

OLD MAN SAVARIN.

BY E. W. THOMSON.

Den de big fun begin. My fader and Frawce is cousin. All de time before den dey was good friend. But my fader he is go to Frawce. Seguin's place an' he is told him: 'Frawce, I'll goin' for lick you so hard you can't nev' scoop on my platform.'

Frawce only laugh. Den old man Savarin come up de hill. 'Fetch him up to de magistrate, an' leas him anoder lesson,' he is say to Frawce.

'What for? Frawce say. 'For try to scare you.'

'He haint hurt me none.'

'But he's say he will lick you.'

'Dat's only because he's vex, Frawce say.'

'Baptême! Non! my fader say. I'll be going for lick you, good Frawce.'

'For sure? Frawce say. 'Sapree! Yes, for sure.'

'Well, dat's all right den, Narcisse. When you goin' for lick me?'

'First time I get drunk. I'll be goin' for get drunk dat same day.'

'All right, Narcisse. If you goin' get drunk for lick me, I'll be goin' get drunk for lick you—Canadian haint nev' fool nuff for fight, M'sieu, only if dey is get drunk.'

Well, my fader hees go on old Marceau's hotel and hees drink all day. Frawce Seguin he's go cross de road on Joe Manfraud's hotel and hees drink all day. When de night come, deys bese stand out in front of de two hotel for fight.

Deys bese yell an' deys yell for make de oder fellow scare bad before dey begin. Hermidas Laroude an' Jawny Leroi dey holds my fader for fear he's go 'cross de road for keel Frawce Seguin dead.

Pierre Seguin an' Magloire Sauve is hold Frawce for fear he's come 'cross de road for keel my fader dead. And de use men fight dat way 'cross de road, till dey haint hardly able for stand no more.

My fader he's tear his shirt, and he's yell: 'Let me at him! Frawce he's tear his shirt and he's yell: 'Let me at him! But de men haint goin' for let den loose, for fear one is strike de oder ver hard. De whole village is shiver 'bout dat off fight.

Well, deys fight like dat for more as four hours till dey haint able for yell no more, an' dey haint got no money left for buy wheesky for de crowd. Den Marceau and Joe Manfraud told him bese it was a shame for two cousins to fight so bad. An' my fader he's say he's ver sorry dat he's lick Frawce so hard, an' deys bese sorry. So dey kiss one anoder good—only all their clothes is tore to pieces.

An' what you tink 'bout old man Savarin. Old man Savarin is just stand in front of his store all de time an' he's say: 'I'll tink I'll fetch him bese hup to magistrate an' I'll learn him bese a lesson.'

Me, I'll be only fifteen, but I haint scare 'bout dat fight same like my poor moder is scare. No more is Alphonse Seguin scare. She's seventeen, an' she wait for de fight to be all over. Den she take her fader home, same like I'll take my fader home for bed. Dat's after twelve o'clock of night.

Nex' mornin' early my fader he's groaned and he's groaned:— 'Ah—ugh—ugh—I'm sick, sick, me. I'll be goin' for die dis time, for sure.'

'You get up an' scoop some fish, my moder she's say, angry. Den you haint be sick no more.'

'Ach—ugh—ugh—I haint be able. Oh, I'll be sick. An' I haint got no place for scoop fish no more. Frawce Seguin has rob my platform.'

'Take de nex' one lower down, my moder she's say.'

'Dat's Johnny Leroi's.'

'All right for dat. Jawny he's hire forrun timber to-day.'

'Ugh—I'll not be able for get up. Send for M'sieu le cure—I'll be goin' for die for sure.'

'Miser, but dat's no man! Dat's a drunk pig, my moder she's say, angry. 'Sick, eh? Lazy, lazy—dat's so. An' dere haint no fish for de little chilluns an' it's Friday mornin'.' So my moder she's begin for cry.

Well, M'sieu, I'll make de rest short; for de sun is gone now. What you tink I do dat mawnin'? I take de big scoop net an' I'll come up here for see if I'll be able for scoop some fish on Jawny Leroi's platform. Only dere haint nev' much fish dere.

