

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. C. ANSLAW.

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 45.

Newcastle, Wednesday, August 14, 1895.

WHOLE No 1449

PROFESSIONAL.

Law & Collection Office.

C. J. Thomson,
BARRISTER AT LAW,
Commissioner Newcastle Civil Court.
Newcastle, N. B.

Thomas W. Butler,
Attorney & Solicitor,
Fire, Life, & Accidental Insurance Agent,
No. 10, Office over T. Russell's Store, facing
the Public Square.
Newcastle, N. B.

O. J. MacCULLY, M. A. M. D.,
M.D., D.C., F.R.C.S., LOND.,
SPECIALIST.
DISEASES OF THE EAR & THROAT
Office: Cor. Waterland and Main Street
Moncton, Nov. 15, 1894.

W. A. Wilson, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
DERBY, N. B.
Dorby Nov. 15, 1892.

J. R. Lawlor,
Auctioneer and Commission
Newcastle, New Brunswick.

MUSICAL TUITION.
Miss Edith Troy,
Graduate of Mount Allison
Conservatory of Music, is now
prepared to take pupils in
PIANO, ORGAN, and
VOCAL CULTURE.
Terms on Application.
Newcastle, June 6th, 1895.

HOTELS.
Waverley Hotel.

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

John McKee.
Newcastle, March 28, 1895.

Elliott House.

The Subscriber having purchased and newly
fitted up the house formerly known as the
"Milkmaid House," opposite the Masonic Hall,
Newcastle, is prepared to accommodate per-
manent and transient boarders at reasonable
rates.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,
MONCTON, N. B.
GEO. McWENNEY, PROPRIETOR.

CANADA HOUSE
Chatham, New Brunswick.

Wm. Johnston, Proprietor.

Olifton House.
Princes and 143 Gormain Street.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. N. Peters, Prop'r.

WANTED.
Immediately. Energetic man
to sell. No experience necessary. Special
advantages offered. Write for particulars.
BROWN BROTHERS CO.
Toronto, Ont.
May 24, 1895. Sm. p'd.

Ladies Tailoring.
Ladies and Misses coats, wraps, and dresses
made to order, also cutting and fitting at short
notice.
Rooftop Magic Scale Cutting System taught.
Mrs. S. McLeod,
Newcastle, April 22nd, 1895.

JOE PRINTING.
Plain and in Colors
FIRST CLASS STYLE at the
ADVOCATE OFFICE.

REDUCED PRICES.

I have on hand a lot of
Boots and Shoes, including long
boots and other goods, all of
which I will sell at reduced prices
to clear.

Wm. Masson.

Newcastle, March 28, 1894.

Sash and Door Factory.
The subscriber is prepared to supply from
his stock sashes and doors, glazed
and unglazed,
DOORS AND DOOR FRAMES, MOLDINGS,
Finishing and Matching.
H. C. Niven.
Newcastle, Jan. 2, 1895.

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, N. B., 1894.

**TIME TABLE
—OF THE—
M. S. N. COY.**
Str. Miramichi,
Captain GRACE.

will leave Chatham every morning (Sundays
excepted) on and after MONDAY, MAY 20th,
1895, at 7 a. m. for Newcastle, will leave
Newcastle for points down river at 7.45 a. m.,
making the usual calls, going to Esquimaux
on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and to
St. John, N. B. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and
Saturdays.

Str. Nelson,
Captain BULLOCK,
will leave Chatham at
8.00 a. m. 10.15 a. m.
11.00 a. m. 12.15 p. m.
2.00 p. m. 3.15 p. m.
4.30 p. m. 7.45 p. m.

W. T. Connors, Manager.

MILLINERY.

Ladies wishing to have a nice Hat or Bonnet
should call and see our new
Spring and Summer Millinery.
We have the latest Hats and Bonnets, also
Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Laces, Tulle
and Velvets.

Children's Hats, Caps and Trimmings,
Bonnets, Ladies' Hats, Underwear and Fancy
Goods, Old Ladies' Dress Caps, and a nice
line of Stamped linen Goods.

Trimmed Millinery always on hand.
Jennie E. Wright,
Opposite Public Square,
Newcastle, April 30th.

Mrs. J. Demers.

**A Complete Stock of SUMMER
MILLINERY FOR ALL.**

All the latest novelties in Hats, Bonnets,
Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Laces, Tulle
and Velvets, all extra cheap.

