

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Our Country with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, August 17, 1887.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No. 1032.

W. C. ANSLOW,

VOL. XX.—No. 44.

NEW FURNITURE!

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

Hair Cloth Parlor Suits, from \$45.00.

RAINIE CLOTH, from \$45.00. PLUSH SUITS, from \$85.00.

CENTRE TABLES, 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.

(The cheapest Chair is No. 2, S. B., at 45cts., Light or Dark, don't come and see 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.

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Barrister & Attorney at Law,

Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.

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CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Dominion.
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RICHMOND, N. B.
OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE,
May 5, 1884.

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OF LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1782.

LOSSES PAID over \$75,000,000.

REVENUES EFFECTED AT REASONABLE RATES.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

W. A. PARK, - Agent.
Newcastle, 10th Dec. 1886. 1yr.

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. MacOULLY, M.A., M.D.,
Mem. Roy. Soc. SURG., LONDON.
SPECIALIST,
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,
Office: Cor. Church and Main St., Moncton,
Moncton, Nov. 12, '86.

DR. T. W. POMROY,
885 YVES SAINT 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, 1888.

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 ORGAN TUNER.

Repairing a Specialty.
Regular visits made to the Northern Counties, of which notices will be given.
Orders for tuning, etc., can be sent to the Adequate 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 connects with all trains. Yachting facilities. Some of the best trout fishing in the world. Large dining room for commercial men.

TERMS \$1.50 per day; with Sample Rooms \$1.75.
Bathurst, Oct. 1, '86.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,
MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK,

CRO. McWERNY, CEO. D. FOGG,
PROPRIETOR. MANAGER.

CANADA HOUSE,
Chatham, New Brunswick.

Wm. JOHNSON, Proprietor

Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first class Hotel and travellers still find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat landing and Telegraph and Post Offices. The proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS
For Commercial Travellers and Strolling on the premises.
Oct. 12, 1885.

Clifton House,
Princess and 113 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. H. PETERS, PROPRIETOR,
Heated by steam throughout. Prompt attention to all orders. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.
April 20, '85.

F. CLEMENTSON & CO.
OUR STOCK OF
GROCERY,
CHINA,
and GLASS,
LAMPS and LAMP GOODS,
is now complete for the coming spring. We invite

COUNTRY TRADERS
visiting St. John to call and see our unusually varied stock, which we are offering at lowest possible prices.

CRATERS
suitable for country stores always in stock.

F. CLEMENTSON & Co.
Dock Street,
St. John N. B., April 27, '87. 1yr.

SPRING and SUMMER
MILLINERY.

The subscriber thanks the public for past patronage and calls their attention to her

NEW and WELL SELECTED
STOCK OF MILLINERY,
consisting of Ladies' Misses', and Children's Hats and Bonnets, in black, white and colored Straws, Chips and Tapes. Also all the newest shades of Gaiters, Ribbons, Satins and Pons, New Flowers, Feathers, Agrettes and Ornaments, Lace Flouncing in difficult shades, Jubilee Lace in black, white, fawn, brown and cream; Web Embroidery, India Muslin, Hamburg Edging and Insertions, Children's Lace and Embroidered Collars, Ladies' Collars and Cuffs in white and colored, Fancy Ties, Frilling, Laces and Silk Handkerchiefs, Buttons, Mantle Ornaments, Bustles, Old Ladies' Dress Caps, and a large stock of Trimmed Hats now on hand. All orders promptly attended to.
MRS. S. DEMERS,
Newcastle, May 2, 1887.

SOUSED TRIPE
in 50 lb. Kegs.
CHOICE ARTICLE

English Sausage Shop
and Meat Store.

JOHN HOPKINS,
186 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN.
April 27, 1887.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
All persons having legal claims against the Estate of Mary Caroline SALZER, late of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within three months from the date; and all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to the undersigned, sole Administrator of said Estate.
Wm. J. MILLER,
Administrator.
Newcastle, June 17th, A. D. 1887.

YOU
can live at home, and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costs nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once.
H. HALLISTON & Co., Portland, Maine.
Dec. 15—

AYER'S PILLS.

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails 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. Brightley, 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. P. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made.—S. C. Darlen, Duxbury, Mass.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a trochobesom humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.
By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body completely healed, and in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darlen, Duxbury, Mass.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and at once began doing them up, and in a short time they were cured. I would call a doctor if the disease became worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Eling, 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 PAINS—External and Internal.

RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains, Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cracks, Scratches and Cuts.

HEALS Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Headache, Toothache, Stomachache, Diarrhoea and all kindred affections.

