

THE UNION ADVOCATE

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1921

THE CONVENTION CHOICE

The Convention of the National Liberal and Conservative party held in Newcastle on Thursday was one of the largest and by all odds the most enthusiastic of political gatherings held in this constituency in many years. Perhaps, also, there never was a convention in this country in which there was a more general expression of opinion, the delegates assembling from all parts of the country. When the decision was announced there was an outburst of applause and cheering, the meaning of which could not be mistaken. In Mr. E. A. McCurdy, the party has a candidate who is acceptable to all classes. A man of much business experience and a hard worker, Mr. McCurdy is equally deserving of the support of working man, the farmer, and those engaged in business. He has always taken a deep interest in public matters and if elected to Ottawa, the county of Northumberland will have a man who will do his utmost in securing for the county that to which it is justly entitled.

TO WORK, ALL

The Prime Minister has set an example that should be followed by every man and every woman who believes in the principles of the National party of Liberals and Conservatives—and a notable feature of this contest is the large number of those who have been strong Liberals in the past who are giving their support to the Meighen Government. The Right Hon. Arthur Meighen has been described by the leader of the Opposition as an "autocrat" and the friend of plutocrats' while in the next breath he whines that Mr. Meighen has

been "racing about the country like a greyhound" and is in danger of breaking down under the strain. The fact is that Mr. Meighen is the most democratic premier this country has ever had, with a capacity for work that is an alarming revelation to Mr. King and his panic-stricken followers. Mr. Meighen is visiting, at the first opportunity he has had since being called to the Premiership, every part of this broad Dominion. He is meeting the people face to face, telling the same straightforward story where ever he goes—the same in New Brunswick as in Quebec, the same in Nova Scotia and P. E. Island as in Ontario and the western Provinces. He is the hardest working Premier this country has ever had and the ground is well prepared for those who believe in his policy. All that remains is for the men and the women—to whom his party has given the widest franchise enjoyed by any people in the world, to follow his example.

The National Liberal and Conservative Party for Northumberland has chosen a hard worker in Mr. E. A. McCurdy and in him Premier Meighen has a man who is not afraid to work. However, there is much work to be done and we must all get at it.

A BIG MAN FOR NORTHUMBERLAND

The Conservative convention nominated a good man when it selected Mr. E. A. McCurdy to contest the county in the coming election. Mr. McCurdy is a man of high business standing, well acquainted with financial matters, due to his long experience in banking and perfectly capable of grasping the purport and significance of any government measure that may effect the finances of the country. He is a man who generally gets what he goes after and as a representative of this county will make a good fight for our interests. He has shown much interest in public matters and has given a lot of his time to benevolent objects, being especially active in the successful management of the Miramichi Hospital. The country needs men of Mr. McCurdy's type in parliament now more than ever—World

FARMERS AND MANUFACTURERS

"Let the farmer of Canada grasp the great truth that their prosperity is bound up in the prosperity of our manufacturers, and that the more our towns and cities thrive the more valuable will their farms become, and we shall soon hear the last of those Free Trade zealots who have already, by their threats, depressed business and cost the country tens of millions of dollars. The mere threat of Free Trade has cost us as much as one whole year of war. We would have been on our feet long ago, and well on the road to prosperity, if these wild and unwarranted attacks of King, Crerar et al on the tariff had never been made."

Fulness After Eating

If you have fulness after meals, a bad taste in your mouth in the morning, fur on the tongue, flatulence after meals and no appetite, take **Mother Seigel's Syrup**. It will clean your tongue, renew your appetite, give you relief for food and the power to digest it thoroughly and easily. Sold in 50c. and \$1.00 bottles at drug stores.

MOST DANGEROUS POISON

We doubt whether a more insidious attempt was ever made to stir up internal strife than that of which Mr. MacKenzie King was guilty in connection with the shells he discovered being unloaded at Levis. With a cunning almost malignant and quite evidently malicious, he couched his public inquiry in a manner calculated to arouse suspicion that the Government is contemplating war. Proof of this is found in the speech of one of his candidates, Dr. Fontaine, in Hull on Tuesday, October 25th. The Doctor said, according to the Ottawa Citizen's report:

"In this period of supposed reconstruction the government spends \$70,000,000 on a merchant marine, and we find it is being used to transport explosives," said the speaker, "Does the government contemplate another war, with conscription in the spring? Premier Meighen is attempting to foist Imperialism upon us. We have every respect for the British flag, and we love it, but will always remember we are Canadians first and always."

While some people tolerate Mr. King's shirking and slacking during the war, we venture to say there will be mighty few who will condone this scandalous attempt of his to instill most dangerous poison into the minds of the public.

