

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

W. C. ANSLOW,

Vol. XXI.—No. 8.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, December 7, 1887.

WHOLE No. 1048.

FOR DECEMBER.

Annual X'mas Sale.

During the month of December, I intend offering the whole of my well assorted Stock of DRY GOODS, at very low prices. My Goods are reliable, and well worth inspection of close buyers.

It is not my intention to retire from the Retail Trade, but as long as my Customers and Friends continue to support me as well as in the past, I shall do my best to supply them with the same reliable and seasonable Goods as heretofore. To my wholesale customers I shall continue to supply Goods which they sell readily and make money on.

Thanking all for their liberal patronage in the past and wishing a continuance of the same.

Special Bargains in LADIES' JACKETS for DECEMBER.
Special Bargains in DRESS GOODS for DECEMBER.
Special Bargains in ULSTER CLOTHS for DECEMBER.
Special Bargains in WOOL SHAWLS for DECEMBER.
Special Bargains in GLOVES, HOSIERY, &c., &c.
Special Bargains in MEN'S SHIRTS and UNDERWEAR.
Special Bargains in all Departments, every article reduced in price for the month of December to cash purchasers.

B. FAIREY.
Newcastle.

FURNITURE DEPARTMENT.

Special Discounts on Parlor and Bedroom Furniture, this month.
B. FAIREY.
Newcastle, Dec. 3, 1887.

Law and Collection Office.

M. ADAMS,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.

Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.

CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Dominion.

Office:—NEWCASTLE, N. B.

L. J. TWEDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c., &c.

Chatham, N. B.

OFFICE: Old Bank Montreal.

J. D. PHINNEY,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c., &c.

RICHMOND, N. B.

OFFICE: COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 6, 1884.

PHOENIX Fire Insurance Co.,
OF LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1702.

LOSSES PAID over \$75,000,000.

SURANCES EFFECTED AT REASONABLE RATES.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

W. A. PARK,—Agent.

Newcastle, 10th Dec. 1886.

F. L. PEDOLIN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

OFFICE: Office formerly occupied by M. O. Thompson.

Newcastle, June 11, 1887.

O. J. MacCULLY, M. A., M. D.,
Memb. Roy. Col. Surg. London,
SPECIALIST,
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.

Office: Cor. Church and Main St., Moncton.

Moncton, Nov. 12, 88.

TUNING and REPAIRING.

J. O. Biedermann, PIANOFORTE 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.

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. Livery connected with the Hotel.

Yachting Facilities. Some of the best trout and salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent salt water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for commercial men.

TERMS \$1.50 per day; with Sample Rooms \$1.75.

Bathurst, Oct. 1, '86.

GEO. STABLES,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Goods of all kinds handled on Commission and in the most satisfactory manner.

Will attend to Auctions in Town and Country in a satisfactory manner.

Newcastle, Aug. 11, '86.

Clifton House,
Princess and 143 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

Headed steam throughout. Prompt attention to moderate charges. Telephone communication with all parts of the city.

Apr. 26, '85.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT

CURES PAIN—External and Internal.

RELIEVES Swellings, Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Sprains, Strains, Cuts, etc.

HEALS Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria and all kindred affections.

Best Stable Remedy in the World!

CURES Large Bottle! POWERFUL REMEDY! MOST ECONOMICAL!

AS IT CURES BUT 25 CENTS.

Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best selling medicine they have.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, of which there are several on the market.

The genuine only prepared by and bearing the name of

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,

YARMOUTH, N. S.

TESTIMONIAL.

Messrs. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs:—I was formerly a resident of Port La Tour, N. S., and there received much benefit from MINARD'S LINIMENT especially in diphtheria. Please tell me how I can obtain it here, as I cannot do without it in the house.

Yours faithfully,
JOSEPH A. SNOW,
Norway, Maine.

Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream.

Warranted to contain 50 per cent. of the purest Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. The most efficacious, purest and most palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil on the market.

Children will take it and ask for more. Endorsed by Physicians and prescribed by them.