Children's Hats, Caps and Trimmings,
Bonnets, Ladies' Hats, Underwear and Fancy
Goods, Old Ladies' Dress Caps, and a nice
line of Stamped linen Goods.

Trimmed Millinery always on hand and
warranted to give satisfaction.
MRS. J. DEMERS.
Newcastle, May 20, 1895.

Seasonable Goods.

I have received and offer for sale at lowest
prices Heavy White Sewing!

Preserving Kettles.
Light Steel Agate Preserving Kettles, Wash
Tubs, Butter Tubs, large Wooden Butter
Bowls, Butter Prints and moulds.
Steel cut nails and also nails, all sizes,
Mowing machine oil, Harness oil, Axle Grease.
Just received another lot of those splendid
Wringers and Washers which I am selling
so cheap.

J. H. PHINNEY.
Newcastle, July 27, 1894.

A NEW BOOK,
BY
Michael Whelan.

Now in press to be issued about the first of
August, a book of
Poems and Songs.
The book will contain about a hundred pages,
and will be sold at the extremely low figure of
cents per copy, or \$5 per dozen copies.
It is to be forwarded by mail 2 cents for each
copy must be added to the price to prepay
postage.

Address orders to the publisher,
W. C. ANSLAW,
Newcastle, N. B.,
Or to the author,
M. WHELAN, Bryerton P. O.,
Northumberland Co., N. B.

BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla.

Cures Liver, Stomach and
Kidney Troubles, and Cleanses
the Blood of all Impurities.

BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla.

Cures Old Chronic Cases where
all other remedies fail.
Be sure and ask your Druggist for
BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla.

BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla.

A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL SPEAKS.

PETERBORO, Ont., June 27th, 1893.
To the Proprietor of South American
Nervine:

DEAR SIR: I have much pleasure in
recommending the great SOUTH AMERICAN
Nervine to all who have been afflicted with
nervous prostration and indigestion. I found
very great relief from the very first bottle,
which was strongly
recommended to me by my Druggist. It also
induced my wife to use it, who, I must say,
was completely run down and was suffering
very much from general debility. She found
great relief from SOUTH AMERICAN
Nervine, and also cheerfully recommends it to
her fellow sufferers.
(My signature)

Bar W. S. Barker

SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE TONIC

Cures all Nervous Diseases, such as
Nervousness, Nervous Prostration,
Hot Flashes, Nervous Paralysis,
Stomach Troubles, Hysteria,
Neuralgia, Epilepsy, Indigestion,
and all Stomach Troubles. It gives
cure in
ONE DAY.

E. LEE STREET,
Wholesale and Retail
Agent for Newcastle.

**THE ART OF CURING
SCIENTIFIC RHEUMATISM
OR ALL MUSCULAR PAINS
LIES IN USING
MENTHOL PLASTER.**

WOOD'S PHOSPHORINE
The Great English Remedy.
Six Packages Guaranteed to
cure all forms of Nervous
Weakness, Emaciation, Spasms,
Stomach Troubles, and all
effects of Abuse or Excess.
Before and After Use.
Has been prescribed over 30 years in thousands of
cases. Is the only reliable and honest Medicine
known. Ask Druggist for Wood's Phosphorine;
it offers some worthless medicine in place of this
valuable tonic in bottles, and we will send by return
mail. Price, one package, 21c; six, \$1.00. One will
cure you. Complete free to any address.
The Wood Company,
Windsor, Ont., Canada.
FOR SALE AT N. B. MACKENZIE'S.

M. S. N. COY
EXCURSIONS.

Excursion Tickets to points down river
during
**June, July and August—
Tuesdays, Thursdays and Satur-
days**
will be excursion days.

CARD TICKETS
Good for Trip from Newcastle, \$2.50
Chatham, \$2.50
Tickets to be had from Mr. R. R. Call, New-
castle; Messrs. Rogers, Plamondon and Geo.
Stewart, Chatham; or from
W. T. CONNORS,
June 10, 1895. Manager.

**Smoke
Tobacco**

**Chew
Tobacco**

T & B

MAHOGANY

Manufactured by
The Geo. C. Tuckett & Son Co., Ltd.
Hamilton

Selected Literature.

A TELEGRAPHIC COURTSHIP.

