be fascinating. There are the great truths of modern life which Hughie Erskine never realized. Poor Hughie! Intellectually, we must admit, he was not of much importance. He never said either a brilliant or an ill-natured thing in his life. But then he was wonderfully good-looking, with his crisp brown hair, his clear-cut profile and his grey eyes. He was as popular with men as he was with women, and he had every accomplishment except that of making money. His father had bequeathed him his cavalry sword, and a History of the Peninsula War in 15 volumes. Hughie hung the first over his looking glass, put the second on a shelf between Ruffe's Guide and Bailey's Magazine, and he lived on two hundred a year that an old aunt allowed him. He had tried everything. He had gone on the Stock Exchange for six months; but what was a butterfly to do among bulls and bears? He had been a tea merchant for a little longer, but had soon tried of peck and sonchong. Then he tried selling dry sherry. That did not answer. Ultimately he became nothing, a delightful, ineffectual young man with a perfect profile and no profession. To make matters worse, he was in love. The girl he loved was Laura Merton, the daughter of a retired colonel who had just lost his temper and digestion in India, and had never found either of them again. Laura adored him, and he was ready to kiss her shoe-tips. They were the handsomest couple in London and had not a penny-piece between them. The colonel was very fond of Hughie, but would not hear of any engagement. 'Come to me, my boy, when you have got £10,000 of your own, and we will see about it,' he used to say; and Hughie looked very glum on those days, and had to go to Laura for consolation. One morning, as he was on his way to Holland Park, where the Mertons lived, he dropped in to see a great friend of his, Alan Trevor. Trevor was a painter. Indeed few people escape that nowadays; but he was also an artist, and artists are rather rare. Personally he was a strange rough fellow, with a freckled face and red hair. However, when he took up the brush he was a real master, and his pictures were eagerly sought after. He had been very much attracted by Hughie at first, it must be acknowledged entirely on account of his good looks. 'The only people a painter should know,' he used to say, 'are people who are both beautiful and beautiful; people who are an artistic pleasure to look at and an intellectual pleasure to talk to. Dandies and darlings rule the world! However, after he got to know Hughie better, he liked him quite as much for his bright buoyant spirit, his generous reckless nature, and had given him the permanent status of a friend. When Hughie came in he found Trevor putting the finishing touch to a wonderful life size picture of a beggar man. The beggar himself was standing on a raised platform in the corner of the studio. He was a wizened old man, with a face like wrinkled parchment, and a most piteous expression. Over his shoulders was flung a coarse, brown cloak, all tattered and tatters; his thick boots were patched and cobbled, and with one hand he leaned on a rough stick, while with the other he held out his battered hat for alms. 'What an amazing model!' whispered Hughie, as he shook hands with his friend. 'An amazing model?' shouted Trevor at the top of his voice; 'I should think so. Such beggars as he are not met with every day. A *trouvaillé*, mon cher; a living Vandyck! My state! what an etching Rembrandt would have made of him!' 'Poor old chap,' said Hughie, 'he looks miserable he looks! But I suppose to you painters, his face is his fortune?' 'Certainly,' replied Trevor; 'you don't want a beggar to look happy, do you?' 'How much does a model get for sitting?' asked Hughie, as he found himself a comfortable seat on a divan. 'A shilling an hour,' said Trevor. 'And how much do you get for your picture, Alan?' 'O, for this I get a thousand.' 'Guineas! Painters, poets and physicians always get guineas.' 'Well, I think the model should have a percentage,' said Hughie, laughing; 'they work quite as hard as you do.' 'Nonsense, nonsense! Why, look at the trouble of laying on the paint alone, and standing all day long at one's ease! It's all very well, Hughie, for you to talk, but I assure you that there are moments when Art approaches the dignity of manual labor. Don't you mustn't chatter; I've very busy.' Spoke a cigarette and kept quiet. After some time the servant came in, and told Trevor that the frame-maker wanted to speak to him. 'Don't run away, Hughie,' he said, as he went out, 'I will be back in a moment.'

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