What they say: "I have no hesitation in stating that it is the most perfect Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil I ever saw." Another says: "I have prescribed it extensively during the past three years and am prepared to state that no other preparation of the kind has met with equal acceptance at the hands of my patients." Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold in Newcastle by E. M. ESTEY, DRUGGIST, 211 Main Street.

Oct. 31, 1887.

Willis, Mott & Co.

GOLDEN GROVE WOOLLEN MILLS.

Manufacturers of

Tweeds, Homespuns, Blankets, Flannels, Yarns, etc.

Carding, Spinning and Weaving done to order on short notice.

Please send for Cash or taken in exchange for goods.

MILLS, GOLDEN GROVE, St. John County. Warehouse and Salesroom, 165 Union Street, 2nd door East from Charlotte, St. John, N. B.

ALEXANDER WILLIS, T. PARKER, MOTT.

St. John, Oct. 22, 1887.

Chas. R. ESTEY,

Pharmacist and Chemist.

Medical Hall - Campbellton.

The Subscriber is Dealer in

PREPARATIONS and CHEMICALS,

Chamois Skins, Sponges, Toilet Articles.

EMPHATICALLY HOMOPATHIC MEDICINES, ETC.

PHYSICIANS FURNISHING A Specialty.

CHAS. ESTEY, Campbellton, Sept. 25, 1886.

1887. 1888.

INFORMATION.

I will pay the highest prices in cash for any of the following RAW FURS—Otter, Beaver, Sable, Mink, Marten, Lynx, Fox, Rat.

AMBS BROWN, Newcastle, Oct. 12, 1887.

REMOVAL.

MR. J. A. E. MORRELL has removed his

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

to the commodious rooms in the new Statutes building opposite the public square.

More Light! More Room! Improved Facilities!

The Rooms are handsomely fitted up with every appliance for doing first-class work.

Give us a call and we will let you see yourself to enable me to understand it in ordinary use.

Newcastle, May 17, 1887.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria" is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 St. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption, Eczema, Scalds, and all the ailments of Infants.

Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

Selected Literature.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAIL.

GERTRUDE PRESCOTT THOMPSON.

It was on the Pan Handle railroad in January, 1883, and the train was running from Cincinnati to Chicago. I got on board at Newcastle, Ind. Entering a car in the middle of the train I seated myself about a third way down on the right and was soon busy studying the passengers. Presently my mind was attracted by a little girl, apparently about eight years of age, who sat in the seat in front of me. Beside her sat a young lady, seemingly 30 years of age, rosy cheeks, laughing eyes and a sweet and gentle voice. These points I noted in her animated conversation with the little one, who was evidently her sister.

Carrie, the little girl, had one of those toy telegraphic 'tickers', and she was having a high time with it, regardless of the ominous looks and frowns of an old maid, who sat a few seats front, on the other side. As she continued her sport, alternately kicking her machine, and suddenly darting to an unoccupied seat and ingratiating herself into the good graces of the being who might be occupying the other end, she became quite well acquainted, during the long trip, with the whole car, the aforesaid old maid excepted.

During the course of her meanderings she spied a vacant seat in the rear of the one she occupied and flew to it, tucker in hand. The other occupant of the seat was a young man who had been interestedly watching the frolics of the happy girl, and he immediately began a conversation with her, which resulted in his obtaining possession of the tucker.

Placing the tucker on the sill, that it might more closely resemble a true telegraphic machine, he began to form the letters of the alphabet. As she found all on my ears, I noticed with surprise that the attention of the young lady in front of him was also centered in the sounds produced by the operator.

I listened, (how could I help it; every body heard it), and by and by I recognized words, carefully spelled. Soon he framed a sentence. It was, 'Going home?' What could he mean by that? He looked toward the young lady; she nodded her head in affirmation of the telegraphic query. Could it be that he was talking to her? Soon, came again, from the machine, carefully spelled this time apparently to mislead those who were able to understand, 'Is your father the same as ever?' Another nod. It must be. He was talking to her. What could I do? It was wrong to play the eavesdropper, but if people will talk out loud in your presence, are you to blame for hearing?

