

# The Union Advocate.

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W. C. ANSLOW,

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, August 10, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 1031.

## NEW FURNITURE!

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

**Hair Cloth Parlor Suits,** from \$45.00. **PLUSH SUITS,** from \$85.00.

**RAINNIE CLOTH,** from \$40.00. **WHAT NOTS,** from \$45.00.

**CENTRE TABLES,** from \$45.00. **TOILET TABLES,** from \$45.00.

**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,** from \$45.00.

(The cheapest Chair is No. 2, S. B., at 45cts. Light or Dark, don't come and say I advertise or sell them at 40cts. for I don't, my price is 45 cts. each, or \$2.70 per 1/2 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,**

**Barriester & 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,**

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**CONVEYANCER, &c.,**

**Chatham, N. B.**

**Office: Old Bank Montreal.**

**J. D. PHINNEY,**

**Barriester & Attorney at Law,**

**NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,**

**RICHMOND, 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.**

**O. J. MacCULLY, M.A., M.D.,**

**Mem. Roy. Col. Surg., London,**

**SPECIALIST.**

**DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,**

**Office: Cor. Church and Main St., Moncton.**

**Moncton, Nov. 12, '86.**

**DR. T. W. POMROY,**

**285 YORK STREET, N. B.**

**NEW YORK CITY, U. S.**

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

**Aug. 24, 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 ORGANS 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. F. KEARY, - Proprietor.**

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and furnished throughout. Stage coaches with all trappings, drivers connected with the Hotel, Yachting Facilities. Some of the best trout and salmon ponds 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 head is now well covered with a new growth of hair.

—Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

**HAIR** that has become weak, gray, and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my 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" is a case of the scalp disease, which is very common, and which, if not cured, will lead to baldness, and to the loss of the hair.

Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of the Vigor restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff. — Mrs. E. L. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

**Ayer's Hair Vigor,**

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at 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 J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

**MINARD'S**

**"KING OF PAIN"**

**LINIMENT**

**CURES** PAINS—External and Internal.

**RELIEVES** Swelling, Contractions of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains, Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, and all other ailments.

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

**Best Stable Remedy in the World.**

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

**LARGE BOTTLE!**

**POWERFUL REMEDY!**

**MOST ECONOMICAL!**

**25 CENTS.**

**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS,**

of which there are several on the market. The genuine only bears 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.

—DANIEL T. KIERSTAD, Canaan Fork, N. B.

**SKINNER'S**

**Carpet Warehouse,**

**55 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 "TAPIS;"**

**50 "WOOL CARPET;"**

**25 "LINOLEUM;"**

**CURTAINS AND LINENS IN ENDLESS VARIETY.**

All Direct from the Manufacturers.

—A. O. SKINNER, St. John, April 26, 1886.

**ESTEY'S YOUR BLOOD**

**toning up. You have no appetite, you are low spirited, you are nervous, and at night 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**

**IRON**

**ESTEY'S**

**IRON and Quinine Tonic.**

After using it for a short time you will find

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## Selected Literature.

THE LITTLE PROFESSOR.

Carl Leyfert was sixteen years old, and quite too old to cry; at least, he had supposed so. But he was lying on the floor of his little room, and struggling with something very like sobs.

"Oh, I did want to go so much!" he murmured. He had no mother to tell his troubles to, poor child! He had only a stern father, who had just refused him a pleasure. Carl had just rushed home from school, and by rare good fortune, finding his father alone, had begged permission to attend a base-ball match, with all his soul in his eager eyes. For an instant Prof. Leyfert hesitated. For an instant Carl had hoped.

"No, you can't go," he said at length. Noticing the intense disappointment in his son's face, he condescended at once to give a reason.

"You had better practice for the concert. There is more to be made of that. Did you want to go so much?"

Carl knew his father too well to take advantage of the softened tone, and try to teach him. He turned away without a word, and had down upon him to battle with his disappointment as best he could.

"He might have let me off once!" he muttered, angrily. "That old concert! I can never do as the other boys do!"

Altho' he perhaps Carl could do something which the other boys could not. At the very moment when he was thinking hard and somewhat rebellious thoughts of his father, the professor was giving a strong proof of his affection for him. A friend had come in by one door as Carl dashed out of the other.

"I have another scholar for you, Leyfert."

"And I had no room," returned the professor.

"You must make room. It's that Macdonald I spoke to you of. He's very anxious to take lessons of you; would come in the evening. Give him Carl's hour, can't you?"

The professor looked up.

"Shoemaker's children should not go untaught," he said, dryly.

"Well, they generally do," laughed the other. "Oh, the boy can't be very far advanced. You can hand him over to one of the younger teachers."

"That is very good nonsense. You are no musician, or you would not say that. I give my boy the best."

"Come now, Leyfert, we understand all that. Of course your hours are full. That's well for your dignity and reputation, but you can make room if you try. Macdonald has a great deal of talent; he will make it worth your while; pay double if necessary. Give him the evening hour."

The professor was roused at last. "He cannot have it!" he exclaimed, excitedly.

"Not if he was von prince! Bah! you have no prince here. Well, then, not if he was—Macdonald himself!"

