Relief for Lung Troubles

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PROPERTY FOR SALE,

To be sold at private sale the house and lot in Newcastle, adjoining the premises of Mr. Francis Bockler situated on the highway leading down river.

The lot is 42x112, with a 1½ story house thereon 30x20 The above premises will be disposed of at private sale.

For Terms and other particulars apply to
HENRY REEVES.

Newcastle, Jan 23th, 1894.

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A Fresh supply of

WINDSOR'S

Canned Salmon and Lobsters,

also the celebrated

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Come and get a sample package of this choice Ceylon Tea. It is put up in ½ pound at 15, 20 and 25c.

Fresh Fruit Arriving Daily.

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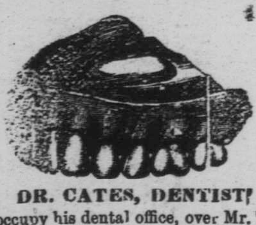

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Will occupy his dental office, over Mr. Thomas Russell's store, in the Hays' building

From the 26th to the 30th or 31st of each Month.

Artificial teeth inserted for $8.00 and $10 per set, up. Hoping to meet his patients as formerly, for whom satisfactory dental work will be done in all branches.

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I wish to remind my patrons and the public generally that I am still

Carrying on the Tailoring

in the old stand over Messrs. Sutherland and Creaghan's Store. I have a fine

LINE OF SAMPLES

to select from. Parties furnishing their own goods can have them made up in

GOOD STYLE

and Cheaper than elsewhere. Perfect Satisfaction has been given in the past and I can guarantee the same in the future.

J. R. McDONALD.

Newcastle Sept., 1892.

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A TRIAL TRIP.

The Toronto Weekly Globe and the Union Advocate

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The Toronto Weekly Globe has been enlarged to sixteen pages and will contain a page for the Boys and the Girls. Of particular interest to the ladies—The Household—will be among the many new features which will receive special attention.

Send along your subscriptions at once to this office and get the papers for the full year.

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ADVOCATE OFFICE,
NEWCASTLE, N.B.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

METEOROLOGICAL.

Reported for the Dominion Government by J. F. Connors.

FEBRUARY.

DATE	Hour of Observation.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Maximum Thermometer	Minimum Thermometer.
Sun. 14	8 a.m.	29 821	13 0	35 5	7 0
"	3 p.m.	29 706	33 5		
"	8 p.m.	29 662	25 5		
Mon. 15	8 a.m	29 709	21 0	32 0	14 0
"	3 p.m.	29 706	30 0		
"	8 p.m.	29 773	17 0		
Tues. 16	8 a.m.	29 819	0 0	34 0	-2 5
"	3 p.m.	29 723	31 5		
"	8 p.m.	29 726	15 0		
Wed 17	8 a.m.	29 851	7 0	35 5	6 0
"	3 p.m.	29 798	33 0		
"	8 p.m.	29 876	15 5		
Thu. 18	8 a.m.	29 822	17 0	21 0	6 5
"	3 p.m.	29 777	20 0		
"	8 p.m.	29 807	18 0		
Fri. 19	8 a.m.	29 784	18 5	26 0	16 0
"	3 p.m.	29 763	25 5		
"	3 p.m.	29 848	21 5		
Sat. 20	8 p.m.	30 044	10 0	23 0	8 0
"	3 p.m.	30 064	22 0		
"	8 p.m.	30 177	12 5		

The minus sign, thus — at the left hand of the figures denotes below zero, its absence denotes above.

The maximum and minimum columns show the highest and lowest temperature in the 24 hours.

Miscellaneous.

A paper maker in the old country wired his chemical maker to send him 10 tons of caustic soda to Hele, that being the name of his local depot on the Great Western line of Railway. In an hour's time he received a telegram from the said chemical manufacturer, saying: 'Please repeat telegram recaustic soda.' He did so and the next morning received an invoice for the goods and a letter, in which the writer said: 'Excuse our asking for a repeat of the telegram, but the fact was that when your message came to hand it read: 'Please send 10 tons of caustic soda to hell,' and we naturally wondered what his Satanic Majesty wanted with caustic soda!'

