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Established 1867

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EDITORS MAIL

We are not responsible for opinions expressed by writers under this heading. Correspondents would oblige by writing legibly, and on one side of the paper only, name and address (not necessarily for publication) must always be sent. Correspondence should be as concise as possible.

Newcastle, N. B.
Mar. 28, 1921

To the Editor of the Advocate,
Newcastle, N. B.

Dear Sir:
Would you kindly allow me a small space in your valuable paper to inform the rate-payers of the Town of Newcastle, regarding our Police Force between the hours of 12 and 4 o'clock on Saturday mornings.

Policeman Edward Walsh on this particular morning met two men and ordered them home, when they turned on him and abused and told him to go his way or they would beat him up. He walked off and as I would say, appeared very much afraid.
On the night of March 26th, our other officer was met by three men from Nelson whom they called everything but a man, and on account of his age and being only in the way, he called another officer who stripped himself and beat up one of the men from Nelson.

Now I am a man who has always tried to conduct myself as a worthy citizen of the town, and have never caused any offence, yet I was arrested on Sunday night by Edward Walsh for drunkenness, for which offence this officer some time ago was discharged from our Police Force, but our Council, nevertheless, have since seen fit to re-instate him.

The time is not far distant when the rate payers will have an opportunity of electing capable men to the Council Board, who can readily understand the difference in placing a drunkard or a sober man to look after the welfare of our town.

Thanking you Mr. Editor for the space used, I am
Respectfully yours
CITIZEN

To the Editor of the Union Advocate
Dear Sir:

I notice by an issue of your paper of recent date an article copied from The "Northern Light" of Bathurst, in which certain allegations were made against the local Tuxis Boy's conduct during a recent game of Hockey played in Bathurst, between the Tuxis Boys of Newcastle and Bathurst.

As one interested in the work of the Tuxis Boy's Organization I have been making some inquiries regarding the complaints set forth in the article, and as yet have been unable to secure any official light on the matter.

This is a matter, which I consider to be one that should be immediately looked into by the responsible parties and if the complaints are justified a Public Apology should be made at once to the Bathurst Tuxis Boys, by our local organization.

I sincerely trust that no further time, will be lost in clearing up this most important matter and that in future a similar complaint will be unheard of about the boys of such a noble organization.

Thanking you for the courtesy of bringing this matter before the attention of all those interested in Tuxis Boy work

I am yours very truly
ONE INTERESTED

WARREN KERRIGAN AT THE HAPPY HOUR THURSDAY

J. Warren Kerrigan has just finished his first screen offering under the supervision of Jesse D. Hampton. It is a picturization of Kenneth B. Clarke's story "Prisoners of the Pines," a tale of the great northwest country and Kerrigan has the role of Hillaire Latour, a young French Canadian trapper who gives up his rifles and his traps in favor of the axe of the lumberman.

"Prisoners of the Pines" will be seen Thursday at the Happy Hour. It comes with the announcement that it reflects Kerrigan in his happiest and most artistic moments, that it reveals a series of photographic achievements—rare pictorial beauty and worth and that it provides an evening's entertainment of more than ordinary interests.

Kerrigan has a wide and constantly increasing screen following and his admirers will doubtless be glad to see him in new surroundings and, in the garb of Hillaire Latour, doing things in true redblood fashion.

EASTER EGGS FOR THE MIRAMICHI HOSPITAL

The pupils of the Harkin's Academy made a most acceptable Easter gift to the Hospital of 33 dozen eggs, and the Bule School donated 8 1/2 doz. for which the Board gives them sincere thanks.

DIRTY CROSSINGS

As usual the only mud that is found on our sidewalks is on the crossings. Would it not be well to have them cleaned off occasionally?

