

The Union Advocate

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Our Country, with its United Interests.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

WHOLE No. 514

W. & J. ANSLAW,

VOL. X.—No. 46.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, September 12, 1877.

WAVERLY HOTEL, NEWCASTLE, MICHIGI, N. B.

THIS House has lately been refurbished, and very possible arrangements made to ensure the comfort of travellers.

LIVERY STABLES, WITH GOOD OUTFIT, ON THE PREMISES.

ALEX. STEWART, Proprietor.

CANADA HOUSE, CHATHAM, N. B.

WM. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this house to make it a desirable temporary resort.

WILBUR HOUSE, Bathurst, Gloucester County, N. B.

As regards situation, it is located in a very pleasant town, and being in close proximity to the Bathurst Chalmers, is one of the very best resorts for tourists and families.

ROYAL HOTEL, KING SQUARE, CHATHAM, N. B.

I HAVE much pleasure in informing my numerous friends and the public generally, that I have leased the Hotel formerly known as the "CONTINENTAL."

YOUNG'S HOTEL, EUROPEAN PLAN, COURT AVENUE, BOSTON.

HALL & WHIFFLE, Proprietors.

DOMINION HOUSE, No. 3, PUBLIC WHARF.

W. & R. BRODIE, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

JEALERS IN Flour, Produce and Provisions.

W. C. HOLDSWORTH, COMMERCIAL WHARF, NEWCASTLE.

S. F. SHUTE, Direct Importer of Fine Watches, Rich Jewelry, Electro-Plated Ware, Clocks, Fancy Goods, &c.

WATCH REPAIRING, in all its branches promptly attended to.

TRUNK FACTORY, ESTABLISHED 1862.

MR. W. H. KAWLES, HAS much pleasure in announcing to his many friends and customers that he has removed his business to No. 205, over A. J. Leidy's Furniture Emporium.

ONE HORSE RAILWAY POWER TRUCKING MACHINES, Price \$93.

JOHN L. SCOFFIELD, DEALER IN Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

BLACKVILLE, N. B. April 28th, 1877.

WILLIAM A. PARK, Barrister & Attorney at Law, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICE—Over the Store of William Park, Esq. Castle Street, - - - NEWCASTLE.

Law and Collection Offices

ADAMS & LAWLOR, Barristers, Conveyancers, &c., Solicitors in Bankruptcy, Real Estate, and Fire Insurance Agents.

NEWCASTLE AND BATHURST, N. B.

L. J. TWEEDIE, ATTORNEY & BARRISTER AT LAW, CONVEYANCER, &c., CHATHAM, N. B.

OFFICE—Snowball's Building, May 12, 1874.

M. S. BENSON, Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.

Accounts Collected and Loans Negotiated.

A. H. JOHNSON, BARRISTER AT LAW, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c., &c., CHATHAM, N. B.

Dr. Freeman, will attend to DENTISTRY in his various Branches, as his other engagements will permit.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH, Either on Rubber or a new and improved Base called Collodoid.

DR. M. C. CLARK, SURGEON DENTIST, Can be found at his Office over Mr. J. Noonan's Store, Chatham, where he intends residing.

HERBERT T. DAWSON, M.D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, NEWCASTLE, N. B.

OFFICE—In Mr. John Dalton's House; RESIDENCE: At Mr. Wm. Greenley's, opposite Office.

Confectionery, Ice Creams, SYRUPS, &c.

W. C. HOLDSWORTH, COMMERCIAL WHARF, - - - NEWCASTLE.

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BLACKVILLE, N. B. April 28th, 1877.

CRANE, WAITE & CO. OILS!

14 & 16 CENTRAL STREET, - - - BOSTON, MASS.

MACHINERY AND WOOL OILS, WEST VIRGINIA, TALLOW, CYLINDER, ENGINE & LARD OILS.

TAYLOR & MAYO, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN AND SHIPPERS OF FRESH FISH.

7 & 8 COMMERCIAL WHARF, BOSTON.

HENRY MAYO & CO. WHOLESALE FISH DEALERS, 5 COMMERCIAL STREET, BOSTON.

Correspondence Solicited.

First Letter Foundry in New England, COMMENCED IN 1817.

BOSTON TYPE FOUNDRY, 104 MILK STREET, BOSTON.

JOHN K. ROGERS, Agent, SPECIALIZES BOOKS to all Customers, and SPECIAL BARGAINS to Colonial Printers.