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.
Yarmouth, N. S.

GENTLEMEN,—In January last, Francis Leclair, one of the men employed by me, working in the lumber woods, had a tree fall on him, crushing him fearfully. He was, when found, placed on a sled and taken home, where grave fears were entertained for his recovery, his hips being badly bruised and his body turned black from his ribs to his feet. We used MINARD'S LINIMENT on him freely to deaden the pain, and with the use of three bottles he was completely cured and able to return to his work.

SAUVEUR DUVAL.

Elgin Road, L'Islet Co., Que,
May 26th, 1893.

An examination in history was being held, in the course of which the inspector asked the girls to name one of the most prominent women of the present day. Every hand at once went up. 'Well,' queried the inspector. 'My mother,' shouted the class.

Mrs. S. James, Seaforth, suffered for years with what is called old people's rash. She was treated by many physicians without any result. Mr. Fear, the local druggist, recommended Dr Chase's Ointment, which relieved the irritation at once and speedily effected a permanent cure of the skin eruption. Mrs. James also says Dr. Chase's Ointment cured her of Itching Piles which she had been troubled with for years. 2w.

Doctor—You see, wifey, I have pulled my patient through after all; a very critical case I can tell you!

His Wife—Yes, dear hubby; but then you are so clever in your profession. Ah! if I had only known you five years earlier, I feel certain my first husband—my poor Thomas—would have been saved.

FAC-SIMILE signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER is on the wrapper of every bottle of CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

'You seem sad, my red-skinned, brother,' said the missionary.

'Red-skinned brother's heart heap sad,' said the noble son of the prairie. 'White man shoot better, fight better, and now Injun hear college yell, he know Injun can't warhoop for sour apples. Waugh!'

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Colds.

'Yer look bad Jim. Been under the weather?'

'Sorter. To-day's the first time I've been out-er doors in three months.'

'What was the matter with you?'

'Nothin'; but the Judge wouldn't believe it.'

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

He—I have often wished, dearest, that we lived in the old days of chivalry, so that I could do some brave act to prove my devotion to you.

She—I have wished so myself, Edwin, but still, you haven't asked papa's consent yet.

Ask your grocer for

Windsor Salt

For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

Careful Mamma: 'Ethel dear, I thought I heard young Mr Spooney kissing you on the steps last night.'

Ethel: 'Not on the steps, mamma.'

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Diphtheria.

He (angrily)—Was there any fool sweet on you before I married you?

She—Yes, one.

He—I'm sorry you rejected him.

She—But I didn't reject him; I married him.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL men or women to travel for responsible established house in New Brunswick. Salary $780, payable $15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National, Star Building, Chicago.

Mr.—What would you do if I should die and leave you?

Mrs.—Leave me how much?

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Distemper.

The Beadle (to new minister)—A disna like the sermon for three rizzins—first, ye read it; secondly, ye didna read it well; thirdly, it wisna worth readin.

O. S. Doan, of Clinton, says not to go on suffering as he did for years with Salt Rheum, when a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure.

Dr. Chase's Ointment cured Hiram Frey, of Norwood, after suffering ten years with Eczema of the leg.

Chase's Ointment also cured his little girl of Eczema on her face. 2w.

Chumpley—The hypnotist is a fraud. He couldn't control my mind at all last night. Pokely—Of course, he had some excuse. Chumpley—Yes; he said there was no material to work on. You ought to have heard the audience give him the laugh.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Garget in Cows.

Selected Literature.

DOCTER RAIME'S STRANGE PATIENT.

Frank W. Sage in Youth's Companion.

'Clear out, you little tramp!' Conley, the sentry, lowered his gun threateningly. As the boy shrank away, the melancholy droop of his mouth contrasted so ludicrously with his keen eyes, shrewdly sounding the temper of his adversary, that Coney burrt into laughter. But the boy's countenance did not change. In his arms he held a small dog which varied an almost constant whine by sharp, querulous barks.

Conley's mate, Mulligan, stood with his gun at 'parade rest' on the opposite side of the entrance to the armory, within which the First Regiment's annual ball was in progress. The newspapers called it a society affair, patronized by the elite of the city. Now the objectionable boy seemed desirous to enter.