Rheumatic Pains

Are relieved in a few days by taking 30 drops of Mother Seigel's Syrup after meals and on retiring. It dissolves the lime and acid accumulation in the muscles and joints so these deposits can be expelled, thus relieving pain and soreness. Seigel's Syrup, also known as "Extract of Roots," contains no opium or other strong drugs to kill or mask the pain of rheumatism or lumbago, it removes the cause. 50c a bottle at drugists.

STUDENTS' RESIDENCES

(By Stephen Leacock.)

When I was a student at the University of Toronto thirty years ago, I lived, from start to finish,—in seventeen different boarding houses. As far as I am aware these houses have not, or not yet, been marked with tablets. But they are all still to be found in the vicinity of McCaul and Darcy, and St. Patrick Streets. Anyone who doubts the truth of what I have to say may go and look at them.



STEPHEN LEACOCK, Canada's Great Humorist, Professor of Political Economy at McGill University.

I was not alone in the nomadic life that I led. There were hundreds of us drifting about in this fashion from one melancholy habitation to another. We lived as a rule two or three in a house, sometimes alone. We dined in the basement. We always had beef.

They used to have a brand of soda biscuits in those days in Toronto boarding houses that I have not seen since. They were better than dog biscuits but with not so much snap. My contemporaries will all remember them. A great many of the leading barristers and professional men of Toronto were fed on them.

In the life we led we had practically no opportunities for association on a large scale, no common rooms, no reading rooms, nothing. We never saw the magazines,—personally I didn't even know the names of them. The only interchange of ideas we ever got was by going over to the Caer Howell Hotel on University Avenue and interchanging them there.

I mention these melancholy details not for their own sake but merely to emphasize the point that when I speak of students' dormitories, and the larger life they offer, I speak of what I know.

If we had had at Toronto, when I was a student, the kind of dormitories and dormitory life that they have at Harvard, I don't think I would ever have graduated. I'd have been there still.

The trouble is that the Universities on our Continent are only just waking up to the idea of what a University should mean. They were, very largely, instituted and organized with the idea that a university was a place where young men were sent to absorb the contents of books and to listen to lectures in the classrooms. The student was pictured as a pallid creature, hunched over his desk, with a "midnight oil" lamp over his head.

If you wanted to do something for him you gave him a book; if you wanted to do something really large on his behalf you gave him a whole basketful of them. If you wanted to go still further and be a real benefactor to the College at large, you endowed a competitive scholarship and set two or more pallid students working themselves to death to get it.

That, as I see it, was about the idea and theory of the Canadian Universities as they used to be. In the course of time and through the plain teaching of circumstances, we have been getting away from that idea. We are beginning to see that the text book and the class room are but a part of the student's life. If they are taken by themselves, in undiluted doses, they probably do more harm than good. They not only injure the student's health but they impair his mind. True education cannot be achieved after this fashion, by shovelling in information. The most that this can ever give is erudition and pedantry, never capacity and genuine acquirement.

The typical product of it is the college pedant possessed of a stomach-full of fact but with a mind the size of a peanut and the outlook of a child.

The real process of education consists (as the derivation of the word implies) in bringing out of the mind the inborn capacity that is in it. I think that Horace said something of this sort before. But there is no harm in saying it over again.

Since the melancholy days of which I speak, I have had the experience of nearly a quarter of a century of post-graduate work and university teaching. It is a noble profession, and with the continued aid of the Governors of McGill University, I hope to have another quarter of a century of it at least before I hang up my mortar board and sink into the arms of the trustees of the Carnegie Pension Fund. But as a college teacher I have long since realized that the most that the teacher, as such, can do for the student is a very limited matter. The real thing for the student is the life and environment that surrounds him. All that he really learns, he learns, in a sense, by the active operation of his own intellect and not as the passive recipient of lectures. And for this active operation what he needs most is the continued and intimate contact with his fellows. Students must live together and eat together, talk and smoke together. Experience shows that that is how their minds really grow. And they must live together in a rational and comfortable way. They must eat in a big dining room or hall, with oak beams across the ceiling, and the stained glass in the windows and with a shield or tablet here and there upon the wall, to remind them between times of the men who went before them and left a name worthy of the memory of the college. If a student is to get from his College what it ought to give him, a college dormitory with the life in common that it brings, is his absolute right. A university that fails to give it to him is cheating him.

