The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. C. ANSLOW — Our Country with its United Interests. — EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XXIV.—No. 46 — Newcastle, Wednesday, August 26, 1891. — WHOLE No. 1242

SPECIAL PRICES FOR [illegible]

I have a few old Bedroom Sets which I am [illegible] very cheap. As follows:

1 Set	Finished Deck Dr.	$21.00,	[illegible]
1 do.	do. Maple	35.00,	[illegible]
1 do.	do. Walnut	32.00,	[illegible]
1 do.	do. Oak	40.00,	[illegible]
1 do.	Marble Top	38.00	[illegible]

These Sets contain Bedstead, Bureau, Commode, Table [illegible] 1 Rocker and a large Bevel Mirror, perfect [illegible] have only one of each I want to clear in [illegible] for new ones. They are very Cheap and [illegible]

Sold for PROMPT [illegible]

B. FAIREY, PUBLIC [illegible],

NEWCASTLE [illegible]

Newcastle, August 8, 1891.

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.
RICHIBUCTO. N. B.
OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.
May 4, 1885.

O. J. MacCULLY, M. A. M. D.,
Memb. ROY. COL. SURG., LONDON,
SPECIALIST,
DISEASES OF EYE EAR & THROAT
Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Street Moncton.
Moncton, Nov. 12, 1886.

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, Proctor for Estates,
Notary Public, &c.
Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches executed with accuracy and despatch.
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 Gremley, 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.

J. R. LAWLOR,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
Newcastle, New Brunswick
Prompt returns made on consignments of merchandise. Auctions attended to in town and country.
Newcastle, Oct. 1, 1890.

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, '88.

KEARY HOUSE
(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL.)
BATHURST - - - N. B
THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor
This Hotel has been entirely refitted and refurnished throughout. Stage connects with all 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

$3000 A YEAR! [illegible] SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, P. O. VICKERY & CO., Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

CHATHAM HOUSE.
Prince William St.
A. N. POTTS, Prop'r.
Hotel [illegible] Apr 8 '91.

CANADA HOUSE
Wm. JOHNSTON, Prop.
Considerable [illegible] Chatham [illegible]

S. R. PETERS & SON,
Manufacturers of
WIRE NAILS
WIRE BRADS
Steel and Iron cut NAILS,
And SPIKES, TACKS, SHOE NAILS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.
ST JOHN, N. B.

Dunlap, Cooke & Co.
Merchant Tailors,
Amherst, N. S.
Our representative visits the different towns on the North Shore every two months; and inspection of our samples is respectfully solicited.
Dunlap, Cooke & Co.
Amherst, March 29 '[illegible]

Good Makers.
THREE Good Shoe Makers Wanted at once. Highest Wages Paid.
J. B. M. BAIRD
Newcastle, April 15, 1891.

TAILORING.
[illegible]
NEW AND [illegible]
J. B. [illegible]
Newcastle, [illegible]

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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. Archer, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

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Low Prices!
[illegible]
Newcastle.
July 23 1891.

NOTICE.
[illegible]
PATENT MEDICINES,
[illegible]
NEWCASTLE HOUSE HALL.
Newcastle, August 12, 1891.

A. D. ADAMS, DENTIST
Will be away from Newcastle for a few weeks but will return [illegible] to attend to professional business.
SEE
NOTICE OF RETURN
in this Paper for Interval.
Newcastle, May [illegible] 1891.

MARVELOUS VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP
Safe Pleasant Effectual

PARKER'S ROSE MILK
[illegible]
Children will take it. [illegible] it is easily digested.
—WHITE EMULSION—
Cod Liver Oil & Lime.
Sold Everywhere. Price 50c., Six bottles. $2.50.

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Cutlery Sharpened.

I CURE FITS!
When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then they return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not sending to me for a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office address. H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Selected Literature.

CHECK THE DOOR.

His proper name was Jeremiah Marlin; but he had lived in the village a week before everybody called him Jerry Muddler, and from six months he was known as Jerry Muddler. But why Muddler? Why came him that name, and why was it given? The river is unknown! For who ever knows the giver of nicknames—but the reason for its being bestowed was that Jerry was always muddled with drink.