'Git, I say!' Conley stamped his foot. The boy regarded him with a sad, hunted look. The dog whimpered in protest, and snapped viciously at Conley's bayonet.

Mulligan's florid face beamed admiringly. 'Faith, it's a spunky little baste, Conley! Have a heed, or he'll be twistin' off th' tip av yer bagnet loike a sugar stick,' he said, softly.

'Now what do you want?' Conley demanded of the boy.

'My dog's leg's broke. I want Doctor Raime,' the boy answered.

'Oh, clear out!' Conley said, with a laugh. 'Take the dog to a horse-doctor, Doctor Raime wouldn't look at you, you little fool!'

With awakened concern, Mulligan bent over the dog. 'Shure, Conley, th' dog do be hurt. D'ye mind the oi av him, tinder as the corn on yer fut wid sufferin', poor craythe! Faix, I wish I dare call the docther!' He stroked the dog's head softly. The boy's pleading look and the dog's suffering touched the big Irish heart.

The boy rubbed his cheek against the dog's head, with no other show of emotion. Then he breathed on the injured leg, whereat the dog pointed his nose upward in a long-drawn, desolate wail. At that the door of the assembly-room softly opened. A wave of perfumed air, sounds of rippling laughter, murmuring voices and an attuning of orchestral instruments came forth, as an officer, resplendent in blue and gold, confronted the trio in the vestibule

'What's all this disturbance, Conley? Mulligan?' He glanced rapidly from one to the other. 'Is this boy a relative of ours, Mulligan?'

'No, sor, I niver saw um till this minute. He be callin' out Doctor Raime. Th' dog's leg do be broke.' Mulligan blinked rapidly as he said it, but Captain Blake frowned. 'Stuff! And you stand here parleying with him! What do you mean?'

He closed the door carefully and walked toward the intruder, who shrank instinctively nearer Mulligan, and thrust the dog into the Irishman's arms.

'You lemme a-be!' he tearfully protested. 'I've got a right to see Doctor Raime when I've got the money to pay him. You aint only state militia, an' you aint licensed to arrest nobody!'

The officer paused, and a smile stole over his dark features.

'Confound you, Mulligan! Can't you do any better than to lunge at the boy with the dog? Do you expect to shoo him off, and keep his dog? Set the brute down, and see that the boy leaves at once. The guests will be swarming out here to investigate this disturbance in another minute.'

In stooping to set down the dog Mulligan awkwardly dropped his gun, which fell with a great clatter. In an instant two or three gentlemen, in full dress, and as many officers, came through the doorway into the vestibule.

'What's the matter, guard?' asked one of the gentlemen.

The sentry with a smile answered softly, 'Doctor Raime is wanted, I believe, sor.'

Without further inquiry the gentleman mounted a chair, and called in tones which could be heard throughout the ball-room, 'Is Doctor Raime present? He is wanted here!'

'Oh, no, no, Walton, my dear sir, I implore you to recall that at once!' Captain Blake interposed, in consternation. 'It's an annoying mistake. There's no occasion for a doctor.'

An eagle-eyed gentleman came pressing through, the throng making way for him with a deference that testified to his importance. A young lady gently relaxed her clasp of his arm when the doorway was reached.

'What has happened, Captain Blake?' he inquired.

'Nothing at all, I assure you, Doctor Raime. Our friend Walton was misled by—'

'It's my dog's leg that's broke, Doctor Raime,' the boy interposed. 'They want me to go to a horse-doctor, but I don't want a horse-doctor, and I've got the money to pay, an' I want you to—to set—'

The boy's voice broke. Down he sank on the tiled floor, burying his face in the dog's shaggy mane. Silence, broken only by murmurs of pity from the ladies, fell on the beholders.

The young lady whom Doctor Raime has escorted stooped down and laid her gloved hand on the boy's bowed head. 'Oh, you poor little waif! To think of your loving your dog so! You have a good heart. What is your name?'

'Gip—er—my name's Luke, hisn's Gip,' the boy sobbed.

