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THE GALLANT FRENCH

Every nation in the world, Germany included, may legitimately congratulate France upon the magnificent achievement of her army in beating off the repeated German attacks at Verdun, and defending that position for over a month against the most terrific onslaughts ever known.

When the battle first opened the assault was so violent that the nations held their breath, and all mankind lived over again those agonizing hours of 1914, when Europe passed into the night and the very fate of civilization trembled in the balance.

In that they showed the same amazing ignorance of the deeper national emotions which they have displayed all through the war. But the main fact at this present moment is that the first move in their plan has failed.

Germany will probably go on fighting for some time yet if only to impress her vassal states; but a drawn battle, after all the bluster to which the world was treated when the German onslaught opened, is equivalent to a German defeat.

GERMANY'S LAST DESPERATE GAMBLE

For many months past people have been wondering what were the intentions of the German Admiralty with regard to their much vaunted High Sea Fleet. Would it be sent out into the open to try conclusions with the British Fleet, or would it be kept behind the mine strewn barriers till the end of the war, in the hope that it might by some good fortune ultimately be saved to Germany?

RED BANK

April 1st—The roads here are in very bad condition. The ice being almost impassible also. Miss Kathleen Young of Cassillis was the guest of Miss A. Sutherland last week.

Miss K. Buckley spent the weekend in Newcastle. Miss Jean Ashford of Newcastle was the guest of Miss Greta White last week.

Michael Foran of Newcastle, visited his sister, Mrs. Wm. Dunn for a few days. Floyd Matchett of the 132nd, spent a few days with his parents here.

Wm. Keyes, who has spent the last five years in Western Canada and Yukon, is visiting his parents here.

because they think they can deal that supremacy a severe, if not a deadly, blow. There is not a German in the whole Fatherland who does not believe that behind the guards at Wilhelmshaven, terrible weapons are being forged in secret for use against England.

From this superstitious faith in the unknown, from the veneration of the German war machine, come these fantastic tales of weird and wonderful inventions which find their way into neutral papers. In this regard the words of a usually well informed naval correspondent in Holland may be quoted. He says: "I do not believe, and I have some grounds for my scepticism in 17 inch guns and unsinkable battleships. I do not believe in the stories of extraordinary discoveries in magnetic power applied to torpedoes, and mines. I do not believe in the invention of impenetrable floating forts; but I do firmly and sincerely believe that the German Naval Staff have since the war began been perfecting and enlarging the 'engines of destruction ready to their hands.'"

Many people in Britain are apt to smile at Germany's attack on what may be termed "submarinists," remarking that so far her submarine warfare has practically proved a failure. But her numerous losses have not been altogether without result, for Germany has learned a lesson in defeat. The super-submarine is the weapon with which Germany hopes to strike effectively at the peerless British Navy.

Germany now possesses submarines of a power and displacement undreamed of at the beginning of the war, but her difficulty is that she has not the crews to man them. The German loss in submarines during the last few months has been greater than the German Admiralty cares to admit; but they do not mind the loss of the boats, so much as the loss of the trained crews.

Putting aside however sensational press articles and idle speculation, it appears to be a fact that the British navy will in the very near future have an opportunity to achieve its great desire, and the most terrible sea-fight in the history of the world will bring the end of the war in sight. The Hun is preparing for a last desperate throw in which he will employ all his resources of land, sea and air. His plan is to forestall the enemy, and strike before the latter's men, guns and ammunition have achieved that superiority that must ensure victory.

The fierce attack on Verdun is the prelude to the last phase in this great world war. To quote a contemporary, "A blood-red dawn is dawning; whole armies will be destroyed, mighty ships will be derelict, thousands of homes will be devastated in the awful tragedy of a great nation deliberately rushing to suicide."

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Thos. Lawlor, sr., was in town on business Saturday last. Miss L. B. Johnston who has been in Boston, is visiting her parents here.

Memorial Service For Major Belyea

(Continued from page 1) inscription upon the silent, cross enriches the sandy plain with its sparse trees and drab waste. And I believe that a like inscription could be written over a lonely grave in Flanders today. "Tell the people of Newcastle that I who rest here died content."

Do we not also stand in awe and reverence before a soldier's Dedication and Consecration? Some may go unthinking and with wrong motives, but he who from high motives and upon whose soul is the weight of responsibility for his country's welfare and in whose heart is a love for freedom and humanity has some thing in common with our Saviour, who when about to offer Himself for all men said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Since this terrible war has come upon us, we are beginning to see more meaning in Calvary and to see that Christ was true to the eternal principle of things when he became obedient unto death. "All common good has common price. Exceeding good, exceeding Christ bought the keys of Paradise by cruel bleeding."

Mothers and wives of this war-placed world, as Mary of old stood sobbing by her Son at the foot of the altar tree, tree of blood, so you stand today by your sons and husbands on the altar of sacrifice, but as her weeping was turned into joy, so shall yours be when you come to understand the great paradox: "He that loseth his life, the same shall find it."

