

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W.C. ANSLOW

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. XXVII.—No. 18.

Newcastle, Wednesday, February 7, 1894.

WHOLE No. 1370

## Law & Collectors Office.

Charles J. Thomson.

## Barrister & Notary Public.

Solicitor for Bank Nova Scotia

Editor for Estates.

Offices Newcastle and Bathurst, N. B.

O. J. MacCULLY, M. A. M. D.

SPECIALIST.

## DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT

Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Street

Mon. to Sat., 11 to 12.

Dr. H. A. FISH.

Newcastle, N. B.

1893, 1894.

W. A. Wilson, M. D.

## Physician and Surgeon.

DERBY, N. B.

Derby Nov. 5, 1893.

J. R. LAWLOR.

## Auctioneer and Commission

merchant,

Newcastle, New Brunswick.

Prompt returns made on consignments of merchandise. Auctioneering in town and country.

S. R. Foster & Son,

## WIRE NAILS.

WIRE BRADS

Steel and

Iron cut

NAILS, SHOCKS, BRADS, SHOCKS

AND SPICES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOCKS

NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.

ST. JOHN N. B.

Waverley Hotel.

The Subscriber has thoroughly fitted up and newly furnished the rooms of the well known Waverley Hotel, Newcastle, and is prepared to receive and accommodate transient guests. A good table and pleasant rooms provided. Sample rooms if required.

R. B. Gremley's terms will attend all trains and boats in connection with this house.

John McKeen.

Newcastle, March 28, 1893.

## CANADA HOUSE

Chatham, New Brunswick.

Wm. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

CONVENIENT OF ACCESS

Good Sample rooms for Commercial travellers.

Clifton House.

Princes and 143 Galignani Street.

ST. JOHN N. B.

A. N. Peters, Prop'r.

Heated by Steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.

April 6th, 1893.

The Derby House,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

(Formerly Mitchell House.)

This Hotel has been refitted and newly furnished. Every attention paid to the comfort of guests.

Sample Room Free.

TERMS \$1.25 per day.

I. P. Leighton.

Newcastle, March 22, 1894.

## TAILORING.

I wish to carry on my tailoring and the public generally that I am still

Carrying on the Tailoring

in the old stand over Messrs. Sutherland and Creighton's Store. I have a fine

LINE OF SAMPLES

as select from. Parties furnishing their own goods can have them made up in

GOOD STYLE

and cheaper than elsewhere. Perfect Satisfaction has been given in the past and I can guarantee the same in the future.

J. R. McDONALD.

Newcastle Sept. 1892.

## PROPERTY FOR SALE.

To be sold at private sale the house and lot, situated on the corner of the highway leading down river.

The lot is 12x112, with a 1 1/2 story house thereon 30x20. The above premises will be disposed of at private sale.

For Terms and other particulars apply to HENRY HEEVES.

Newcastle June 26th, 1893.

## Properties for Sale

—AT—

## DALHUSIE.

The lot of land 50x200 feet, and comparatively new dwelling house thereon situated on William St., conveniently situated near Post Office and railway station, and commanding a fine view of the Baddeck River.

For terms and particulars apply to the owner, Mrs. Isabella Chisholm, or to Wm. Montgomery, Esq., Collector of Customs.

Dalhousie, March 24, 1893.

## MUSICAL TUITION.

Miss Edith Troy.

Graduate of Mount Allison Conservatory of Music, is now prepared to take pupils in

PIANO, FORTE, PIPE ORGAN, and VOCAL CULTURE.

Terms on Application.

Newcastle, June 6th, 1893.

## TONING and REPAIRING

J. O. Beldman, PIANO ORGANO 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.

Advocate Office, Newcastle.

St. John May 6, 1893.

## RAW FUR.

I will pay the highest Market Price for all kinds of

Raw Fur.

and will sell Stock Traps in all sizes from Musk Rat to Bear, cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere.

I am making a specialty of buying RAW FUR and will sell Stock Traps to catch Fur Animals.

Jno. Ferguson.

Newcastle, Nov. 21st, 1893.

## MINCE MEAT

25 lb. CANS 5 lbs.

10 lb. PAILS 25 lbs.

Pork

Sausages.

JOHN HOPKINS,

186 Union Street,

St. John, N. B.

Nov. 21, 1893.

## Executors' Notice.

All persons having any claims against the estate of the late Scott Farley will please forward the same duly attested.

And all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

ROBERT C. BOWEN, Executor.

Blackville, N. B., Nov. 7.

## Still Selling Off.

The Cheap Clearing Off Sale which has been going on at my store for the last three months is still being continued, and bargains are being handed out to Cash Purchasers.

I have on hand a well assorted Stock of Men's, Women's and Children's

Boots, Shoes, Robbers and Over-shoes.

Groceries and Provisions.