The lady glanced at the dog, and touched his leg. 'O Doctor Raime, isn't it too bad?' she exclaimed. 'See! the poor dog's leg is dreadfully swollen. Won't you attend to him at once?' She looked up pleadingly.

The doctor stooped and examined the injured leg. Then he rose with the dog in his arms. 'Where is your surgeon's room, Captain Blake?'

The captain smiled half-quizzically. 'Oh now, Doctor Raime—really, I protest—'

'Kindly direct me to the surgeon's room, captain.' The doctor's voice was pleasant, but firm, as he bowed and smiled.

'Directly in the rear of the ball-room, doctor — directly back. You'll find the surgeon's outfit right at hand.'

Without further words Doctor Raime turned toward the great ballroom with the dog in his arms. The young lady hesitated an instant, and then, at a glance from him, gathered up her train and clasped his arm again. Luke wiped his eyes, and with no mind for anything but his suffering dog, sprang after his benefactors.

As the little procession went through the great room, bejewelled ladies swept their trains aside and turned with surprised, inquiring looks at sight of the famous surgeon carrying a frowzy terrier against his bosom, and followed by an outlandishly-dressed boy of the streets.

'Now, Miss Edith, will you kindly turn up the gas? And I shall need some hot water to soften a sheet of gutta-percha for a splint,' said the doctor when they had reached the surgeon's room. He laid the dog on a table.

'A dislocation,' he reported, after a second and more careful examination. 'You hold the dog's muzzle, Luke. Don't let him bite either of us.'

He fingered the injured member a moment, then with a dexterous twist, snap went the head of the bone into its socket. The dog uttered a smothered yelp. but fell to licking the joint, looking gratefully at his benefactor and whining his relief.

'Hold him once more, boy.' The doctor softened the sheets of gutta-percha, bent them to fit the limb, adjusted and bound them on.

'There, now next Saturday you bring the patient to my office, at four o'clock sharp. Do you know where it is?'

'Yessir.'

'See that he isn't allowed to chase a cat for two weeks.' The doctor eyed Luke with solemn impressiveness. The boy's face beamed satisfaction. A smile stole over the doctor's features as he turned toward the young lady.

Luke slid a half-dollar along the table. 'Here,' and Luke turned to go.

'Wait a moment for your change.' The doctor fumbled in his pocket and gravely produced a quarter. Luke accepted it with a dazed look. Miss Edith suppressed a rippling laugh. The doctor preserved an air of deep solemnity.

'Don't let Gip gnaw at the splint. Rub some coal oil on it if he won't let it alone. That is all. Carry him out through the side door there.'

'Good night, Luke.' The young lady followed him to the door.

'Good night, miss' Luke tucked his cap under his arm and backed away bareheaded, as a token of reverent regard. At the street entrance he met Mulligan, just relieved from guard duty.

'Twenty-foive cints yez paid him!' he exclaimed, when Luke had told his story. 'Jist the moment since, I was sayin' to Conley 'Conley,' says I, 'the docther'll be atther chargin' the boy tin dollars.' 'Twinty,' says Conley. 'We'd bether have put the both av them out.'

Luke stared, turned back and again sought the surgeon's room. Captain Blake and several ladies had joined Miss Edith and the doctor.

'Was that wut I paid you all right, Doctor Raime?' Luke faltered.

Doctor Raime's eyebrows contracted in a fierce scowl. 'Was it right? Was it right?' he repeated, as if unable to believe his ears. 'I'd have charged Miss Edith and Captain Blake there, twice the amount!'

Captain Blake laughed.

The young lady interposed. 'O. Doctor Raime, please don't tease the poor boy. It's too bad. Never mind Doctor Raime, Luke; it's only an odd way of his,' said the lady, reassuringly. 'Wait a minute.' She turned to the others and held a hurried conference.

Then Doctor Raime came to the door, bent over the boy, and in deep, mysterious tones, whispered, 'Have—you—ever — before—been—to—a—military—ball?'

Under the spell of those magnetic eyes the boy whispered back hesitatingly, 'No, sir.'

The melodramatic expression of the doctor's face dropped away suddenly, as if it had been a mask. A kindly smile beamed in its stead. 'The lady wants me to ask if you would like to go into the gallery and watch the dancers.'

