

The Union Advertiser

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, August 31, 1887.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No. 1034.

W. C. ANSLOW,

Vol. XX.—No. 46.

LADIES JACKETS.

—A CASE—
FRENCH JERSEY JACKETS
for Fall wear.

Superior Styles, Cut and Finish, in Jersey Cloth, Ottoman and Curl, Handsomely Braided, trimmed with Astrachan or Plain, the Best and Cheapest line ever shown. Prices from \$3.75 to \$9.00.

Also a full line of
CANADIAN FLANNELS,
from 20c per yard.

Canadian, Scotch and Bee-Hive Yarns, Melton Cloth, Dress Goods from 14c.

COTTON TRADE.

N. B. Parties requiring Grey or White Cottons should buy at once, as they are going up in price. Cannot replace them at the old Prices.

B. FAIREY'S
Furniture Rooms,
Newcastle.

Newcastle, Aug. 20, '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,

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER

AT LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

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 9, 1884.

PHOENIX Fire Insurance Co.,

OF LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1792.

LOSSES PAID over \$15,000,000.

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. MACGILLIVRAY, M. D.,

Mem. Roy. Col. Surg. London.

SPECIALIST.

DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.

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

Moncton, Nov. 22, '86.

DR. T. W. POMROY,

285 T. V. BARNETT ST.,

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.

GEORGE STABLES,

Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Goods of all kinds handled on Commission and prompt returns.

Will attend to Auctioneering in Town and Country in a satisfactory manner.

Newcastle, Aug. 11, '85.

TUNING AND REPAIRING.

J. O. BIEDERMANN, 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. 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 re-furnished throughout. Stage connects with all leading lines.

Terms \$1.50 per day, with Sample Rooms \$1.75.

Bathurst, Oct. 1, '86.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK,

GEO. McWERNY, CEO. D. FUCH,

PROPRIETORS.

The Appetite

May be increased, the Digestive organs strengthened, and the bowels regulated, by taking Ayer's Pills. These Pills are purely vegetable in their composition. They contain neither calomel nor any other dangerous drug, and may be taken with perfect safety by persons of all ages.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation. I had no appetite, became greatly debilitated, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Dizziness. I consulted my family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, various medicines, but without any permanent relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time my digestion and appetite

my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headachae had disappeared, and I became strong and well. I am in perfect health.—C. O. Clark, Danbury, Conn.

I was troubled, for over a year, with Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered Stomach and Liver. I suffered for over three years with Headache, Indigestion, and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was weak and nervous most of the time.

BY USING

three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and, at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kans.

Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared. My food digested well, sleep was refreshing, and I am now in perfect health.—Henry C. Tremblay, Rockport, Mass.

I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

MINARD'S

"KING OF PAIN"

LINIMENT

CURES PAINS—External and Internal.

Swelling of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.

Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Scratches and Out.

Best Stable Remedy in the World.

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

CURES

Swelling of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.

Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Scratches and Out.

Best Stable Remedy in the World.

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

CURES

Swelling of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.

Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Scratches and Out.

Best Stable Remedy in the World.

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

CURES

Swelling of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.

Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Scratches and Out.

Best Stable Remedy in the World.

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

CURES

Swelling of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.

Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Scratches and Out.

Best Stable Remedy in the World.

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

CURES

Swelling of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.

Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Scratches and Out.

Best Stable Remedy in the World.

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

CURES

Swelling of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.

Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Scratches and Out.

Best Stable Remedy in the World.

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

CURES

Swelling of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.

Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Scratches and Out.

Best Stable Remedy in the World.

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

CURES

Swelling of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.

Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Scratches and Out.

Best Stable Remedy in the World.

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

CURES

Swelling of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.

Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Scratches and Out.

Best Stable Remedy in the World.

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

CURES

Swelling of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.

Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Scratches and Out.

Best Stable Remedy in the World.

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

Selected Literature.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

"Oh, what a lovely bunch of pansies! Is it possible they are for me?" I exclaimed to a tiny, brown-eyed girl, who placed the fragrant bouquet of the gold and purple blooms in my hand. I was idly swinging under the big maple.

"Auntie Lee sent them," said the wee child, "and she hopes the mountain air will soon make you well, and she's your neighbor down under the hill."

"Who is this neighborly Auntie Lee?" I asked the woman with whom I boarded when next she came within hearing of my voice.