He was a very good shoemaker, but devoted much more time to George Stevens's cider mill, and so drilled into become its cider-cobbler. Jerry's one idea was to get a job of job, and having done it, to buy the proceeds in drink at his favorite beer shop, the 'Oram Arms.' The consequence was that Jerry was seldom sober, and had he not possessed an iron constitution, two years of such life must have killed him; but he dragged on, working to-day and idling to-morrow, and drinking whenever drink could be got, and finally drifting into debt.

His score at 'The Oram Arms' was a large one, and the chalks stood up against him like files of soldiers; but Jerry ignored their existence—paying off a little now and then, and drinking more each time, increasing the array of debt against him, until one evening Richard Rewitt, the landlord of the above-said 'Oram Arms,' cried 'halt.'

'Jerry, you can't have more, Jerry,' said. The last sum I had of you was three shillings, and you have paid nothing for a fortnight.'

'Work is slack,' murmured Jerry; 'but the harvest is coming on, and then everybody will have their siding and heeling done, and I shall be able to pay you off.'

'Perhaps so,' returned Mr. Rewitt; 'but you will have as much as you can do to square off what is up there. Look at them! These chalks are a standing disgrace to any man. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

Jerry looked at the accusing marks, and really felt ashamed at the long list against him. The inner door of the bar was a regular blackboard, and he trembled before it.

Now, when Jerry first came to 'The Oram Arms,' the landlord was very polite and spoke as softly as you please to him.

No spider courteously entreating a fly to enter in his parlor could have been more oily tongued, or smiled a more persuasive smile.

'If you drink,' he said, 'you must expect to pay for it. My brewer would stand no nonsense from me, and I must have my money from you.'

'Only one more pint,' pleaded Jerry.

'Not half a pint,' replied the landlord.

'Go home and work, and pay your debt like a man.'

The entrance of a customer with the money cut short the conversation, and Jerry stood back a piece or two while the other was being served. When that was done and the beer drank and the stranger gone, Jerry made a final appeal.

'I've been a good customer to you Mr. Rewett,' he said. 'Almost every penny I've earned has come to your till. I've high liked on beer, if living it can be called, and my wife and children have had to shift how they could for bread.

'That is nothing to me,' said the landlord.

'Let me have one pint.'

'Have you the impudence to ask for it' with that shameful lot of chalks staring you in the face?'

Jerry did not reply, but he took a long and earnest look at the recording files, and drawing his hand across his mouth, hurried out of 'The Oram Arms.'

'Who is that you've been talking to, Richard?' inquired Mrs. Rewett, entering the bar from a room behind.

'Jerry Muddler,' was the reply. 'I've stopped his drink until he pays up.'

'He will go to the 'Green Goose' and get his drink there,' said old Mrs. Rewett.

'They won't trust him a penny,' replied her husband with a grin; 'he's tried it on and failed, and so I've got him. He doesn't pay up, I'll make him.

'That's Jerry's outlook,' replied Mrs. Rewett, coldly. 'If he can't afford it he ought not drink.'

The subject was dropped, and Jerry forgotten in the noise and bustle of the coming evening business. At about nine o'clock, Jerry's wife, to the astonishment of both Mr. Rewett and wife, appeared in the bar-room; but not, as they supposed, for drink.

'My husband wants me,' she said; 'that he has got heavy on here. How much is it?'

'I am almost too busy to tell you,' replied the landlord, 'but if it is pressing, I will look it up.'

'It is pressing, and I shall be very thankful if you will let me know at once what it is,' resumed the good woman, who was indeed worn and pale, and almost justified the title of 'skeleton' which Mrs. Rewett had given her.

The landlord went through the chalks twice, and finally announced that Jerry owed him the amount of seventeen shillings and fourpence halfpenny. Jerry's wife received the announcement with a look of quiet dismay, thanked the landlord and left the house.

For a week nothing was seen or heard of Jerry; but at the end of that time his wife appeared and put down five shillings on the counter.

'Will you please take that off the account, sir,' she said, 'and give me a receipt?'

This was done with a gracious smile,—Jerry's wife deported. Mr. Rewitt announced his having hit the right nail on the head. The wife of the cobbler was making an effort to clear her husband's debt.

At the end of another week a second five shillings was paid, and then harvest came on. All the little tradesmen in the village were busy, and even Jerry was repaired full handed. But he did not come near 'The Oram Arms' for drink.

