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Notice

All persons are warned that trespassing on Beaubear's Island is strictly prohibited and any person who is found on the Island will be prosecuted.
O'BRIEN LTD.
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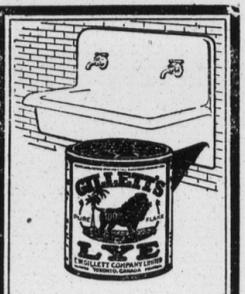
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CHURCH UNIONISTS STRONG PARTIZANS

For a movement which proposes to sequester to its own exclusive use the title "United Church of Canada" that promulgated by the church-unionists of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational bodies seems to be very active in promulgating sentiments of disunion. Some of its more zealous partisans, not content with the ordinary differences to which all attempted mergers give rise, are openly scattering the seeds of political and Imperial separatism. They are attempting to create an invidious distinction between the native-born Canadian and the Canadian by adoption, even though he may have been born under the British flag. By disinterested Canadians, such a cry must be condemned as unpatriotic, un-Christian and a gross violation of common sense.

At a recent meeting of the Toronto Presbytery the epithet "foreigner" was hurled at Rev. Stuart Parker of St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, an opponent of the Church Union proposals, and it was even suggested that he and Rev. J. A. Wilson, a native of Ireland now occupying a Canadian pulpit, had no right to be present in the Presbytery because they hail from the motherland. That this was no idle taunt, uttered on the impulse of the moment, but a preconceived argument is apparent from communications being sent to the press, by advocates of Church Union. The Toronto "Star", one of the journalistic supporters of Union recently published a letter signed "Presbyterian" censuring two speakers at an anti-Union meeting because they were not Canadians by birth.

The letter contained the following extraordinary sentences: "One of our greatest problems in this country is the influx of peoples from the older lands of Europe. They come from Poland, from



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Russia, from Scotland, from Ireland, from England, and they bring with them old traditions and old prejudices". Here was a deliberate attempt to reduce the many distinguished divines who have come from the motherland to fill Canadian Pulpits in all Christian denominations to a party with illiterate new comers from Eastern Europe who cannot read or write English, and many of them unfit for citizenship.

Undoubtedly the same cry of "foreigner" was used by the Druids when the first missionaries visited the British Isles to convert them to Christianity. It is the language of the demagogue and agitator in all ages; but it is strange that it should be invoked to further the cause of Christian unity. Where indeed would English-speaking Canada have been had not men of ability come to this country from the motherland to swell the ranks of all callings and professions? The same cry of "foreigner" could have been raised against the greatest of Canadian statesmen, Sir John A. Macdonald, who was a native of Sutherland shire, Scotland. It would have been equally just in the case of Bishop John Strachan another Scotsman who organized the church of England in Upper Canada. It would have been raised in Britain against Bonar Law last year. Has Canada reacted a pitch of civilization where she can afford to dismiss intellectual leaders from the motherland as "undesirable aliens". And what are the menacing "prejudices and traditions" which men like Rev. Stuart Parker, formerly an honored leader of the National Church of Scotland represent? Simply a desire that Canadian Presbyterianism should maintain its continuity and connection with historic Presbyterianism in Scotland. It would be difficult to discern anything ignoble in such a sentiment.

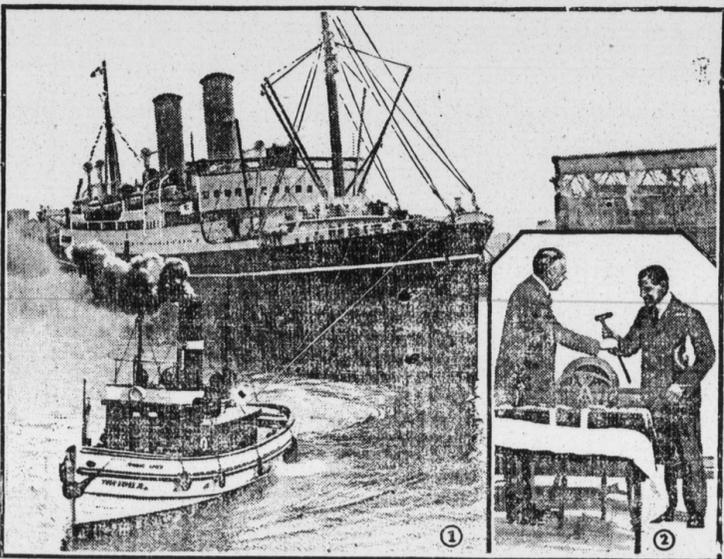
The Cause of Heart Trouble

Faulty digestion causes the generation of gases in the stomach which inflame and press on the heart and interfere with its regular action, causing faintness and pain. 15 to 30 drops of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup after meals sets digestion right, which allows the heart to beat full and regular. 50c. and \$1.00 bottle at druggists.