I had been a telegraphic operator at
Brandon some six or eight months, and
had held communication of a purely
business character only with the operator
at Danwood, when there came a change.
Death silently removed the man who
had been in charge there so long, and a
new operator was installed.

A message span along the line one
February morning in this wise:
'Good morning, Brandon.'

I responded:
'Good-morning, Danwood.'

Then came the information:
'The former operator died last night,
and I have taken his place.'

'What is your name?' I asked.
'Nellie Merton. What is yours?'

A spirit of devilry prompted my re-
ply:
'Ned Clayborn.'

'Thank you,' was the concise response.
Then a message in real earnest came
along the line, and we were obliged to
attend to business.

Every day I had my unseen acquaint-
ance 'Good-morning,' and never closed
up without a farewell message. A
twinge of conscience racked me at
times, and a still small voice whispered
its warning; but the temptation was too
great, and it was not long before I was
sending dry messages, containing a good
deal 'between the lines,' to the unseen
Nellie. The replies of these messages
were guarded, but hopeful, and I grew
bolder. It was no end of fun.

She told me her history. She had run
away from home because her parents in-
sisted upon her marrying a man she de-
clined, and the law would come down
viciously from my end of the line. She
would never marry him—never! I
advised her not to, and hinted at an
affection deeper and truer than any of
the presuming, 'detected fellow' could
offer.

'Well, the outcome of it all was that
I asked the unseen Nellie to be my wife
and even then she would not come. I was
lonesomely awaiting her coming. I was
foundering in deep water, and could not
trust to a kind Providence to pull me out.
My 'fun' was becoming dead earnest. How I
wished the wires stretched between us were
telephone, that I could perchance hear
some exclamation, or get some token of
how my messages were received. But this
was not to be, and I had to possess my
soul in patience.

'That virtue was almost exhausted,
my few well-known calls fell upon my ear.
I flew to the instrument. It was concise,
and not very complimentary:
'Rather than marry that brute, I will
risk it.'

I was in for it now, and must perforce
endure still deeper by sending rapid re-
plies to the unseen Nellie. I, Ned Brown,
was engaged to be married to a young
lady I had never seen. This was forcing
the question of woman's rights.

I carried the 'fun' on for over three
months, and every day it grew decidedly
less 'funny,' until I began to brood
over the predicament into which I had
fallen. I did my best. The time was
rapidly approaching when I would have
to elope with the bride I had won in this
novel and romantic manner, and my
blood ran cold at the thought of how
easy it would be for her to learn of my
perfidy, and from all I had seen of her
temper, I felt sure she would not deal
lightly with any one who dared to play
tricks upon her.

At last I could bear it no longer, and
one day, just three weeks before I was
to travel to Danwood and claim my bride,
I got into the train with altogether
another motive. It was to 'kiss and
make up' after I had begged her with
tears to forgive me, etc., etc.

I found a little house, with a little
sign in blue and white swinging in the
breeze, similar to the little house and the
little sign at Brandon. It was occupied
at the time by a young man reading a
paper. I looked at him, without speak-
ing, and he returned the compliment in
kind.

'I wish to see Miss Nellie Merton,' I
said, and he did not speak, I went on
to explain. 'I am the operator at Bran-
dwood, and have an important mes-
sage which must be delivered to her at once.
A moment's delay means—' I paused for
a word, and he spoke for the first time.

'So you are the operator at Brandon,
and desire to see Miss Merton? I am
sorry to disappoint you, but you see,
Miss Merton is at home at the present
time, while I take her place. The fact is,
she is going to be married, and is pre-
paring for the great event. She cannot be
seen personally, but if you will intrust
the message to me, I will deliver it
immediately, and you will be kind enough
to take my place while I run around to
her house.'

His coolness nearly distracted me.
'You must see her!' I exclaimed, ex-
citedly.

'But you cannot,' he said coolly. 'I
have strict orders not to let any one know
her whereabouts for a day or two, until
these preparations are well under way.'

I was on the verge of tears, and with a
husky voice, I cried out, sinking into a
chair, and holding up my hands de-
precatingly:
'Don't say another word! You will
set me wild. If you will not tell me
where to find Nellie, I will not, in de-
spair, will you please tell her this:
I have been a bad, wicked girl, and—and
—there is no such person as Ned
Clayborn. It started in fun, and—and
—please let me go to her. She will
understand me so much better than
you can explain it.'