Fresh Meats, Fowl, etc. for sale low.

3000 HIDES WANTED.

For which Cash will be paid.

The Highest Price Given for Country Produce of all kinds.

E. Hickey.

Newcastle, Jan. 15, 1894.

## MILLINERY.

I have just opened an elegant line of

Fall and Winter Millinery

in all the latest Trimmings, Novelties, plumes, silk velvets, plain and shot Satins, tulle, wings, signets, lilies, flowers and fancy trimmings, ribbons, brooches, Monogram and fancy bonnet, handkerchiefs, neckties and aprons, children's collars, infants' cloaks, bonnets, hats, &c.

Trimmings Millinery always on hand which cannot fail to please in both style and price.

All work done neatly, promptly and in first class style.

JENNIE E. WRIGHT.

next Messrs. H. Williston & Co., Jewelers.

Newcastle, Oct. 17, 1893.

## DR. CATES, DENTIST.

will occupy his dental office, over Mr. T. L. MacCull's store, in the City, back of

From the 24th to the 30th of

31st of each Month.

until further notice. In order to meet his patients as formerly, for whom satisfaction is guaranteed, he will be in all branches.

HENRY HEEVES.

Newcastle June 26th, 1893.

## Selected Literature.

THE SALE OF HUMMING BIRD.

I am an Indiana man, fifty eight years old, healthy, bald-headed and entitled to registry as 'Rufus Morgan, dealer in Well-Bred Trotting Stock.' I have bought and sold horses ever since I was twenty-one, and it is no little boast to say that in my early years I was a genius at driving a sharp bargain. I 'allowed' to be as honest as the average speculator, but if a creature had a bluish or a failing I didn't feel bound to go shouting it about the street corners like an auctioneer of bankrupt or fire and flood damaged goods.

I could brace up before a regular auctioneer fire of questions concerning the beast I was putting on the market with a face as immovable as that of the boss in a leathen Chinese synagogue, and let the buyer depend on his own eyes for solid information.

I never exhaust my ingenuity in plans for fleecing a lamb, but naturally preferred to handle a piece of mutton tough enough to resist any attempt at being if it should unexpectedly find itself cut up into chops. And your true western horseman gives so many wholesome lessons on the advisability of keeping one's judgment whittled down in a keen point that he ought to take two or three in a lifetime without kicking.

I find, on reflection, that life is brimful of lessons, from curly-headed youth to smooth-crowned age, and among the variety you are sure to get a pointer on real honesty that comes home to stay. The shaft that was aimed at the soft spot in my heart reached its mark four years ago, and since that time Rufus Morgan has made less money and told more truths in his line of business than heretofore, to the satisfaction, no doubt, of the recording angel, who must have grown quite tired of copying so many crooked little transactions on one page.

After pulling three sturdy boys safely out of the slough of despondency which fate has laid the pathway of my life, my wife and I thought it a freak of wonderful good luck to become the parents of a dainty girl. I use the adjective 'dainty' with great deliberation, because in my whole vocabulary I can find no other that suits Elsie Morgan well. Add to this 'dainty' and 'mischievous,' and you have as good a description of her nature as printer's ink can give you. At sixteen she ruled the Morgan household with a rod and a whip, and her will was law.

She was well bred for trotting, with a sire and dam both in the mystic circle monopolized by aristocratic speed, but a dash of common sense and a few off-limb of her maternal family tree had unfortunately cropped out and she would spring up and roar away like a gust of wind on your worst notice.

Trick work on the track proved to us that Humming Bird couldn't be depended on for consistency in time. She could do a quarter in fine shape and her half miles were creditable, but she seldom reached the home stretch with other competitors in the field without losing her head and trying to indulge in a hilarious gallop.

It seemed as if the life current in her veins grew wild and went off on a small riot whenever she struck the last half of a race, and in the light of experience with other horses built that way we gave up all hopes of making her a profitable stake winner.

She had also an unmeasurable fear of a railway crossing or an engine, and that was a drawback for her career as a fancy rider, so we pronounced her impracticable, and considered her future usefulness exceedingly doubtful.

But Humming Bird was pretty good, whether you figured on her by the yard or the pattern. She had a human-looking eye, velvet lips and nostrils, a silky mane and satin coat that beatified between a mouse-color and a gray. She had, in addition to these attractions, little teasing, affectionate ways and a pathetic whimper that she couldn't display in her stall quite effectively.

Elsie was fond of visiting her and treating her to slices of fruit, cream candy, pet names and flattering speeches, which the bird always accepted with a gracious air that reminded one of the country preacher posing as the hero of a donation party.

I regarded the intimacy between the two as harmless, but when I learned that my girl's heart was set on having Humming Bird trained for her own driving I was seriously disturbed.

