

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

W.C. ANSLOW

Vol. XXVII.—No. 16.

Newcastle, Wednesday, January 24, 1894.

WHOLE No. 1368

Law & Collectors Office.

Charles J. Thomson.
Barrister & Notary Public.
Solicitor for Bank Nova Scotia.
P.O. Box 101.
Offices Newcastle and
Bathurst, N. B.

O. J. MacCULLY, M.A. M.D.
Memb. Med. Soc. Lond., Lond.
SPECIALIST.
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.
Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Street.
Moncton, Nov. 17, 1888.

Dr. H. A. FISH,
Newcastle, N. B.
INC. 23, 1891.

W. A. Wilson, M.D.
Physician and Surgeon,
DERBY, N. B.
Derby No. 5, 189.

J. R. LAWLOR,
Antiquarian and Commission
merchant,
Newcastle, New Brunswick

S. R. Foster & Son,
MANUFACTURERS OF
WIRE NAILS,
STEEL AND
IRON CUT NAILS,
AND SPICES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOES,
NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, &c.
ST. JOHN N. B.

TAILORING.
I wish to remind my patrons and the public
generally that I am still
Carrying on the Tailoring
in the old stand over Messrs. Sutherland and
Craggan's Store. I have a fine
LINE OF SAMPLES
to select from. Parties furnishing their own
goods can have them made up in
GOOD STYLE
and cheaper than elsewhere. Perfect Satisfac-
tion has been given in the past and I can
guarantee the same in the future.
Newcastle Sept. 1892.

Properties for Sale
—AT—
DALHOUSIE.
The lot of land 50x200 feet, and comparatively
new dwelling house situated on
William St., conveniently situated near Post
Office and railway station, and commanding a
fine view of the Restigouche River.
For terms and particulars apply to the
owner, Mrs. Isabelle Chisholm, or to Wm.
Montgomery, Esq., Collector of Customs.
Dalhousie, March 24, 1893.

MINCE MEAT
2 1/2 lb. CANS 5 lbs.
10 lb. PAILS 25 lb.

Pork
Sausages.
JOHN HOPKINS,
186 Union Street,
St. John, N. B.
Nov. 21, 1893.

The Derby House,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
(Formerly Mitchell House.)
This Hotel has been refitted and newly fur-
nished. Every attention paid to the comfort
of guests.
Sample Room Free.
TERMS \$1.25 per day.
I. P. Leighton.
Newcastle, March 22, 1893.

Waverley Hotel.

The Suburban has thoroughly fitted up and
sewage furnished the rooms of the well known
McKen House, Newcastle, and is prepared to
receive and accommodate transient guests. A
good table and pleasant rooms provided.
Simple rooms if required.
R. H. Greenley's terms will attend all trains
and boats in connection with this house.
Newcastle, March 28, 1893.

John McKen.
Clifton House.
Princes and 143 Gemin Street.
ST. JOHN N. B.

A. N. Peters, Prop'r.
Heated by Steam throughout. Prompt at-
tention and moderate charges. Telephone
communication with all parts of the city.
April 6th, 1889.

CANADA HOUSE
Chapman, New Brunswick.
Wm. Johnston, Proprietor.
CONVENIENT OF ACCESS.
Good Sample rooms for Com-
mercial travellers.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.
To be sold at private sale the house and lot
in Newcastle, adjoining the premises of Mr.
Francis Baker, situated on the highway leav-
ing down river.
The lot is 42x112, 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 REEVES,
Newcastle, June 26th, 1893.

MUSICAL TUITION.
Miss Edith Troy,
Graduate of Mount Allison
Conservatory of Music, is now
prepared to teach pupils in
PIANO FORTE, PIPE ORGAN, and
VOCAL CULTURE.
Terms on application.
Newcastle, June 6th, 1893.

Executors' Notice.
All persons having any claims against
the Estate of the late Scott Bailey will please
forward the same duly attested.
And all persons indebted to said Estate
are requested to make immediate payment to
the undersigned.
ROBERT C. ROY, Executor.
JAMES FAIRLEY, Executor.
Blackville, N. B., Nov. 7.

MILLINERY.
Ladies will please call at the old Stand be-
hind the old millinery shop.
The STYLE and VARIETY of my NEW
MILLINERY is far ahead of any-
thing in town.
I have also a good assortment of Ladies
Corsets, Union and Lawn Handkerchiefs, Silk
Handkerchiefs from 25c. upwards, Tartan,
Shawl and Silk Scarves, Valises, Cases,
Fur and Jet Trimmings, Ladies' and Children's
Wool Yarns, Baby Cloaks, &c., Fur, Hosiery,
Fancy Hair-pins, Veilings in all colors,
and an exquisite line of Paris, TRIMMED
MILLINERY always on hand and orders at-
tended to at shortest notice.
Call early and secure a nice full hat for \$1.00.
Miss J. DEXTER.
Newcastle Oct. 31st, 1893.

