

Best for All Preserving

Lantic Sugar

Lantic pure Cane Sugar is best for preserving because of its purity, high-sweetening power and "fine" granulation.

2 and 5-lb. Cartons
10, 20 and 100-lb. Sacks

Lantic Library of Cook Books, free for Red Ball Trade-mark cut from Carton or Sack.

ATLANTIC SUGAR REFINERIES
Limited, Montreal

"Pure and Uncolored"

J.D. KENNEDY
LADIES' and MEN'S
Fine Tailoring

Embodying Style, Workmanship, Service and Value
CLOTHING CLEANED AND PRESSED

Next door to Miramichi Hotel
21-11, Newcastle, N. B.

—WHEN IN—
NEWCASTLE
—GET A—

GOOD MEAL

AT THE
WAVERLY HOTEL
ALLAN MENZIES, Prop.
PLEASANT ST. Phone 193
1242

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

Extract from a letter of a Canadian soldier in France.

To Mrs. R. D. BAMBURGH:
The Rectory, Yarmouth, N.S.

Dear Mother:—
I am keeping well, have good food and well protected from the weather, but have some difficulty keeping uninvited guests from visiting me.

Have you any patriotic drugs that would give something for a gift overseas—if so do you know something that is good for everything? I do—Old MINARD'S Liniment.

Your affectionate son,

ROB.

Manufactured by the
Minard's Liniment Co. Ltd.
Yarmouth, N.S.

The Williams murder mystery in St. John, still remains unsolved.

AL. JOHNSON
UNDERTAKER

BLACKVILLE, N. B.

The above named has opened up an Undertaking Establishment at Blackville in the County of Northumberland.

Stocked with the best and most modern funeral supplies and equipment.

COFFINS AND CASKETS OF ALL KINDS KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Orders Promptly attended to
Phone No. 3-21 38-3m

Visit Halifax
Sept. 12th-20th
Provincial
Exhibition Dates

Never in the history of the Province was a visit to the Ancient Capital more interesting than at present, with the thousands of soldiers, His Majesty's Warships and the scores of Neutral Ships lying at anchor in Bedford Basin.

All the leading features that have characterized the Annual Fair, in the past, will be in evidence, together with many new ones. Particulars announced later. Reserve these dates.

September 12th to 20th

M. McF. HALL

Manager and Secretary

P. O. Box 339

Halifax

Letters of Interest From
Our Boys Overseas

Ptes. Bert Fenelon, Everett Black and Walter Colford Writing Interestingly of Their Life in France and England

Mr. and Mrs. John Fenelon have received the following letter from their son, Pte. Bert Fenelon, in the Convalescent Hospital at Epsom, England.

Epsom, England, July 31st 1917
Dear Father and Mother:—I have not had a letter from you for a long time but I expect my mail will be forwarded to me from France. Of course it will take time as it will have to go to all the different hospitals I have been in. I suppose you received my letter from France saying I was wounded. My wounds are just about healed now but my hand and arm are a little stiff yet, but I will soon be all right again. I am having electric treatment now to take the stiffness of the cords of my hand and arm out and am getting my teeth fixed. Well I have seen some fine places in France. I have fought over ground that the French fought on in 1870-71 at Monte St. Eloy. There is an old tower there that was partly blown down in 1870 and last March I saw another piece blown off it. I guess father has been to Monte St. Eloy in history. The largest city that I have been into in France was La Havre. I have been through Arras but it is pretty well knocked down as it was close to the trenches. Some of the towns that are close to the front line of trenches are nothing now but a heap of ruins. The pictures you see in the papers are exactly like the towns are. I will get some post card views of some of the villages that I have been in and send them to you. Well it has been raining now for over twenty four hours and doesn't look as though it intended to clear up. This is an awful country for rain. Last winter it used to rain for three or four days every week. I have often waded through parts of trenches with the tail of my tunic trailing in the water and the soft mud was always up to our knees. You could hardly credit it, but we used to get stuck in the mud and have to get help out, but I don't think we will have to put another winter in France. I think Germany is just about licked and I am sure everybody will be glad. Well I never was lucky enough to see Earl MacDonald in France. I am going to look up Con Gormley now that I am in England. I know he must still be here for they wouldn't send a man as old as Con to France.