Best Stable Remedy in the World's
CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Headache, Toothache, Stomachache, Diarrhoea and all kindred affections.

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

Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best medicine they have.

Beware of Imitations,
of which there are many. 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.
DANIEL T. KIERSTAD,
Canan Forks, 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 " TAPESTRY;
25 " WOOL CARPET;
25 " LINOLEUM.

CURTAINS and POLES in ENDLESS VARIETY
All Direct from the Manufacturers.
A. O. SKINNER,
St. John, April 26, 1886.

ESTEY'S YOUR BLOOD
is the best medicine for all kinds of blood diseases, and what you do not desire is not yours. You are low spirited and languid. 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
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ESTEY'S
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Iron and Quinine Tonic.
After using it for a short time you will find

QUININE
QUININE
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TONIC.
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ESTEY'S IRON and QUININE TONIC
is sold by Druggists everywhere. Be sure and get the genuine. Price 50 cents, 6 bottles \$2.50.
Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Moncton, N. B.

THIS PAPER
may be found on
the
New York.

Selected Literature.

(From the Youth's Companion.)
INDIAN DEVIL.

SECOND PRIZE STORY ADVENTURE.

On a burning noon in mid July, 1883, the professor and I were in camp on the upper waters of the Squatook, five days' paddle into the heart of the North New Brunswick wilderness. He from his classroom, I from my sanctum, had forsaken the city and dignity and high colors, to unbend and lead a free life awhile among the trout rivers of this almost unvisited region.

We had called a halt for dinner and staid in a little sandy cove, where the river eddied listlessly. It was a hollow between high banks, down which drew a soft breeze as through a funnel, and the deep grass fringing the tiny beach was densely shadowed by a tangle of vines and branches.

Our birch canoe was behind us, her ruffled sides well shaded from the heat. At the water's edge flickered the remnants of our fire, pale and browned by the steady downpour of sunshine. The stream, itself for a wonder grown drowsy, idled over its pebbly bed with a sleep-inducing murmur.

While we were thus half idling and drowsing, I was startled wide awake by the grating of a paddle on a line of gravelly shoals above the point. A moment more and a birch canoe swept into view, and drew up at our landing-place. The crew, two young-looking Indians, having lifted their craft out of the water, stalked silently up the beach and paused before us, leaning on their paddles. With a noncommittal grunt they accepted some professed tobacco, glanced over our baggage, eyed greedily the bright nickel-plating on our trout-rods, and murmured something in Melicete which I failed to comprehend.

The professor, somewhat annoyed at this intrusion, blinked sleepily at them for a while, and then proceeded to sort and stow away his latest acquired specimens amongst which were some splendid bits of pyrites, glittering richly in the sun.

One of our visitors was not unknown to me. He was a certain Joe Tobin, of ill repute, hailing from Francis Village. The other was an older looking man, with high cheek-bones and little, pig-like, half-shut eyes.

The appearance of neither had any attraction for me, but the Indian with the pig-like eyes I found particularly distasteful.

These eyes grew intent at once, as they caught the yellow gleam of the pyrites, but their owner preserved his air of stolid indifference.

Approaching the professor's side, he sought a closer examination; but the professor was not propitious. He dumped the ore into his specimen-box before the Indian could touch it; and shifting the box deeper into the shade, he took his seat upon it. The box was plainly heavy, and a gleam of interest crept into the cunning eyes of Joe.

"Gold, mebbe?" he suggested persuasively.

To which the professor, facetiously grumpy, answered, "Yes, all gold! Fool's gold!"

At this a most greedy glance passed furtively between the Indians, and it flashed upon me that, by the barbaric ear "Fool's gold" might be misinterpreted to "Full of gold."

I gave the rash professor a warning sign, which Joe intercepted. I then proceeded to explain what was meant by "Fool's gold," and declared that the things in the professor's box were valueless bits of rock, which we had picked up chiefly out of curiosity. This statement, however, as I could see by our visitors' faces, was at once regarded as a cunning and cautious lie, to conceal the vast value of our treasure.

"Whereabouts you get 'em?" queried Joe again.

"Oh," answered the professor, "there's lots of it floating round Mud Lake and Bearley Brook." He took a lovely cluster of crystals out of his pocket, and laughed to see how the Indians' eyes stuck out with delirious avidity. I felt angry at his nonsense, for one of our visitors was an out-and-out ruffian.