RAW FUR.
I will pay the highest Market Price for all
kinds of
and will sell Stool Trawls in all sizes from
Mack Bat to Bear, cheaper than they can be
bought elsewhere.
I am making a specialty of buying
RAW FUR and will sell Stool Trawls to
catch Fur Animals.
Jno. Ferguson.
Newcastle, Nov. 21st, 1893.

Intercolonial R'y.
On and from Monday the 11th Sept., 1893,
the trains of this Railway will run daily
(Sundays excepted) as follows:
Will leave Newcastle,
Through express for St. John, Halifax
and Pictou, (Monday excepted)
Accommodation for Moncton and St.
John.
Accommodation for Pictou, Moncton
and Pictou, (Monday excepted)
Through express for Quebec, Montreal
and Pictou, (Monday excepted)
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER,
General Manager,
Moncton, N. B., Sept. 8, 1893.

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Sample Room Free.
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Newcastle, March 22, 1893.

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Newcastle, March 22, 1893.

I feel like a new man.

It will cure any case.



G. W. COX.

For the past five or six years I have
been troubled with Dyspepsia. In the
winter of '92 I was completely "up-
set," so much so that I tried three doctors
without receiving any benefit from their
treatment. I tried other dyspepsia medi-
cines without success.
During that period of trial and experi-
ment I was so poorly that I could not
work steadily for one half hour at a time
without going to my house and lying
down.
At last I went to W. E. Thistle's drug
store to get something to relieve me, and
he recommended GRODGE'S STOMACH
CURE. I have taken two bottles and am now
completely cured. I feel like a new
man; I can eat or drink anything and en-
joy my food. I have recommended your
remedy to others. I cannot say too much
in its favor. Yours truly,
G. W. COX.

P. S.—I am confident that Grod-
ge's Syrup will cure any case of Dyspepsia
if properly used. Others who suffer all
I should know of the intrinsic merit of
your remedy. For some time I have felt
it my duty to write you and let you know
just what two bottles of your medicine
have done for me. This statement is to
be used as you think best. It is true
in every particular, as my friends can
testify.—G. W. COX.

Mr. Cox is a well-known carpenter and
owner of Hartland, Carleton Co., 7, 20, 1893.

SHARP'S
BALSAM
FOR
CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH,
CROUPS AND COLDS.
OVER 40 YEARS IN USE.
WINDSTROM & CO., PROPRIETORS
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Baby Wants It.
Martin's
Cardinal Food
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.
The most palatable food prepared, and is
unequaled by any other preparation of
its kind. The best food and the best
value, put up in one pound tins, price
25 cts. per tin.
Sold Retail by all Druggists and Gro-
cers and Wholesale by
KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS
MONTREAL.

A DISCOUNT
OF 20 per cent.
OFF REGULAR PRICES FOR
Portrait Enlargement
FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.
This is a great bargain and the public should
avail themselves of the offer to have portraits
made for their friends or family.
A first class 8x10 picture, with mat, only
\$3.25.
Nothing could be more suitable for a
Christmas present.
H. Williston & Co.,
Jewellers
Newcastle, Dec. 2nd.

JUST ARRIVED.
200 barrels of
HOME LIGHTOIL.
Direct from New York. The low Through
Freight enables me to sell it at prices lower
than ever has been offered for sale in New-
castle before.
1000 bbls.
of the Best Canada Family Flour and Meal
will be sold from this date, and including
the Christmas holidays, at such low prices that
doubts will arise as to the genuineness of our
offer, but the doubtless have only to find out
our prices and be convinced.

Pork, Sugar,
Beef, Molasses,
McDonald's Tobaccos,
A large importation of
TEA
direct from London Ex. S. S. Madras.
CASH PAID FOR OATS.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
P. HENNESSY.
Newcastle, Nov. 6th, 1893.

Selected Literature.

"GOOD-BYE—GOD BLESS YOU."

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech
With its direct revealing;
It takes a hold and seems to reach
Way down into your feelings;
That some folk deem it rude, I know,
And therefore they abuse it;
But I have never found it so,
Before all else I choose it.
For that's what French is made for.
I don't object that men should air
The Gallic they have paid for,
With "An revoir," "Adieu," "Ma chere,"
For that's what French is made for.
But when a crony takes your hand
At parting, to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo and
He says, "Good-bye—God bless you!"

