

THE UNION ADVOCATE

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NEWCASTLE, N. B. JANUARY 10, 1912

-LINES BY-

Millie M. Forsyth

-TO-

Mr. and Mrs. J. Stewart

and Family

ON THE

DEATH OF THEIR SON,

ERNEST

All on this earth do pass away—
How soon all earthly joys pass by—
The flower that is so bright to-day
Will on the morrow die.

All on this earth is but alone—
Here nothing shall outlive—
Here nothing can call our own—
No earthly joy is sure.

Here our dear friends all pass away,
To return to us no more—
While we weep over the cold clay
In grief and loss deplore.

You, too, have shed the sorrowing
Tear
For one dear unto your heart:

But death to all is drawing near,
All loving friends to part.

It was in the month of December,
On that bright and cheerful day,
That he, thy dear son,
By death was borne away.

Little did you think when you did
Rise,
When all was fair and bright,

That tears of grief would dim your
Eyes
Before the coming night.

But God, whose eye is over all,
To guard them from all ill
No evil then can befall
Without his holy will.

He sends us trials here below
To raise our thoughts above,
For us to be prepared to go
To join the friends we love.

You who are with grief oppressed,
Thus by a sudden blow
Look not on earth for joy or rest,
Dear friends you will find it so.

But look by faith to Christ alone,
The eternal Son of God;
To Him that liveth to atone,
That shed for all His blood.

He is a Saviour merciful and kind
To all with sorrows here oppressed,
It is He that can calm the troubled
Mind.

And give the weary rest,
The doubts and fears within you
Rise,
And o'er cast your mind with gloom:

And tears of sorrow dim your eyes
While weeping o'er the tomb.
But could you see beyond the skies,
That happy throne above,

No more would doubt with in you
Rise,
Or fears for him you love.

Could we but see that happy land,
The land of pure delight,
Where thousands and ten thousand
Stand,
Arrayed in robes of white!

There living flowers divinely bloom
No grief can enter there,
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
All is bright and fair.

Then day for him the falling tear,
That now at rest doth lie;
And trust to meet thy Son, so dear
In fairer worlds on high.

A YORK CO.

MYSTERY

Since one day last week a strange dog has remained continuously near a hole in the ice of the northeast branch of the Nashua stream, York Co., about two or three miles above the Estey Bridge. All efforts to get the animal to leave the place have proven fruitless, and the dog also refuses to make up with anybody or pay them any attention, and it is believed that his master, whoever he may be, has gone through the hole in the ice and lost his life. The water at the place is about four or five feet deep and the stream is swift and would quickly carry away anybody who might have gone through the ice. There is no solution of this mystery.

Christian Church
Should Help Poor.Chancellor Lloyd George Points to
Early Christianity.

Lloyd George spoke in London the other day, with the faith that is in him and in his mission, and incidentally he furnished his adversaries with a new weapon of attack. The Chancellor was addressing a church meeting in Wales.

"Poverty," he said, "is not the fault of Providence which provides in abundance. There are millions of men, women, and children in this country, the richest in the world, who through no fault of their own, grow up in life sicken in poverty, wretchedness and despair.

"You cannot deal with a problem of this magnitude, by mere spasmodic appeals to the charity of the benevolent. That is hopelessly inadequate. You might as well try to run the army and navy by voluntary subscriptions. It is the community alone that can command the resources to drain this morass of wretchedness, so as to convert it into a verdant and fertile plain. 'I don't agree with the view that the church is concerned solely with spiritual things. Those who take that view, reflect on the career of the Master. They repudiate the prospect and doctrines of the greatest disciples whose first act on founding a church was to establish a fund for the care of the poor and they were the first poor law guardians ever established.

PRESENTATION
TO REV. R. H.
STAVERT

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Dunn, Harcourt, where he had been invited to spend the evening of the 5th instant, Rev. R. H. Stavert, pastor of the Harcourt and Millbranch Presbyterian churches and well known as an indefatigable temperance worker, received a very pleasant surprise. He was presented with an address and purse of money, given by the Harcourt section of the congregation and a number of friends from the other churches.

The address was read by Mrs. S. M. Dunn, and the presentation made by Mrs. Leonard Barrett. The following is the address:

To Rev. R. H. Stavert, Harcourt:
Dear Pastor: As another landmark in life's journey has been passed and we enter upon a New Year, we the members of your church at Harcourt, desire to convey to you our appreciation of the faithful service you are rendering to God's cause in this community. We recognize the sincerity of your efforts to advance the cause of truth, purity, and temperance, and desire to give you all the encouragement we can in your work for God's cause and for our benefit. While fully conscious that any gift of ours is totally inadequate to express the feeling of our hearts towards you and your work we desire to present to you this small offering, trusting that you will receive it as a token of our love and that God's blessing will rest richly upon it and your work during the year which we have entered.