In the meantime, Carl, ignorant of any sacrifice except his own, had dried his eyes and taken up his violin. He did not beat that any grudge; it had been his comfort in many a lonely hour. He rested his cheek against it and drew the bow softly across the strings, trying to catch the air of a fantasia he had heard the night before. This was rather a stolen pleasure. If his father caught him playing without his notes!

Carl stopped short, with a sudden thought. And he thought aloud, as he had formed the habit of doing from being much alone.

"There! I must correct Willie's exercises. It would never do to forget them. For Carl had a little pupil of his own, a boy of ten, who looked up to him as wonderfully wise, because he was a few steps further on in the long climb which music exacts from its votaries. He took a book from the table, and examined a blurred and blotched page with a frown that made his boyish face look oddly like his father's.

"I wish Willie would ever remember his parallel fifths," he said, presently. Then, with an amused look, "I wonder what my father would say to this? He'll be after me some of these days, if I'm not more strict with him; but, somehow, I can't bear to be. Oh! it does well enough. Willie wouldn't do anything at all with a cross teacher. He's very easily discouraged as it is, and he gets no end of petting and praise at home. How they did like that duet. They seemed to think Willie did it all."

Carl was making rapid correction as he spoke, and either Willie had been more careless, or he was more critical than usual.

"I wonder if I have my exercises of this grade," he exclaimed at last. "I mean to look." A vigorous ransacking of an old trunk showed the desired book, and Carl's face showed pardonable certainty as he compared the two. There certainly was a good deal of difference between the achievements of the boy who was studying music as an accomplishment, and the one who hoped to make it a profession.

But then Carl shrugged his shoulders, remembering his own training, which had also been different. Long hours of hard practice, rigorously exacted; the utmost care and effort always insisted upon; sundry severe colds; that had well-nigh broken his heart, for Carl was an affectionate boy and docile in the

man. And even yet, though he was seldom careless, Carl was not free from the dread, on days when he was more than usually stupid, or his father more than usually worried, of a sharp cuff or two which hurt his dignity far more than his ears. Half his short life had been spent in this way.

"And I don't know anything yet," he said, sadly; but that was a sure sign that he was learning.

So far the boy's ambition had been merely the reflection of his father's. It would not be long before he would be working for work's sake, with as keen a desire to excel as any one could possibly have for him.

The coming concert would be quite an event in Carl's life; his first public appearance, in fact. But he did not think much about it, except that it was a great bore and abridged his play-time.

He did not dread it at all, having often played at the pupil's concerts. To be sure, when one stopped to think of it, this was different; a regular professor's concert; and very few knew that the name opposite the violin solo was not that of a grown-up person as any of them.

When the evening actually came, and Carl found himself in an inner room of the concert-hall with the other performers, he was conscious of a feeling of excitement. Boy-like, he could not stay there.

In the course of his explorations he came upon a capital hiding-place under the stairs, where he could peep at the audience, himself unseen. He stayed there some time, and found it very amusing at first. But the music sounded strangely there; everything looked weird and unnatural; and at last it seemed to the boy's excited imagination that he was not looking upon human faces like his own, but upon a horrible, many-eyed monster, such as he had read of in fairy tales, that could only be charmed into quiet by the sounds of sweet music.

How he roared when the music ceased! Carl began to tremble at the thought of being himself the charmer.

"Pshaw!" he said, with a little impatient shake. "As if I'd never been at concerts before! There isn't such a crowd as there was the night Ole Bull played. It was just packed that night, and I know he wasn't afraid."

There was not quite as much consolation in that thought as Carl had hoped. He was trembling all over now. "Oh, I can never do it!" he exclaimed. "I shall fail! I know I shall, and be disgraced forever!"

"Poor Carl did not realize, as he would in after years, how small is one stone in God's great universe, or how few the strangers before him would ever think of him again, whether he did well or ill. Terror mastered him so completely at last that he dashed up stairs, determined to brave his father's anger, which would be terrible enough, and beg to be let off.

The inner room was crowded now, and not very well lighted. Carl could not at once distinguish his father, and he shrank into a corner and waited. Fortunately, he waited long enough to hear his own name spoken.

"I wonder you are not afraid to have Carl do that, he's so timid."

Could it be his father who replied, with a ring in his tone? "Ach! you do not know Carl. He will not fail me! He will not do as well as most days; it is not to be expected. But he will do his best. He added a sentence or two in German. 'Carl has practised faithfully. I am very proud of my boy.'"

No, Carl would not fail him—not now. He glanced at the programme in his hand. There was yet time for a hasty retreat to his hiding-place, to shed a few excited tears of joy. Why, the boy had never dreamed of such a triumph as this!

He had seen his father chiefly in the light of a hard task-master. Never before had he realized the strong bond of affection between them. He shook his fist at the unconscious audience.

"Yes, I will play for you now," he said, with an excited little laugh.

When his time came to play, Carl was on hand, tuning his instrument with as much apparent composure as if he had been going to take a lesson.

"Steady now, Carl!" said his father, in a low voice, as he searched the pale face with his piercing eyes. He did not know what to make of the smile that answered him.

He thought it childish bravado, for he knew the lad too well to doubt that he was afraid. But there was no time for further encouragement, even if the professor had been the man to give it. They went on the stage together.

And the audience, to him like a horrible monster, roared again, a louder and more terrible roar than ever before, at sight of its youthful victim. Carl's blind, unreasoning terror came back. Ah! he could never do it.











