

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. C. ANSLOW

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Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Newcastle, Wednesday, April 15, 1891.

Whole No. 1223

CLOSING UP BUSINESS.

12,000 DOLLARS Worth of DRY GOODS AND FURNITURE TO BE SACRIFICED. ALL GOODS Must be sold by FIRST of MAY.

Come and get some BARGAINS. DRY GOODS AT LESS THAN COST PRICE. FURNITURE do. do.

This SALE is Imperative, every Article Must be Sold Before 1st of MAY. Bedroom Sets FROM \$13.00. PARLOR Suites from \$26.00. CHAIRS FROM 25cts. TABLES AT LESS THAN COST TO MANUFACTURE. All Goods to be sold at a GREAT SACRIFICE. TERMS PROMPT CASH. All Accounts owing me must be settled by the 15th APRIL, 1891. Positively no more Credit to any one.

B. FAIREY, Newcastle.

Newcastle, March 20, 1891.

L. J. TWEEDIE, ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW. NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c. Chatham N. B.

J. D. PHINNEY, Barrister & Attorney at Law. NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. RICHMOND, N. B. OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE, May 4, 1890.

G. J. MACCULLY, M. A., M. D. Mem. BOT. COL. SERG., LONDON. SPECIALIST, DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT. Office: Cor. Waterland and Main Street, Moncton, Nov. 12, 88.

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, Prior for Estates. Notary Public, &c. Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches conducted with accuracy and dispatch. OFFICE, Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Dr. R. Nicholson, Office and Residence, McCULLAM ST., NEWCASTLE, Jan. 22, 1889.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson, RESIDENCE and OFFICE in house owned by Mr. R. H. Ormsley, at foot of Street's Hill, Newcastle, Jan. 2, 1891.

Dr. H. A. FISH, Newcastle, N. B. July 23, 1890.

W. A. Wilson, M. D. Physician and Surgeon, DERBY, N. B. Derby, Nov. 15, 1890.

Bank of Montreal. Capital \$12,000,000. Rest \$6,000,000. A Savings Department has been opened in connection with the Branch. Interest allowed at current rates. F. E. WINSLOW, Manager Chatham Branch.

Wonders

Are wrought by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor in restoring gray hair to its original color, promoting a new growth, preventing the hair from falling, keeping it soft, silky, and abundant, and the scalp cool, healthy, and free from dandruff or humors. The universal testimony is that this preparation has no equal as a dressing, and is, therefore, indispensable to every well-furnished toilet.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor my hair is perfectly clear of dandruff, and the hair has ceased coming out. I now have a good growth of the same color as when I was a young man. I can heartily recommend any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair to use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing."—Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, East Freetown, Me.

"Some time ago my wife's hair began to come out quite freely. She used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it has worked wonders for her. Her hair is now growing again, and is as soft and abundant as when she was young. I can heartily recommend it to every one who is troubled with dandruff or loss of hair."—Vincent Jones, Richmond, Ind.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

PREPARED BY J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Not only prevented my wife from becoming bald, but it also caused an entirely new growth of hair. I am ready to testify to this statement before a justice of the peace."—H. Kustelien, Lewistown, Iowa.

"Some years ago after a severe attack of brain fever, my hair all came out. I used such preparations for restoring it as my physicians ordered, but failed to produce a growth of hair. I then tried successively several articles recommended by druggists, but all alike fell short of accomplishing the desired result. The last remedy I applied was Ayer's Hair Vigor, which brought a growth of hair in a few weeks. I think I see eight bottles in two years; more than was necessary as a restorative, but I liked it as a dressing, and have continued to use it for that purpose. I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor possesses virtues far above those of any similar preparation now on the market."—Vincent Jones, Richmond, Ind.

Canada House, Chatham, New Brunswick. Wm. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

KEARY HOUSE, (FORMERLY WILBUR'S HOTEL), BATHURST THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS for Commercial Travellers, and Stabling on the premises. Chatham, Jan. 1.