Pretty quick I'll look up and I'll see Alphonse Seguin scoop, scoop on my fader's old platform. Alphonse's fader is sick, sick, same like my fader, an' all de Seguin boys is too little for scoop, same like my little brudders is too little. So dere Alphonse she's scoop, scoop for breakfast.

What you tink I'll see again? I'll see old man Savarin. He's watchin' from de corner of de cedar bush, an' I'll know what he's watch for. He's watch for catch my fader goin' on his own platform. He's want for learn my fader anoder lesson. Sapree—dat's make me ver angry, M'sieu.

Alphonse she's scoop, scoop plenty fish. I'll not be scoop none. Dat's make me more angry. I'll look up where Alphonse is, an' I'll talk to myself:—

'Dat's my fader's platform, I'll be say. 'Dat's my fader's fish what you catch, Alphonse. You haint nev' be my cousin no more. It is mean, mean for Frawce Seguin to rob my fader's platform for please dat old rascal Savarin. Meby I'll not be so angry at Alphonse, M'sieu, if I was able to catch some fish; but I haint able—I don't catch none.'

Well, M'sieu, dat's de way for long time—half-hour meby. Den I'll hear Alphonse yell good. I'll look up de river some more. She's try for lift her net. She's try hard, but she haint able. De net is down in de rapid, an' she's only able for hang on to de handle. Den I'll know she's got one big sturgeon an' he's so big she can't pull him up.

Monjee—what I care 'bout dat! I'll laugh, me. Den I'll laugh good some more, for I'll want Alphonse

for see how I'll laugh big. And I'll talk to myself:—

'Dat's good for dese Seguins, I'll say. 'De big sturgeon will pull away de net. Den Alphonse she will lose her fader's scoop wisse sturgeon. Dat's good nuff for dese Seguin. Take my fader platform, eh?'

For sure, I'll want for go an' help Alphonse all de same—she's my cousin, an' I'll want for see de sturgeon, me. Non, M'sieu; dere was not one man out on any of de older platform dat mawnin' for de help Alphonse. Dey was all sleep ver late, for dey was all out ver late for see de off fight. I told you 'bout.

Well, pretty quick, what you tink? I'll see old man Savarin goin' to my fader's platform. He's take hold for help Alphonse an' deys bese pull an' deys bese pull, and pretty quick de big sturgeon is up on de platform. I'll be more angry as before.

Oh, tort dieu! What you think come den! What, dat old man Savarin is want for take de sturgeon!

First dey haint speak so I can hear, for de Rapid is too loud. But pretty quick deys bese angry, and I'll hear them talk.

'Dat's my fish, old man Savarin say. 'Didn't I save him? Wasn't you goin' for lose him, for sur?'

Me—I'll laugh good. Dass such an old rascal.

You get off dis platform quick, Alphonse she's say.

'Give me my sturgeon,' he's say. 'Dat's a lie—it haint your sturgeon. It's my sturgeon,' she's yell.

I'll learn you one lesson 'bout dat, he's say.

Well, M'sieu, Alphonse she's pull back de fish just when old man Savarin is make one big grab. An' when she's pull back, she's step to one side an' de old rascal he's grab at de fish, and de fish, an' de left of de sturgeon is make him fall on his face, so he's tumble in de Rapids when Alphonse let go de sturgeon. So dere's old man Savarin floatin' down de river—an' me! I'll don't care ef he's drown one bit!

One time he is on his back, one time he is on his face, one time he is all under de water. For sure he's goin' for be draw into de culbute an' get drown' dead, if I'll not be able for scoop him when he's go by my platform. I'll want for laugh, but I'll be to much scare.

Well, M'sieu, I'll pick up my fader's scoop an' I'll stand out de edge of de platform. De water is run so fast, I'm mos' 'fraid de old man is boun' for pull me in when I'll scoop him. But I'll not mind for dat. I'll throw de scoop an' catch him; an' for sur, he's hold on good!