It seems to me a sacred phrase,
With reverence and emotion;
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quantity but not by fashion;
It will become an honest fact;
A voice that's true and cheerful;
It stays the steady in his place,
And soothes the weak and fearful.
In the porch of the ears
We looked at one another,
And in a year heart of hearts appears
To work its gracious favour;
And all day long with pleasing song
It lingers to cheer you;
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told "Good-bye—God bless you!"

I love the words, perhaps because
When I was leaving home,
Standing at last in scenes pause
We spoke no word of love;
And I—saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me;
A love eternal as the skies
She put her arms about my neck
And soothed the pain of leaving;
And though her heart might be open
To me, I saw no word of grief;
She let me go with a smile;
For fear that night distress me,
But, kissing me, she said to me,
And asked our God to bless me.

MRS. GIDDYGADGY.
NOVELS EXPERIENCE OF TWO CITY
LADIES WHO SOUGHT PLEASURE IN
THE COUNTRY.

"Did you once upon a time?"
asked the Judge, indicating with his
finger an animal harnessed to a lawn
mower that was being driven up the
road by an elderly lady, with a far-
reaching expression of countenance. I was
about to reply in the affirmative to the Judge's
question when I reflected that, strictly
speaking, such an animal might be said
to be harnessed to a lawn mower, but
the assessor had once included her on
the list of my taxable personal assets,
valuing her at \$100, upon which amount
the collector in due time mulcted me
out of a liberal percentage. I never
really owned Mrs. Giddygadgy, but
there was one period in my life when
Mrs. Giddygadgy owned me and left me
in no doubt as to her knowledge as to
her ownership. It was when we first
moved out of town. Neither Kate nor
I ever lived in the country but we took
a notion that summer to try rural ex-
istence. We pictured to ourselves an
arid sort of life, surrounded by rustic
comforts and solid enjoyments, "far
from the madding crowd."

"I thought of getting vegetables from our
own garden," Kate said ecstatically.
"And cream," I added as visions of a
milkmaid, due like Jersey cows arose be-
fore me. "I find that I need only to
start half an hour earlier in the morn-
ing," said Kate, "to reach the office at my
usual hour, and I can be at home by
half-past five every evening. And only
to think, with a joyful smile, of sitting
under the beautiful California sunset
beneath our own vine and fig-tree!"

Thus we planned in the innocence of
our hearts, not yet having received Mrs.
Giddygadgy within the pale of our
consciousness.
We found a darling cottage about a
mile from the station. There was about
an acre of land equally divided with
orchard, lawn and garden with a
stable, with a small corner reserved
for a chicken-yard. A neat little
stable, with a place for a pony or cow
completed the outfit. Gazing at it I had
an inspired thought that made me al-
most dumb with joy. It was the first
time I had ever associated with myself
so far from it tower above my ordinary
mental range.

"Kate," I said, trying to speak in an
ordinary tone, "the house is quite a walk
from the station; I think it would be
worth our while to keep a horse."
Kate stood silent while the great
thought slowly percolated through the
inner recesses of her brain. Then:
"Are you really awake?" she asked.
"I think I must be," was my reply.
"I do not usually talk in my sleep."
I am not dreaming; I am only inspired.
"But the expense?"

"I have been laying by during the past
year for a rainy day. Well, the rainy
day has come. I mean to buy a pony
phaton."
We removed to our rural home.
At the end of a week we were comfort-
ably settled. Kate had mislaid the train
once, however, and I was more deter-
mined than ever that we must have a horse
help. Rushing out to the rescue, I was
just in time to see Mrs. Giddygadgy's
tail disappear through the outside door
of the little barn, the latter hung on a peg
within convenient distance. Up in the

little loft a ton of hay had been stowed
and a half-dozen sacks of barley stood in
a delightful row. All was in readiness for
the steed.
But I was critical. I read books with-
out number on choosing a horse. It was
generally understood in the neighborhood
that I was looking for a horse, and I from
men until dewy eve for near the entire
week of farmer folk innumerable, all desir-
ing of selling me equine quadruplets by the
score and hundred. Each was sure he
had just the horse I wanted and each
told me privately that every other horse
that had been offered me was "gone in his
wind" or "knee sprung" or had bled
or some other mysterious ailment that
befell equine flesh. I was greatly taken
with one fine looking animal, and would
have bargained for him probably, but for the
timely warning of a worthy man who
had undertaken to stock the poultry yard.
"That horse's clean gone chest-fur-
dered," he told me confidentially, and
warned me not to invest. He was not in
the horse trade himself, he added, but
as so mildly reproachful, so sedately wis-
e, that one of the other of us would
forthwith alight and let down her check-
rein that she might partake. "I say
Miss," shouted a small boy to me one
morning as we reached the village church
just as the congregation was issuing
therefrom, "your wheels is turning
round!"