DO YOU KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE? ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM. NO BETTER REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, CONSUMPTION, &c.

CASTORIA for Infants and Children. "Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."—H. A. ARBETTER, M. D., 215 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Selected Literature.

POOR ARTIST'S TRIUMPH.

BY WILL H. EMBREDS.

In an old house, in an obscure street of Nuremberg, there lived a little hump-backed man, whose face was wrinkled, and in a somewhat morose expression, and who, doubtless, to the many difficulties which had beset his path through life, and the cruel ridicule cast upon him by more fortunate but unfeeling neighbors. This unfortunate individual, Samuel Duhobret, by name, was about thirty-five years old, and obtained a livelihood by painting large signs (such as hang-below signs) and the coarse tapistry which was formerly much in vogue in Germany.

By some sudden change of fortune (at most the only one he had ever known) and in consequence of the generous liberality of Albrecht Durer, the painter and engraver, he had been admitted as a pupil into that great master's school, out of charity, for he was too poor to pay the high fee charged for instruction.

Here he studied hard, and was an example of indefatigable industry, for he was always there by daybreak, and seldom left till darkness closed in, either studying or helping Durer in his 'daily account.' This was the name Durer gave to his wife, Agnes, the daughter of Hans Frei.

Malaise Durer possessed a tractable temper, which caused much domestic trouble, and often brought discomfort to her husband's pupils; but having a particular aversion to Duhobret, she vented all her spleen upon him, for the others were either too cunning to be made to reach them, or else they purchased their peace by obsequiating the female tyrant. Yet, in spite of all her slavish propensities, and the many contemptible but galling things put upon Duhobret, he had not a taint of envy or malice in his heart. He was the most even-tempered mortal living, and would frequently give his services to those who were the most bitter toward him.

The only pain he knew was after his day's work at the studio was over, and he had returned to his [room] lodging, a lonely room at the top of the house, where he would often work till long after midnight to earn the scanty means of subsistence, or to push forward a picture which stood upon his easel.

After several years of this arduous toil his strength began to fail, and sickness laid him low. One night, after he had reached home with considerable difficulty, he went to the well to fill his earthen pail, but a mist covered his eyes, and a sudden dizziness caused him to reel like a drunken man. At last he regained his room and went to bed.

In the morning he was in a burning fever; an internal fire seemed to dry up his blood and scorch his brain. He was missed that day from the scene of his labors, but his absence only caused a brutal joke from his fellow-students; none cared to go to his lodging and inquire the cause, though but few among them were not under obligations for some service performed by the poor cripple.

Duhobret lay tossing and fro in delirium for four days, quenching his thirst during his lucid intervals by the feverish madness, by draughts of water, now stale, from the pail which he had filled on the evening when he had first felt sick. It was the early morning of the fourth day when Samuel discovered that he was too weak to get out and refill it, he had no mind for his services to his bed-side to send. Death seemed very near, he could almost feel the icy finger at his heart, while his tongue clung to the roof of his mouth, and his throat was hot and dry as a lime-lick.

"Oh, God," he prayed, "let me not die here with thirst to relieve me. Oh, Thy who didst thirst upon the cross, hear my cry, and send me relief. Oh, Holy Mother, pray for me now in the hour of my distress, pray that one drop of water may be brought to cool my parched tongue!"

The darkness of the night began to pass away; the sun shone forth with golden radiance and threw long bright rays upon the floor of his room, but it brought no relief and little hope of succor from the outside world.

In the same house there lived a poor girl, named Bertha, who was a cripple. A disease of the hip-bone, engendered by a fall when an infant, had murred the beautiful proportions of her body, and caused her to limp, and use a crutch.

She was not pretty, but she had a tender heart, and she had often pitied the poor hump-backed lodger up stairs, at whom her pity was somewhat mixed with fear, for it was the common talk of the neighborhood gossips that he was a wizard. This report was strengthened by the certainty that Duhobret was not altogether ignorant of the science of letters.

