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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

W. C. ANSLOW,

Vol. XX.—No. 44.

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

WHOLE No. 1032.

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.

WHAT NOTS,

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,

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Single Bedsteads at \$2.00, Double at \$2.15, not one cent less to any one.

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Baby Carriages will be sold very cheap to clear, at

B. FAIREY'S
Furniture Rooms,
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Newcastle, July 23, '87.

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OFFICE: Old Bank Montreal.

J. D. PHINNEY,

Barrister & Attorney at Law,

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RICHMOND, N. B.

OFFICE: COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 5, 1884.

PHOENIX Fire Insurance Co.,

OF LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1782.

LOSSES PAID over \$75,000,000.

BURANCES EFFECTED AT REASONABLE RATES.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

W. A. PARK, - Agent.

Newcastle, 10th Dec. 1886.

F. L. PEDOLIN, M. D.,

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NEWCASTLE, N. B.

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

Newcastle, June 11, 1887.

O. J. MacGILLIVRAY, 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 TOWN STREET,

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.

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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.

J. O. BIEDERMANN.

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 duties will be given.

Orders for tuning, etc., can be sent to the Advocate Office, Newcastle.

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, leaving Newcastle at 10:30 a.m. and 10:30 p.m. A saloon with eight tables. Excellent bill of fare. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not to say. Costs nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once.

J. H. HALL & Co., Portland, Maine.

Dec. 15.

AYER'S PILLS.

IF the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, 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. Brighten, 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, 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, and would not be without them. - Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

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. Patterson, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, the sores on my body continued healing, 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. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and at once began doing them. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, thinking 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 Esling, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

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

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

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"KING OF PAIN"

LINEMENT

CURES PAINS - External and Internal.

RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions 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, Gout, Stomach, Dropsy, and all kinds of 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 in 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 LINEMENT 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. KIRSTEAD.

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SKINNER'S

Carpet Warehouse,

53 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

what you do not desire.

ESTEY'S

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IRON

IRON

IRON

ESTEY'S

Iron and Quinine Tonic.

After using it for a short time you will find

Your appetite improved,

your spirits become

more cheerful, and you

feel and know that every

fiber and tissue of your

body is being braced

and renovated.

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 pool-poohed 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-

Selected Literature.

(From the Youth's Companion.)

INDIAN DEVILS.

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 culture, to unbend and lead a free life while among the trout rivers of this almost unvisited region.

We had called a halt for dinner and siesta 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 brownish 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 falling and dreaming, 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 youngish-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 proffered tobacco, glanced over our baggage, eyed greedily the bright nickel-plating on our trout-rod, 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 eyes. He was particularly disaffected.

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 propitiated. 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 he 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 interpreted. 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 'um?" queried Joe again.

"Oh," answered the professor, "there's lots of it floating round Mud Lake and Bearskin Brook." He took a lovely cluster of crystals out of his pocket, and laughed to see how the Indians' eyes stuck out with deluded avarice. 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 long, 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 sun-down, mebbe." I took the precaution to display, at this juncture, a double-barrelled breech-loader, into which I slipped a couple of buck-shot cartridges; and as I nodded them a bland farewell, 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 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 pool-poohed 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 too little scope for such an adventurous spirit, and he was beginning to crave the rush 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 so closely upon the rascals' heels that any plot they might agree upon should not find time to mature. We knew they would never calculate upon our following them so promptly; 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 ambushes. These falls consist of a succession of steep chutes, roaring down between great green boulders, and forming a barrier impassable, except to most skillful 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 deepening conviction; and he shifted his grip upon his rifle. An instant more and we were in the surges.

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! crack! went the professor's little 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 buck-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 vigorous display in running away from me, 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 strips of sticking-plaster went far toward giving relief from pain. But the menacing 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 firelight could be maintained.

We fixed up the camp to look natural and secure, hung our wet clothes dry on the chop lak quah-gan, closed the tent 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, misty 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 lack of 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 'Close Scamp'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 panthers, their favorite prey, were being driven hither from the south counties and from Nova Scotia.