I couldn't entertain such a proposition for a moment when so many 'fast' mails and heavy freights were screaming through the country and intersecting every direction. So I brought the subject to Hugh and after a long consultation, we agreed to make no open opposition to Elsie's wishes, but to tell Humming Bird to the earliest bidder and after she was gone a general animal could be found for our household divinity.

Not long after this decision a golden opportunity for carrying out our plan presented itself. Judge Fletcher, the great man of the nearest town and the legal light of our country, came to me to buy a young mare, and Humming Bird captured his fancy at once.

'Is she gentle, Morgan?' he asked, looking at the beauty with admiring eyes.

'She is quite a pet,' I answered evasively but without actual falsehood, and gave her a piece of candy and allowed her to caress the palm of my hand with her soft lips after munching it.

'I suppose she is well gaited,' he continued.

'You may decide that question for yourself,' I said, blandly. Hugh will put her in a light cart and give you a drive behind her.'

They took Humming Bird out over a straight, uneventful bit of road, and, with nothing to startle her, she behaved very well, showing only the safe side of her disposition.

The judge was pleased with her and being a man of few words he paid my price without parley, while I plattered up my smarting conscience by charging him to remember that she was highly bred and full of nerve and spirit, and it was always well for a driver to have a thorough acquaintance with a new horse.

He assured me that the mare would be placed in kind and careful hands, and I felt like congratulating myself on a good sale and Elsie's safety.

Hugh told the news at the supper table in a quiet way and we received our expected scolding from Elsie in measured, repeating valuable promises of a better and prettier substitute, which did not seem very satisfactory to my girl, but I was confident that her disappointment would soon wear away, and therefore did not permit it to give me much uneasiness.

Three days later I heard something about Judge Fletcher's purchase which showed his plainness of a right handed blow in the face. He had bought the mare for his widowed sister, Mrs. Thornydyke, who was one of my wife's warmest friends, and was crippled by paralysis.

Her physicians had advised her to take long trips in the country and Humming Bird had been chosen as a reliable carriage horse for the every-day use of a confirmed invalid.

'I presume she has an experienced driver?' I said to Hugh when he had given me this information with a very melancholy countenance.

'I am afraid not,' was the sober reply. 'People say her daughter, Elsie, is to handle the reins, and she can't be much older than Elsie, for she is one of her chums.'

'That will never do!' I cried hurriedly. 'You may harness Cash and I will go immediately to Judge Fletcher and tell him the filly isn't safe in the hands of a woman. I shouldn't have sold her to him if I had known exactly what he meant to do with her.'

In a few minutes I was spinning along toward the town which was three miles away, with my mind roasting hot under a sense of responsibility in the matter of sending Humming Bird forth on the wing with two delicate women at the mercy of her caprices. Cash was a young horse with any amount of 'kicks' and rash uncertainties which I did not attempt to subdue till more than half of my journey was finished, and we came to the edge of a hill that dropped abruptly into a rough valley sprinkled with bushes and scrubby trees, where crooked country roads met and crossed each other under the instructive care of an old-fashioned sign-board.

We paused here, and looking across the plain to the opposite hill beyond, I saw a single outfit approaching and recognized Humming Bird by her style, and the superb carriage of her pretty head.

With her splendid motion and stately powers of endurance, what a pity it seemed that she would not tone down to a square trot!

She was before a light phaeton occupied by two persons whom I readily undertook to be the Thornydyke mother and daughter, and the girl held the reins in a dextrous way, giving the mare a chance to exhibit some of her finest airs.

While I watched them a sound was suddenly brought to me by the fresh autumn wind from the valley below and I shivered at its echo.

It was the measured puff 'puff! puff!' of a steam traction engine half hidden by the trees, but moving rapidly over the road and drawing near the corners.

Cash had an ear as quick as mine and he snorted as he urged him on making frantic signals to the Thornydykes to turn back before Humming Bird saw the machine. But Maude had already put the filly under restraint for the decent of the hill, and the wicker phaeton was swaying in the beginning of its downy passage.

The half distance was covered when the voice of the engine pleaded out in a repetition of short blasts that seemed to my horrified sense like cries of despair, and gave one wild leap, but before she had time to turn a little figure sprang over the wheel, her dress catching on the lamp trailing low and trailing after her

as she bounded forward. I saw her rush to the frightened mare's head and clasp a pair of slender arms about her neck. It was heroic, but it was a woman's recklessness; no man would have attempted such a thing, and trembling for the consequences, I tumbled out of my cart, gave Cash his head and told him to go.

Only the day before I had remarked to Hugh that old age was making me clumsy, but now my limbs seemed endowed with the fleetness of a professional runner, as I tore down one declivity and stretched up another to reach the daring girl, hanging with desperate strength to the plunging beast, and making a free will offering of her own life to save that of her feeble mother.

