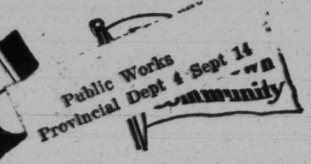




The Union Advocate



VOL. XLVIII

NEWCASTLE, N. B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7 1915

NO. 15

"Perfection" Tea Kettles

Made of heavy copper, nickel plated. One-piece handle, no rivets. Spouts are double-seamed to body and cannot melt off. All sizes.



"Model" Tea Kettles

Made of heavy gauge, best quality copper, nickel plated. The handle is absolutely rigid, which makes it easy to handle. A tight fitting side cover prevents steam from scalding the hands.



These Kettles are much superior to Enamelled Kettles, both in appearance and durability, and cost very little more. Get our prices.

D. W. STOTHART

THE "PENSLAR" STORE

Penslar Compound White Pine and Spruce Balsam

In the later stages of bronchitis, the mucous membrane of the respiratory tract often becomes inflamed and thickened, the secretion of mucus is abundant and cough excessive. In this early stage this compound White Pine and Spruce Gum meets its best indications.

IN SIZES 25 TO 50 CENTS

THE "PENSLAR" STORE, E. J. MORRIS, Prop.

Mother Receives Letter From Son

Stanley Parks of Red Bank Writes Interesting Letter From Front

Dear Mother: When I got out of the trenches the other night, I found several letters from home waiting for me, and I tell you I was pleased to get them and hear that you were all well at home.

I suppose by the time you got this letter the spring will be quite well advanced on the Miramichi. I scarcely know what to make of the winter over here in Europe. I have not seen a snowstorm or a night that could be called frosty since I left Canada, but as one of the boys said, "The more I see of foreign countries the better I like Canada."

I wrote father a letter after we came over here describing our leaving England and our voyage across and of our arrival in the north of France.

I will not be able to tell you the name of any place or any regiment, but I will try and describe our first taste of actual war. I know you will be interested in the manner in which the Canadian boys carried themselves in action.

Two days after I wrote to father we were moved up to a big town, about two miles from that long line of trenches, which stretch from Neuport on the Belgian coast to the Swiss frontier.

The town looked as though it had been visited by war alright, judging by the broken windows and shell marks on the walls. Here we were to receive our final instructions by going into the trenches with a regiment of the British regulars to get mixed up with all the latest tricks. We were sent in, one half of the battalion at a time, for twenty-four hours, going in one night and out the next. Of course our machine gunners went with the "regular" machine gunners. Our first meeting with our friends, the enemy, was quite an advent.

We left the school, where we had our quarters, as soon as it was dark, but I did not see much darkness as the moon was nearly full. All of the boys were in high spirits at the prospect of seeing some fun, for after all our drilling we were anxious to put it into practice. Before we left the town we met our guides, and presently we heard the sharp crack of rifles, where British and German "snipers" were taking moonlight shots at each other. When we got a little nearer, we heard another sound, that was new to us, when an occasional bullet came near with a sharp snap like a whip; but none appeared to mind a little thing like that. After a few hundred yards of this, we found ourselves in the first line of defence, which was half trench and half a sand bag breast-

works. Just as soon as we had discarded our kits, we all wanted to get our first look at the "Huns" across the way; so one of the regular machine-gunners, on guard beside the maxim, showed me a line of white about three hundred yards away which, he explained, was the wire-rails used by the Germans to build their parapet. On both sides of our boys were busy "sniping" at the flashes of the enemies' rifles, so nothing something suspicious over there, I thrust my long Ross over the parapet and fired the five cartridges in the magazine with as good an aim as I could get by moonlight, after that I felt better.

A few minutes later a great gun behind us went off with a crash that made the ground quiver, and the shell went screaming over and burst with a very satisfying noise in the German lines. Except for the crawling and an occasional shell everything was rather quiet, so I crawled into the dugout and rolled up my blankets till the time came for me to go on guard.