On the third week Jerry's wife brought ten shillings, and on the fourth fifteen, to the great joy and satisfaction of Mr. Rewitt, whose joy, however, was allayed by the fear that he had lost a good customer. He resolved to look up Jerry as soon as another instalment of his account was paid.

Nothing was brought for a fortnight and the landlord congratulated himself upon not having hastily sought out his absent customer, who still owed him over a pound, but the appearance of Jerry's wife with the balance had the effect of making him think otherwise. There was no display in putting down the money—it was quietly done—but the happy light in the woman's eyes as she took the receipt spoke more than mere words of action.

'I have been hasty with Jerry,' said Mr. Rewitt, when another whole month had elapsed without Jerry appearing; 'he promised to pay at harvest time and he did it; but I have offended him, and the 'Green Goose' has caught his custom.'

'Go and see him,' suggested his wife.

'I intend to do so. Here, give me our Tom's boots they want a patch on the side and it will be an excuse for me to drop in upon him.'

'That isn't much of a job for him, seeing you gave George Stevens the best of the work,' said Mrs. Rewitt.

'Steven's works better than Jerry's,' replied her husband, 'you can always trust him to do your work when it is promised, but Jerry keeps the things for weeks together.'

'That's true; but I've got a pair of boots that want new fronts, and I can afford to wait a week or two. Take them.'

'I'll take both,' said Richard Rewitt; 'nothing like baiting your hook well while you are about it.'

Armed for the reconquest of Jerry, the landlord set forth in the morning—that being a slack time when he could be easily spared from home. Outside were a couple of loafers with no money and no credit, who touched their hats to him.

Mr Rewitt favored them with a nod of lofty indifference.

Jerry's cottage was in the middle of the village standing back about fifty feet from the road; and although its inside poverty had been well known, the outside thanks to his wife looked quite as well as its neighbor. Therefore, Mr. Rewitt was not the least surprised to see it look bright and gay on that beautiful autumn morning.

As he approached the door he heard the sound of Jerry's hammer on the lapstone, and to his utter amazement, the voice of Jerry strolling a cheerful ditty, as unlike the cracked efforts he used occasionally to come out with in the tap room, as the song of the thrush is to the hoarse note of the raven. Raising the latch, the landlord of 'The Oram Arms' peeped in.

'Ah! is that you, Mr. Rewitt?' replied Jerry, looking up. 'Come in.'

Jerry looked wondrous clean and had even been shaved that very morning.

His blue shirt looked clean, too, and he actually had a collar on. Mr. Rewett was so overcome by the charge that he stood still with the foot under his arm forgetting that they formed a part of his mission.

'You look very well, Jerry, he said at last.

'Never felt better in my life,' replied Jerry; 'I wish I could say the same of you. You look whitish.'

'I've—I've got a bit of a cold,' replied the other, 'and I've been shut up a good deal with business lately. Trade is good, but how is it we have not seen you?'

'Well, the fact is, sir,' said Jerry thoughtfully, rubbing his chin, 'I've been busy working off your score.'

'But it is done, man,' said Mr. Rewitt, cheerfully; the door is quite clean as far as you are concerned.'

'I am glad of that.'

'Others have got their share,' said the landlord, facetiously; 'but I think we could make room for you, if you look up.'

'No, thanky, sir,' returned Jerry, 'I've had enough chalking up other people's scores, and now I chalks on my own.'

'Chalks on your own!'

'Yes, sir; have the goodness to turn around and look behind you. There's, my door half full.'

'It's a wise thing to keep account yourself,' said the landlord, who hardly knew what to make of it, 'for mistakes will happen; but—'

'No mistakes can happen, sir,' interrupted Jerry, 'for I am the only party as keeps that account.

'But who trusts you to do that?

'Nobody—I trusts myself,' replied Jerry. 'The marks that were on your door showed how much I did drink, and them marks on mine show what I don't drink.'

A little light had got into the landlord's brain, and he had a pretty good idea of what was coming, but said nothing.