It was soon apparent that the young man, the young lady and myself were the only ones in the cars who understood the mystic signs of the electric wire and, availing myself of my position, I lay back and prepared to listen. The conversation consisted of just such talk as might pass between acquaintances who had not met for about six months, although it was confined mostly to him, as her share consisted of guarded nods or shakes of the head. He asked for her health; her family's, and finally touched on a matter which the scribe could not well follow, but from the color of the lady's face and her impatient nods, judged it was unpleasant, or, at least, disagreeable. Then he wound up by saying: 'I must get out here; this is my home.' 'Log'nap! the brakeman shouted, and the young man disappeared.

As soon as the train was under way again, Carrie began again her wanderings, and this time seated herself beside me. Being fond of children, I talked with her on one subject and another, when it occurred to me to have a little fun with the tucker. Procuring it of the little one, I asked:

'Do you know how to telegraph?'

'No, sir.'

'Would you like to have a lesson?'

'Yes, sir. Sister has tried to teach me, but I can't learn, somehow.'

Nevertheless, I began the lesson. I first made a, then b, then c, then spell 'C-a-r-r-i-e', telling her as I went along what letters I was making. So engrossed was I that I did not notice a pair of lustrous gray eyes and flaming cheeks over in the seat in front, until I heard a voice of silvery sweetness say:

'Excuse me, please, sir, but do you understand the telegraph?'

'I believe I am sufficiently acquainted to enable me to understand it in ordinary use.'

Blushing profusely, she again said:

'I hope you will excuse my unmanly way of addressing a stranger, but will you tell me—did you—do you know what passed between us?'

'I could not help but hear,' I replied, 'but I assure you it is safe with me.'

She looked at me searchingly and did not seem at ease.

Presently she turned herself back and seemed for a time absorbed in thought, while I continued playing with Carrie, although I ceased from the further manipulation of the tucker. Carrie, after a while, left my side and left me alone with my thoughts.

'I wonder,' I cogitated, 'what's in the wind? She seems very nervous and displeased that I overheard her conversa-

tion. Such a pretty girl, too, I wonder if—no I'll ask her,' and leaning forward I said, as gently as I could:

'I hope, miss, that my unintentional and unavoidable listening causes you no displeasure, if I, a stranger, may be permitted so to speak.'

She turned abruptly.

'May I ask your name?' she queried.

'With the greatest pleasure,' and I handed her my card.

She looked at the card for some seconds, evidently bringing her mind to a conclusion regarding something, then turning to me, said:

'Mr. Williams, somehow I feel well acquainted with you already. There is a something which prompts me to think you are my friend and that I shall need your services. I fully appreciate how widely I depart from the customs of society in this talking with one whom I never met before, but the ice is broken, and I am about to seek a great favor at your hands. Are you going to Chicago?'

'I am,' I replied, growing interested each moment, 'and shall be delighted to be of service to you.'

'I should be much pleased to have you call at my father's house at your earliest convenience.'

I was bewildered, but as the train was nearing the end of the route I philosophically accepted the situation, thanked my good luck and agreed to call at three the next day. So the adieu was spoken at the station and we separated.

Promptly at the appointed time I was at the house of the young lady, and during the few moments I had to wait for her appearance, as she had just come from a drive, I was speculating as to what the 'great favor' she had mentioned was. So absorbed was I in building situations in which I was the hero reciting a prearranged part that I did not see her enter the room, nor was I aware of her presence till a light hand on my shoulder caused me to look upon as awestruck as if it had been my mother's.

A face as it should be, and I could not utter the conventional civilities necessary to the occasion.

Perceiving my confusion she merrily remarked, 'Well, I am surprised, really. I always thought reporters were never embarrassed.'

'I sincerely beg your pardon,' I replied, 'but I must confess that your presence is so complete a surprise and the errand for which I am summoned is so new an experience that I must really plead a lack of that control of myself that never before deserted me. Such a sudden vision of love!'