When morning came we were all up to have a look at the scene in daylight. Very little sniping was in progress because both British and Germans were busy getting breakfast. From behind one of the traverse trenches I was able to get a fine view of the enemy's position; but not a German could I see. I then took my Ross and fired at a stove pipe over there where some Germans were busily frying sausages. I gave him the trouble of putting his chimney back in place.

Shortly after this the German artillery began to fire a few shots, evidently trying to locate the British guns in our rear. Then our guns opened up and presently quite a battle was on, but all we were able to see of this action was when a badly timed shrapnel burst high in the air, as the guns on both sides were well back from the firing line.

It was easy enough to keep track of the battle by listening. It was a very interesting spectacle for the Canadians. First would come the great slamming report of the gun; then the shell would come screaming far overhead and fall with a crash first on one place then on another.

Later in the day our boys wanted to show the Germans how they could shoot, so they sent three shells in quick succession into the first line of trenches, just across from where I was, and as I watched the lyaditte explode, I was glad that I was not in that trench.

The day passed in this way, and as soon as it was dark we came out to give the other boys a chance. Then we got another twenty-four hour shift which was the same thing over again, except for one little incident, when a big German aeroplane flew overhead but so far up that he escaped the rifle fire which we directed at him.

The battalion was then given a regular position to hold, relieving

one of the British regiments. We have just finished our first three days shift, being relieved by another Canadian regiment for three days, when we will go back again.

The three days we spent in the trenches were quite like our initiation, except that this time the trenches were only about eighty yards apart; and greater care had to be taken, for on both sides "snipers" stood with rifles ready and the slightest movement was sure to be seen from the other line.

The artillery on both sides was fairly busy most of the time, and once a Canadian battery began to shell the enemy's first line of trenches, after the first shell, which hit the enemy's parapet, one of the boys shouted over to the Germans, "How do you like that?" "That's fine," came back the answer.

"Well, I am glad you like it," shouted the Canadian, "because there are a whole lot more of the same family coming to visit you."

There was quite a lot of good natured chaff passed back and forth between enemy and friend, while we were there; but that is a very common occurrence in this war.

I received the parcel of stockings which you sent me. I tell you I was pleased to get them. Many thanks for them and when we get chancing the Germans back to Berlin I will try and find a German helmet to send you as a souvenir, because souvenirs of this kind are all the rage in England.

Now I think I shall have to bring this tale of war to a close. I am sending you a picture of our gun section taken on Salisbury Plains, and a souvenir I found in a pair of stockings sent to each one of us from England.

Hoping this finds you all in as good health as you leaving me, I remain,

Your loving son,
STANLEY PARKS.

Cassill's School Report

Following are the names of the pupils in the Cassill's School making the highest marks in the March Examinations:

- Grade V (1)—Gladys Hubbard average 70.3.
- Grade V (2)—Annie Powers, average 63.
- Grade V—Roberts Chaplin 1, average 72.4; Ernest MacTavish 2, average 70.2; Earl Hubbard 3, average 62.1.
- Grade IV—Jeanne Ferguson 1, average 60.2; Harry MacTavish 2, average 49.1; Alden Hill 3, average 48.
- Grade III—Irene Hill 1, average 75.7; Gordon Hill 2, average 56.7.
- Grade II—Berton Hubbard 1, average 75.2; Fannie Hubbard 2, average 70.7; Hubert Mullin 3, average 65.5.
- Grade I—Ruby Foran 1, average 74.5; Clark MacTavish 2, average 71.7; Willie Ferguson 3, average 68.5.

Richibucto and Rexton notes held over till next week.

Canadians Triumph At Neuve Chapelle

Sir Max Aitken's Graphic Story of Six Kilometres to Neuve Chapelle.

