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And it makes lighter, flakier Pie Crusts, Tarts, Doughnuts and Cookies than you ever got with Western Spring Wheat Flour.

"Beaver" Flour is milled of bleached wheat. It contains Ontario Fall Wheat (famous for pastry making) blended with Western Spring Wheat to add strength.

You save shortening—and you get a flour that is flour, the same in quality and strength—when you use "Beaver" Flour, the only kind of flour that is equally good for Bread and Pastry.

DEALERS—write for prices on Feed, Coarse Grain and Cereals. THE T. H. TAYLOR CO. LIMITED, CHATHAM, Ont.

Canada Food Board, Flour Mill License No. 107

NEWCASTLE LUMBER OUTPUT SOON RESTORED TO FORMER MAGNITUDE

New Mill Being Erected by James Robinson Nearing Completion — Other News of the North Shore Town.

Newcastle, Jan. 4.—Newcastle lumber output will next year be restored to its former magnitude, before the mill of W. A. Hickson & Co. ceased work, James Robinson, one of the latter company, is building a new mill on his own account, immediately above the Morrissey bridge, directly opposite the new Fraser mill. At this he will do the business he has recently been doing at his Barthelemy mill. This new mill, which is rapidly nearing completion and will be ready by spring is about 225 feet long and 45 wide, will be equipped after the latest model and will saw over 60,000 feet a day.

The department of Manager D. A. Jackson and Chief Constable Lieut. C. Godwin, of the Newcastle Wireless station, was made the occasion of a very happy event. Their many friends, Dr. F. C. McNeill, M.L.A., speaker, presented them with an address and a club bag each. Mr. Jackson left to spend New Year's at Montreal and Lieut. Godwin went to Ottawa for

New Year's and will then proceed to Newfoundland.

A memorial service in honor of Pte. George Johnston, William Mather and William Russell was held in St. Mark's Church, Douglastown, Sunday evening, Rev. Alex. Firth conducting the very impressive services. St. Andrew's S. S. held a very successful Xmas entertainment. New Year's Eve the Rev. W. J. Bate, president; Miss Dorothy Nicholson recited, and every child received a treat.

Ex-Lt. John Kingston is convalescent from influenza and Ald. W. J. Durick is improving.

One death by influenza has occurred in town since November, that of Miss Mary Ann Peters, daughter of Mrs. Katie Peters, of Roseraville, here yesterday. The remains were taken to Roseraville to-day.

Newcastle schools will re-open at the first of next week.

At his regular meeting on Sunday, Douglastown Division No. 6, A.O.H., sent a feeling resolution of condolence to Francis Taylor on the recent death of his children.

Principal Randall MacLean leaves this morning to resume his teaching duties at Bath, Carleton.

Miss Lillian Fitzpatrick, of Nelson, is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. A. Moore of Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Connolly are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl on the last day of the year.

THE MIRACLE MAN FROM NEW BRUNSWICK

(By H. P. Gadbury in Toronto Saturday Night.)

A Peer of the Realm, Cabinet Minister of England, a multi-millionaire, at the age of thirty-nine—such is the career of William Maxwell Aitken, Baron Beaverbrook, the Miracle Man of this little story.

The miracle is all the greater when we remember that this friend of Prime Ministers, this maker of Cabinets, this former of coalitions was a "colonial" until seven years ago, when he left Montreal for the fields of Lombard Street, London, E.C. It is true that he took with him to England that great instrument of success, money, but it is more than money to explain all that happened to young Lochlavar and his associates between 1911 and 1915.

At various times our Canadian friends have undertaken to conquer English politics and have made a good list of it, but it is not as if they had taken the Hon. Joseph Martin, we recall, tackled it from the Radical Labor side, bored in from a little while, couldn't learn to drop his sitches, and shook the dust of St. Pancras off his feet in disgust.

Sir Hamar Greenwood went at it from the cold-water angle, formed a "Cocoon" connection which stood him in good stead, graduated as an Asquith Liberal and landed on account of his Ontario accent. Sir Gilbert Parker, who approached the problem from the Purple Tory side, spent most of his years of discretion acquiring an Oxford manner which rubbed off in spots more than long ago he withdrew from politics to devote, as he said, his energies to literature—such being his name for the mush he ladies out—but really to nurse his anger against that young cub Max Aitken for getting along so damned fast.

Other Canadians have spent their lives getting a toehold in English politics, but none of them except Max Aitken has succeeded in becoming a lord, a cabinet minister and a Warwick under the rose in seven years. This is the miracle. How did he do it?