Thinking something was wrong I
stopped and investigated, to the great
glee of the lad and several of his
companions in sin. At last, "what is
the matter?" I asked.
"Oh, nawthin'," was the reply. I
thought you did not know your wheels
was turning round you went so slow."
I did not deny him. The civilized
human being does not eat the young of his
species, and I had no other use for his
wicked carcass, but I gave Mrs.
Giddygadgy a cut with the whip, and to
my amazement, she gave me a great
smack on the cheek, and then ran away, never
stopping till she reached home and passed at
the stable door to gaze at us with such
an expression of outraged innocence as
would have melted a heart of stone.
It is a cruel shame to strike her like
that, Katie said. As for me I said
nothing, my self-reproach was too
great.

A few days later, having procured a
habit and saddle, I essayed to ride Mrs.
Giddygadgy. She went off like a four-
legged angel, and I rode through town
happy and triumphant thinking of the
many pleasures in store for me on the
pony's back. In the little square
where the village fathers dignified by the
name of the plaza, some of the boys had
put up a set of parallel bars, and were
then the exercise thereon. Straight for-
ward I went, and I was just high enough
to admit of my passing under the
bars, and she did so scraping me
ignominiously off. I did down on my
tail, and in the dust gazing at her.
She wheeled and returned my gaze
with one of innocent wonder, until a
crowd began to gather, whereupon I
rode and let her home.

Next morning Mrs. Giddygadgy was
missing. We sought her all about the
premises, but in vain and Kate walked
to the station. It was two days before
the postmaster sent me word that the
mare had been brought in from some
one's wheat field, and I would please
come down, pay charges, and take her
away. I did not. Subsequently I
called upon the owner of the field and
paid for the damage Mrs. Giddygadgy
had done. There did not appear to be
a square foot in the whole ten-acre
patch where she had not lain down and
rolled.

Finding the care of the mare too
troublesome, Kate and I after the first week
had engaged the services of a boy to
attend her. The lad came in one
morning as we were about sitting down
to breakfast, and, pale and agitated,
invited us to see Mrs. Giddygadgy.
Hurrying forth to the little stable we
were frightened almost to death at the
apparition of the mare gazing down at us
from the open door of the hayloft. See-
ing us she retired only to reappear an
instant later holding in her teeth an
empty grain sack, which she shook
pleadingly before us. "She'll have found
herself here," said the boy. Investiga-
tion revealed the fact that the mare
creature had untied herself in the night
and ascended the steep, narrow stairs to
the second floor of the barn and was un-
able to get down. We were obliged to
have an inclined way built up to the loft
door before Mrs. Giddygadgy could be
once more got upon terra firma.

The months wore on. Kate and I
were getting thin, and careworn, but
Mrs. Giddygadgy waxed fat, betimes
and lazy. She got into the store-room
one day and ate up a loaf of cake, two
pies, and a box of apples. Another
time she entered the coalhouse. It was
too narrow to allow her to turn around,
the door shut behind her and she was a
prisoner until she released herself by the
simple process of picking down the door.
"You feed that mare too much grain,"
some one said to me one day. "She'll sit
up with you and die." So we cut off her
grain allowance, whereupon she grew
lean and ribby, almost pitiful looking.
"You give her too much hay," another
authority said. "She is getting potbel-
lied."

She did look badly. Katie had long
since nicknamed her the nightmare,
partly because of her nocturnal escapades,

Little left a ton of hay had been stowed

The mare had eaten them sleek and clean.

Likewise she ate up every roseth in
the garden, to say nothing of the fresh
young vegetables just coming up for our
later delectation.
Having asserted her supremacy about
the premises Mrs. Giddygadgy proceeded
to let us know she was also mistress of the
road when she descended to go any
place with us. She never balked. Oh,
no. But neither, by any chance, did
she ever go any faster than met her
ideas as to what was a right and reason-
able pace for us to travel at. Did we
chirrup her cheerfully she would turn
her head, look into the buggy with a
complacent air as acknowledging our
remarks, but never noticed them further.
A blow from the whip would occasion a
whisk of the tail, as warding off a
bothersome fly. Did a nice bit of grass
attract her attention by the roadside she
would pause and glance at it and then at
us so mildly reproachful, so sedately wis-
e, that one of the other of us would
forthwith alight and let down her check-
rein that she might partake. "I say
Miss," shouted a small boy to me one
morning as we reached the village church
just as the congregation was issuing
therefrom, "your wheels is turning
round!"