Canadian Divisional Headquarters in Flanders, March 30—It was night when I left the Canadian Divisional Headquarters and motored in a southerly direction towards Neuve Chapelle. It was the eve of the great attack and in the bright space of light cast by the motor lamps along the road there came a kaleidoscopic picture of tramping men. Here at the front there is no need of police restrictions on motor headlights at night, as there is in London and on English country roads. The law under which you place yourself in the range of the enemy's guns. Beyond that limit you are free to turn your headlights on and there is no danger. But once within the range of rifle fire or shell you turn your lights on at the peril of your own life. So you go in darkness. As we rode along with lamps lit thousands of khaki-clad men were marching along that road—marching steadily in the direction of Neuve Chapelle, the endless stream of their faces flashed along the edge of the pavement in the light of our lamps. Their ranks, figures, dim one moment in the darkness, sprang for an instant into clear outline as the light silhouetted them against the background of the night. Then they passed out of the light again and became once more a legion of shadows, marching towards dawn and Neuve Chapelle.

A River of Men and Guns

The tramp of a battalion after a battle was not, however, the tramp of a shadow army, but the fire, relentless, indomitable step of armed and trained men. Every now and then there came a cry of "Halt!" and the columns came to the instant to a stand. Minutes passed and the command for the advance rang out. The columns moved again. So it went on—Halt!—March!—Halt!—March!—Halt!—hour by hour through the night along that congested road a river of men and guns. For, while in one direction men were marching, in the other direction came batteries of guns, bound by another route for their position in front of Neuve Chapelle. The two streams passed one another—legions of men and rumbling, clattering lines of artillery all moving under screen of the dark towards the line of trenches where the enemy lay. This was no time to risk a block in traffic and my motor, swerving off the paved centre of the road, sank to her axles in the quagmire of thick, sticky mud at the side. The guns passed and we sought to regain the paved way again, but our wheels spun round, merely churning dirt. We could not move out of that pasty Flemish mud, until a Canadian ambulance wagon came to our aid. The unhitched horse were made fast to the motor and they heaved the car out of her clinging bed.

In the early morning I came to the cross-roads. The signpost pointed at the crossings and pointing down the road to the southeast bore the inscription, "Six kilometres to Neuve Chapelle." This was the road the legions had taken. It led almost in a straight line to the trenches that were to be stormed, to the village behind them that was to be captured, and to the town of La Bassée, a few kilometres further on, still strongly held by the Germans.

Where Empire's Sons Met

'Six kilometres to Neuve Chapelle,' barely four miles—one hour's easy walking, let us say, on such a clear, fresh morning, or five minutes in a touring car if the time had been peace; but who knew how many hours of bloody struggle would be needed to cover that short, level stretch of 'Six kilometres to Neuve Chapelle.' Between this signpost and the village towards which it pointed the way many thousands of armed men—sons of the Empire who had come from Britain, from India, from all parts of the dominions overseas—to take their share in driving the wedge down to the edge of this six kilometres of country road, and through the heart of the German lines.

Here for a moment they paused. What hopes, what fears, what joys, what sorrows, triumphs, and tragedies were suggested by that austere signpost, pointing 'like death's lance, lifted forefinger,' down that little stretch of road marked 'Six kilometres to Neuve Chapelle.'

I went off foot part of the way here for so many battalions of men were massed that motor traffic was impossible. These were troops held in

reserve. Those selected for the infantry attack were already in the trenches ahead, right and left of the further end of the road waiting on the moment of the advance. I had just passed the signpost when the comparative peace of morning was awfully shattered by the united roar and crash of hundreds of guns. This broke out precisely at half-past seven. The exact moment had been fixed beforehand for the beginning of a cannonade more concentrated and more terrific than any previous cannonade in the history of the world. It continued with extraordinary violence for half an hour, all calibre of guns taking part in it. Some of the grand-motherly British howitzers hurled their enormously destructive shells into the German lines on which a hurricane of shrapnel was descending from a host of smaller guns.

Waiting to Unleash Troops

The German guns and trencher of ferred little or no reply, for the enemy were covering for shelter from that storm. I turned towards the lead and watched for a while the good part which the Canadian artillery played in that attack. The Canadian division which was a little further north than Neuve Chapelle, waited in its trenches, hoping always for the order to advance. Then I passed down the road until I came to a minor crossing, where a famous general stood in the midst of his staff. Motor despatch riders dashed up the road, bringing him news of the bombardment. The news was good. The general awaited the moment when the cannonade should cease as suddenly as it had begun and he should unleash his troops. Indian infantry marched down the road and saluted the general as they passed. He returned the salute and cried to the officer at the head of the column, "Good luck!" The officer was an Indian who, with a smile replied in true Oriental fashion: "Our division has been doubled in strength, General Sabin, since it has been yours."