How did he win, complete and consolidate his victory in that short space of time? This blithe young filibuster has penetrated right to the inner circle while others, who had fought harder and longer, are still hammering at the gates.

Oh, some people will say, Aitken had money. Well, so had Joe Martin—so had Sir Gilbert Parker—in this case, money was not the answer. It was the Arch-Mergerer who has his foot on the solid earth, stabilizes his position by means of the London "Times" and trades a by-slight Ministry of Information for the substantial portfolio of Colonial Secretary or something like that.

The Baron's second useful gift is his New-Brunswick origin. Bonar Law is Scotch and he comes from Scotland and he comes from New Brunswick. Bonar Law is a business man in a big way. Max Aitken is a business man in a big way. They both came from New Brunswick because New Brunswick is a good place to come from when you want more money than a feather flock together—particularly do they flock when they are in a far country and there is a hen on it.

That is just what Max Aitken does. He takes it right along without changing to the high gear, putting on slick chains, or playing tricks with the cut-off. Some of our returned officers have brought back an English accent but it doesn't work well—there is something wrong with the voice, loud, full, round and melodic. English is the real Rolls-Royce and it runs sweet under all conditions.

This brings me naturally to that third and greatest gift of Max Aitken—his nonchalant disposition. This nonchalant disposition of his is a strictly Canadian heritage—it is not English. It is a heritage of the language of pure English and his disposition pure Canadian, there is hardly anything London won't do for him. It is another gift, it is straight from Whitehall, as the colored lady said, "Ah do love a man who bends me."

That is just what Max Aitken does. He bumps their heads together—but he does it in their own language and they forget the assault on their returned feelings. In short they overlook the fact that the box on the car is straight from New Brunswick, because the voice, loud, full, round and melodic, is straight from Whitehall, as the colored lady said, "Ah do love a man who bends me."

Baron Beaverbrook hates being my lorded. He is a baron in self-defence, but otherwise he is the same old Max Aitken and a staunch Canadian. He thinks sure of being a Canadian that he does of being a peer. He gives himself a Canadian atmosphere whenever he is in a foreign office, and he gets Canadians from the War Office from Argyle House, from anywhere and everywhere, and brings them over

to Howard House on the Strand where it is Canada-Uber Allen because Max Aitken does the choosing. Almost any time during the war, if a Canadian wanted to feel at home it was not the High Commissioner's Office in Victoria Street that he visited, but the Ministry of Information in Norfolk Street, where the latch string was always out for the home folks. Everybody at Howard House lived up to that simple, hearty standard, called their chief "Max", and got along together like a dozen of eggs. His Lordship was there to be spoken of in the third person by the servants, but it was Max Aitken that was at home to his friends. The Baron has a great head for business—size eight—but this is nature, not pride.

Spite of his nature and the deep blue sea, Max Aitken's heart, untravelled turns fondly to the home town at Newcastle, N.B. So much so that when the thirty Canadian job printers who took a joy ride at the Ministry of Information's expense, omitted the name of Editor Stewart, of Chatham, N. B., in their check, the Minister of Information cabled special instructions that his old friend must be included. Editor Stewart, who is not a day away from seventy-five, at the time of his life. He took an air flight at Vimy, was shelled by the Huns at Lens, slept all night in a dugout at Ypres, and by special intercession of Baron Beaverbrook, appeared before His Majesty at Buckingham Palace in the democratic pair of white canvas shoes that he had worn all through the trip. Editor Stewart's shoes and Mr. Bert Wood's written regrets—sent to an enquiry at the last moment—that he would be disappointed, His Majesty as he had a business meeting to attend, were the outstanding features of this historic audience.

The Ministry of Information has to do with facilities and propaganda. The facilities are railways and steamship tickets, automobiles, conducting officers, free meals, theatre tickets, and many other matters which would otherwise cost a great deal of money. The propaganda is what the editors are supposed to give in return after they get back home. The job printers certainly are grand times—thirty at the front and rear—banquets, theatre parties—an audience with the King—a peek at Poch—a speech from Clemenceau. Yes, Max Aitken made the Tiger purr, just as he made the British Lion jump through a hoop.

It is not only good to show what Max can do with French figures and British Lions, but also what he is prepared to do when he has Canadians to advise. After the war was all over the job printers went home and wrote never a line about it—because writing was not their business—but oh the good feeling that alone was worth the money. However, Max was heard to mutter that the next time he would pick his own crowd.