"Oh, then she's sent ye some pansies," remarked talkative Mrs. Evans, coming briskly from the garden and sitting down on the steps of the little porch so that she might entertain me while she was shelling peas, "thus killin' two birds with one stone," as she said. "I was a wonderin' how ye'd get 'em, for ye said ye didn't want 'em, but now ye send 'em to me. I can't see for my part how she can afford to do as she does."

"Why, what does she do?" I asked.

"Oh, she says she aims to be neighborly, and if anybody happens to be sick anywhere around she sends 'em little things to eat, and flowers to cheer 'em up, as she says, and she always has her knitting work in her pocket, and her odd job of knittin' as she calls it, grows 'bout like magic into gloves and mittens and wristlets and stockin's that she gives away."

"To her friends, people fully able to buy them I suppose?"

"Oh, dear no. To poor children, and to old men and women, that I suppose are real needy, and that set great store by her warm an' handsome presents, for her yarns are as bright as her flowers; an' I've told my man a good many times that the color went half towards making her little gifts so welcome. An' then she has so much company."

"Rich people from the city whose visits she returns?"

"Oh, land sakes, no; poor folks, who are tickled to death to get an invitation to her pleasant little home. Yes, her home is an amazing pleasant one, though her man is a very poor mechanic. She is always a sayin' that she rather does a little good every day as she goes along, than to be awatin' to dew some great thing when she gets able, and then prap lose her opportunity and never do nothin'."

"I told her one day last year, says I, 'Miss Lee, says I, I should rather put a little suthin' in the bank for a rainy day, than to be givin' away all the time, and says she, 'Mrs. Evans,' says she, 'that's your way; I can't find no fault with it, but all the little things that I give away would never get into the bank, an' so you see they'd be lost, an' I should pass away without ever doin' anything for my Master. An' I don't want to go to bed at night without thinkin' that I have that they tried to lighten some of the world's burden; brought a smile to some face, a streak of sunshine to some heart. It's only givin' a bunch of posies in the right spirit.'"

"And these flowers cost her a great deal, first and last, I suppose," said I, caressing my pansies.

"Oh, 'twould cost me a good deal to run such a flower garden as she does; but Mrs. Lee says she's strong, so she gets fresh air, sunbaths, and exercise in her garden and spends her time workin' in there instead of visitin'." She returned all her cards by sending her compliments with a bunch of posies.

"She hires some one to carry them about I presume."

"Massey, no. There isn't a child in the village but would run its legs off for Auntie Lee," and having finished shelling her mess of peas, my talkative little hostess trotted about her work again saying as she disappeared through the doorway, "It's well enough to be neighborly, of course, but Miss Lee may see the time when she'd wish she had a little of somethin' out at interest."

The Vermont mountain air agreed with me, my health gradually improving, and I stayed on week after week, spending a great part of my time, when the weather did not positively forbid it, in my hammock under the maples. As yet I had not once seen my neighbor, Auntie Lee, but grew to love her on account of her pretty nosegays that daily found their way from her hand to mine by one and another child messenger.

One night in August there was a heavy thunder shower. The sudden downfall of rain swelled the little river that skirted our village, to a veritable mountain torrent. A mill-dam some miles up the stream had broken away and the angry flood came rushing down sweeping all before it.

"Auntie Lee's husband's shop has gone," shouted my hostess, Mrs. Evans, as she knocked at my door early in the morning after the storm; "an' that's not the worst of it, for her garden is all washed out and undermined, so that it'll take a purty pile o' money to fix it up again, if ever 'tis fixed. I wonder now if Miss Lee don't wish she hadn't been quite so neighborly, an' so had a little suthin' out at interest."

And it really seemed to me as if the brisk little woman chuckled to herself as she patted down the stairs.

In less than half an hour she came back to my room with as delectable a looking visage as I ever saw.

"Whatever is agoin' to become of me and my old man," cried she; "and we a gettin' to be old folks tew. Our savin's were in the stock company up to Minotville, because they paid more interest than the bank a little while ago, and now their old mill has gone clean off, and they'll go tew general smash and we along with 'em."

And this time she went slowly groaning down the stairs. I could not help pitying the woman from the bottom of my heart.

There was great excitement in the little village as a matter of course, but Mrs. Lee was reported to be as chipper as ever. The nosegays came to me every day as usual, not quite so many, nor so great a variety as formerly, for a part of the garden had been washed away, but enough to give me an increasing admiration for the sweet old lady who was so persistent and unwearingly in her neighborly acts of kindness.