While the bombardment continued British aeroplanes sailed overhead and crossed over to the German lines. The Germans promptly turned some guns on them. We saw white ball puffs of smoke as the shrapnel shells burst in front, behind, above, below and everywhere around the machines—but never near enough to hit. They hovered like eagles above the din of the battle, surveying and reckoning the damage which our guns inflicted, and reporting progress.

Once a German Taube rose in the air and winged towards the British lines. Then began a struggle for the mastery which goes to the machine which can mount highest and fire down upon its enemy. The Taube raged upwards. A couple of British aeroplanes circled after it. To and fro and round and round they went until the end came. The British machines secured the upper air and soon we saw that the Taube was done. Probably the pilot had been wounded. The machine drooped and swooped unasily till, like a wounded bird, it streaked down headlong far in the distance.

I walked over to where a British aeroplane was about to start on a flight. The young officer of the Royal Flying Corps, in charge, was as cool as though he were taking a run in a motor-car at home. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I wanted change and rest. I had spent five months in the trenches and was worn out and tired by the everlasting monotony and drudgery of it all. So I applied for a job in the flying Corps. It soothes one's nerves to be up in the air for a bit after lying down in the mud so long."

I watched him soar up into the morning sky and saw numerous shrapnel bursts chasing him as he sailed about over the German lines. "What a quiet, easy-going holiday was this going about in the sky a clear mark for the enemy's guns but, to tell the truth, the British flying men and machines are very rarely hit flying in war time is not so perilous as it looks, though it needs much skill and a calm, collected spirit."

Sweep Germans Off Feet

At length the din of the gun fire ceased and we knew that the British troops were rushing from their trenches to deal with the Germans, whose nerve the guns had shaken. As founded as they had been by our artillery fire, the Germans were still (Continued on page 5)

Delegation Interviews General Manager Gutelius

In Connection With the Proposed Change in the Time Table on Canada Eastern.

A large delegation from the Newcastle and Chatham Boards of Trade proceeded to Moncton on Saturday the 3rd inst., to interview Mr. Gutelius, General Manager of the I. R. C. regarding the proposed improvement in the train service, affording close connections between the Express on the Canadian Eastern Division and the Ocean Limited.

The Delegation were composed of representative business men from Newcastle and Chatham and Towns along the Canadian Eastern Division and all the Delegates were a unit in strongly endorsing the I. R. C. Management in the proposed change of Time Table on the Canadian Eastern Division, which they intend to put in effect on May 2nd, next, and which will result in conserving trade originating in Northumberland County to the Miramichi towns and will also encourage additional passenger traffic between the Canadian Eastern Division and the Main line of the I. R. C.

The members of the Delegation were all of the opinion that in the proposed improved train service the I. R. C. management had also carefully studied the interests of Fredericton and other points along the road in York County, as they proposed putting on a suburban train leaving Boiestown daily in the morning and returning to Boiestown in the evening. This will give Fredericton all the trade originating in York County and a portion of Northumberland County including Boiestown.

We understand the members of the Fredericton Delegation, who came to Moncton to interview General Manager Gutelius, with reference to this train service came over the C. P. R. via St. John; had the new Time-table been in effect, which they are opposing and the Miramichi towns are strongly endorsing, they could have come to Moncton all the way via the Peoples Railway, making close connections with the Ocean Limited both ways; this is an instance of how the new Time-table will benefit not only people along the Canadian Eastern Division but residents of Fredericton as well and at the same time result in building up passenger traffic for the Peoples Railway. The

more this question is studied the more apparent it is that for a great many years the Miramichi towns have been seriously discriminated against by the train service which has been provided, and it is a source of great satisfaction to know that the present I. R. C. Management are alive to the opportunity for increased passenger traffic from this Division and intend taking steps to so arrange the train service that the passenger traffic between this branch line and the Trunk line of the I. R. C. will be substantially increased. It is also a source of satisfaction to the public in general to note that the Railway Management are conducting the business of the Peoples Railway in the same way as a successful private corporation, keeping in view trade possibilities and being prepared to make any necessary improvements in train facilities in order to secure any new traffic available. With the business of the Peoples Railway conducted on business lines we expect to see the system so improved that it will be second to no other Railway on the American Continent.

