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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, O'Connell's, Dress Stools, Tam o'Shanter's, 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. RES. 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 ORG.

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.

CEO. McWHERRY, CEO. D. FORT,

Proprietor.

KEARY HOUSE

(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL.)

BATHURST, N. B.

THOS. F. KEARY - Proprietor.

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and

re-arranged throughout. Stage connects with

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

AYER'S PILLS.

It is the best

for the bowels

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.

Brighton, 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,

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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 profes-

sion 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 accom-

plishment except that of making money.

His father had bequeathed him his caval-

ry 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 Ruff's Guide and

Bail'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 southing. Then he

tried selling dry sherry. That did not

answer. Ultimately he became nothing

but 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 Mer-

ton, the daughter of a retired colonel who

lived 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. In-

deed 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 pic-

tures 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 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 na-

ture, and had given him the permanent

address to his studio.

When Hughie came in he found Tre-

vor 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 a wrinkled parchment, and a

most piteous expression. Over his shoul-

ders 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 *trouvable mon cher*, a living

Vespaque! My state! what an etching

Bembrandt would have made of him!

'Poor old chap,' said Hughie, 'I

suppose he looks like that. But I suppose

you painters, face his face is his fortune?

'Certainly,' replied Trevor; 'you

won

W. C. ANSLOW

