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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER

FIRST, is the date on
which new classes will be
formed at the

**FREDERICTON
BUSINESS COLLEGE**

A good month to begin.
Apply for admission as early
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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.
July 13th, 1922. Nelson, N. B.
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Trucking

I am prepared to do any and all kinds of trucking which you may require. Quick service and moderate charges. Phone 228 or arrange with me personally,
FINLAY COPP,
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For Sale

The late George Russell property situated in rear of the Post Office in the Town of Newcastle, at present occupied by Miss Bella Russell. Property to be disposed of at once. For further particulars apply to:
WM. FERGUSON,
Newcastle, N. B.

We Want 300 Men

Right now for big paying mechanical jobs. If you are mechanically inclined and like working around automobiles and tractors, don't delay. Never was there such a demand for trained men. A few weeks time invested now will give you a trade that will mean independence for life. Learn automobile and tractor operating and repairing, tire vulcanizing, battery building and oxy-acetylene welding by the Hemphill practical system. Free employment service is at your disposal. Free catalogue. Get big pay and steady work. Do it now. Hemphill Auto Tractor School, 163 King St. West, Toronto.

MURINE
NIGHT & MORNING
KEEP YOUR EYES
CLEAN, CLEAR AND HEALTHY

THE MODEL CHURCH

Well, wife, I've found the model church, I worshipped there today. It made me think of good old times before my hairs were gray. The meetin' house was fixed up more than they were years ago. But then I felt when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The Sexton didn't seat me way back by the door. He knew I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor. He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly through the long aisle of that crowded church, to find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singin'; it had the old time ring. The preacher said "with trumpet voice, let all the people sing!" The tune was Coronation, and the music upward rolled. Till I thought I heard the angels, striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away, my spirit caught the fire; I joined my feeble trembling voice with that melodious choir. And sang, as in my youthful days, "let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal diadem and crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more; I felt like some wrecked mariner, who gets a glimpse of shore. I almost want to lay aside this weather beaten form, And anchor in the blessed port for ever from the storm.

The preaching? Well I can't just tell all that the preacher said; I know it wasn't written, I know it wasn't read. He hadn't time to read it, for the "metin'" of his eye. Went p'ar: long from pew to pew nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery, 'twas simple gospel truth; It fitted poor old men like me, it fitted hopeful youth, 'Twas full of compensation for weary hearts that bleed, and not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous, in Gentiles and in Jews, He shot the golden sentences down on the finest pews, And—though I can't see very well—I saw the falling tear, That told me Hell was some ways off and Heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled, within that holy place! How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face! Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall meet with friend Where congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths have no end.

I hope to meet the minister—the congregation too—In that dear home beyond the skies that shine from heaven's blue, I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evening gray, The happy hour of worship in that model church today.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought—the victory be won; The shinin' goal is just ahead, the race is already run; O'er the river we are nearin' they are throughin' to the shore— To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

REPORT THAT SIR LOMER GOUIN IS TO RETIRE
Ottawa, Nov. 14—"This is the first I have heard of it" said Hon. E. Lapointe, when his attention was called to a report that Sir Lomer Gouin, Minister of Justice, would retire on account of ill health and that Mr. Lapointe would assume the portfolio of justice.

BRITISH ELECTIONS ON DECEMBER 6TH

London, Nov. 13.—In a brief but exciting re-opening session for a parliament elected only a year ago on the slogan of "tranquillity" that Parliament today found itself condemned to immediate death—not because the Government had suffered defeat in the House or sustained reverses in bye-elections, which are the customary reasons for dissolution, but because Mr. Baldwin who succeeded to the premiership on the illness of the late Mr. Bonar Law seeks a new mandate, from the country authorizing his government to resort to protective duties on manufactures as a remedy for unemployment, which is the most difficult problem facing the government to-day.

In a speech explaining his position to the House the Prime Minister said that after giving the subject much thought he became convinced that he could not undertake to remain in his present position to steer the country through the winter unless he were allowed to use an instrument which he had been precluded from using, having regard to Mr. Bonar Law's pledge.

Explaining that he wanted a mandate in time to conclude the new duties in the next budget, he declared it was necessary to have elections at the earliest possible moment. He had advised the King accordingly and he saw no reason why Parliament should not dissolve to-day. Elections will be held December 6th.