One afternoon he was lucky enough to smoke my cigar in the Baron's office—while Propaganda—with a big did a parade before the Minister of Information. There are two kinds of Propaganda—the kind visiting journalists include after they have been properly inducted with the "Times" and the kind one's own writers distill for consumption at home and abroad.

Propaganda, as I saw it that afternoon, took in the four quarters of the earth, all classes of society, all foreheads from low to English Pointed, all means from cinemas to airplanes, and all vehicles of expression from bald fact to lofty poetry. Incidentally there were "Human Interest" stories in the London newspapers—tasty little things in the Pumpkin Pie Style, which were supposed to make the Americans feel at home. We were given dropping psychology on the Germans—a delicate choice—between pamphlets and bombs. As far as the "Times" are concerned, the seed was being scattered—mostly by directors in Baron Beaverbrook's commercial companies, who must know what the market needs if anyone does.

Apparently, the whole intellect of England is in the Propaganda payroll. All except Sir Gilbert Parker, who mutters that it will be a cold day for Pierre and His People when he works for Beaverbrook. Dog in the manger, isn't it? Especially when H. G. Wells and Sir James Barrie behave so splendidly. They don't expect report to Lord Beaverbrook—this superlatum pair—but they telephone in—and Beaverbrook calls on "Herb" and the other "Jim" and shows in a general way that he is as close to literature as a politician can get.

In the course of an hour Sir Henry Newbold, the Oxford poet, drops in. No doubt he is a great light to the masses, but at the moment he is concerned with an appropriation of three thousand pounds sterling, which the Royal Society of Art and Literature is not getting. He feels somehow that the classes—the influential, thinking classes—should not be overlooked. He is of the opinion that the appropriation will be restricted and Sir Henry howls himself out. When the door closes behind him Lord Beaverbrook does himself the pleasure of winking. It is a good Canadian wink, and I understand it without half trying.

After Sir Henry comes Sir Sidney Love, the distinguished Shakespearean critic, who it seems is bringing his great critical faculty to bear on the German character. Sir Sidney is nervous. Perhaps he smells trouble. His Propaganda is good enough and so are his intentions, but he loses his job three days later because he was born in Germany.

Arnold Bennett filters in. "Can you lunch with me tomorrow, Arnold, say at one o'clock?" "Sorry Max, but I have a previous engagement." "Spoiled society darling—one never can get you. How are you feeling, old top?" "Guilty, I've got a headache in my stomach." Evidently Mr. Bennett is a deep thinker.

Mr. John Buchan, author of Nelson's History of the War, also pays his respects to his chief. "How are you getting along John?" "Oh, fine." "Let me introduce you, Gadbury—of course you know who Buchan is?" "Oh quite well—you wrote 'Thirty-Nine Steps' and the 'Green Mantle'." "Yes,"—this from Mr. Buchan—"For my sins I did."

And so the lights come and go. Meanwhile the telephone is busy. "Yes, David—I'll see you tomorrow, three o'clock." This is the short way with statements. Our white-haired boy from Newcastle, N. B., is calling the Prime Minister of England by his first name!

After that shock I am not sure

A Questionnaire

1. Is it from a doctor's prescription, for his patients?
2. Is it prepared for internal as well as external use?
3. Has it a longer record of success than any other?
4. Is it richer than others in soothing, healing elements?
5. Is the price the same as I pay for inferior articles?

There is only one Liniment you can refer to which will permit your dealer to honestly answer **yes** to every one of the above questions and that is the century old and ever reliable family friend and favorite

Johnson's ANODYNE Liniment

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Grippe, Cramps, Chills, Sprains, Strains, Muscular Rheumatism, and every other household ill.

METHODIST XMAS TREE ENTERTAINMENT AT NEWCASTLE

Newcastle, Jan. 1.—A very interesting program was given at the Methodist Sunday School Xmas tree entertainment last night as follows:

Solo—Holly Night—Miss Florence Price.
Reading—Margaret Clarke.
Reading—Mrs. R. W. Crocker.
Chorus—There's a Star in the Sky.
Reading—H. D. Atkinson.
Reading—Rev. F. T. Bertram.
Duet—Jessa Mason and Myrtle Delano.