"Weeping may endure through this awful night of war, but joy cometh in the morning." May this hope and faith stimulate us as I believe it did Major Belyea. He was not a believer in blind chance nor was he an apostle of despair holding as part of his creed that:

"Earth is blackness to the core. And dust and ashes all that is." I do not think it is a breach of confidence to quote again from one of his letters such words as reveal his religious convictions. He says: "I have enough faith in the beneficence of the Almighty to not worry in the slightest over my future. I know He will forgive our mistakes if only our strivings are in the right direction. Any man who can approach his grave, like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams," is pretty near a Christian, no matter what his idea of the theory of salvation may be. I sincerely trust that if necessary, I can do that."

Because of what our boys of this fair Canada have done for us upon the battlefields of Belgium and Flanders, we can assemble here in grateful pride. Their achievements have brought Canada into a new and more honourable place in the Empire. By their sacrificial heroisms they have lifted Canada up before the eyes of the nations, into a place of honour. It means more to be a Canadian today than it meant before our heroes fell upon the gas and shrapnel swept fields of Belgium. Canada has written in the blood of her sons upon the soil of Europe that liberty shall not perish from the earth. Germany, by her righteousness, tried to secure Canada from taking any part in the struggle for freedom's cause. But who can scare those children of the prairie that we see rushing through this town in carloads day after day? Who can tame these who have drunk in freedom at their mother's breasts? Who can cow our sturdy sons of these rugged provinces? They are children of the free and they will be fathers of the free and gladly will they fling down their lives rather than that the juggernaut car of German despotism should crush out that which they love better than life.

Our grave yard in Flanders is large. It is very, very large. But, in the coming years, there shall spring forth from these graves a foliage new to the eyes of France, and her grateful people shall gather about those trees, sturdy, like the sleepers beneath, and sing, "The maple leaf forever." Yes, thanks to such men as Major Belyea the Maple leaf shall last forever, and its emblem shall bring terror to the heart of tyranny. Brave Major, we mourn your loss but you are among those who have bequeathed to Canada their memory and their glory.

"On fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread And glory guards with solemn round The bivouac of the dead." And now: "Soldier, rest: Thy warfare o'er, Slip the sleep that knows no breaking; Dream of battle fields no more Days of danger, nights of waking."

Rev. P. W. Dixon The following letter from Rev. Father Dixon was read by Rev. Dr. Harrison:

Newcastle, 31-3-1916 The Rev. M. S. Richardson, Dear Sir,—There has of late gone from our midst one whose early and untimely death has been the subject of general regret. His death in a strange land and far removed from those who were as his second-self, accentuates that feeling.

On the eve of his departure for the "Front" his fellow-citizens gave him a farewell which was as spontaneous as it was generous. Major Belyea must then have felt that his life was not spent in vain, that a perfect fulfilment of civic duties, whether as private citizen, or as occupant of the highest civic position in the gift of this Town is not without reward. He was then told that a still grander welcome was in store for him on his return from the field of battle. But it was otherwise fated.

His immediate relatives—his wife and children—will mourn for him; but theirs will be the mournful consolation of knowing that he died for his country—that he died drawing the sword to save liberty and crush oppression—that to him and to such as he, will we owe it that we have a country which we can call our own and that we are still in the enjoyment of a Constitution of which we are justly proud.

I formed Major Belyea's acquaintance on his first arrival here. I always valued that acquaintance; for he was blessed with fine natural qualities. Referring to his abandonment of everything in order to take up arms in defence of country, one of our most prominent citizens feelingly remarked to me a few days ago:—"Major Belyea made a real sacrifice in going to the 'Front.'" As to that, there is no dissenting voice.

He has given us a lesson in sacrifice and duty; his action and readiness in action will be an incentive to some who might otherwise lag behind. His children will in future days proudly point to his record, and will hold an honored place among their fellow citizens.

I beg to subscribe myself, dear Mr. Richardson, Yours very truly, P. W. DIXON.

Rev. S. J. Macarthur Rev. Mr. Macarthur said that Major Belyea was too modest and retiring to lend himself easily to being a hero. He was with his men in a bigger fight than his, and greatly distinguished himself, but by his own command no mention had been made of his gallant part, that story is to be told later. He was a deep thinking man, interested in everything; that made for better home, better civic, better national life. As in time of peace he had worn the King's livery, he felt it his duty to defend it in time of war, so as soon as war broke out he quietly began to put his business in order so that he could as soon as possible go to the front. What courtesy, what faith, what manliness, what true religion he had! He had little use for things that divide us—like the speaker, had not much himself—but he (Belyea) had profound reverence for the things that united us—for God, Christ, love, sympathy, kindness, straightforward dealing—for everything that makes for a higher life. In the judgment what we have lived is what counts. The Presbyterian minister and Catholic priest, who volunteered to hold service over the dead that were being buried between the British and Turkish trenches at the Dardanelles, while the shells were falling around, and made the service a joint one, the Catholic Chaplain reading the scripture while the Presbyterian prayed, was an example of true Christianity—minister, priest and soldiers all risking their lives that their dead might not remain unburied. Also the case in Flanders, where a dying Catholic chaplain was at his own orders carried to a dying Protestant soldier and interpreted for a Protestant Chaplain who could not speak the soldier's language. Thank God, this war has made us feel that in the Gospel of Christ there is something that makes us feel—lifts us—above the old petty differences.