BOY SCOUT MOVEMENTS.

Boy Scout Movement \$90 \$9 \$9078909

During the Great War there were thousands of young men, in Canada who volunteered for service in the Army and Navy who were prompted by a sense of duty and loyalty. Those men, realizing full well the magnitude of the sacrifice they were making, volunteered themselves and perhaps their lives because they thought they owed this service to Canada, and the Empire.

In the Boy Scout Movement there is an opportunity for returned soldiers and others to render their community and the nation a lasting and unmeasurable service.

Just to what greatness Canada will attain as a nation will depend entirely upon the character of her citizens. The boys that are growing up around us today will, in a few years take their places as citizens and will in turn influence those who follow.

The Boy Scout program is the mill in the stream of boyhood. It provides something useful for every boy to do every minute. Knot tying, first aid bandaging, signalling, trailing, swimming, hiking, map making and reading, practical study of flowers, plants, trees, earth and sky, are included in the Scout's program for the year. After these comes instructions that is foundation work of all the principal trades and professions.

There are thousands of boys in New Brunswick who need Scouting and who want it but can not find men who will take it up with them or who will act as their leaders.

The greatest need of the Movement in Canada and especially in New Brunswick is the need of competent Scoutmasters. Men who are willing to give up a certain amount of their time and thought to the supervision of boys. Men who will take them on their hikes and camps, help them with their meetings and their games, who will answer their questions—questions that are not answered at school or at home, who will be their guide and friend or in a word who will be their Scoutmaster.

In travelling how often one hears from the lips of young men and par-

Men's Overcoats

A wonderful display of values & styles that can't be beaten anywhere at the price

Young Men's Heavy Ulsters, Brimming over with Snap and Style—Beautifully Tailored in a variety of models and Cloths

ALL SIZES

Priced \$22.00 to \$35.00

Overcoats and Ulsters in the more conservative styles **Priced \$20. to \$40.**

Blankets Call here for your winter supply.
Grey Blankets \$3.50 to 6.95
Wht. Wool Blankets \$5.95 to 11.95

J.D. Breaghnan & Co. LIMITED

ticularly from returned soldiers "This town is dead, there is nothing to do with your spare time." There is no more interesting hobby for any man to take up than Scouting. It will fill your spare time with a profitable occupation and, like all work of its kind the more you give in time, thought and energy just in proportion will you receive personal benefits.

You can help to fill the boys' spare time with clean, wholesome, play-work. You can help to keep them off the corners and you can assist in making them better citizens for Canada.

Write to The Boy Scouts Association, Box 33, St. John, and full information will be gladly furnished.

ECZEMA

You are not experimenting when you use Dr. Chase's Ointment for Eczema and skin irritations. It relieves at once and gradually heals the skin. Sample box Dr. Chase's Ointment free if you mention this paper and send 2c. stamp for postage. See box; all dealers or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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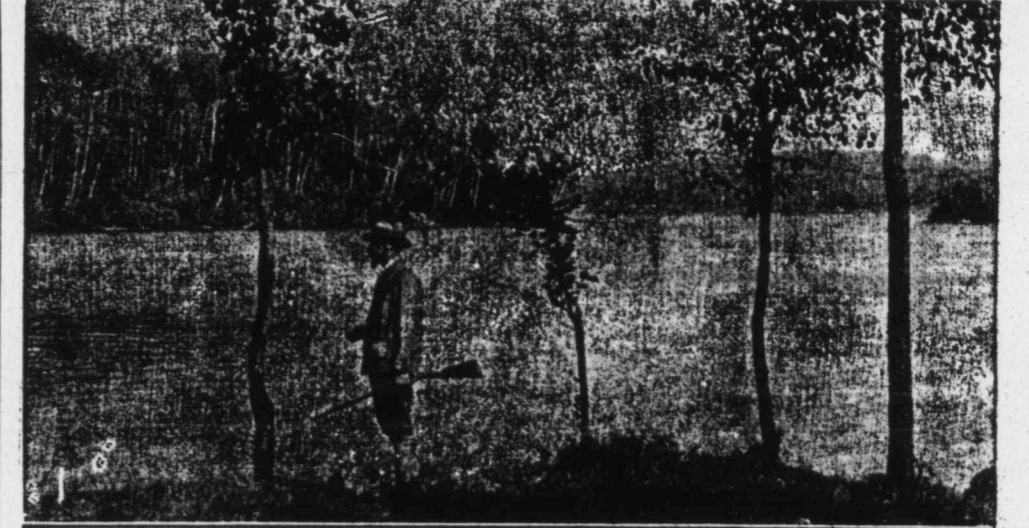
Write to The Boy Scouts Association, Box 33, St. John, and full information will be gladly furnished.

