

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Vol. XXIII.—No. 6.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, November 20, 1889

WHOLE No. 1150.

HOSIERY AND GLOVES.

FOR LADIES.

Wool Black or Colored Hose for 21 cents per pair
do. do. do. 25 " "
Black and Colored Cashmere 36 " "
do. do. Ribbed 30 " "
An odd lot of Women's Wool Hose for 25 cents per pair, former price 35, 40 and 45 cents.
Ladies Cashmere Gloves 20, 24, and 28 cents per pair, former price 35, 40 and 45 cents.
do. do. Kid Tips 38 " "
Ladies Knit Gloves all at 25 " "
Children's do. do. 25 " "
do. Hose from 15 " "

Ladies, Boys and Girls' Vests.

Ladies under vests from 69 cents.
Girls do. 48 " "
Boys do. 25 " "
Boys Drawers 25 " "
For Cash only at above prices, if charged will be at regular prices. Positively no exception to this rule.

B. FAIREY,
Newcastle.

Newcastle, November 15, 1889.

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. TWEDDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.

Chatham, N. B.

OFFICE—Old Bank Montreal.

J. D. PHINNEY,
Barrister & Attorney at Law

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
RICHMOND, N. B.

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE,
May 4, 1889.

O. J. MACCULLY, M.A., M.D.,
Member, BOT. COS. SURG., LONDON,
SPECIALIST IN
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT,
Off. : Cor. Westmount and Main Streets,
Montreal, Nov. 12, 89.

Charles J. Thomson,
Agent Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. THE LARGEST INSURANCE COMPANY in the World.

Barrister, Prosecutor for Estates,
Notary Public, &c.

Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches executed with accuracy and despatch.

OFFICE.
Engine House, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Dr. H. A. FISH,
Newcastle, N. B.

March 25, 1889.

Dr. R. Nicholson
Office and Residence,
McQUILLAN ST., NEWCASTLE.

Jan. 22, 1889.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson.

OFFICE on stairs in SUTH AND CROAGHAN'S building. Read new Water by Hotel.

Newcastle, Nov. 12, 1889.

KEARY HOUSE
(Formerly WILBUR'S HOTEL.)

BATHURST, N. B.

THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor

This Hotel has been entirely refitted and re-furnished. It is connected with the Hotel by a new bridge. The hotel is situated on the best water front in the city. Excellent water bathing. Good Sample Rooms for commercial men.

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

LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.

The Subscribers return thanks to their numerous customers for past favors and would say that they keep constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of Goods to be had at the lowest rates for cash. Also, R. F. F. & Son's Boots, Trunks, Luggage, &c. Baggage, Trunks, as well as home-made Tapes to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail.

J. J. CHIFFIN & CO.

101 St. John Street, St. John.

FOR SALE

All the stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Groceries and Hardware of the Estate of Joseph Anne & Co. situated in Rogersville and Derby.

10 tons No. 1 Horse Hay.
A Complete List of Stock can be seen at my office, Newcastle.

M. ADAMS, Assignee.

Sept. 30, 1889.

The University of Mount Allison College,
SACKVILLE, N. B.

James E. Inch, LL. D., President.

THE University of Mount Allison College, with its associated institutions, the Ladies' College and the Mount Allison Academy, constitutes one of the most extensive, complete and thorough educational establishments in the Dominion of Canada. Students may enter either as regular Matriculants or as Specials who wish to follow chosen courses of study. Women are admitted to College Courses and Lectures on the same conditions as Students of the other sex. The domestic and social arrangements are pleasant, and the expenses moderate.

The first term of the Collegiate Year 1889-90 begins on the 29th of August, and the 2nd term on the 30th of January, 1890.

For further particulars address the President for a Catalogue.

Sackville, Aug. 1st 1889. 3m.

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

Messrs. Adams & Pinco

respectfully notify the people of Newcastle and the surrounding country that they have opened a

NEW Merchant Tailoring ESTABLISHMENT

in Messrs. Sutherland & Creighton building, Newcastle, where they are prepared to make up

STYLISH AND WELL FITTING CLOTHING

at moderate charges. Call and examine our Samples.

ADAMS & PINCO.

Newcastle, Oct. 25, 1889.

ESTEY'S Iron & Quinine Tonic

THIS Medicine combining Iron and Quinine with vegetable tonic, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Stomach, Chills and Fever and Nervousness. It is an infallible remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause heartburn, or produce constipation—other Iron Medicines do.

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves heartburn and belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Languor, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

The genuine has my trade mark and signature. Take no other.

Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Montreal, N. B.