'That night when you spoke to me about the chalks on the door being a standing disgrace to me, was the night of my waking,' continued Jerry. 'No man could have lectured me better than you did, and I thank you for it from the bottom of my heart. As I left your house I vowed to touch drink no more, and I came home, told my wife so, and we both joined in earnest prayer that I might have strength to keep my vow. The next morning I went over to George Stevens and asked him how I could go about joining the pledge. He helped me like a man—and it was done.'

With his eyes wandering to and fro between Jerry and the chalks upon the door the amazed landlord still remained silent, and Jerry went on:

'My wife wanted to work herself to death to keep me,' he said, 'but I said, 'no, you do what you can to keep the children until my debts are paid, and then I'll keep you and the children too.' So I went to work, praying right and left, and when all was paid I began to do what I ought to have done years ago—feed my wife and children. I had enough and to spare, and I would have spoken me with you. And many's the time I'm tempted still; but when the feeling come over me I have a drink of water or a cup of tea, put two pence into a box I've got on purpose, and scores of chalk on the door. All of them chalks are so many temptations and so many two pence saved.'

Mr. Rewitt was still unable to make any particular remark; but he murmured in a confused manner, 'You've got a lot of 'em.'

'Yes, there's a large family,' replied Jerry, complacently, 'and the more I look at 'em the better I like 'em. There's not much standing disgrace about the lot of credit, if anything.'

'Oh! yes—yes,' returned the landlord; 'but dear me—this cold in my head is quite distressing. You must have a large box for all your two pences.'

'When I get six together I take them off to the post office,' replied Jerry; 'there's a bank there better than any till. Till's gave nothing out, but banks like that returns you more than you put in. Until I began to keep my own chalks I had no idea how much your till swallows up. You would not trust me a pint, I can have my money out of the bank whenever I went it.'

'That's something,' said Mr. Rewitt, tartly.

'It is everything to a man who has a wife and children to feed,' replied Jerry. 'The best of us have sickness and trouble and rainy days, and then it is a great thing to fall back upon. It is better to be able to keep yourself than to go to the parish. There's another thing, too, about these chalks of mine—yours went down before my wife and children were fed, mine go down after that's done, and I think that my chalks are the better of the two. So I say to all, 'chalk your own door.'

Mr. Rewitt had nothing to say; he could not deny and he would not admit it, but took refuge like other beaten men—in flight. With the boots under his arms he hastened home, and presented himself before his wife in a rather excited condition.

'What is the matter, Richard?' she asked.

'Nothing particular,' he replied; except that Jerry Muddler has joined the temperance lot, and he seems so firm in it that I don't believe he will ever touch a drop again.

Mr. Richard Rewitt of 'The Oram Arms' was right. And Jerry, who bears the name of Muddler no more, but is called by that to which he is entitled, his birthright, viz, that of Marlin, has not touched a drop of strong drink from that day. If this reformation to this. His shop has been filled again and again with the scores which he records in his own favor; and the beer he has not drank is everywhere around him in the form of a comfortable home, a respectable amount in the saving bank, and a goodly investment in a building society. A word to you, my readers, is sufficient: 'Chalk your own door.'

HIS POEM DID NOT REAP RIGHT.

An editor was sitting in his office one day, when a gentleman with a new suit of clothes on entered and handed him a poem. The editor was busy, but he took the manuscript, read it, and then said, 'Well, what do you want for this?'

'Why, I want you to publish it, of course.'

'Do you think it is worth the money?'

'Certainly I think so.'

'Well, I'll tell you what I will do with it. I will give you a dollar for it.'

'Thank you, sir, I'll take it.'

The editor handed the money to the author, who left the office, and the editor turned to his desk and began to read the poem. He had not read far before he was astonished at the beauty of the production. He had never read anything more pathetic. The tears came into his eyes as he thought what a misfortune it was that such a man should be so poor. He would like to see the author of such a production prosper. He would like to see him have a good position and be able to marry the girl he loved. He would like to see him—but he was interrupted in his reflections by the entrance of a friend, who had come to see the editor about a matter of business. The editor laid the manuscript down on his desk, and the two men talked for some time, during which time the editor had forgotten all about the poem. When his friend had gone he took up the manuscript and began to read it over again, when he was interrupted by a boy who had come with a message from his father. The editor read the message, and then said to the boy, 'Tell your father I will be there.' The boy said, 'He wants you to come right away.' The editor said, 'Tell him