J. LITTLE, AUCTIONEER, Agent for Ottawa Agricultural Fire Insurance, Sun Mutual Life Assurance, Accident, and Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Companies.

COLLECTIONS MADE, OFFICE—Walt's Building, Commercial Wharf—side entrance, ADDRESS—Post Office, box 20.

NEWCASTLE, MICHIGI, N. B. May 7, 1877.

A. D. SHIRREFF, AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT, Life, Fire & Marine Insurance

GENERAL AGENT, CHATHAM, N. B. August 29, 1876.

MITCHELL & CO., GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, SHIPPING AGENTS, 22 & 24 COMMON STREET, MONTREAL.

MIRAMICHI MARBLE WORKS, WATER ST., - - - CHATHAM.

WILLIAM LAWLER, Importer of Marble & Manufacturer of MONUMENTS, TABLETS, HEADSTONES, MANTELS, &c.

A GOOD STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND, GRANITE MONUMENTS made to order, CAPS and SILLIS for windows supplied at short notice.

BOOKBINDING, ORDERS FOR BOOKBINDING RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE.

W. & J. ANSLAW, NEWCASTLE, SEPT. 11, 1876.

Carriage Work, THE subscriber respectfully intimates to the public that he has commenced business in the shop over Vye's blacksmith shop, and is now prepared to attend to

CARRIAGE REPAIRING, in all its branches. Orders solicited. All work warranted to be well and substantially done.

J. J. CHRISTIE, 60 King Street, Newcastle, July 21, 1877.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE AGENCY, OFFICES: Market Buildings, German Street, St. John.

ROBERT MARSHALL, General Agent, Broker, Notary Public, &c.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. JETNA INSURANCE CO. HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO. MERCHANTS' MARINE INS. CO. BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE CO.

This Agency offers protection against loss and damage by fire, on terms as favorable as the character of the risks will justify.

Underwritten by the Fire Insurance Co. of New York, the Marine Insurance Co. of London, and the Merchants' Marine Insurance Co. of Liverpool.

NEWCASTLE—A. A. Davidson, M. Adams, CHATHAM—T. P. Gillespie, W. Wilkinson, BATHURST—Anthony Rainey, DALHOUSIE—George Haddow, RICHMOND—H. Livingston, D. D. Phinney

ROBERT MARSHALL, July 16, 1877.

Jas. R. Howie's CUSTOM TAILORING AND CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT, MARBLE HALL, Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

SPRING STOCK OF NEW CLOTHS of the Latest Styles just to hand, which inspection is respectfully invited.

Fancy Worsteds, Coatings, Trousers, Tweeds of all makes, &c. A GOOD FIT GUARANTEED in every case.

Orders from the country especially attended to.

READY-MADE CLOTHING, AND CENTS FURNISHING GOODS, of all Descriptions on hand. Inspection respectfully invited.

JAMES R. HOWIE, Fredericton, May 2, 1877.

G. A. BLAIR, Merchant Tailor, CHATHAM, N. B. Always on hand a large and select assortment of

BROADCLOTHS, Dressings, Cassimeres, Beavers, Meltons, &c. Velvet and other Fancy Vestings.

Centlemen's APPAREL, Made up promptly, and in the best and most Fashionable Styles.

Orders from a distance will receive Especial Attention.

LATEST FASHIONS, ALWAYS ON HAND. Remember the Stand.

Stone Building, adjoining Dr. Pallen's Water Street, Chatham.

CUSTOM TAILORING, THE Subscriber has opened a FIRST CLASS TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT in the Shop formerly occupied by Mr. P. H. Anslow, and owned by the Hon. Wm. Mulholland, near Letson's Water Street, Chatham.

Gentlemen wanting Clothes made to order for SPRING AND SUMMER, will do well to examine his splendid assortment.

English and Canadian CLOTHS to select from.

GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS made up under the general supervision of Mr. STEWART, who is a FIRST CLASS CUTTER.

Cloths purchased elsewhere will be made up on the premises. W. S. MORRIS, Chatham, April 30, 1877.

H. STEVENS, Merchant Tailor, OF AINT JOHN, N. B.

BEGS to inform the public generally that he has opened the Store lately occupied by W. C. Anslow.

"Advocate" Building, Water Street, NEWCASTLE, N. B. Where he intends to carry on the

CUSTOM TAILORING, IN ALL ITS BRANCHES. Gentlemen will always find a FIRST CLASS STOCK OF CLOTHS to select from, and a perfect fit guaranteed.