So dere's de old rascal in de scoop, but when I'll get him safe, I haint able for pull him in one bit. I'll only be able for hold on an' laugh, laugh—he's look ver queer! All I can do is to hold him dere so he can't go down de culbute. I'll can't pull heem up if I'll want to.

De old man is scared ver bad. But pretty quick he's got hold of de cross-bar of de hoop, an' he's got hees ugly old head up good.

'Pull me in,' he's say, ver angry. 'I'll haint be able, I'll say.'

Jus' den Alphonse she's come long, an' she's laugh so she's can't hardly hold on wisse to de handle. I was laugh good some more. When de old villain see us have fun, he's yell: 'I'll learn you bese one lesson for this. Pull me ashore.'

'Oh! You're learn us bese one lesson, M'sieu Savarin, eh? Alphonse she's say. 'Well, den, us bese will learn M'sieu Savarin one lesson first. Pull him up a little,' she's say to me.

So we pulled him up, an' den Alphonse she's say to me: 'Let out de handle, quick—and he's under de water some more. When we stop de net, he's got he's head up pretty quick.'

'Monjee! I'll be drown' if you don't pull me out,' he's mos' cry.

'Very well. If you're drown, your family be ver glad,' Alphonse she's say. 'Den they's got all your money to spend quick, quick.'

M'sieu, dat's scare him off. He's begin for cry like one baby.

'Save me out,' he's say. 'I'll give you anything I've got.'

'How much? Alphonse she's say.'

He's tink and he's say: 'Quarter dollar.'

Alphonse an' me is laugh, laugh. 'Save me,' he's cry, he's cry, 'I haint fit for de dis mawnin'.'

'You haint fit for live no mawnin'.' Alphonse she's say. 'One quarter dollar, eh? Where's my sturgeon?'

'He's got away when I'll fall in.' 'How much you goin' give me for lose my big sturgeon?'

'How much you'll ask, Alphonse?'

'Two dollars.'

'Dat's too much for one sturgeon,' he's say. 'For all he was not feel fit for die, he was more 'fraid for pay at his money.'

'Let him down some more,' Alphonse she's say.

'Oh, misere, misere! I'll pay de two dollars,' he's say when his head come up some more.

'Ver well, den,' Alphonse she's say. 'I'll be willin' for save you, me. But you haint scoop'd by me. You're in Marie's net. I'll only come for help Marie. You're sturgeon,' an' Alphonse she's laugh an' laugh.

I didn't lose no sturgeon for Marie, he's say.

'No, eh? I'll say myself. 'But you're steal my fader's platform. You're take his fishin' place. You're got him fined two times. You're make my moder pay his bill wisse weddin' money. What you goin' pay for all dat? You think I'll be goin' for mos' kill myself pullin' you out for nothing? When you ever do something for anybody for notting, eh, M'sieu Savarin?'

'How much you want?' he's say. 'Ten dollars for de platform, dat's all.'

'Never—dat's robbery,' he's say. 'An' he's began to cry like ver' I'll baby.'

'Pull him hup, Marie, an' give him some more,' Alphonse she's say.

But de old rascal is so scare 'bout

dat, dat he's say he's pay right off. So we's pull him up near to de platform, only we haint big nuff fool for let him out of de net till he's take out his purse an' pay de twelve dollare.

Monjee, M'sieu! If ever you see one angry old rascal! He not even stopped to say: 'Tank you for save me from be drown' dead in de culbute! He's run for his house an' he's put on dry clothes, an' he's go up to de magistrate's first ting for learn me an' Alphonse one big lesson.

But de magistrate hasn' ver bad magistrate. He's only laugh and he's say:—

'M'sieu Savarin, de whole river will be laugh at you for let two young girls take eet out of a smart man like you like dat. Haint you tink your life worth twelve dollare? Didn't dey save you from de culbute? Monjee! I'll tink de river not laugh so ver' bad if you pay dose young girl one hundre dollare for save you so kind.'