Everything to make the Thanksgiving Dinner a success at the Red Cross Food Sale, Sat. afternoon.

For Sale

50 Bbls. Cattle Turnips at the Miramichi Hospital.
Apply at
MIRAMICHI HOSPITAL

Head Hunting in the Gatineau



(1) Blue Sea Lake.
(2) Below the Paugan at Low.

To a great number of people, "the Gatineau" is a term quite as vague as was "somewhere in France" during the war. Even Canadians with confirmed explorative tendencies are abysmally ignorant concerning that section of Quebec that stretches from the Ottawa River north to Maniwaki and then on to a cluster of unnamed lakes in which the Gatineau River takes its rise.

There are, it is true, many Ottawans who claim to know the district for they variously contend that Chabots, Kingsmers, Meach, Lake, Blue Sea, Farm Point or Kirk's Ferry is the real Paradise. But of the vast unsettled, unsurveyed country rolling away from the main road and the railway, they know very little.

The Gatineau has "got me" at last. For years I have fought against it, listening with ill-concealed scepticism to those who years ago succumbed to its magic. I have been driven into corners and forced to hear poems on the Gatineau; I have been trapped into attending exhibitions flaunting pictures of the Gatineau; I have narrowly escaped picnics on the Gatineau, and skiing parties and camping trips. And speaking of skiing . . . oh, you Scandinavians, what a country for winter sport!

Yet, places like people, have greatness thrust upon them! Circumstances took me to Low; circumstances over whom I had no control. They were two stern, uncompromising men.

Driving from the station (which we reached by climbing a stiff grade of two feet to the hundred), to the house that was to receive my battered mortal envelope, I decided that Low was an eminently fitting place in which to be buried. Verily, the mournful task seemed half accomplished by merely stopping there! And within a week it "got me"; got me to the extent that I feel no poet and no artist, however inspired, ever did it justice.

Low nestles in the embrace of close encircling hills. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Low is a collection of hills, clothed at this season in heather at early morning, in flame and orange at noon, and in gently fading purple at sunset. Now and again they will be mist wrapped, and their outlines



will push slowly from the rising vapour as the bulk of a great ship creeps out of a fog at sea.

Upon these hills adventures lurk — adventures expressed sometimes in the sudden whirr of partridge wings, sometimes in the discovery of a liquid jewel set amid scarlet trees; or again in the finding of a cave where prehistoric man surely must have made his home. You may even find a skeleton.

As health and strength returned to me (the Gatineau can work a miracle of healing) I wandered ever farther into the unblazed bush, and one morning thus adventuring, I stumbled over a large bone bleached white and almost perfect in point of preservation. It showed a sharp ridged jaw, a long frontal bone and horns. Considering the antiquity of the hills which geologists compute at fifty million years, it seemed reasonable to suppose that dinosaurs, pterosaurs and ichthyosaurs must have left occasional remains in remote sections. The skeleton proved to be that of a dinosaur. But to which class did the bone belong?

That's alternately heated and chilled me. I shouldered my traps and set out for home. As the miles diminished, the weight of the thing increased, until I fairly staggered up to the verandah, con-

vinced that Atlas had a feather-weight burden compared with mine. Exhausted but triumphant, I lowered it and myself upon the floor and cried:

"See the gorgeous specimen I have found!"

"What yer goin' to do with it?" asked my host, lukewarmly.

"Present it to the Geological Museum at Ottawa," said I. "They are crazy to have things like that."

The man irrigated a small section of the soil with tabac Canadian before remarking:

"Boats me what them fellas down there want with that ole truck! If I'd knowed what you was goin' after, I could have saved you carryin' it all them miles. I got two of them heads in my barn."

I gasped my disbelief. Two? Why, the district must be a regular dinosaur repository, equal to the Red River country.

"Sure I'm tellin' you," protested my host. "Kep' jus' fer fun, as you might say; horns and teeth perfect. Zoo. Better'n yarn, there!"

"Why—why—what are they?" I faltered.

"Steers' heads," he returned, shifting his quid. "I kill a couple every fall. You can have your pick of 'em for that there Zoo-menagerie at Ottawa, and welcome!"

—Madre Macbeth.

CREAM The WEST FLOUR

The flour you "knead" for bread

Maple Leaf Milling Co., Limited
Toronto, Winnipeg, Brandon, Halifax

You can procure "Cream of West Flour" from
P. HENNESSY, Newcastle, N.B.