Parties furnishing their own Cloth can have it made and trimmed in first class style.

Clothing Cleaned & Repaired. LADIES' SACQUES Cut, Basted, Fitted and made to order.

Wanted 2 Good Coat Makers, Good Wages and Steady Employment. Newcastle, July 21, 1877.

Selected Literature. TWO MINUTES TOO LATE.

With his good by ringing in her ears, Drucie Miller re-entered the little telegraph office and dropped into the chair before the clicking instrument.

Glancing at the clock above her head, she noticed that it was almost time for her to close the office for the night, and seek her humble home at the foot of one of the darkened streets of the village.

The rambling of the train which had just left the station was growing fainter and fainter, and the girl listened to it as though it was the voice of a friend who was leaving her for a long time.

She did not expect any more messages that night; the engine brough heavily from its great iron lungs on the track near her window would be passed up, and the engineer, knowing this, sought his sweet-heart, who lived in the village.

Tom Gray, the engineer of the train just departed, was Drucie's lover, and his intimate friends knew when the wedding was to take place. He had not known her long, but that did not matter, since he was a true fellow, who loved her, and with all her heart she loved Tom.

The ramble of the train at Colby died away and Drucie was about to shut off the current and leave the office when a message began to fall upon her ears.

She started, for the first word drew the color from her cheeks, and standing over the instrument she heard this message:

"Number ten switch at Colby till number six passes. Six just starting."

"Six just starting! My God! They will meet!" cried the beautiful operator starting from the table. "What can I do to save him—them?"

And with her eyes starting at the clock, she stood in the center of the room, thinking of the two trains approaching each other through the mist that almost hid the moon.

The real situation, enough to blanch the girl's cheek, was appalling.

The order of the train which had just left Fletcher to switch at Colby could not be changed in the least.

The telegraph even could not stop it, for there was no night office at Colby. It was an unusual matter for No. 10 to leave Fort Wayne before the arrival of No. 10; but as the latter train was some twelve minutes behind time on that particular night, &c., &c., the engine, to save its connections, was ordered to Fletcher, the message telegraphed to Fletcher, the message which had so startled Drucie Miller.

From Fletcher to a point four miles below Colby the company had completed a double track, which, when finished to Ft. Wayne, would obviate the trouble of switching, and prevent collisions.

When Drucie recovered her self-possession she started from the office with the message in her hand. It had arrived just two minutes too late, and Tom Gray, unconscious of its existence, was driving his engine ahead, and thinking of the girl he lately kissed, even to save his connections, was ordered to Fletcher, the message telegraphed to Fletcher, the message which had so startled Drucie Miller.

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engine had received new momentum, which momentarily increased, and all at once Jim, who had been trying to pierce the haze, said:

"Two miles a minute, I'll bet, Miss Drucie? It was daylight the telegraph poles would resemble a flashlight comb."

But the girl did not reply. She stood before the lever, wishing that she could urge the engine to greater speed. She imagined that the two trains would meet in a gash six miles below Colby.

It was a terrible place for a collision, and the loss of life there would prevent the engineers from signaling each other, and a collision was inevitable.

The train, which seemed to have broken loose, rushed madly on, with Jim looking at Drucie, who he was inclined to believe mad. The coil was slowly turned to a drizzle, was occasionally blown against his face by the wind; it served to cool his heated temples, and to make him think calmly of his situation and the folks at home.

So fast were they moving that they seemed to glide over the rails, scarcely touching them in their mad career, and when Drucie told Jim to listen for the sound of Tom's train ahead he poked his head out of the window and held his breath.

"Peers to me I heard a sound," he said, without turning his head, "Maybe 'in mistake—so many things 'pear to me just now."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the girl. "Listen with all your might, Jim. Oh, for the speed of a bullet!"

Her face was glowing with heat, and while Jim listened she opened the furnace door and threw in the last stick of wood they possessed.

"The wood's gone, Jim. How far yet can we go at this rate of speed?"

"About fifteen miles," the boy answered—"twenty of 'em, if we must do it."

"Then we'll catch him. Colby is but six miles away yet, and the engine is at least on—fifteen miles—Jim, can't you hear him yet?"

"No; guess I was mistaken awhile back," the boy said, and Drucie's countenance fell.

"There's the sound again!" he exclaimed, a minute later. Listen for yourself, Jim!"