NOTICE OF SALE OF Real Estate For Taxes

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Warrant issued by the Town Treasurer, Collector and Receiver of Town Taxes and of the Town of Newcastle in the County of Northumberland in the Province of New Brunswick delivered to me for execution for the purpose of realizing the amount stated therein being for ordinary Town Taxes in the said Town assessed against the Estate of the Late Stanley W. Miller on the lands and premises hereinafter mentioned there will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Town Hall in the Town of Newcastle aforesaid at Twelve o'clock noon on Wednesday the Sixteenth day of January next, all that piece or parcel of land situate in the said Town of Newcastle bounded Northerly or in front by the Kings Highway, on the upper or Westerly side by Ledden lane and Easterly and Southerly by lands owned by Samuel J. Miller, with the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging.
Dated this Tenth day of December, A.D. 1923.
JOHN H. ASHFORD,
A constable of the said Town of Newcastle.

Montreal Honors First Skipper in Port

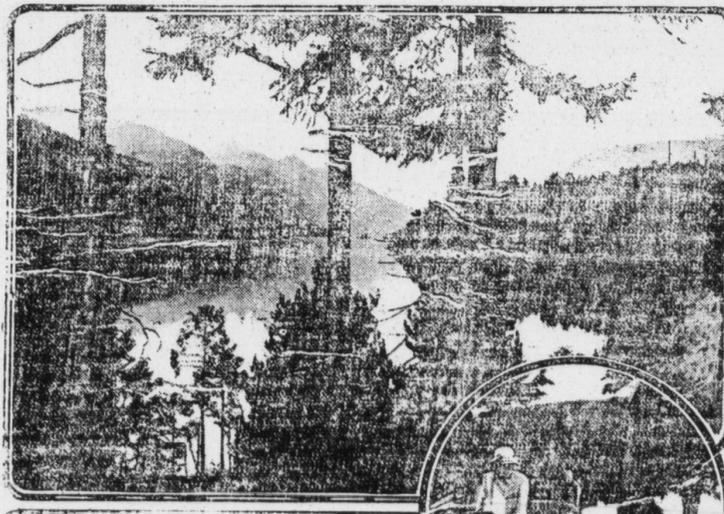


1. C.P.S.S. Montrose bringing first passengers to Montreal, 1923 Season. 2. Captain Edmund Aikman, Commander of the Bolingbroke.

TWENTY years ago Montreal was but a "mere calling place for ships." It had practically no modern cargo-handling devices or equipment, its wharf sheds were just wooden shacks which were actually taken down in winter to prevent them being blown away, and much of the merchandise was stored in the open air at the mercy of the wind and weather. Now Montreal is the greatest port of Canada and it is the best located. From a mere riverside stopping place for ships, it has stepped into the front rank of ocean ports, and has become equipped with facilities for the accommodation of ships and for the handling and storing of freight that are unrivalled on the continent. Despite the fact that Canada has less than 10,000,000 population and that the United States has more than 16,000,000, Montreal now handles a greater volume of business than any port on any American continent with the solitary exception of New York.

The principal reasons for Montreal's supremacy are the facts that it is nearly one thousand miles inland from the ocean, at the head of deep water navigation with direct access to the Atlantic, and that behind it is a through route right up to the head of the Lakes at the Twin Cities, a thousand miles further inland. Were it an all year port, Montreal would be the chief one of the continent, but for some months winter closes the beautiful St. Lawrence route, and the vessels fretting at the mouth of the great river must wait until the ice goes out in the spring before they can make their way westward. About fifty years ago, the Harbor Master originated the idea of presenting a tall silk hat to the captain of the first vessel to arrive in the spring with a transatlantic ship. This custom was observed for about thirty-five years, then, as the top hats lost their popularity, a gold headed cane was presented instead by the Harbor Commission. This year the cane was presented to Captain Edmund Aikman, of the Canadian Pacific S.S. Bolingbroke who had just completed his first voyage in command. The Bolingbroke left London for Montreal on April 9th, calling at Antwerp en-route, arriving three hours ahead of her nearest competitor on May 3rd. The liner "Montrose" of the same line, the first passenger vessel to reach the port in 1923, arrived two days after.