DOMINION COAL COMPANY BUSY

Coal production from mines of the Dominion Coal Company this year will show quite a substantial increase over 1922 and to date the output is within a month's tonnage of what it was for the whole of last year. For the year 1922 the total production was 2,845,000 tons and for the nine month's period of this year the output was 2,527,000 tons. The total shipments for 1922 were 2,400,000 tons and for the nine months of the present year were 2,340,000 tons.



A pure herbal emollient of great healing power in skin diseases and injuries—this is shown in a report on Zam-Buk by that eminent Doctor of Science, Mr. Wentworth Lascelles-Scott.

Zam-Buk has won world-wide repute for its reliability in troubles like eczema, poisoned wounds, ringworm, bad legs, etc., now comes Dr. Scott's evidence.

Scientific Excellence.
"My exhaustive analysis proves that Zam-Buk is possessed of anti-septic and bactericidal power which promptly alleviates skin disorders due to parasites and pathogenic organisms. Moreover its astringent and balsamic constituents render Zam-Buk an emollient of rare healing power."
"Zam-Buk's constituents are exclusively of herbal origin, it contains none of the irritating mineral drugs and animal fats commonly found in ordinary ointments."
"In my opinion Zam-Buk is well adapted for treatment of superficial injuries and prevalent skin disorders."

W. G. Lascelles-Scott
Lecturer to the London Conservatoire, Consulting Analyst to the Royal Commissions for Victoria, Fiji, the Mauritius, etc.

THE GREAT HERBAL SKIN REMEDY

MUTUAL POLICYHOLDERS

ASSESSED

Because the Fidelity Co-operative Fire Insurance Company of Allegheny county, New York, borrowed money from banks instead of assessing policyholders for loss payments and thus became badly involved financially, the New York Insurance Superintendent has levied policyholders of the concern which was placed in liquidation by order of the New York Supreme Court April 17, 1922.

A RICH FINE FLAVOR



For every baking purpose



You need have only *one* flour in your home if that flour is Quaker. Quaker is not just a bread flour—or a cake flour—or a pastry flour—it is an all-purpose flour. It will serve for *all* baking purposes, and it can be depended upon to give you the most satisfactory results *always*. Users of Quaker Flour get the largest, finest loaves of bread—the richest, flakiest pastry—the lightest, most delicious cakes.

THIS IS THE QUAKER GUARANTEE.—If Quaker Flour does not give you absolute satisfaction your dealer will refund your money.

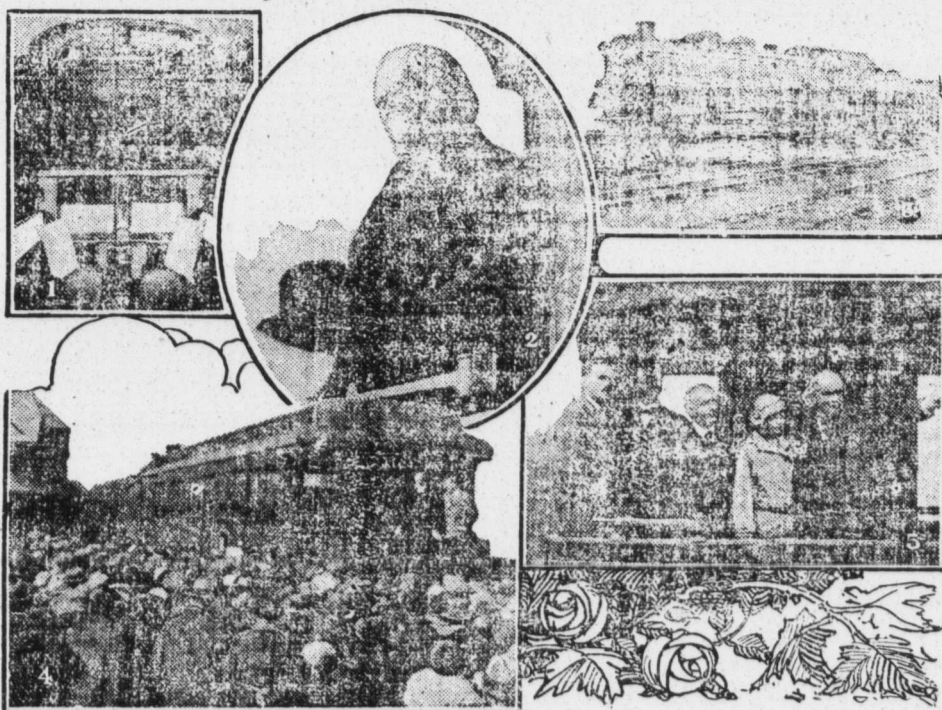
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A product of The Quaker Mills, Peterborough and Saskatoon