He could read and write—great things in the days of which we write—and once he had been seen to enter his house bearing under his arm a ponderous book, fastened by huge brass clasps. This last was proof incontrovertible of his alliance to black art, and he was generally feared.

Then, besides, he was seldom absent in the daylight, except when he went to church on Sunday; and no one had ever been seen visiting him, nor had he ever joined with his neighbors in the frolic of Rhinish wine with which they were wont to regale themselves on holiday times.

Bertha had missed his regular footsteps on the stairs, and she began to wonder what had become of the solitary lodger, so she turned to her widowed mother for an explanation.

"Mother, I have not seen Herr Duhobret lately, and I don't think he has left the house. Do you know what is the matter?"

"No, child, not I; maybe he's working some mighty spell, which our Lady delivers us from," said the old dame.

"Oh, mother, don't say such things of the poor man; I'm sure he does not look like a wizard; and as for his book, look at the clerical pen and teach others to read, and they are not wizards. Besides, I've often seen him at church, and he looks very devout. I think he must be sick. May I go and see? Maybe he wants something, and you know that he has no one to send."

The mother rather reluctantly assented, and Bertha caught up her crutch and ascended the stairs to Duhobret's room.

Having knocked at the door several times, at last she heard a faint sound, which she interpreted into an invitation to enter. Accordingly she lifted the latch and went into the poor little room where Duhobret still lay unconscious.

She quickly divined what was wanted, and ran and filled the pitcher with water.

When she came back she began to bathe the burning temples of the sick man, and brush back the thick locks of matted hair which hung wildly about his eyes. Presently he became conscious of the figure so noiseless beside him, and gasped out: "Water! water!"

She held up the pitcher while he took a long, deep draught of the cooling liquid, and as he drank, new life seemed to flow into his veins. He leaped up to his feet, his eyes filling with tears of gratitude.

"Oh, fraulien," he said, "you have saved my life. I did not think there was one who could be so good to me."

"Can I help you to something more, she asked. "I thought you were sick, so I came to see if I could help you."

"There was no fear of magic spells; she had forgotten her thought of his being a wizard in her pity for the sick man."

"If you could be so kind, there is one thing I would like. Go to that cabinet. You will find a little money. Will you take it to the apothecary and get me some medicine? I have a high fever."

"Oh, no, I will fetch my mother; she is quite a skillful nurse, and she shall make you some herb-tea, and you will soon be well!"

Bertha withdrew, and soon returned with her mother. After examining him, the latter said:

"Dear me! he has a fever, sure enough. She was satisfied, however, that Duhobret was not in any imminent danger, and soon retired to make the necessary decoction of herbs.

Need we tell how Bertha watched by the bedside and tended her patient, being relieved by her mother, who administered the herb-tea, together with some nutmeg-broth, and he was finally on his legs again, yet still too weak to work.

Then they invited him to come down to their rooms, and he played upon the flute for them, to make the time pass away.

One day, while down there, as her mother sat busily spinning, Bertha was knitting, and she ventured to ask a question which had long been troubling her mind.

"Do you know, neighbor, that people say you are a great wizard?"

"Do they?" asked Duhobret, much surprised.

"Yes, indeed; but I don't believe it, she replied.

"You are right, Bertha. I am no wizard, nor do I ever believe in witchcraft."

"I am very glad I was right. But you are a learned man, are you not?"

"Oh, no, I can read a little, and I suppose that is almost sufficient to give cause for the assertion. When I was young I was taught by the Benedictines, and loved to study, but now I am content if I may some day become a painter, though I fear me I am too old to do much."

"Yes, I am studying under Master Durer, and they are the fruits of his instruction, but as yet I have not sold any. I must try soon, though, for I am not rich, and may not allow your kind mother to have such a burden upon her hands."

"Oh, don't think of that; we are too glad to be able to render you some little assistance."

Then Duhobret fell into a reverie, the subject of which was his pictures; and how he could sell some of them. He determined to try next day, if he should feel strong enough to be able to go and search for a purchaser.