'Yessir, I would so.'

'You won't make any disturbance—throw wads, whistle, anything?'

'No, sir.'

'And how about the dog?'

'Gip? He'll keep still. He always minds me.'

'Good. Come with me, then.' The doctor led the way to the gallery, gave Luke a seat commanding a view of the lower floor, and then turned and left him. Absorbed in the splendor of the scene below, Luke was startled by a waiter's setting a loaded tray on a chair beside him.

'Doctor Raime an' de young lady, dey sen' you dis heah. De doctah say you isn't to give de dog no ice-cream. an' no candy, on'y dem san'wiches.' With a sniff the waiter turned away.

Luke stared, stupefied. French peas, beef with mushrooms, croquettes and ices he had tasted in imagination only, gazing into restaurant windows; and now to think of actually eating these! But soon he decided that it was none too good to be true, and fell to with keen zest. Gip showed equal appreciation of his share of the feast, scrambling after the last crumbs as if he would rather dislocate another leg than to miss one.

At last Luke came to ice-cream. Taking the plate in his hands he leaned over the gallery rail, attracted by a flutter of merriment in the box below. Miss Edith leaned over the plush-covered rail of the balcony just beneath him at the same instant.

While Luke was admiring her beautiful hair encircled by a fillet of pearls, he suddenly became aware of a thin, whitish stream pouring downward. Suddenly plump! some soft substance flashed down the white line, and struck the lady's neck. Luke jumped, staring widly at the plate, tilting on the edge of the rail.

Overwhelmed with shame and remorse he sank back on Gip's neck. The next moment he clutched the dog to his bosom and ran trembling downstairs. The door of the box stood ajar. In a spirit of desperation Luke pushed it wide open

'I done it, Miss Edith. I didn't go to. I never seen ice-cream that was so slippery,'

The tears were streaming down his face. The dog whined and licked his eyes and mouth. With a motion of renunciation he lifted him toward her.

'You take Gip. I spoilt your dress, an' I aint got a quarter to pay you. You take my Gip. He's worth ten dollars. You ast Doctor Raime!'

Miss Edith assures him that he had not ruined her gown but only startled her a little, and that she wouldn't take Gip from him 'for the world.' At last Luke was pacified, and Miss Edith promised to meet him at the doctor's on Saturday.

'For you must know I am almost as much interested in Gip as I am in you, Luke,' she said, on bidding him good-by.

A little before four o'clock on Saturday, Luke climbed the marble steps of Doctor Raime's residence.

'Show the boy in, Johnson,' he presently heard the soft, familiar voice say. Luke found Miss Edith there, and she greeted him cordially.

'Doctor Raime is waiting for his patient,' she said.

While Luke was wondering at her air of directing matters, Doctor Raime appeared at his office door. 'Bring Gip in here, Luke,' he called 'Put him down there,' he directed, pointing to a velvet hassock. He removed his gloves, took out his watch, and gravely felt the dog's pulse.

'Has Gip slept well?' he asked, solemnly.

Luke stared. 'Ye-yessir, I believe so. I aint sure; he don't ever sleep very sound, he dreams and scrabbles round some'

Doctor Raime removed the splint and examined the joint. 'I think we may dismiss the case,' he said, finally. 'The leg is still a trifle weak, but he won't need a crutch.'

'N-n-no, sir,' Luke assented, simply. He fumbled in his pocket.

'The bill is—let me see—say twenty-five dollars—'

Luke gasped.

'Oh doctor, why will you tease the poor boy? the young lady interposed.

'Twenty-five dollars, but we'll call it square. I find this case has taught me a lot about dogs and boys and—and—young ladies.'

Miss Edith blushed in sudden confusion. Doctor Raime turned his dark eyes sharply on Luke. 'Do you know anything about horses.'

'Yessir. I got throwed by one once.'

'Good! So did Miss Edith. That's equal to a year's experience for each of you. Will you send your mother to see me on Monday at four o'clock? I intend giving Miss Edith a pony after we're married. She'll need a careful boy to groom him. It's a trifle early to be arranging these details, but that needn't matter.

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W. C. ANSLOW.