

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW,

VOL. XX.—No. 31.

Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, May 18, 1887.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No. 1019.

## WHO SAID SO? EVERYBODY! WHAT!

That B. FAIREY has the best and cheapest stock of all kinds of **DRY GOODS AND FURNITURE** in the country.

A very fine assortment of CURTAIN POLES from 75 cts. each. The largest assortment of

### ROOM PAPER

in the country, from 5 cts. per roll. PAPER BLINDS, from 5 cts. each. LACE CURTAINS, all prices. TAPESTRY CARPETS from 35 cts. HEMP, do., from 15 cts. Dress Goods in great variety. PRINTS, from 6 cts. A FINE ASSORTMENT OF SMALL WARE, etc. etc.

### MILLINERY.

A beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Children's Straw Hats, Gaiters, Fancy Nets, Ribbons, Laces, Flowers, Feathers, Ornaments, etc. etc. Orders promptly filled. P. S. My Stock of FURNITURE is now very complete.

### B. FAIREY,

Hays' Building, Newcastle.

Newcastle, May 13, 1887.

### L. W. and Collection Office

### M. ADAMS,

Barrister & Attorney at Law.

Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.

Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.

Office: NEWCASTLE, N. B.

### PHOENIX FIRE Insurance Co.,

OF LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1782.

LOSSES PAID OVER \$15,000,000.

INSURANCES EFFECTED AT REASONABLE RATES.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

W. A. PARK, Agent.

Newcastle, 10th Dec. 1886.

### 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.

RICHMOND, N. B.

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

### GEO. STABLES,

Antiquarian & Commission Merchant.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

all kinds of antiques handled on Commission.

I accept returns made.

I attend to Auctions in Town and Country.

Satisfactory manner.

Newcastle, Aug. 11, '86.

### F. L. PEDOLIN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

OFFICE at house formerly occupied by M. O. Thompson.

OFFICE HOURS from 9 to 12 a.m. 1 to 6 p.m. 7 to 10 p.m.

Feb. 1888.

### O. J. MACCULLY, M. D.,

Home, 101, N. B. ST.,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

SPECIALIST.

DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.

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

Moncton, N. B., 10th Feb. 1887.

### F. CLEMENTSON & CO.

OUR STOCK OF

CROCKERY,

CHINA,

and GLASS,

LAMPS and LAMP GOODS,

is now complete for the coming spring. We invite

visiting St. J. to call and see our unusually

varied stock. We are offering at lowest

possible prices.

St. John N. B., April 27, '87.

### TUNING and REPAIRING.

O. B. BIERDMANN, PIANOFORTE and ORGAN 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. BIERDMANN.

St. John, May 6, 1887.

THIS PAPER is for sale on all the

retailing stands in the city.

It is the only paper of the kind

published in the city.

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## For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the natural freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates dandruff, 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 hair 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 thinning, and I was losing it 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.

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VIGOR, youth and beauty, in the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The use of the scalp caused my hair to become thin and dry, and I was losing it in large quantities. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation 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. E. 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 all the ailments of the bowels, 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 Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT.

CURES PAINTS—External and Internal.

Relieves all the aches and pains of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains, Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cracks, Scratches and Cuts.

Best Stable Remedy in the World! CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria and all kindred affections.

LARGE BOTTLE! POWERFUL REMEDY! MOST ECONOMICAL! AS IT COSTS BUT 25 CENTS.

Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best selling medicine they have.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, of which there are several on the market. The genuine only prepared by and bearing 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. —Yours truly, DANIEL T. KIRSTEAD, Canaan Forks, N. B.

Leaky Shingle Roofs Made Tight.

New flat and steep Roofs made, and Shingles, Asphaltum, Gravel, Slate, Tin and all metal roofs made and permanently repaired, by using the well known

"SPARHAM" Fire Proof Roofing Cement.

Oh, help me—quick! The two men stand up, hunched, as they saw the shingle man, and he added laughingly, as he walked away, "Well, it does to me, very much," exclaimed Mabel, "as being the oldest, and I may as well add, the prettiest, I hasten to appropriate him."