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Lloyd George Crosses Ontario



(2)—Right Hon. David Lloyd George as he appeared when speaking from the platform of the Canadian Pacific train.
(3)—The engine that drew Lloyd George was the last word in mechanical construction.
(4)—Mr. Lloyd George speaks to the citizens of Chippewa.
(5)—With his daughter Miss Megan, J. J. Scully, General Manager of Canadian Pacific Eastern Lines, and other members of his party, Lloyd George admires the passing scenery.

Picture a little clearing at the side of the railway track in the heart of North Ontario. All about are the hilly forests of Jack-pine, hemlock and flaming yellow poplar. A brilliant autumn sun falls on lake and forest and rocky cliff and in the centre is a little patch of cleared ground surrounding a tiny log cabin. At its door a woman and three or four sturdy children are grouped. They are listening. From behind the hills again comes the exultant whistle of a locomotive, and in a few moments the train sweeps into view. It dashes past drawn by an engine of the latest type such as engineers talk of with joy, and including six plum-colored coaches, steel built from end to end. Their varnished sides reflect the warm autumn sun. Bright brass trimmings and polished windows glisten as the train sweeps along its narrow path towards the West a thing of pride and power.

The children standing beside the log cabin are silent; each holds a tiny flag that carries to the train a message of greeting, for David Lloyd George is passing by. The little Welshman of humble origin, the war-time Prime Minister of Imperial Britain is on his way from Toronto to Winnipeg and all along the railroad the people come down to see him pass.

It was a wonderful trip. Heralded by newspaper front pages and by years of power, the man who led half a world in war, moved across Ontario through scene after scene such as this which has been sketched above.

"What a country, what a wonderful country!" It was Lloyd George who spoke. Seated in the drawing room of the private car at the end of the train he gazed over the countless lakes and endless forests that flew past. About him were one or two officials of the railway that carried him on his way, and a large number of newspaper representatives for whom accommodation was provided on the train. It was the time of the morning interview, when the press men gathered to ask him questions bearing on the news of the day which had come to the train by radio from all parts of the world, but mostly from Europe, and to every question came the Lloyd George answer, quick and to the point—no evasion, even when the question was a little personal, as now and then it might be. But the questions were mostly relevant to the great issues of the day. The twenty odd newspaper people from Great Britain, United States and Canada were the pick of "the game." They and the moving picture men, the newspaper reporters of the camera, were a "star" crowd, and millions of people had from them a daily report of what Lloyd George said, did and looked like during his flying trip over the Canadian Pacific line.

The baggage car, like all the rest, was of steel. The dining car was in command of "Jimmie" Watson, the man who looked after the Prince of Wales' menu when he made his first trip across Canada. There was an all steel standard sleeper and two of the ten-compartment cars that are becoming more and more popular as they are better known. Behind them rode Lloyd George's private car. Both American and British correspondents had seen nothing better than this train. In some respects they had not seen their equal and they were loud in their praises. When they were told it was regular equipment such as runs on the "Trans-Canada" they were all amazed. Dame Lloyd George and Miss Megan were no less appreciative than was their famous husband and father. They went through the train and examined it all, and the kitchen of the dining car was of the most especial interest to the ladies. After having seen the comfort of the compartment cars, Miss Megan appropriated one of the compartments for her own use. At the conclusion of the trip Mr. Lloyd George expressed his admiration and gratitude to the Canadian Pacific Railway for the way he and his family had been taken care of while passing over the line.

As far west as Fort William, J. C. Scully, General Manager Canadian Pacific lines, accompanied the train, while D. C. Coleman, Vice-President, Western Lines, took charge from there on. The press arrangements were taken care of by J. Harry Smith, the Company's Press Representative.