'One hundre dollare!' he's mos' cry. 'Haint you goin' to learn dose girl one lesson for take advantage of me dat way?'

'Don't you pay dose girl yourself! Don't you took out your purse yourself! Yes, eh? Well, den, I'll goin' for learn you one lesson yourself, M'sieu Savarin, de magistrate is say. 'Dose two girls is very wicked, eh? Yes, dat's so. But for why? Haint dey just do to you what you been doin' ever since you was in beensin? Don't I know? You haint never yet got advantage of nobody wissout you rob him all you can, an' dose wicked young girl only acted just like you give him a lesson all your life.'

An' de best fun was the whole river did laugh at old man Savarin. And my fader and Frawce Seguin is laugh most of all, till he's catch hup wisse de den anoder time. You come for see some more, an' I'll told you 'bout dat.' By Edward W. Thomson, in 'Two Tales.'

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General News and Notes.

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Beginning with the issue of November 6th, 1890, when the ADVANCE entered upon its

Seventeenth Year of Publication!

The publisher made an important change in the terms on which the paper is furnished to Subscribers. These include

1st. Strict adherence to the system of cash in advance for all subscriptions.

2nd. The reduction of the price of the paper to

One Dollar a Year!

It is to be particularly understood that all outstanding subscription accounts due after November 6th, 1890, are to be settled on the old terms, viz., \$2 per year, the advertised credit rate.

I have made the foregoing changes in the business of the ADVANCE for two reasons.

The first is because many patrons who have been given credit, have abused the privilege to such an extent as to make the business of publishing the paper a non-paying one, and it is necessary, in my own interest and that of those who do pay, that I should no longer continue to furnish the ADVANCE to those non-paying subscribers.

The second reason is, that I wish to meet the competition of the city weeklies, which are made up from the type of the dailies and, therefore, cost little for production in comparison with a local paper like the ADVANCE, the type of which must be set up especially for it.

Having now published the ADVANCE for nearly 19 years, and endeavored to make it a creditable representative of Miramichi and North Shore enterprise—a paper which may be taken into any household without fear that it has catered to sensationalism at the sacrifice of that cleanliness of matter, which is too often neglected by the press of the day—I have reason to hope the foregoing announcement will meet with general approval and be the means of largely increasing the circulation and influence of the paper.

D. G. SMITH, PUBLISHER.

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Legal Notices.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction on Thursday the 3rd day of March, next, in front of the Post Office in Chatham, between the hours of 12 noon, and 5 o'clock p. m.

All the right, title and interest of Malouin Taylor in and to all those several pieces or parcels of land in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, situated and bounded as follows, viz:—

1st. All that piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Hawkeville in the County and Province aforesaid, bounded on the upper or westerly side by land owned by John W. Williston, and on the lower side by lands owned by William W. Williston and being in straight lines from the Highway du Vin Bay, back to the Highway Road, being the land and premises conveyed to said Malouin Taylor, by deed dated the 20th day of March, A. D. 1891, and as described.

Also, all that other piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the said Parish of Hawkeville, in the County and Province aforesaid, bounded on the upper or westerly side by land owned by John W. Williston, and on the lower side by lands owned by William W. Williston, and being in straight lines from the Highway Road, back to the Highway Road, and being the lands conveyed to said Malouin Taylor, by deed dated the 20th day of March, A. D. 1891, and as described.

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of Northumberland County Court at the suit of Robert Taylor against said Malouin Taylor.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, this 16th November, A. D. 1891.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed to Thursday, the 5th day of May next, then to take place in front of the post office, Chatham, at the hour above named.

Dated this 3rd day of May, A. D. 1892.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby further postponed to Saturday the 5th day of November next, then to take place in front of the post office, Chatham, at the hour above named.

Dated this 4th day of August, A. D. 1892.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby further postponed to Saturday the 5th day of November next, then to take place in front of the post office, Chatham, at the hour above named.