"Of course," returned Elsie, "he would never think of a plain girl like myself. It's all right, dear; for when I marry it must be love, not gold, that makes the match."

"Are the ladies at home?" asked a spruce-looking footman, who had jumped from a gay carriage that stopped before Mr. Vernon's door.

Being answered in the affirmative, he descended to the sidewalk, opened the carriage door, while a stylish, handsome man alighted and entered the house.

Mrs. Vernon and her daughter Mabel, the latter looking exquisitely beautiful in a tasty and becoming dress, soon appeared to welcome him.

Mr. Englewood greeted them politely, and entered into an easy and animated conversation, but his eyes kept continually seeking the door, as though watching for another.

Mabel was charmed with the polished and elegant stranger, and chatted with him freely; yet when meeting his expressive dark eyes, she wondered at the strong likeness he bore to some person she had met, yet she could not remember who the person was nor where she had seen him.

"Mrs. Vernon," remarked Mr. Englewood at length, "I believe you have two daughters. Can I have the pleasure of seeing both to-day?"

"Oh, certainly, I will call Elsie, if you will excuse me a moment," answered the lady.

"My sister is a plain little body, and rarely goes into society," remarked Mabel, as her mother left the room.

"Yes; he seems almost human some times," Mr. Graves replied; "it is a great misfortune such animals are denied the privilege of speech. I pity them often."

"Humph!" said the dog as he walked away in disgust, to where the cat was sitting. "Almost human indeed! I wonder who needs the most pity."

"It all depends on the point of view," said the cat. "Actually, a dog told me one day he pitied me for being a cat; the idea!" —Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Wide Awake.

## Temperance.

IS ALCOHOL MEDICINE?

Dr. B. W. Richardson, of England, the foremost physiologist of the age, has become an abstinence from alcoholic drinks. The following is his account of his conversion to total abstinence, in a speech at Exeter Hall, London:—

"I had once no thought of alcohol except as food. I thought it warmed me. I thought it enabled me to endure mental and bodily fatigue. I thought it cheered the heart, and lifted up the mind into greater activity. But so it happened that I was asked to study the action of alcohol along with a whole series of chemical bodies, and to investigate their bearing in relation to each other. And so I took alcohol from my shelf in the laboratory, as I might any other drug or chemical, and I asked it in the course of experience extended over a lengthened period, 'What do you do?' I asked it, 'Do you warm the animal body when you are taken in to it?' The reply came invariably, 'I do not except in a mere flush of surface-activity.' Then I turned around to find the most rigid analysis and experiment I can adopt, and its reply is, 'I give no muscular strength.' I turn to its effect on the organs of the body, and find that while it expedites the heart's action, it reduces tonicity; and, in the nervous system, I find the same reply: that is to say, 'I find the nervous system more quickly worn out under the influence of this agent than if none were taken at all. I ask it, 'Can you build up any of the tissues of the body?' The answer is again in the negative. 'I build nothing. If I do anything, I add fatty matter to the body, but that is a destructive action, piercing the tissues, destroying their powers and making them less active for their work.' Next I turn around to the facts of experience. I think, 'Well, as I have come to the above conclusion, I will experiment on myself. I do so. I gave up that which I thought warmed and helped, and I declare, after considering the whole period in which I have subjected myself to this ordeal, I never did more varied work; I never did more varied work; I never did more varied work with equal facility—with so much facility; I never did work with such complete sense of freedom from anxiety and worry as I have done during the period that I have abstained altogether. Let this fallacy then, as to the necessity of moderate drinking, be removed." —Med. Temperance Journal.

## THE PUBLICAN'S ROAST GOOSE.

"Did you ever hear how it was that Edwards, the mason, gave up drinking?"

"No," was the answer. "How was it?"

"Well, one day Edwards was drinking in a public-house, when the landlord's wife came in to call her husband to dinner. 'What for dinner?' said he. 'Roast goose,' answered the wife. 'Is there any sauce?' he asked. 'No,' said the woman. 'Well, go and make some,' growled the husband. 'I won't eat roast goose without apple-sauce.' Edwards looked all this, and said to himself, 'What a fool I am! This man who takes my wages every day can't eat his goose without apple-sauce, while my poor wife and children hardly have bread and water. He shan't dine off roast goose again at my expense. So he paid his score and left for good. If his eyes had not been red he would have made this discovery before."