Drucie went to the window and looked out.

"That's Tom!" she cried. "O Heaven, let us save him and all the other precious lives to-night!"

With this prayer she turned to the furnace again, she smiled at its empty tender, and she opened the door, and when Drucie looked at Jim again she found him staring at the gauge.

"What's the matter, Jim?" she asked.

He came forward with his hand extended towards the little instrument on the wall.

"A little more fire and we'll blow up!" he gasped.

"Tom would hear the explosion and stop the train. That might prevent the collision?" was Drucie's reply.

It was evident that the sound ahead was that of Tom Gray's train, and the girl prepared to warn her lover of danger. The tracks were quite close, and she told the fire-boy to watch the machinery while she attended to that part of the warning work which she had allotted to herself.

With pallid face and almost breathless heart she took up her station at the furnace, heading not the drizzle of rain that beat into her face, and awaited the decisive moment.

The sound of the train on the other track grew momentarily more distinct, and the "ding ding" of the bell which she heard No. 6 coming through the valley below Colby.

"Yes, it is Tom!" she cried to encourage the boy at the lever. "I see his light. Now."

This she leaned out of the window and shouted at the top of her voice: "Switch at Colby! Switch at Colby!"

Many times she repeated her cry, and all at once she dashed by the heavy train.

Right into her lover's face as he leaned from his engine she shouted: "Switch at Colby!" and heard the shrieks that told her that he would obey.

"Saved! saved, Jim?" she cried with joy, turning upon the breathless boy, who already was checking the Belle's speed.

"Golly—whiz," he said, laughing. "If we can ever stop the Belle we'll go back; but the girl's got her spunk up, and would run on forever."

Drucie Miller returned to the window with a heart filled with thankfulness, for Tom had heard and was already running on to the switch at Colby.

After awhile the Belle was got under control, and backed with lessened fires.

"Listen!" suddenly cried Jim.

"Yes, No. 6 coming, but we don't fear her now?" said Drucie, with a smile. "Tom and his passengers are safe on the switch?"

The next moment No. 6 dashed by,

and Drucie laughed, and actually clapped her hands.

The meeting between Tom Gray and his love cannot be described.

"Your headlight looked like a meteor," he said to her, "and I knew your voice—I don't know why, I guess you made time coming down."

"Time!" cried Jim. "I don't think the wheels touched the rails much more than half the time. It had been day the mile stones would have looked like a rake."

There was a laugh at the boy's exaggeration, and when Tom took Drucie aside he kissed her.

It was not the only kiss she got that night, for all the women on the train kissed the girl who had saved their lives, and Tom Gray said he wouldn't get jealous when the monstached passengers bent over Drucie, blushing like a rose.

The story of Drucie's feat crept into the papers and, though my story may be old to some of my readers, I have told it because I believe it will bear repetition.

Dick Lambie forgave Drucie for running away with his engine, and Jim, the fire-boy, never grows weary of talking of that "run."

Tom Gray is still on the road, but Drucie does not listen to the click-click of the sounder any more. Every night at eight she holds a little boy up to the window and he cries "paper" and claps his little hands as an engine dashes by.—Capt. Charles Howard.

Terrible Conflagration. New York, Sept. 3.—A fire broke out at 9.45 a. m., to-day, in J. P. Hale's piano factory, West Thirty-Fifth street, which was entirely destroyed.

The flames extended to the south side of the street, destroying the entire block between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues, also Connolly's barrel factory, Graham & Co.'s silk factory, and several houses adjoining on the South, also Walker's charcoal factory north of Thirty-Fifth street.

A steam fire engine was burned, the firemen being unable to get it out in consequence of the intense heat. At noon 50,000 persons were gathered about the fire. Some sparks from the Gospel Tent on Thirty-Fourth street, which was consumed. The fire originated in a sounding board of the factory, and although means of escape were sufficient, perhaps, for twenty, there were 165 men in the building at the time and the flames spread so rapidly that the employees who were above the drying room were cut off from the stair-cases. They ran to the roof and windows and some dropped to the ground.

There was a scarcity of water in the neighborhood and consequently there was some delay before the engines played on the fire. Meanwhile the fire extended and the piano factory was a mass of flames, and although means of escape were sufficient, perhaps, for twenty, there were 165 men in the building at the time and the flames spread so rapidly that the employees who were above the drying room were cut off from the stair-cases. They ran to the roof and windows and some dropped to the ground.

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