In the morning the first thing that Duhobret thought of was the picture he considered his masterpiece. He went over to where it stood facing the wall, took it up tenderly and examined it. Then he went back a little way to see its effects from a distance. How fondly he gazed upon it, as if loth to part with this the first fruit of his study. Surely

it was life-like. Could he not almost see the leaves as they moved in the breeze? Did not the clouds seem the veryst ethereal, intangible matter, instead of dabs of paint? Poor Samuel! in an ecstasy of joy—mingled with regret at the necessity of parting from what he considered then the perfection of art—he seized upon his picture and left the house to seek a purchaser.

He had not gone more than a few paces along the narrow street, rendered almost dark by the over-hanging houses, when a crowd of noisy urchins, who had not seen him for some little time, ran up to him, shouting:

"There goes old humpy the wizard!"

"One more bold than the rest, tugged at the picture which was concealed beneath the long cloak worn at the time, and then as he rushed before Duhobret, he fell heavily to the ground and asked:

"Are you hurt my little man?"

But the boy, finding himself in the arms of the reputed wizard, kicked and struggled violently, while the ill-starred Duhobret still held him and endeavored to pacify his perturbed spirit.

The others then tried to release their comrade by shouting for help and throwing stones, one of which struck Samuel in the head and caused the blood to flow freely. He looked around him confusedly for a moment, but seeing the people flocking to the scene of the disturbance, he drew his cloak around him and retreated as rapidly as possible. No one attempted to follow him until he had turned out of sight, and then they concluded it hopeless, and gathered around the boy to see what glamor had been cast upon him. Nothing strange was perceptible in the boy's appearance, but as the parents very wisely remarked: "It isn't likely to show at first."

Duhobret, as we have already seen, retreated, but now he stepped before a pump to wash the blood from his face. He then passed on to the principal street by the town hall and market place. Here he saw a small crowd collected around one of the booths which answered the purpose of stores. Having inquired the cause, he found there was to be a sale of pictures, the collection of a wealthy connoisseur.

Determined to try his luck here, Duhobret elbowed his way to the platform where the auctioneer stood, and timidly asked:

"Can you sell this picture, sir?"

"Who is it by?"

"Myself. I am a pupil of Albrecht Durer."

"Humph! That's no recommendation. He is only an engraver." (The general opinion at that time was that Durer was a first class engraver, but no painter.)

"Indeed, sir, the great Raphael at Rome thinks that Durer has inaugurated a new era in German art," answered Duhobret.

"Well, perhaps so; I don't pretend to pass an opinion myself; I only say what I hear. But what do you call your picture?"

"I represent the Abbey of Newbourg and the surrounding landscape."

"What do you expect for it?" Asked the man of business.

"Whatever it is worth. Whatever it will fetch, replied Duhobret, his hopes sinking very low at the cold indifference of the auctioneer, who really understood very little about paintings.

"I don't suppose you will get more than five thalers for it, but I will sell it for you. What's your name?"

Duhobret told him, and then retreated into a corner to watch the sale, which was about to commence. Several oil paintings were disposed of—that secured the poor artist much better than his own—at such low prices that he almost despair of getting as much as had been estimated to him. At last his picture was announced.

"Here is a fine view of the abbey of Newbourg, by Duhobret, one of Durer's pupils. What is bid for this? Who bids five thalers? Who bids three?"

"Let me look at that picture," said a tall man in black, and as he pushed forward, several others, whose curiosity was aroused and who took an interest in the sale, pushed closer around the picture. In truth, it was well executed. The coloring was brilliant, and the perspective was much nearer the present state of perfection than were most pictures of those times; yet Duhobret was unconscious of where its excellence lay, or he would have expected much more than the paltry five thalers which had been estimated as its value.

"Twenty thalers," eighty, and ninety, were outbid by the offer of one hundred thalers."