## IMPOSSIBLE TO REGULATE.

John Harding, Esq., G. C. T. of New Zealand, in a recent letter to the Auckland Leader, referring to a proposal to "regulate the trade" in intoxicants, says: "That is as impossible as to regulate a southwestern hurricane or an earthquake. To regulate the trade England has passed some five hundred acts of Parliament during the last five hundred years, and without exception all have made things worse. We have now ample proof that nothing short of total prohibition will rid us of the curse."

A lady worker called at the meat market in her village and, with much misgiving, asked the proprietor for a dollar towards paying a temporary lecturer of note who was soon to speak for the W. C. T. U. His reply was as follows:—"There's your dollar. I've sold some meat in one day since this town went on license than I used to in a week when we had saloons. The man didn't realize it but he had made a most convincing speech to a most appreciative audience." —Chris. Mass. Nation.

Allowing twenty feet front to each saloon front in New York city, it would make an unbroken line of thirty-six and two-thirds miles of run shops, and besides there are 311 stores where liquor is sold.

## Selected Literature.

AN UNFORESEEN RESULT.

The 10.30 train for—was nearly full of passengers, and in about three minutes more would be steaming from the station, when two young women entered, seeking seats.

One was a very sweet-looking girl, not beautiful, yet far more lovely than the other, whom she resembled enough to proclaim them sisters, possessed a charming face, perfect features, liquid blue eyes, and waving golden hair.

Both were under twenty-three.

"There, Mabel," said the plainer-looking one, "I see just two seats, one in front of the other, so we can talk when we like."

"Yes; and just who occupies each? One a horrid old countryman, and the other a negro." "No I won't sit by him, Elsie—he is too shabby," she continued as her sister offered to sit by the negro, leaving the other seat vacant. "Nor shall you sit there either. See here, man," she continued, addressing the colored person, "suppose you sit by this farmer, and allow two ladies to sit together."

"Of course," said the individual addressed. "If mass is willing, I is."

"Change seats, certainly, Cesar. I am glad there for you here," returned the so-called countryman.

"I thank you very much, and am sorry to have disturbed you," said Elsie.

"Mabel, how could you speak so to strangers?" she added in a low tone to her sister as the train moved on. "I felt sorry for them both, for they heard all you said."

"I don't care if they did. Who were they, pray?"

"Do speak lower. He is not dead, neither is he rough. He has the finest and most expressive eyes I ever saw, and, tho' not fashionably dressed, I know he is a true gentleman," replied Elsie softly.

"How do you know that, pray? Where you see a gentleman I cannot think."

"In the kind manner in which he spoke to the negro. He has a feeling heart, and a low sweet voice."

"Since you admire him so much I will draw you his picture," returned Mabel.

"First, a great thick-skulled, bushy-crowned head is to be drawn; long dangling black hair, moustache, and mopy thick beard."

"Oh, please stop, sister; he does hear; see also, I fear."

"I am glad of it! Perhaps I will give him the picture when I finish it. Collar turned down, dog-eared style; coat all rusty, and out of date years ago; hat—oh Elsie, did you see that great, broad-brimmed straw hat—protector resting on his knee? See, I have it here exactly. I am sorry that I cannot see his feet, but I presume they are as long as the moral law, and cased in cow-hide boots, so I will put them in as a finish."

While thus the unladylike beauty chattered and amused herself at the expense of another, the train had been speeding onward at a very rapid rate.

But suddenly a strange jar thrilled every passenger; then thump—thump, a fearful crash, with shrieks and groans, flying splinters, and broken glass, proclaimed an accident to the ill-fated train.

A broken rail had thrown it from the track down a steep embankment, and now crushed helpless sufferers took the place of the smiling heedless travellers that a few moments before filled the seats.

Fortunately the person Mabel had styled "a bushy-crowned" and the negro escaped unhurt, whilst the sisters were both firmly wedged by heavy timbers to their places, and were also wounded.

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