The next Monday's local newspaper had this unique notice at the head of its village items:

"All who have been the recipients of kindly deeds from 'Auntie Lee,' and would like to reciprocate now in her day of misfortune, are invited to bring their supper to Oak Grove, on Thursday afternoon at five o'clock, and talk the matter up over a 'neighborly' cup of tea."

At the appointed time I had a carriage come to take my hostess and me, and my basket of cakes and buns from the bakery, to the beautiful grove. As we were driving along I was surprised to see so many people, lunch baskets in hand, speeding in the same direction.

"Almost everybody in town is going, high an' low, rich an' poor," said Mrs. Evans.

As I was being assisted to a seat, a gentle, notherly little woman spread a shawl over the back of the chair intended for me, and quickly folded another shawl for my lane foot to rest upon.

"This is Auntie Lee," said Mrs. Evans, and the sweet-faced little woman and I looked into each other's faces with a little curiosity, perhaps as well as sympathy, and shook hands cordially.

"I don't know what all these good people are doin' to do with Elijah and me," she said with a smile that was as genial as a sunbeam, "but the minister would have us come, and he and his wife drove around for us."

The minister ascended the platform just then, and after tenderly, yet impressively invoking the Divine blessing, he looked benignly down on the upturned faces, and with a touching intonation of voice, asked, "Who is my neighbor?"

He then went on to tell how Auntie Lee had answered that question in regard to himself.

"When I first became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Lee," he said, "I was finishing my theological studies here in the village with Dr. Mills, and they had just married and settled down in their little house yonder, which they had inherited. One day I was sent for to preach on trial in the adjoining town of Luxboro'. My only coat was worn and much patched, and I was feeling sorely grieved and dispirited. I started out for a walk, and for the sake of telling my troubles to some fellow creatures, and with no thought of receiving any aid in the premises, I turned into Mrs. Lee's house and read to her the invitation I had received from Luxboro', and frankly told her why I could not go at the present."

"Leave it to the Lord," said the good woman, and forthwith she proceeded to take my measure with a piece of tape.

"Go home," she continued, "write your sermon, and come again Saturday morning."

I obeyed. I subsequently found that the woman had actually taken a piece of cloth that she had laid by in the house for a cloak for herself, and, tailors as she was by trade, had cut me a coat from her own dress, and had sewed it up for me. I preached my first sermon in it, and shortly received my first call."

"Oh, dear," whispered Auntie Lee, from her seat by my side, "he's paid me for that coat every New Year's day since, and it wasn't much for me to do after all."

Major Sandford, the richest man in town, was the next to take the stand. The old people smiled and nodded their heads, but the young folks looked at each other, and wondered what he could be indebted to Auntie Lee for.

"When I was a boy," the Major began, "I was bound out to H— to a very bad master, from whom I determined to run away. I availed myself of an opportunity to escape one Saturday afternoon, when I was sent to the pasture to salt the cattle. I came straight over the mountain to this place. I wanted to get out of the State as soon as possible, so came directly to the bridge down here at the river, which lay, as you all know, the New Hampshire boundary. Just as I stepped upon Vermont soil I overtook on the road Mr. and Mrs. Lee, young people then. They had a basket and a spade, and had been digging up wild flowers to transplant in their garden. Although an entire stranger they accosted me kindly. Noticing that I had been crying, Mrs. Lee asked me my trouble. Before I knew it I had blurted out the whole story, and had been invited by them to go home with them and stay over Sunday. I was, of course, only too grateful to accept the invitation. After supper we set out on the plants, and then Mr. Lee took me with him down the hill to the bank of the

"brook" as he called it then, and into his little machine shop. I soon evinced my fondness for tools and confided to him an invention, that had, in crude form, long had possession of my brain; being a natural mechanic, he saw the utility of my invention at a glance. The subject was not mentioned on the morrow, which was a quiet, restful day to me. Mrs. Lee loaned me a clean linen suit belonging to her husband, and I went to church with them. The next day Mr. Lee went over to H—, and made terms with my master, because Mrs. Lee said that she could not allow me to feel like a runaway. Then Mr. Lee took me into his employment and gave me a corner in his shop where I could at odd moments work at my model. My invention proved a success, and made my fortune as you all know. I am thankful, my friends, that I am able to repair the damages done to the dear old homestead and to rebuild my old friend's shop."

And Major Sandford sat down wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, while his audience, applauded him most vociferously.

"Dear heart," said Auntie Lee to me. "What was he talking about? He's paid me over and over, and he's tried to make Elijah go into partnership with him, but he wouldn't, and I would not let him."