Mountain-Climbing on Vancouver Island



Cameron Lake showing Mount Arrowsmith in the distance.

Vancouver Island is becoming famous for many things. Among the chief of these is its climate, among the more utilitarian its strawless scenery, and magnificent drives, its many fascinating trips both by boat and by rail. But, while tens of thousands of visitors holiday in the island every summer, very few of them are aware of the fact that within less than a day's journey of Victoria there are mountain peaks covered with perpetual snow, and massive glaciers, which defy the warmest of the summer sunshine, where those who enjoy that most exhilarating sport, mountain-climbing, may put all of their skill to the test.

The most popular mountain from an Alpinist's point of view is Arrowsmith. It is about six thousand feet high, and to reach it one travels by one of the most magnificent scenic railways on the continent. There is a diversity of country all along the hundred miles from Victoria to Parksville. Parksville is on the east coast of the island, and Victoria, situated at the extreme south of the island is the starting point for the journey. One of the first summits to be crossed is that of the splendid Malahat, about fifteen hundred feet above the sea. Here, from the "Lookout," one looks down on a wonderful panorama of green-embowered hills, narrow winding waterways, the wide stretch of the sea itself and the Olympic mountains on the Mainland in their dazzling dress of ice and snow. After crossing the Malahat there are miles along the shores of the salt water, quick passages through picturesque villages and towns, journeyings among sweet-scented woods which are always gay with flowers.

At Parksville the road divides one branch swinging toward the west. And there begins the first trek in the journey which leads to the everlasting hills. As one nears Cameron Lake, whether one travels by rail or highway, one sees the beginning of the vast forest of Douglas fir, than which there is no finer stretch of timber in America. Just across the lake from the Chalet one begins the ascent of Mount Arrowsmith. The particular day when we made the journey was in early June. It was sweet and cool near the water, the bracken thrusting up branchy and tall, maiden-hair ferns just unfolding, all of the trees and shrubs wearing their new dresses of fresh, young green. We started at noon, and from the very outset, found the trail fairly steep. With only occasional stops for breath, we pushed on for five hours before we made the Hut, a distance of about 3000 feet up. It was rather easy in the pass for mountaineering and the trail had not been cleared since the winter storms, which made our going rather more difficult than it would otherwise have been. But every step of the way displayed some

magnificence of scene that called forth exclamations of delight. The Hut was practically buried, for the snow lay deep on the upper reaches. It took us an hour or more to tunnel into it, for although our packer had gone ahead with the blankets, he could not accomplish much alone. But we finally dug our way in, cleared the snow from the windows, made a fire, and before very long the aroma of boiling coffee and fried ham filled the little cabin, and we sat down to eat with ravenous appetites. The sleep that comes to one on these high, snowy altitudes, far above the slightest sound of life, is deep, dreamless and infinitely refreshing. We awoke at eight the next morning, full of eagerness to continue the climb, which from there on is a real test of strength and endurance. The final five hundred feet were very steep, and not without danger for the unwary. We had a few tumbles, and slides, which only added to the enjoyment, and when we had pursued our journey to the end our satisfaction was very great. For it was an objective worth striving for. The view was grand beyond conception, snow-peaks all about us, dazzlingly splendid in the sunshine, clouds of mist lifting from the valleys, and rolling away to give a glimpse of lakes blue as periwinkle, of bare cliff-sides coloured with the tints of the rainbow, and bright, green valleys, and forests of sturdy little jack-pine, while now and then when the clouds would roll up and melt into the blue of the sky, we could glimpse a farther view, and we said it was the sea and the mountains beyond the sea, but the distance made it almost as vague as a half-forgotten dream. It is a journey that one can easily make within the day, providing there is no miscalculation, and it is a most joyfully exhilarating climb, while the picture which the summit discloses must always stand out conspicuously in the gallery of one's memories.