'No such person as Ned Clayborn?'
My dear young lady, I must beg leave to
differ with you. That is the name of the
young man who, in three short weeks, is
to marry Miss Merton. Surely he is not
dead? he added, in consternation.

'Oh, will you not understand! It was
a joke at first. I thought it would be
great fun, and so—I—well, I am Ned
Clayborn, and after a time we became en-
gaged—all in fun, too, (here I laughed hyster-
ically); I tried to stop, but I was so wild
I could not, and now poor Nellie will
break her heart, and—and—and—I
broke down and began to cry in a
miserable way.'

Unlike most men, my compassion was
not in the least disconcerted at sight of
tears but simply laughed, and then I
presently the laughter ceased; and I heard
uneasy movements in the chair occu-
pied by my companion; then he got
up and paced about restlessly. Pretty
soon a light knock fell upon my arm, and
his voice, very gentle and kind said:

'Nellie is here to receive your con-
fession and forgiveness.'

I dried my eyes, and looked up, but
saw no one but the tall young man who
was looking at me very earnestly.

'Where is she?' I asked, ready to cry
again.

'Here,' he said, holding out his hand.
Instinctively, I put my hand into it,
and it closed over it firmly.

'I also have a confession to make,' he
said, earnestly. 'I thought you were
another young fellow like myself, and
wishing to relieve the tedium of these
long, monotonous days, struck up a flirta-
tion. I intended some day to meet the
young man and have it out with him,
when you came with your strange con-
fession. In short,' he ended, abruptly,
I am Nellie Merton. And you are
Ned Clayborn? Come, dry your eyes,
Ned; you're Nellie is not heart-broken at
the turn of affairs.'

After staring at him in silent amaze-
ment for the space of five seconds, the
truth of the whole matter began to dawn
upon my confused brain. My face grew
pale with indignation. I snatched my
hand from his and sprang to my feet.

'You are a mean contemptible fellow!'
I cried.

He did not reply, but stood looking at
me from his superior height.

'It was a hundred times meaner in
you, because your object was a woman.
I will never forgive you, if I live to be a
thousand.'

'Isn't that rather paradoxical, consid-
ering the fact you thought I was a woman,
and were enacting the role of the
sterner sex?' he asked.

'You might have known,' I answered,
severely.

'But I didn't,' he said.

'Here is my train,' I said, shortly.

'Good-bye,' he replied, assisting me
on to the train, despite my independence,
and lifting his hat as it pulled out.

I travelled back to Brandon a sadder
but a wiser woman.

'You are a fool,' said I, to my reflec-
tion in the little mirror as I removed my
hat.

A year rolled by. I had entirely re-
covered from my chagrin, and buried in
the darkest chamber of my memory was a
vivid recollection of the voice, and
manner, and appearance of the tall
young operator at Danwood.

One morning I was straggling and
copping some night messages, when a
long shadow fell across my papers. A
glance upward told me who it was.
The door of that secret and darkened
chamber of my memory flew open, and
I knew that the tall young man whom
I had met at Danwood was not as yet
quite consigned to oblivion. Standing
back in hand, and without any pre-
face of any kind, he said:

'Over a year ago you asked me to
marry you, and I consented. I have
come today to ask, will you come?
Or shall I enter suit for breach of prom-
ise?'

'What could I do! And, after all,
perhaps he would not have made me
a better husband had I met him in the
old convenient way and waited for
him to propose to me.

WHAT THE SPIDER SAID.

'I was spinning a web in the rose vine,
said the spider, "and the little girl was
sweeping patch-work on the dloor-step. Her
thread knotted and her needle broke, and
her eyes were full of tears. "I can't do
it," she cried. "I can't! I can't!"

'Then her mother came, and bade her
look at me. Now every time I spin a
nice, silky thread, and tried to fasten it
from one branch to another, the wind
blew and tore it away.

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MANIR
AT THE
vocate Office

phlets,
andbills,
Circulars

Catalogues,
ess or Visiting Cards
BELS-one or more Colors

Receipt Books
Notes of Hand,
Draft Books

ing Bills Exchange,
er Heads in Pads
ote Heads in Pads,

Heads in pads,
Statements in pasd
of & Peer Rate Notices

LS LADING,
Fish Trusses, etc.,

hand or printed to order.

MS,

lawyers,

of every description

GOOD WORK

FAIR PRICES.