Dr. R. L. Botsford, Richibucto, N. B., writes as follows: "I have prescribed and sold over eleven dozen of Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream. I have had better results from its use than any other preparation of the kind that I ever used. Secure one bottle of

ESTEY'S Cod Liver Oil Cream

It will cure a cough or cold quicker than any other medicine you can use.

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Selected Literature.

TERRA-COTTA.

What in the name of goodness are you doing?

The question came from a man of solid bearing, who, while riding through a war-ridden and apparently deserted plantation in Georgia, had come suddenly upon a negro girl engaged in some mysterious occupation in the ground.

"You jess go 'long an' min' yer own business," was the saucy answer. "His 'int nuthin' ter you, nohow, and I his no time ter be 'trubled wid' no white trash," and, without looking up, she labored more diligently than before.

Brue Cummings laughed at his reception. He could not see the face, but she had, covered with numerous short, kinky braids, that stood out in every direction and gave the appearance of an excited porcupine, left no doubt as to the race, or color of the exposed shoulders, arms, feet and legs, that she was not of pure blood.

She wore the remnants of a once costly silk dress, now torn and dirty, and looped up and decorated with an endless variety of bits of ribbon, of the most striking and contrasting colors, and around her neck was a string of battered and broken odds and ends of jewelry.

"I scarcely believe you will find a gold mine," continued Cummings, good humoredly.

"Haint fool 'nuff ter look a'ter one. Them with a digested snuff. 'Day haint no gold nor nuffin heah, sir; de sagers cum 'long an' gobblet everything up. But jess skip out ob dis, and don't loader me no mo'!"

"Here is some silver," and he tossed a few bright dimes within reach of her nimble fingers.

"Hi! De great golly!"

Forgetting the importance of her business, the girl sprang up leaped high in the air, danced a double shuffle, and burst into expressions of joyous surprise by clapping her breast with her hands as if they had been wings, and crowing as a victorious rooster. Then looking at Cummings for the first time, her manner slightly changed; she became profuse in thanks, and avowed her intention to buy 'sumthin' nice ter eat fer de young missus."

"Does any one live in the old ruined mansion?" I passed half a mile back, questioned Cummings in surprise.

"Reckon you'dink so, if you saw 'em. And de eyes grew larger, and the already immense mouth was stretched until every tooth was revealed, and the safety of the ears endangered.

"What are their names?"

"Deir de old missus, dat's Miss Clayton, and de young missus, dat's Miss Jenny, and Terra-Cotta, dat's me, and dat's all. Ter; dat's what de Kernal, Massah Clayton, need to call 'em belfo he went to war and got killed, like a chara ole fool."

"A widowed mother and daughter?"

"Yas—what do you tink ob my dress? Haint it gran, 'n' she expanded the skirt like the tail of a peacock.

"It certainly is very becoming," agreed Cummings; with diffidently restraining his laughter. "And now please tell me what you were doing when I rode up?"

"And took you for some po' white trash? Hi! What a mistake! I was grabbin' few sweet taters and grobbers."

"What are they?"

"Don't know what grobbers am? And her laughter was so wild and shrill as to startle both rider and horse. "Heah!" she understood now. What do you mean by 'grobber'?"

"Diggin' de big ones out wid de fingers, and leaving de little ones ter grow, and she gave a practical illustration of the process.

"What do you do with them?"

"Roast de taters and eat 'em, and roast de grobber and make coffee, of course. What you libed dat you am sick a big biggeramus!"

It was the first sight of Cummings in the way many a man had been reduced to a skeleton by the time he was taken to the hospital and immediately after the close of the war. Though he had been in the army he had never been South, and everything astonished him and drew his eyes to the girl's face. Understanding, however, that she was a poor, simple, honest creature, he was not inclined to linger in the average feminine heart against the wearers of the blue, he wisely refrained from uttering himself, and, placing a few dollars in the hand of the girl, said:

"Use this for the benefit of your young mistress, and if you get into trouble, come over to me. I live on the next plantation."

"What ole Squire Hartner uster own?"

"Yes."

"Dun bo't hit 'sue questioned, sharply.

"Yes; hurry home now, and gladden the sorrowing hearts. But you needn't tell how you got the money."

"Hope ter die if I do. What yer adner name ginerel?"

"Cummings," and he laughed at his sudden promotion from a simple lieutenant.

"Kummings! No! I won't say nothin', and if dey hap de impudence ter say, I'll swear I foun' hens' eggs, and took de eggs to de sto' and dun swappin' 'em off fer flour and sick. Good by, ginerel; hope ter see ye mighty soon 'agin', and she danced away, singing at the top of her voice:

"De angels! Ho! De angels! At a kummin' ter de yard!"