Poor Duhobret was astonished. He clasped his hands with joy, and with uplifted eyes, softly murmured, "Thank Heaven!"

"Five hundred," came from the man in black.

A murmur of surprise and admiration followed this jump, and the competition began to thin out so that only three were left.

"One thousand thalers," came from a well-known picture dealer.

Five thousand," vociferated the man

in black with a clear, sonorous voice.

Then came a pause, while the picture dealer calculated whether his funds would allow him to bid any more.

"Six thousand thalers!" came at last, just as the auctioneer was about to knock it down to the man in black.

"Then you can't have it," whispered the latter, adding in a low tone: "Ten thousand!" and folded his arms, while a gleam of triumph shot from his eyes, as he saw the crest fallen picture-dealer backing out from the crowd that pressed eagerly around.

And where was Duhobret? He had climbed up on a box and stood like one petrified, with his hands clasped, and his face beaming with pleasure, until several of the spectators saw him, and raised a loud laugh at his grotesque appearance. Then he got down and moved toward the door, where he remained until the end of the sale.

Then he presented himself before the tall stranger, and taking off his hat, made a low obeisance.

The man in black put his hand to his purse, which hung at his girdle, and threw him a small silver coin, waving his hand to indicate that he wanted no thanks.

Duhobret stooped, picked it up, and handing it back, said:

"If you please your honor, I am the painter of the picture you have just bought!"

The tall man consulted with the auctioneer, then drew out a wallet and wrote.

"Here friend," he said, "is an order on my bank for your money. Upon presenting it you will be paid."

When Duhobret took it, he found that it was the Count Dunkelsbach who had bought his picture. He was one of the richest nobles and most unassuming patrons in Germany.

Overwhelmed with joy at such sudden and unexpected good fortune, he hastened home to acquaint his friends with his altered circumstances, and repay them for the disinterested friendship they had evinced toward him.

When he entered the room he ran toward the old dame and her crippled daughter, and seizing each by the hand commenced to shake them as if at work at a pump-handle, exclaiming:

"Congratulate me, my friends. I am rich! I am happy?"

They were astonished, and thought the poor fellow had surely gone mad.

"Well, neighbor," said the old dame, "don't shake the life out of me."

Then he explained all, and they gladdened his heart by their kind wishes. But there was something more that Duhobret wanted.

"My dear madam," said he, "you may know what has been my wish for some time past—in fact since first Bertha came and ministered to me when I was sick. I would wed her. I know she will make a good wife, for she has already been so good to me. I will try and make her a good husband. What say you? And what does Bertha say? Will you be mine, Bertha?"

The old dame broke the silence which followed this request.

"Dear me, neighbor; first you took my breath away with your good news, and are now shaking me; and now you want my daughter! Go to! that's almost too much to expect from an old woman who is alone in the world."

"Hold, there! I don't want to take her away. We can all live together, and I will be a good son to you; so, mother dear—for you know you were almost like a mother to me—grant my wish!"

"Well, if you can make such an arrangement, all I can say is, if Bertha is willing, take her, and may heaven bless you!" So saying, she turned toward Bertha for her answer.

"Well, Bertha, will you accept me?" asked Samuel.

"Yes, Samuel, I will be your wife, for I love you," said Bertha, blushing like a rose.

The promise having been given, you may be sure that no time was lost in getting the conjugal knot tied. One morning they walked out together, with a few friends following to the cathedral, where good Father Hoeken married and blessed them.

When next Duhobret made his appearance until after Durer's studio, he was well received, for the news of his success had preceded him, and his fellow-students gave to him their right hands in tokens of fellowship. Durer himself was no less pleased than surprised, but his wife still kept her old animosity toward the "new man"; but Duhobret little cared in his prosperity for that which he heeded not in his adversity.

Duhobret lived a very happy life with his humble bride, and their lives, uninterupted by domestic squabbles, flowed along as the calm waters of a river into the great ocean of eternity.

LOCKS USED ON UNITED STATES MAIL POUCHES.