While in Moncton interviewing the General Manager Gutelius, regarding the train service on the Canadian Eastern Railway the Delegation of the Newcastle and Chatham Boards of Trade took advantage of the opportunity to visit Mr. F. W. Sumner, the Agent General in Great Britain for the Province of New Brunswick, and discuss with him various questions relating to immigration and business opportunities which might be afforded by Northumberland County to British capitalists and others who might be induced to locate on the Miramichi.

The members of the Delegation were much pleased with the cordial manner in which Mr. Sumner volunteered to co-operate with them in furthering the interests of the Miramichi.

The Newcastle delegation was composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. E. A. McCurdy, Hon. D. Morrison, R. A. Murdoch, R. G. Hood, E. J. Parker, Mayor C. J. Morrissey, D. J. Buckley, David Ritchie, E. H. Sinclair, W. A. Hamford.

Town Improvement Association Meets

The executive of the newly organized Newcastle Town Improvement Association met for completion of organization and other business, in town hall, Thursday night, in public session, a large number of citizens being present.

Delegates from the Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist church, and David Ritchie, were added to the executive, in accordance with a motion passed at the public meeting of the 22nd ult.

The enlarged executive is now as follows: President, J. M. Troy; 1st vice-president, D. J. Buckley; 2nd vice-president, Ald. G. Stothart; secretary, H. H. Stuart. Additional members of executive: Anglican—David Ritchie.

Baptist—Rev. M. S. Richardson, Peter Aharan, C. C. Hayward, A. P. Giles, F. E. Locke, Edward A. O'Donnell, T. A. Scribner, Ald. A. H. McKay.

Roman Catholic—Rev. P. W. Dixon, Mayor C. J. Morrissey, Ald. D. P. Doyle, Ald. A. McCabe, J. R. Lawlor, G. T. McWilliam and Matthew McCarron.

Methodist—Rev. Wm. Harrison, D. ex-Ald. R. Allison, ex-Ald. Howard Williston, John H. Ashford, T. W. Crocker, H. R. Moody, and A. E. Petrie.

Presbyterian—Rev. S. J. MacArthur, J. J. Ander, C. E. Fish, ex-M. L. A. James Stables, D. W. Stothart, W. A. MacMaster, John Williamson and A. E. Shaw.

said about an arrangement with the liquor sellers, let them demand an investigation before the attorney general. This committee should declare that they stood for freedom of the inspector to enforce the Scott Act without dictation.

It was moved by H. H. Stuart and seconded by T. A. Scribner and carried without a discussion: "That this Town Improvement Committee place itself on record as favoring the strictest enforcement of the Canada Temperance Act and guaranteeing to stand behind the proper authorities in the enforcement of the said law."

On motion of J. J. Ander, seconded by Rev. S. J. MacArthur, it was resolved: "That a subcommittee of five be appointed to draft a programme for the society and to propose means for carrying out that programme, the proposals to be submitted to next meeting of the whole committee."

The following subcommittee were appointed to report at an executive meeting at 9 p. m. Thursday 8th inst.: J. J. Ander and Revs. P. W. Dixon, Wm. Harrison, S. J. MacArthur and M. S. Richardson.

James Stables announced his willingness to run as a temperance candidate for alderman.

Mayor said some forty people had asked him to run again for mayor.

The Late James Murphy

The funeral of the late James Murphy took place from his late residence on Green Street, at 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon. A large number of friends and acquaintances followed his remains to their resting place in St. Mary's Cemetery. The pallbearers were his six grandsons as follows: William, Charles, and Walter Burns, Lawrence and James Whalen and Walter Murphy. Rev. P. W. Dixon conducted the funeral services.