In a few moments, after a series of low grunts, which baffled my ear completely, though I was acquainted with the Melicete tongue, the Indian turned to go, saying, in explanation of their sudden departure, "Sugar-Loaf fer sunden, mebbe." I took the precaution to display, at this juncture, a double-barrelled breech-loader, into which I slipped a couple of back-shot cartridges. I said in Melicete, "I'll be late when you get to Sugar-Loaf." The start they gave, on hearing me speak their own language, confirmed my suspicions, and they paddled off in haste without more words.

No sooner were they well out of sight than I made ready with all speed for our own departure; nor did I neglect to upbraid the professor for his rashness. At first he poo-pooed my apprehension, declaring that it was "fun to fool the greedy Hotentots;" but when I explained my grounds for alarm, he condescended to treat them with some respect. He warmed up, indeed, and made haste, so that we were once more darting along with the racing current before the In-

dians had been gone above ten minutes; but I could see that he had adopted my suspicions mainly for the sake of an added excitement. The professor's classroom afforded little scope for such an adventurous spirit, and he was beginning to crave the relief of a spice of peril. With his dainty rifle just to his hand, he was soon playing a fervent and effective paddle, while his sharp eyes kept a lookout which I knew very little would evade.

Our design was to press closely upon the rascals heels that any plot they might agree upon should not find time to prosper; still less would they dream of the speed that we were making. In a fair race we flattered ourselves that we could beat most Indians, and we rather counted on overtaking and passing this couple before they could accomplish their object against us. There was one point in the stream, however, which I remembered with misgivings.

Three or four miles ahead of us were the dangerous "Green Falls," which nature appears to have arranged especially for unskilful canoeists. These falls consist of a succession of steep chutes, roaring down between great green boulders, and forming a barrier impassable, except to most skilful canoe-men.

The portage round the falls, though short, is very steep and difficult; nevertheless, most voyagers prefer to face its difficulties rather than the equally certain dangers of the rapids.

I suggested to the professor that here, if anywhere, these Indians, if they intended to rob us, would be likely to lie in wait for us, in order to take us at a disadvantage whilst we should be struggling with our loads across the portage.

We concluded that we could upset such a scheme, however, by running the fall direct, without pausing even to explore it. I knew the channel well, down to every rock and twist, and the height of the stream at this season was all that could be desired for the undertaking.

With the tremendous and unobstructed current of this portion of the Squatook, a distance of four and five miles was a trifling matter. It seemed but a moment of swiftly receding shores and silent effort, ere broke upon our ears the roar of the falls.

To what was now ahead of us the professor's hand was new, so I told him to keep still and devote himself to watching. The portage landing was a rounded point, beyond which the stream slid like lightning down a slight incline to the falls.

Once well round the point, and the die was cast. It would be too late then to think of shirking the passage! Without pause or doubt, however, we shot past; and looking eagerly down along the shore we saw, in the still reach beyond, the last turmoil, a canoe thrust in among the alders.

"Ah-h-h!" exclaimed the professor, in a tone of deeping conviction; and he shifted his grip upon his rifle. An instant more and we were in the surge.

Just then I saw the professor start, half raising his rifle to the shoulder; but the canoe was taking all my attention, and I dared not follow his glance to shoreward.

Our delicate craft seemed to wallow down the roaring trough. At the foot of the first chute a great thin-crested ripple slapped over us.

I had understood the professor's gesture, and as we plunged down the next leap, I chuckled to myself, "Sold this time!"

Like a bird, the true little craft took the plunge. One more blinding dash of spray, a shivering pause, and, darting forward arrowlike, she dipped to the last and steepest descent.

At this instant, from the bank overhead, came a spirit of blue smoke and a report, followed by a twinge in my left shoulder. Another report, scarcely audible amid the fall's thunder, and, cleaving the last great ripple, we swept into gentler currents. Crack! crack! went the professor's rifle; as he fired over his shoulder at the place where the smoke-puffs clung.

I said, "Push on, before they can load again."

Dropping my paddle, as we passed their empty canoe, I put two charges of back-shot through her birchen sides. Then, satisfied that the mending of this breach would keep our enemy wholesomely occupied for some time, we pushed forward swiftly in grim triumph.

A few miles farther on I stopped, and informed the professor that I was wounded. At this he turned about in such sudden concern that he barely missed upsetting our topknot craft; but he presently remarked, "By the healthy you've displayed in running away the last half hour, I don't imagine the wound can be serious."

On examination we found that a bullet had nicked the top of my shoulder, though not so deeply but that cold water and some giving of sticking-plaster went far toward giving relief from pain. But the muscular action of paddling, and the repeated strains the shoulder had to endure in the rapids which we were continually encountering, caused the scratch to become inflamed, and so when, at about four in the afternoon, we swept down the last rush and gained the smooth waters of the lake, I gave up the stern paddle to the professor and played invalid awhile in the bow.