If I were founding a University,—and I say it with all the seriousness of which I am capable (that is, of none), I would found first a smoking room; then when I had a little more money in hand I would found a dormitory; then after that, or more properly with that, a decent reading room and a library. After that, if I still had money over that I couldn't use, I would hire a professor and get some text books.

We are conducting a campaign,—just now to raise, or lift five million dollars for McGill University. I have a notion that we are going to get it. And it is the duty of those of us who are in the University to show to our generous friends outside what it is that we mean to do with the money we have it.

To my mind the greatest of all our needs is the building of college dormitories to supply to our students a wider college life than we can give them now. There is no nobler object of benefaction than this. There is no better way to perpetuate an honored name or to cherish the memory of one who is lost, than that the name and memory should be made real, set down in stone, over the gate-way of a College Dormitory at McGill.

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NEW CITIZENS FOR CANADA



With a population of less than two persons to the square mile compared to England's six hundred, with only five per cent. of her rich agricultural land in the West under cultivation, with a heavy national indebtedness and only a few people to pay the interest in the form of taxes, the reason why Canada is hungry for immigrants can readily be understood. Immigration is the human rain without which Canada must parch and wither up.
If Great Britain had a large surplus of farmers and farm hands, Canada might not have to invite immigrants from any other source. But Great Britain is not so much an agricultural as a merchant and manufacturing centre, and every year grudges more and more the farmers of farm hands who leave her shores for the Dominions. She is quite willing to send out countless city folk in the hope that they may be transformed into farmers in their new environment, but she has fewer farmers to spare than many other countries from which Canada in the past has drawn excellent settlers. This is illustrated by the homestead entries. From 1897 to 1919, only eighteen per cent. of the British immigrants made entry for homesteads in Western Canada as compared to twenty-seven per cent. of the American immigrants and twenty-nine per cent. of the foreign born from Continental Europe.



In certain parts of Europe where there is a genuine land hunger, there is not enough land to go round. Five or six acres per family is all the land available in certain parts of Belgium, and even on that the thrifty Belgian frequently brings up a family of ten. The great immigration of Ukrainians from Central Europe which has given Canada nearly 300,000 of her Western farm population was due to the constant subdivision of farms which were only fifteen acres to start with. These Ukrainians have become a great asset to Canada, and have at their own expense erected four large colleges for higher education. Then again we owe our fine stock of seventy thousand Scandinavian settlers to the lack of sufficient land in Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Iceland.
Have these foreign born made good Canadian citizens? Read "The Education of the New Canadian," by Dr. J. M. Anderson, of Saskatchewan, and you will say "Yes!" In one of two groups at first there was opposition to the learning of English, particularly among the older people, but now it is difficult to find sufficient teachers to meet the demands of the schools. And it is not only in the schools where you find the foreign born. More than half the students at the University of Manitoba are of foreign parentage. You find children of the foreign born as leaders in the professions and in the Cabinet of at least one Provincial Government.

Canada is after all only repeating on a larger scale the welcome to the assimilation of the foreign born which has characterized the history of the Mother Country. The English weavers and the Huguenots who found refuge in England, are you find children of the foreign born as leaders in the professions and in the Cabinet of at least one Provincial Government. Canada is after all only repeating on a larger scale the welcome to the assimilation of the foreign born which has characterized the history of the Mother Country. The English weavers and the Huguenots who found refuge in England, are you find children of the foreign born as leaders in the professions and in the Cabinet of at least one Provincial Government.

EASTER IN THE CHURCHES
Following these usual custom various churches of the town celebrate the joyous Easter Festival with special musical services appropriate to the day. The programmes prepared by the choirs were of an exceptionally high class, and the services were exceedingly beautiful.

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