Signed on behalf of the members of the Presbyterian church of Harcourt: Mrs. E. A. Keswick, Mrs. S. M. Dunn, John Beattie, Silas Smith, and J. G. Cameron.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

To Enjoy Life

you need a healthy stomach, active liver, kidneys and bowels. These organs—and the nerves and the blood—are better, do better, when helped by

BEECHAM'S
PILLS

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25c.

One of the Most Interesting
Institutions in the Dominion.

The place where money is made or what is perhaps more accurate where it is created has always appeared as most seemingly mysterious things do to the general reader. In Canada the Mint is located in Ottawa. Here are made our gold and silver coins—the real money of the country. The paper medium of exchange is in the hands of the engraving firms and one does not see any trace of it in the Sussex Street establishment.

The Mint is open to visitors after certain formalities have been complied with. The case of those who with every thing connected with the institution is purely honorary. Unless the workman arrives exactly on time he finds himself locked out. It is necessary for him to telephone in and get a written order, before he is allowed to enter. Prior to the workman beginning his day he must change his clothes, put them in a locker which is locked and don special garments supplied by the Mint. The employees are not permitted to leave for dinner, therefore each department has a kitchen of its own, which supplies the midday meal to the staff. The metal to be used for the day's work is weighed out in the morning and no employee of the Mint is allowed to leave the building until the weight of the coins made and the material left over tally exactly with the weight of gold and silver handed out in the morning. Aside from all this, each member of the staff is locked in his or her department and is not permitted, even in case of illness to leave without a written permit. Thus, in the Mint chances for dishonesty are reduced to a minimum.

The concluding process of weighing and automatically packing the coins into packages requires the most finely adjusted machinery of all. In this department is a scale so delicate that it had to be mounted on a concrete pier, sunk in the ground down to bedrock.

This machine automatically weighs the coins, throwing them into three different compartments, to the credit of the perfect ones; those under of overweight are deflected to the other two.

A Rising Financier.
The old man was perched upon a high stool, figuring up the day's sales of dry goods, groceries and hardware, when his son came in with a rush.

"Say, pop," exclaimed the young man, "if I can buy a 1900 horse for \$150 will you make a chattel mortgage on him and help me out with the cash?"

"What kind of a boss, my son?" enquired the father cautiously.

"Bay, but years ago, fifteen hands high, weighs a thousand pounds, and sound in wind, limb and bottom."

"That sounds good to me, my son, and I want to do all I can to help you along in the world," he reached down into the safe for his roll. "How much do you want?"

"A hundred and forty-nine fifty."

The old man gasped and caught hold of the desk.

"What?" he exclaimed.

"A hundred and forty-nine, fifty. I've got half a dollar."

Slowly the old man shoved the roll back into the safe.

"My son," he said softly, "you are wasting time trading horses. What you ought to do is to go into the loan and trust business."

Cranks and Climate.

Under the title, "An Englishman in America," a writer in the New Age has been writing about things American. His point of view is not always accurate, but he says some interesting things. Among others, in a recent article on New Thought in America, he condemns many of their "isms," attributing them to "superficial thinking." He says:

There are more "cranks" in America than there are in the whole of Europe combined. This is not my opinion; it is a simple fact of arithmetic known to all visitors to America who have given this interesting question any serious consideration. America is the land of the cycle and the sentimental, the materialist and the metaphysical, the philosopher and the mystic. There are more "isms" here in society than in the climate. I am convinced that the climate has much to do with all these various forms of strange and impossible "isms."

The atmosphere being highly electric, imaginative ideas become overcharged with thought and an outlet is needed. Mere impressions and whims are mistaken for truth, and the victim begins to write or preach, to form some small groups and then societies.

CHATHAM DEFEATS SCOTCH CURRLERS

Chatham curlers Saturday afternoon met the Scotchmen and defeated them in both rinks. Howard McKendry's rink won out 11 to 6, and J. R. McKnight's 14 to 10.

Hewson's
Pure Wool
Unshrinkable
Underwear

THE CARICATURE

Its Influence on the Public Mind

A correspondent makes a timely suggestion as to the influence of caricature in turning boys from sea farm. It cannot be questioned that false representations of our faces have an effect on the public mind. People accept the distorted personality in order to enjoy the joke. Those who create caricatures and make jokes have consequently a wide influence. If we leave out the important element of truth they spread abroad in a serious world they give false views of classes of people and of institutions. The farmer, the Irishman, the Dutchman, the Jew, the mother-in-law, the old maid, the suffragette, the small boy, all have afforded and still afford themes for the caricaturist and the joke-maker. These draw false pictures to excite mirth, and the more clever their work the more lasting are its impressions. The farmer of the melon-cropper, the Dutchman of the milk-can, the Jew of the money-bag, the mother-in-law of the old maid, the suffragette of the vote, and the small boy of the top, are all caricatures. There is no farming type, and just as much individuality and diversity among farmers as among any other class. The various, the grades, the accomplishments, and the mental attainments are quite as prominent among the rural as among the urban population.