A few days later, Cummings inquired of an old mammy, who had general supervision of his recently acquired home, about his neighbors, and particularly the ones living on the plantation adjoining his estate.

"Den't de Claytons, and mighty gran people dey war. But dey haint got a'f' now but de las and am stuffed full ob pride and broggeries and guineas. De han's all run away, and de sagers took de stock and de grain and de cotton. I don't believe dey lef' so much as a miserable chicken."

Cummings laughed at what a slight foundation Terra-Cotta would have for her story of all the hens' nests, but said nothing; and Aunt Rose continued:

"Der kernal and him two sons was killed as I hab been sold, and de ole missus and de young missus hab ter scratch-grabbil ter lib."

"I foun' I saw a young colored girl a' rode pass."

"Dat miserable Terra-Cotta; dat imp ob darkness; dat lib of Satan! I expell de ole woman, rising in her wrath and shaking her fist threateningly. 'You juss wait until I git my hands on her; dat's all!'"

"You don't appear to have any particular love for the girl, Aunt Rose?"

"Lub! I don't see steel every time she comes ober here? I cannot keep a chicken or an egg; and one day didn't she steal a loaf of bread right out ob de oven and ran away belfo my face and eyes?"

"Lucky she left the stove, Auntie?"

"She wouldn't if it hadn't been as hot and heavy, I do believe."

"Perhaps her mistress was suffering from hunger?"

"Bery likely," was the reply, with an entire change of voice and manner and sudden filling of the eyes with tears. "Yas, yas; and Miss Jenny only wanta wings to be an angel."

"There is a small triangle of land that sits badly into mine. I wonder if they would sell it?"

"Only be too glad. I know dey am offen bery high starvin'. Why, saw dat Terra-Cotta slip into de smoke house and slide away wid a half piece of side meat, but I not say nothin'. I know it war wrong, Massah Kummings, but I wouldn't say nothin'."

You did right Rose, under the circumstances. It was an act of charity, and they will never miss it. Their all ways to be condemned, but in this instance the motive would appear to justify the deed.

With the purchase of land an excuse, Cummings rode over to "Magnolia Lawn," the poetical name of a now very unpoetical place. Terra-Cotta was, evidently, upon the watch for him. She presented herself upon the broad veranda, and with the slightest hesitation, ushered him into a room where two ladies were sitting.

"Dis am Ginerel Cummings, and he's kummin' in," she said.

The elder of the ladies looked daggers; the younger blushed as deeply as the Jacquemont roses flanking their glory at the window. "Er, it had no impression upon Terra-Cotta, as she went glibly on:

"He's dun cum ober to buy my las' Aunt Rose uster me all bout it, and I told her you'd be glad to sell it, I did. Then, with an aside and comical look at the visitor: "You use can do de tradin' while I go and hunt for some mo' hen's nests, and leaping through an open window, she disappeared.

Please pardon such an unceremonious entrance," stammered Cummings, with the best grace he could command.

"Certainly," answered the young lady, offering him a chair; "you will kindly pardon our blundering reversal? She is all we have, and—"

You came upon business, general; interrupted the elder, with a haughty curling of lip and defiant flashing of eyes.

"To purchase a little piece of land that was the property of the plantation I have recently purchased; if you are disposed to sell. But before entering into the negotiation, permit me to disabuse you of the idea that I am entitled to the rank you asstain has pompously bestowed upon me."

"You were in the war," she asserted, rather than questioned.

"In a humble position; but never less in the South. That, however, has passed. Your graves become our graves, and our graves your graves, and the same sky bends tenderly and the same stars shine brightly over both. Perchance you have loved ones sleeping beneath the Northern soil, as I have beneath the Southern, and the same God will bind up our broken hearts, and—"

"Hut! Juss her him. He talks like a whistler man, came in tones that could not be mistaken."

"Terra-Cotta," exclaimed both of the outraged ladies, "for shame!"

But solemnity was roused, and smiles were impossible to repress. The grinning face thrust through a broken pane of glass would have provoked mirth at a funeral, and did more to break formality and reserve than hours of ordinary association, and, as if satisfied that her mission was accomplished, the girl withdrew, and, a few minutes later, was heard singing at a distance, her favorite couplet:

"De angels! Ho! De angels! At a kummin' ter de yard!"

Returning to the subject of the purchase, the conversation was lengthened. But no conclusion was arrived at, though the fairness of Cummings made a good impression, even upon the elder, whose loss of husband and sons, of property, and the bitter struggles for life caused thereby, and zealously suspicious of all of Northern birth.

"I will call again in a few days," said Cummings, at parting, and wisely refrained from proffering his assistance.