It is a very risky thing nowadays for a mail agent to interfere with the lock on the mail pouches in his care," said

Assistant Postmaster Gayler to a *Herald* reporter, as he handled a burnished copper lock which lay upon his desk. "This lock makes it practically impossible for any interference to go undetected. Examine this lock, and you will see that each time you turn the key, the register moves up one number. I lock it on the number 1,234. Now you unlock it. See the number now in 1,235. And you cannot get it back to the first number, do what you may. All our locks begin at 1 and stop at 9,999, giving them a life of service of thirty-three years. When the last number is reached it is sent back to the factory and 'reset.' This fact is unknown to the route agent who runs between Altoona and Harrisburg in 1881, when the lock was first adopted by the government. He had no difficulty in presenting a key to open the lock, and figured that he could manage to go through the contents of his pouch, and by the use of a turning lathe, which he took in the car with him, he could soon read the numbers flying till he would get back to the number charged against him on leaving the post office at Harrisburg. It was mail lock No. 102, registered on No. 23. After going through the contents of the pouch, and getting a good swag he placed his lock in the lathe and commenced to turn. It didn't take very long to make 9,000 revolutions on the lathe, but when the lock refused to go past 9,999 the fellow got frightened and, throwing his body down on the floor of the car, he jumped off and took to the woods. This was a warning to others, and we scarcely ever hear of an attempt to tuck this lock. It is the best kind of a protection against so-called honest fellows who don't mind stealing a few hundred if they risk nothing—fellows who are in positions of trust. It simply keeps watch, and one of the most accurate dishonestly, it just tells on him. That's all. But it tells every time and can't be bribed."—*Scientific American*.

If there is such a thing as real, downright mortification on this earth, it is in the feeling of the man who, himself intending to cheat, finds that he has picked up the small end of a horse trade.

Temperance.

UNCLE BILLY'S STORY.

Here is what he said: "When I was a drunkard I could never get my barn more than half full. The first year after I signed the pledge I filled my barn; the second year I filled my barn, and had two stacks; this year I filled my barn, and have four stacks. When I was a drunkard I owned only an old cow, and I think she must have been ashamed of me when she was red in the face; and now I own five good cows, and three good horses as ever looked through a collar. When I was a drunkard I trudged from place to place on foot; now I can ride in a carriage of my own. When I was a drunkard I was three hundred dollars in debt; since I signed the bill amounted I have paid the debt, and have purchased two hundred acres of wild land, and I have the deed in my possession; two of my sons are testatorials, and are living on that lot. When I was a drunkard I used to swear; I have ceased to be profane. The last year of my drunkenness my doctor's bill amounted to \$800; since I signed the pledge I have not been called upon to expend a cent for medicine."

BURNING UP.

"But, doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant," cried the invalid, earnestly; "I am cold, and it warms me."

"Precisely," came the doctor's crusty answer. "See here, this stick is cold; taking up a stick of wood from the box as near the hearth, and tossing it into the fire; 'now it is warm; but is it the stick benefited?' The sick man watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke, and then burst into flame, and replied, 'Of course not, it is burning itself.' 'And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol; you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain.'"

I hold that no Church is fully organized until it has a temperance wheel in its machinery; it is just as important as the Sunday school or any other wheel. A Presbyterian Church is not properly managed until she stands in the pulpit, a thorough, uncompromising teetotaler. If you put a bottle in the pulpit it will trickle into every pew of the congregation. God pity the minister to whom a young man can say: "You told me there was no harm." Let it be done with what is falsely called moderation. You can't jump half way down Niagara. The place to cut off a wolf's tail is close behind the ears.—*Rev. Dr. Cooper*.

Dr. Talnage undertakes to say that there is not a healthy laborer in the United States who within the next fifteen years, if he will refuse all intoxicants and tobacco, may not become a capitalist on a small scale.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

BUY YOUR SEEDS AT FOUNTAIN HEAD DRUG STORE.