The stage Irishman and the stage Dutchman are equally mischievous, but people accept them for the jokes that can be made of their appearance. They are raw material for the caricaturist and the joke-maker. When a joke with the influence of a caricature comes forth it is distorted by many professional and applied to each and every class with which the humorist comes in contact. The Jew is now a favorite target for jokes, and he is quite as fair a target as any of the other classes. The character attributed to him is entirely mischievous. While most Jews have been commended for their honesty, they are also freely characterized as greedy, and devoted to same enjoyment of all the healthy pleasures of life. The mother-in-law of the old maid, and the suffragette of the vote, have no existence. They are a very imaginary creation accepted for the amusement of the public. The caricature of a man must be so shaped as to be a caricature, but not a caricature of a caricature. It is a caricature of a man, not a caricature of a caricature.

TRAINING THE CHILD

Let The Punishment Fit the Crime.
I have had a large and varied experience in dealing with children, both as a teacher and as a mother. Two rules which I have followed closely have been of inestimable value to me. The first, some advice given to me by an old grandfather who had been a teacher in the early part of the nineteenth century, was this: "Be very careful what you say to a child, for he will be sure to do it." The second rule was: "Be sure that your words are always true."

Secondly, this rule has always been my guide: "Let the punishment fit the crime." A punishment a child receives that he deserves and feels as a direct consequence of his action is always more effective than any other. It is an injustice to him, vice versa, the same system should be carried out in regard to rewards for good conduct. If he is angry let him say by himself until he is in a proper state of mind to associate with other people. If his behaviour away from home has not been satisfactory, debar him from going anywhere "until he is sure that he can be a little gentleman of whom his mother may be proud." On the other hand, if his manners are pleasing allow him some special privilege, "because you were so proud of him the last time he accompanied you."

A child thus dealt with comes to appreciate the fairness of those who control him and realizes that he himself is responsible for the privileges granted or denied him.

Catching Monkeys

In the Philippine Islands, the natives catch monkeys in a curious way. The monkeys are fond of the meat of coconuts, which grow as plentifully there as apples do in our country. They are lazy, though, about gnawing through the outer bark, and will only do so when exceedingly hungry. The natives take advantage of their greed and indolence by cutting a small opening through the shell, just large enough for Mr. Monkey's long, thin hand to penetrate. When he once gets inside, he gets his hands full of delicious, dainty meat, and his hand is naturally wider in this act than when it entered. Finding his hand will not come out, the monkey chatters and scolds, plainly showing his indignation at the way he has been trapped, but never thinks of loosening his hold on the coconut and withdrawing his hand as easily as he puts it in. There he stands, an angry monkey, until the man who set the coconut trap comes and takes him captive.

Satisfaction

Once while stopping at a country inn, Stephen Incedon, an eminent English tenor of other days, quarrelled during the evening with an army officer. He imagined he had closed the controversy by going off to bed, but the officer, left down to bed, brood over his wrongs, thought otherwise. Making his way to Incedon's bedroom, he found the singer fast asleep. Waking him, the officer demanded satisfaction. "Satisfaction?" murmured Incedon, sleepily. "Well, you shall have it." Whereupon he sat up in bed and sang "Black-Eyed Susan" in his best style. "There," he said, lying down again, "my singing of that song has given satisfaction to thousands, and it will have to satisfy you!" And he turned over and went to sleep again.

Man Is Safe Nowhere.

A girl married the man she met in a graveyard.

CHAPPED
HANDS
& COLD SORES

One thorough application of
Zam-Buk at night will bring ease
by morning. Zam-Buk stops the
smarting, heals the cracks, and
makes the hands smooth.

PROOF—Miss Hattie Bertrand, Galesburg, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with chapped hands and arms and nothing ever seemed to heal them thoroughly until we found Zam-Buk. It has cured them. My father has also used it for several skin troubles and injuries, and thinks there is nothing like Zam-Buk."

Mothers should see that their children use Zam-Buk daily, as there is nothing like prevention. A little Zam-Buk lightly smeared over the hands and wrists, after washing, will prevent chaps and cold sores.

Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for skin diseases, eczema, itch, ringworm, blood-poisoning, piles, and for cuts, burns and bruises. See box at all stores and druggists, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful substitutes and imitations.

ZAM-BAK
EVERY HOME NEEDS IT.

The warmest friends of Red Rose Tea are those who have tried some other brand said to be "as good as Red Rose" and for which they paid the same price. Very easy to say a thing is "as good" but not so easy to "make good."

**RED ROSE
TEA** "is good tea"

Prices: 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c. and 60c.

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LAXATIVES**

a new evacuant pleasant to take, mild and painless.
Increasing doses never needed. 25c. a box at all druggists.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited

We Make Them Differently

You see no hackneyed styles—
or last year's patterns—in
"Progress Brand" Clothing.

The little niceties of fashion—the exclusive effects—that make "Progress Brand" conspicuous—were never seen in a garment before.

Some styles are so absolutely
unique that we have been able
to patent them.

You can always tell these
"different" clothes by this
trademark—



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