Major Stothart did not agree with the German that war is the father of all good, but, while we cannot say we are the first who fought for liberty, yet if we did not fight we'd be the first of our race not to. Liberty is kept by continual sacrifice. Sacrifice seems to be at the base of all national good. Major Belyea had made the supreme sacrifice. Not until he had travelled to the west with the deceased four years ago, had he really known him. Then he had become impressed with the honor of the man—with the great regard he had for all the distinguished men of the past. He never passed a monument without reverently reading all the inscription upon it. He (Stothart) would say that a monument should be erected in the public square to Major Belyea's memory. The keynote of his life had been service—service to his family, his town, his King and Country. He offered himself a sacrifice that we of

his home town might live. W. A. Park Mr. Park regretted his inability to adequately express his feelings of the feelings of the town. It was fitting that this hero taken away in his prime, should be honored by his service in the church he attended. His death had brought the war home to us. The man who could write

10 CENT "CASCARETS" IF BILIOUS OR COSTIVE For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Sluggish Liver and Bowels—They work while you sleep.

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret tonight will give you constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months.

Wanted A cook, also a housemaid Apply to Mrs. F. E. Neale, Chatham, N. B. 14-2

Wanted To purchase in good location in Town of Newcastle, House, ten or more rooms, modern improvements. Cash proposition. Apply stating location and price to Box A, care Advocate. 14-2pd

NOTICE TO THE RATEPAYERS OF THE TOWN OF NEWCASTLE Notice is hereby given that the Annual ELECTION

For Mayor and Aldermen for the Town of Newcastle will be held as required by law at the Town Hall, on

TUESDAY 18th Day of April Inst. Polling from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Nominations of Persons duly qualified for the respective offices of Mayor and Aldermen will be received by the undersigned up to six o'clock on Friday, the 14th day of April inst.

Dated at Newcastle, N. B., this 3rd day of April, A. D., 1916. J. E. T. LINDON, Town Clerk.



Major Belyea

THIS IS THE STORE WHERE GOOD HATS COME FROM

CREAGHAN'S have always held the reputation of selling the BEST HATS IN MIRAMICHI. Not only that, they have always shown the best variety of new styles and prices were always a little less than the other store.

This year the showing of spring hats surpasses anything you have ever seen. There's every shade in every shape to suit every face, no matter how hard you may be to please.

STETSONS from Philadelphia—BORSELINOS from Italy—WALTHOUSENS made in our own Canada—Carter & WILKINSON BRAND from London and SWAN-RUSSELL hats from Boston.

If you want what's absolutely the newest in Hats at the fairest price, call at this store, while stocks are complete.

Prices run \$1.50 2.00 2.50 3.00 4.00 4.50



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—NOW IS THE TIME FOR— LUMBERMEN'S RUBBERS I have them in the most popular styles, with the Red Soles, the kind that wear best, and at prices that are right. G. M. LAKE, Newcastle, N. B. THE HARNES AND SHOE PACK MAN

The Rexall Store

Enough for several weeks treatment of either Hair Tonic or Shampoo Paste in each Package. Rexall "93" Hair Tonic 50c and \$1.00. Rexall "93" Shampoo Paste, 25c. SOLD ONLY BY

Dickison & Troy Druggists & Opticians "The Rexall Stores" Newcastle

Bread! Bread! With the ever increasing number of people who formerly baked their own Bread, but who now, owing to the high cost of Flour and other reasons, buy it fresh every day, we have been compelled to locate a Bread that would not only be the equal but the superior of any Bread now on the market. We have been rewarded in our efforts by securing from James M. Aird, Montreal, the agency for his famous Breads. These Breads—there are six varieties at present—have no equal in Canada, and a trial shipment has convinced us that they can be landed here in perfect condition.

Family Loaf Scotch Honey Loaf Fruit Loaf Pandary Loaf Tipperary Loaf Bermaline Loaf (Whole Wheat)

When you buy any one of the six famous James M. Aird loaves you get Bread mixed from the finest flour milled in Canada by the smartest, most reliable baking experts in the country, under most sanitary conditions.

Try a loaf and be convinced that what we have told you about this bread is no "dream." We all use Bread—The price is the same—then why not have the best. Arrangements have been made to have this Bread arrive on Maritime EVERY morning.

ARMSTRONG'S THE STORE OF RELIABILITY PHONE 63 PHONE 63

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"