Well I must close for this time but will be able to write often now. Give my regards to all the old friends of mine. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, your loving son,
BERT.

Aug. 7, 1917

To the Editor of the Union Advocate:

Dear Sir:
I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know that I am quite well all around only for my leg.

I just had my sick furlough to London. I had a fine time there. I was all through Westminster Abbey, House of Commons and the House of Lords. I saw the 132nd colors there that our officers put there. When my leave came to an end I was sorry but I will get another one pretty soon. Well I have seen quite a lot of 132nd boys and officers. I was talking to Capt. Barry and Lieut. McKnight Sunday. They were glad to see me and I was glad to see them too. I also saw George Johnston, Carey Brooks and Major Sterling. They want me to get transferred over to the 13th Reserve. There are a lot of the 26th boys here too. I saw Sam Craig also. I was surprised to see him. It is a nice camp here and they use you pretty well. Johnny Doucet is here with me. He got two slight wounds. I am up before the board Friday for my leg. I have not got much use of it yet. I hope I will be back pretty soon if it does not get better. George Johnstone and Kelly Murphy are going back soon and Andrew Crocker. I saw George Miller at Shorecliffe, he is looking fine.

Well I think this is all for this time. Best regards to all from
75337 Pte. E. L. Black,
42nd Batt 20th Reserve,
Shoreham by the Sea,
Sussex, England.

Letter From Sgt. Walter Colford
Miss Annie E. Colford has received the following letter from her brother Sgt. Walter D. who enlisted in the 132nd Battalion, was unit for medical service and enlisted again in 26th Battalion at Halifax, N. S. Shortly after going overseas he was drafted in the 10th Battalion and sent to France and is now on the firing line.

Somewhere in France,
July 14, 1917
My dear sister Annie:—I received your most loving letter and was glad to hear from you and to hear that you are all well as it leaves me at present. What is the news down home now? The same old thing over here. Do you ever try to stir up a dance at all now?

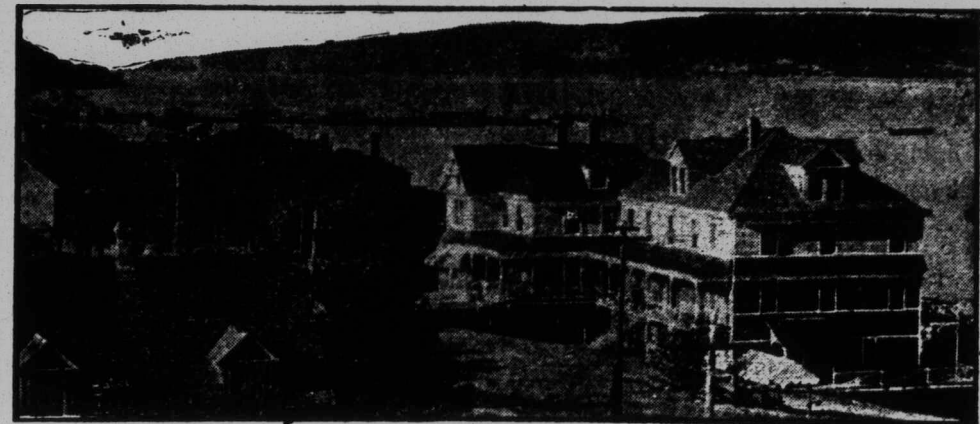
It looks like conscription in Canada to me, what will all those young fellows do? I suppose they are beginning to shiver with fear. Well, I am getting on fine, so far. The Kaiser is trying to do all the harm he can, but I guess he is beginning to shake too. I was sick in the start so they put me in the hospital for a while, but I am all right now. Do I guess I will stand a few rounds now.