A light breeze, to which we hoisted our sail, took us pleasantly down the lake some nine or ten miles, and about

half past six we landed near the outlet. This was a delightful camping-ground, in a cluster of tall pines open toward the gravel beach and the lake, but walled thickly on the other three sides by a low dense undergrowth. Here in the centre of the grove we pitched our tent, and in front of it built our fire. Under the lulling influence of a supper of fresh trout, the savor of which mixed deliciously with the wholesome scent of the pines, we concluded that perhaps by this time our enemies would have given up the pursuit, disgusted by their past failure and the damage done to their canoe.

Nevertheless, we resolved to take thorough precautions, lest our adversaries should cross the head of the lake and come upon us by night.

We built a huge fire so that it shone upon the landing place, and lighted up every way of approach by water. The tent stood out in the full glare. To the rear and a little to one side, beyond the limits of the grove, in the densest part of the thicket, we fixed ourselves a snug and secret couch, whence we could command a view of the whole surroundings.

Close by we arranged a pile of bark, with kindlings and dry, balsamic pine-chips, such as we could urge into a sudden blaze in case of an emergency.—Immediately behind us was the water, and from that side we felt that we were safe so long as the glow of frelight could be maintained.

We fixed up the camp to look natural and secure, hung our wet clothes to dry on the *chop lak quah-gan*, close the door for the night to keep out the mosquitoes, and retired, not dissatisfied, to our covert.

It was a dark, and almost starless night, with a soft, minny wind sighing in the pine tops, and making the "Big Squatook" wash restlessly all down her pebbly beaches. As we drew our weapons close to us, and stretched ourselves luxuriously in our blankets, we could not forbear a low laugh at a certain relish the situation held for us. The professor, however, suddenly became serious, and he declared, "But this lark's in the soberest kind of earnest, anyway; and we mustn't be letting ourselves tumble to sleep!"

My shoulder gave an admonitory twinge, and I cordially acquiesced.

Just then a far-off howl of hideous laughter, ending in a sob of distress, came down the night-wind, making our flesh creep uncomfortably.

"Is that what the Indians call 'Clote Scarp's Hunting Dogs'?" whispered the professor.

"Not by any means!" I answered under my breath.

"Well, it ought to be," returned the professor.

I replied, that the voice in my opinion, came from the dangerous Northern panther, or "Indian-Devil."

These animals, I went on to explain, were growing yearly more numerous in the Squatook region, owing to the fact that the Indians, their favorite prey, were being driven hither from the south counties and from Nova Scotia.

Just then the cry was repeated, this time a little nearer; and the professor began to inquire whether it was Indian or Indian-Devil about which we should have most call to concern ourselves.—His hope, but half expressed, was plainly for "a whack at both."

I assured him that so long as the Indian-Devil kept up his serenading we had little need to be troubled; but should the scent of his fried trout be blown to the nostrils, and divert his mind from thoughts of love to war, then would it behoove us to be circumspect.

As we talked on thus in an undertone which was half-drowned by the washing of the waves, the panther's cry was heard much nearer than before; and it was not again repeated. This put us sharply on our guard.

Hour after hour passed, till we began to get it hard to remain awake. Only the weirdness of the place,—the strange noises which stole towards us from the depths of the forest, dying out within the radius of a couple of hundred yards from the fire-light,—together with our anxiety concerning the movements of the panther, kept us from falling asleep.

The professor told some stories of the skill of Western Indians in creeping up on guard posts, and I retorted with examples of the cunning and ferocity of these Northern Indian-Devils.

Once we were started into renewed vigilance by what seemed like a scratching or clanging on the bark of some tree near at hand; but we heard no more of it. When, as near as we could guess, it must have been well past midnight, we began to be concerned at the lowness of our fire. It had fallen to a mere red glow, lighting up a circle of not more than twenty yards around the camp. As for our covert, it was now sunk in the outer darkness.

We considered the needs and risks of replenishing the fire, and concluded that the risks were so far greater than the needs, that our better plan was to stay where we were till morning.

If our enemies were upon our tracks, then for either of us to approach the light would be to betray our stratagem, besides furnishing a fair and convenient target; while we felt tolerably sure that the panther was in some not distant tree, waiting to drop, according to his pleasant custom, upon any one that should come within his reach. These considerations made us once more satisfactorily

wakeful, and with straining our sight through the blackness our nerves got painfully on the stretch.

A bird stirred in the twigs above us, and the professor whispered, "What's that?"