Thought is swift as lightning, and it came sharply to me that I had purchased Elsie's safety with Maude Thornydyke's danger.

The two girls had been school girls together, and if one should be taken and the other left who should say that in the sale of Humming Bird Rufus Morgan had not become accountable for a violent death?

But why didn't the filly break away from Maude? The girl was lifted from the ground repeatedly during the struggle; why was she not trampled down and killed? I looked for that every instant, and yet God bless her, there she hung with a superhuman power in those frail hands, swinging to and fro and keeping the Bird's head toward me and the vehicle from overturning, while the engine wheeled and rattled past the old guide-board.

At last I stood beside them with just enough strength left in my body to take Humming Bird by the bit and let her know her old master was 'on deck' and Maude accepted her release with alacrity.

How could you control the beast? I asked when one situation began to subside. 'She had enough strength to toss you off and crush you with scarcely an effort.'

Maude Thornydyke turned on me a pair of wondrous brown eyes with tears shining on her lashes.

'I talked to her all the time. I believe she understood me and tried hard to control herself,' said she, simply.

'Perhaps you are right,' was all I could say, and then I went around to the pale and still terrified mother, shaking her hand with a thankful feeling glowing and quivering in an unsteady way, from the fringed trimming of my shiny head to the soft coons that lurked in the toes of my unworthy feet.

I drove the Thornydykes back to Elsie and had just perfected an arrangement with the old lady where-by our last bargain was declared 'off,' and a perfectly sound and gentle animal, Maude Humming Bird, was to be purchased in Humming Bird's stead, when Hugh came flying down the street with his little mother in the cart beside him, to learn what had befallen the old gentleman.

The appearance of Cash alone had given the family a sensation that was happily quenched when I was found with whole bones and a quick temper.

Of course there is a sequel to this story and if it inclines toward romance its truthfulness must be set up in apology.

Hugh married Maude Thornydyke on her eighteenth birthday and Humming Bird was one of their wedding presents. She has had numerous advantages since that time. The kitesailed track, aluminum foot-peg and the bike and a scientific trainer, who says her department has greatly improved, but I shan't say her head when they speak of her as a successful race horse in the near future and tell them she is not it.

Hugh and I are in partnership, and the Morgan farm is a busy place, with training, buying and selling going on continually, but I will say for Rufus that the many part of his nature has got the jockey under subjection, and the two harmonious fairy well. 'He who runs may read' is verified in my case, for I read a brief discourse on straight honest horse dealing when I was speaking over the rough road between those two hills to save the bravest of living girls. The sermon had a tough text and was full of hard words, but I learned it in quick time, and I shall never forget it.

—EMMA EGGLESTON, in Clark's Horse Review.

## GOLD AND NOT BRASS.

BUT MRS. NOODLES WAS NOT TO BLAME FOR HER DEATH.

'Darling, I must ask you to forgive me.'

Noodles looked up with some surprise from the newspaper which he was perusing and raised his eyebrows interrogatively.

'The fact is that I have just come from the jeweller's,' explained his wife.

'If you mean that you have bought something expensive and charged it, you can take it back again right away, replied her husband.'

'No, indeed, it's not that,' said Mrs. Noodles.

'Thank goodness!' observed Noodles. 'It's much worse, my dear.'

'Nothing that has to do with a jewelry shop should be worse,' said Noodles.

'But I have a confession to make.'

'Well my angel, why don't you make it?'

'You will not give me a chance.'

'On the contrary, I am listening most attentively. Consider me your father confessor.'

'It has to do with my wedding ring—the ring you gave me.'

'I have always entertained the fond belief that no other man ever gave you a wedding ring,' said Noodles, grimly. 'If I have been mistaken in that idea, kindly let me know.'

'You are the most provoking old dear in the world,' exclaimed Mrs. Noodles. 'You always insist upon joking when I wish to speak seriously.'

'I never was more serious in my life, my dear.'

'Well,' continued Mrs. Noodles, 'you may remember that I said my wedding ring made my finger sore. At all events the skin beneath it has been blistered for a long time.'

'What did you wear it for, then?'

'What did I wear it for? Why, I don't think it's respectable for a married woman to be without her wedding ring.'

'Why not?'

'Why, because it isn't. You know very well that I have no superstitious notion of the point.'

'I am glad to learn that there is one superstition you haven't got.'

'You are a mean old thing. I have no superstition on that subject, as you know very well. Did I not take my wedding ring off as soon as we had been married and put it on again, just to express my disbelief in such nonsense? Of course I did. Since that fat Mrs. Jones had to have her ring cut off her finger after it had sunk deep into her flesh, I have always thought that the practice of never taking off a wedding ring was disgusting as well as idiotic. Why, I lost mine once for a whole week.'

'Yes, I remember very well what a hunt the whole household had for it.'