Before me, this is some country over here. I tell you I saw some wonderful sights since I came here. I have been all through Scotland. This was the first place I ever saw a peacock or a brown sheep. I saw a lot of Ireland, most all the cities of the coast, and I was through London. I don't care much about England, but I love Scotland. Well I will write to her soon. Also to Stella, Earle and Harrison. I receive quite a lot of mail and I write a lot. Well, Annie, I suppose you over home don't realize what this war is. One sees some wonderful sights.

I hope to be back by this time next fall and have a good old dance. Is Frank working in Millerton yet? I wrote to Jack Vickers and some more boys around home, but haven't received any answer yet. Tell them all to get busy and write. How is Trout? Do you ever go up Blackbrook fishing at all?

Well, Annie, believe me I am not using the Huns a bit too good. I suppose you all read the papers and you can see what great work we are doing. I would like to be home for a week hunting, but I tell you we get all the hunting we want here. But there is great excitement in it. I wrote to Frank and Will and Papa, and I hope they will get them all right. I have a lot of souvenirs to send home when I get time. I have had some pretty hard scraps

A Haunt of Legend and Romance



Digby Basin and Long Pier, Nova Scotia.

PARBORO Shore with its rock bound coast of lofty crags and high walled jagged islands washed by mighty tides, the scenes of Indian legends and the struggles between the French and English, and the residence of a more modern race of hardy voyageurs, is a name little known to the tourist, but one that has an ineffable charm for him who has visited this nook of Nova Scotia. This was the home of Glooscap, mighty god of the Micmacs. Here one finds the Five Islands, lofty and steep-sided islets in the Basin of Minas, pebbles dropped by the mighty Glooscap, so says the folk lore of the simple Redman. Attracted by their isolation, it is believed that Capt. Kidd, the infamous and successful pirate, buried here his treasure trove; and many are the deep yawning holes to be seen in these wild and eerie islands where the bold have braved the guardian spirits of the dead pirate chieftain to find out this gold and jewels, bathed in the blood of gentle women and brave men.

Spencers Island, the Indians tell you, was formed when Glooscap overturned his melting pot; and the smaller islands near by are not common islands—they are Glooscap's dogs, turned to stone as guardians of their master's melting pot. Many are the Indians still to be found here and they believe that some day the great spirit of Glooscap will return to them; and then his chosen people will again rule the land.

And here is Partridge Island—like Gordy Blomidon opposite, rich in the beautiful amethyst—once the home of Kitpoosagunow, the mightiest fisherman of the Micmac legend heroes. He it was who embarked in his huge stone canoe, harpooned



A Nova Scotia Limousine.

the whale, tossed it into his craft as if it were a trout; and when he landed, he it was who split the leviathan of the deep with one blow of his great stone knife, tossed one half to Glooscap, and himself ate the other.

It was from the lofty cliffs of Partridge Island that a French warrior, pursued by the English, leaped to his death on the rocks hundreds of feet below. And later, it was here a blockhouse was placed when England feared the raids of Yankee privateers in the stirring days of 1812.

With such traditions, little wonder is it that here was developed a hardy sea faring folk. Sometimes the wife and her children accompanied the sea captain as he sailed his tiny schooner to the four quarters of the earth; but more often, he sailed away alone and for months the mother reared his children alone and superintended the

Britain Sends

Courtoons Reply

The reply of the British government to the peace note of Pope Benedict was handed to Cardinal Gasparri, the papal secretary of state, by the British minister last week. The reply says that the Pope's proposals would be examined in a benevolent and serious spirit.

Wait—It's Coming—"The Darling of Paris" by Victor Hugo.

Every 10c Packet of
WILSON'S FLY PADS
WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN \$8.00 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER

Clean to handle. Sold by all Drug-gists, Grocers and General Stores.

Brockville Buggies
and Expresses

THE OLD RELIABLE LINE. Watch for the 'Lion's Head' trade mark which represents the best in wagn manufacture.

We are showing this year many new and up-to-date styles, and invite you to call at our showrooms and inspect our stock.

REMEMBER we guarantee our wagons for One Year for any defect in material or workmanship.

THE LOUNSBURY COMPANY, LIMITED
NEWCASTLE, CHATHAM, TRACADIE