Thinking something was wrong I
stopped and investigated, to the great
glee of the lad and several of his
companions in sin. At last, "what is
the matter?" I asked.
"Oh, nawthin'," was the reply. I
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I did not deny him. The civilized
human being does not eat the young of his
species, and I had no other use for his
wicked carcass, but I gave Mrs.
Giddygadgy a cut with the whip, and to
my amazement, she gave me a great
smack on the cheek, and then ran away, never
stopping till she reached home and passed at
the stable door to gaze at us with such
an expression of outraged innocence as
would have melted a heart of stone.
It is a cruel shame to strike her like
that, Katie said. As for me I said
nothing, my self-reproach was too
great.

A few days later, having procured a
habit and saddle, I essayed to ride Mrs.
Giddygadgy. She went off like a four-
legged angel, and I rode through town
happy and triumphant thinking of the
many pleasures in store for me on the
pony's back. In the little square
where the village fathers dignified by the
name of the plaza, some of the boys had
put up a set of parallel bars, and were
then the exercise thereon. Straight for-
ward I went, and I was just high enough
to admit of my passing under the
bars, and she did so scraping me
ignominiously off. I did down on my
tail, and in the dust gazing at her.
She wheeled and returned my gaze
with one of innocent wonder, until a
crowd began to gather, whereupon I
rode and let her home.

Next morning Mrs. Giddygadgy was
missing. We sought her all about the
premises, but in vain and Kate walked
to the station. It was two days before
the postmaster sent me word that the
mare had been brought in from some
one's wheat field, and I would please
come down, pay charges, and take her
away. I did not. Subsequently I
called upon the owner of the field and
paid for the damage Mrs. Giddygadgy
had done. There did not appear to be
a square foot in the whole ten-acre
patch where she had not lain down and
rolled.

Finding the care of the mare too
troublesome, Kate and I after the first week
had engaged the services of a boy to
attend her. The lad came in one
morning as we were about sitting down
to breakfast, and, pale and agitated,
invited us to see Mrs. Giddygadgy.
Hurrying forth to the little stable we
were frightened almost to death at the
apparition of the mare gazing down at us
from the open door of the hayloft. See-
ing us she retired only to reappear an
instant later holding in her teeth an
empty grain sack, which she shook
pleadingly before us. "She'll have found
herself here," said the boy. Investiga-
tion revealed the fact that the mare
creature had untied herself in the night
and ascended the steep, narrow stairs to
the second floor of the barn and was un-
able to get down. We were obliged to
have an inclined way built up to the loft
door before Mrs. Giddygadgy could be
once more got upon terra firma.

The months wore on. Kate and I
were getting thin, and careworn, but
Mrs. Giddygadgy waxed fat, betimes
and lazy. She got into the store-room
one day and ate up a loaf of cake, two
pies, and a box of apples. Another
time she entered the coalhouse. It was
too narrow to allow her to turn around,
the door shut behind her and she was a
prisoner until she released herself by the
simple process of picking down the door.
"You feed that mare too much grain,"
some one said to me one day. "She'll sit
up with you and die." So we cut off her
grain allowance, whereupon she grew
lean and ribby, almost pitiful looking.
"You give her too much hay," another
authority said. "She is getting potbel-
lied."

She did look badly. Katie had long
since nicknamed her the nightmare,
partly because of her nocturnal escapades,

partly because of the falling off in her
looks.
We had become accustomed to her sloth,
and had formed a habit of always starting
early when we wished to reach a place at
any particular time. This plan worked
very well, and with palookes on the gar-
den gate, we succeeded in preserving a
few vegetables from Mrs. Giddygadgy's
all devouring maw. The summer had
passed, the rainy season had come and
gone; we were in the midst of a deligh-
ful springtime, luxurating in climate,
fresh vegetables and flowers. Not for
the world, Kate declared, would she
return to town—even though to reach the
office she had to ride Mrs. Giddygadgy
to the city every day.

"Speaking of Mrs. Giddygadgy," I
said, reaching for another roll. "She
hasn't gotten into a scrape for some time,
I wonder if after all, she has turned over
a new leaf?"
Before Kate could reply Johnnie came
to the door.
"If you will just come to the barn," he
said; "the mare—"

"Here," cried Kate, "why did you say
anything, when she has behaved so well
lately? Well, let us go and see what she
has been up to now—". For Johnnie had
disappeared.
Down to the stable we went and found
Mrs. Giddygadgy eating hay. She beamed
upon us benevolently, and stepped to
one side that we might have a good view
of a tottering, doddling little mule colt
that stood balancing on its still-
legged legs beside her.

Kate gave a faint shriek and turned
away.