DeLano Solo—Miss Edith McLean Solo—Myrtle Delano Reading—Hammond Atkinson Story—Miss Edith Clarke Duet—Jessa Mason and Myrtle Delano Solo—Clara

Dr. H. Sprout is spending New Year's with his aged mother at Sussex.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Russell are ill. George Stables and daughter, Miss Helen, left yesterday to spend the winter in the south. En route they will visit the former's daughter, Mrs. Delmore at Fredericton.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS	
Capital Authorized	\$ 25,000,000
Capital Paid-up	12,911,700
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits	14,564,000
Total Assets	335,000,000

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL
340 Branches in Canada and Newfoundland
37 Branches in the West Indies
LONDON, ENGLAND: NEW YORK CITY: Bank Bldg., Princess St. E. C. Cor. William and Cedar Sts.
BUSINESS ACCOUNTS CARRIED UPON FAVORABLE TERMS
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES
SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES
In the Bank's Steel Lined Vault, rented at from \$5.00 per annum upwards. These boxes are most convenient and necessary for all possible valuable papers such as Wills, Mortgages, Insurance Policies, Bonds, Stock Certificates, etc.
Newcastle, N. B., Branch — E. A. McCurdy, Manager

XMAS. TRADE -- STORES

Have you got a good supply of Wrapping Paper, Twines, Stationery, Etc.
The trouble is to get supplies at any price and shipments are likely to be delayed in transit.

MILL SUPPLIES

Have you got your roofs made weatherproof by treating with Stormtight? and your Furnace linings and Stoves lined with PLIBRICO. LIGNOPHOL will prevent Wooden Floors from splintering, breaking up and dry rotting.

BEVERIDGE PAPER CO., LTD.

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Barrister-at-Law, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Etc. OVER BENSON'S BOOKSTORE, WATER ST., CHATHAM, N. B.

Chas. Sargeant First Class Livery Horses for Sale at all times. Public Wharf Phone 61

W. J. DUNN HAWKMAN Back 66 and from all trains and boats. Parties driven anywhere in town. Drags left at Hotel Miramichi will be attended to.

WOOD FOR SALE A. E. QUARTERMAN

Charlotte, N.C. Jan. 6.—Fred Atkinson, New York National League pitcher, announced here to-day that he would quit baseball permanently to practice dentistry.

Press Advertising Sold Victory Bonds

BEFORE the war, bond buyers were "marked men." In number they were 40,000 in March, 1917—this is shown by the number of purchasers of the Government War Loan of that date. But in the autumn of the same year, their number increased twenty times—in \$20,000! This was the number purchasing the Victory Loan, 1917. In November, 1918, over 1,000,000 persons purchased the Victory Loan, 1918!

These wonderful results were accomplished by Press Advertising.

Before the war one-half of one per cent. of our people bought bonds. Now twelve and one-half per cent. of our people are bond buyers!

Before the stupendous amount of \$676,000,000 worth of bonds could be sold to our Canadian people in three weeks a most thorough and extensive campaign of education was necessary, and this campaign was carried through by advertising in the public press. The power of the printed word never had a more convincing demonstration.

By means of the printed word, through the medium of advertisements in the press of our country, the Canadian people were made to know what bonds are, the nature of their security, their attractiveness as an investment, and why the Government had to sell bonds.

Every point and feature of Victory Bonds was illustrated and described before and during the campaign—in advertisements. No argument was overlooked. No selling point was neglected.

The result is that Canadians today are a nation of bondholders.

They know what a convenient, safe and profitable form of investment bonds are. Instead of one man in two hundred owning bonds, now one Canadian in eight—men, women and children—owns a Government Security.

This complete transformation in the national mind and habits was brought about by advertising in the press of the nation. Press advertising has justified itself as the surest and speediest method by which a man's reason can be influenced and directed.

The Minister of Finance acknowledges this. His own words are:

"The wonderful success of the Loan was due in large measure to their (the press of Canada) splendid and untiring efforts during the whole of the campaign."

Mr. R. E. Wood, Chairman of the Dominion Executive Committee having oversight of the campaign to raise Victory Loan, 1918, said: "The press publicity campaign will rank as one of the most remarkable and efficient publicity campaigns ever undertaken in any country." and Mr. J. H. Gundy, Vice-Chairman of the same committee said: "I have been telling bonds for a long time, but I never found it so easy to sell them as this time. The reason is the splendid work the press has done. I take off my hat to the press of Canada."

The success of the Victory Loan, 1918, and the knowledge which Canadians now possess of bonds are a straight challenge to the man who doubts the power of the printed word, in the form of advertisements, to sell goods—and this applies not to bonds alone, but to the goods you are interested in selling.