'Pardon me if I interrupt you,' she said. 'Are you sure you were not about to use a stereotyped phrase of your profession—there, I am very ungenerous in chaffing you this way, but you know, a woman glories in an opportunity to make a man feel uncomfortable, that is, when she feels certain she can set it all right again. Besides, I could scream real hard if you got mad.'

'I bit my lips. Who was this woman? Her making fun of me in this intelligent, self-reliant way showed me that I was talking with a practical, self-possessed child of fortune, and she spoke in a manner so full of fun, and the merry twinkle in her eye indicated so strongly the entire absence of any deliberate idea of offending that it won from me only the highest esteem—but, I said to myself, 'if she were only a man!'

'Now,' said she, as if divining my thoughts, 'but I have not provoked you, but let us come to business. You remember I had a favor to ask of you. You heard what passed between that gentleman and myself. I call him 'gentleman' because it is polite to do so. He is my persecutor. Some two or three years ago, being desirous of knowing something or being proficient in some art or trade that might be of benefit to me if misfortune befell my father's household, I studied telegraphy, and, although my father was not in favor of it, I accepted a position as operator at a station on the Pan Handle road. This 'gentleman' was the operator at Logansport, where he left the train. I had to send nearly all my work through his office. As the work of the office was pretty heavy, my signature appeared pretty frequently there, and he was not long in finding out that the operator at B—was not a man. After that discovery he suddenly found out that a good many things in my office were not nice enough for a lady. One day a lot of pot-plant came down, these were followed by knick-knacks, odds and ends to fix up with, and in stormy weather he would run down and insist that my instruments needed adjusting. What could I do? I could not very well say that I did not want these things, or his help, for he gave me to understand he was acting under orders from headquarters, although my wife never revealed any such instructions; but his manner was so obtrusive, he was so important in his bearing, that instead of respecting him as I was first inclined to do, he became very distasteful to me, and I could not bear his presence. It took, of course, a long time for things to develop to this extent, but it finally culminated two months ago in my 'throwing up my key,' as they say among the operators. Instead of taking the hint, as it seemed to me it was very evident he should do, he has followed me so persistently that I told Charlie of it and he has sworn that if he meets him he will shoot him. Charlie is so quick-

tempered, but true-hearted, that I am sure he will keep his word. Now, what I want you to do is to help me to make this man desist, for Charlie will surely do something that will bring our family name into notoriety if he ever sees him. Will you help me?'

She had spoken so earnestly, so openly, so free from affectation, that, as she proceeded, she held me spell-bound, until she mentioned 'Charlie,' when a queer feeling ran over me and I was even more at a loss for something to say than when she first entered the room.

Charlie? Who was Charlie? Was he her lover? Did she think that I was there solely to serve her, regardless of others? My blood almost ran cold when I realized that I had come on an errand of help to her. I had indicated by my presence that the idea of 'playing second fiddle' was neither here nor there, and I had about the lump in my throat and hastily replied:

'Miss Hilliard, it will be a great pleasure to me to be of the slightest service to you. Name the task and I will help you if I can. First, give me the name of the offensive party and I will proceed to the best of my ability.'

What an effort it was to say that! There was 'Charlie' still ringing in my ears, and, to my horror, she burst forth: 'Oh, I am so glad! I know you can help me. You newspaper men have such a faculty for digging out scraps and Charlie won't have anything to do with it. How I would hate to have him do anything rash. I love him so, that it would break my heart to see his temper flamed, and I had just come from a drive, I was speculating as to what the 'great favor' she had mentioned was. So absorbed was I in building situations in which I was the hero reciting a prearranged part that I did not see her enter the room, nor was I aware of her presence till a light hand on my shoulder caused me to look upon as awestruck as if it had been my mother's.

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What an effort

At Fredericton, on the 3rd inst., HENRY
daughter of the late George Augustus Per
Deeply and deservedly regretted by
circle of friends and relatives.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

