

THE UNION ADVOCATE

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R. A. N. JARVIS,
Manager.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 13th, 1918

FARM LABORERS EXCURSIONS

The Provincial Government have been asked to make representations to the Dominion Government and Railway Authorities against Farm Laborers' excursion to Western Canada and will likely act on the matter.

The farm laborers' excursion have been a matter of such contention in recent years and although all were willing to admit that the provinces by the sea were being discriminated against in the matter of action has ever been taken by the Government to prevent them, and yearly hundreds of our young men have been going to Western Canada just at the season of the year they are most needed in the East.

This year, with the extra large increases of acreage under cultivation, all the male help that is available is needed upon New Brunswick Farms and then there will not be sufficient to properly handle the produce in their season, and female labor will play a large part in the harvesting, while in Western Canada, according to an Alberta paper, "There are hundreds of farmers looking for work." Perhaps Farm Laborer Excursion from Western Canada to the Maritime Provinces would be in order this year instead of the reverse and any action the local government will take to prevent such Excursions to the West will meet with the hearty commendation of the public in general.

THE BRITISH MAIL

A heavy British Mail has been held up for days at the post office; even in this one city thousands wait anxiously for their "letter from home." For no matter whether born there or not, the little isles across the sea are yet the homeland of the race. Far flung, indeed, are the paths of the British Mail. Let us try and picture some of them.

In a lonely post a fur-trader watches with straining eye across the frozen lane, for a sight of a distant speck which should at length resolve itself into the train of husky dogs bringing the semi-annual packet—the mail that contains the latest news, now nearly six months old, but welcome, Oh, how welcome, of the doings of the folk beyond the seas. Day after day he has looked in vain, for the weather has been bad, and the packet is late by a full week. But this short winter afternoon shows to the keen glance of the vigilant watcher a something moving slowly and dimly through the heavy frost fog, which he knows can be nothing but the long expected train.

Far into the night, by the light of a wick fed by seal-oil, the factor reads and re-reads his letters. Perhaps, with a happy smile; and, perhaps, the pages are wet with the salt tears of a strong man crushed to the very earth.

Again the scene shifts: a planter lolls in his bamboo chair looking, from his hill-side bungalow, upon one of the fairest scenes the tropics can show. The hot season is at its height. By day the sun shines from a copper sky, and the very earth seems to pant and gasp, and worse are nights, with their sickly, damp breath. But this is English mail day, so life, after all, is not without its compensation. The crop has been rotten, the price on the London market was never so low—but there will certainly be a letter from the girl who is to come out next cool season to share the bungalow, and reign as queen of a district where she will be the only white woman, so being the best!

Up the zig-zag path, tolls the trusty post-coach, and in the little tin box which he carries with so straight a back, is the one letter that will transform, for a time at least, this blazing hell into a charmed land. The English mail has arrived.

All the wide world over men, ay, and women, too, date things from "mail day." In the scattered garisons where the Empire's drum-beat proclaims the presence of law, order and justice to all men, Tommy Atkins and his officers live with one eye on the signal staff which will give them the first news of the sighting of the mail steamer. Cruisers of detached stations, in a commission that has seemed endless, await with feverish impatience the ship that shall bring them the order which will cause the long homeward bound pendant to be broken out, and the band to play "Home, Sweet Home," as the cable comes rattling through the hawse pipes.

The Up-Country sheep run, the Rhodesian gold mine the trader's store in the fever-laden jungle or Nigeria, each feels a thrill, and and awakes to a new life when the English Mail comes in.

But, perhaps, now it is in just such cities as Winnipeg the British Mail means more than anything else to thousands. Lying in the post-office, part of a vast collection, are letters written by hands that never more will hold a pen. They lie in shallow graves, over which, though not yet, the poppies shall blow, and which will be the shrine of many a pilgrimage, from overseas in the long years to come. Other envelopes, started on their mission, from cool, silent hospitals, where science and devotion struggle to hold back the life in the shattered shells of what were forms of youth, splendid manhood. How welcome these would be to many a modest Winnipeg home; but, for the present, they must remain unsorted, because someone or some men, has or have blundered. Under certain circumstances, a blunder is worse than a crime, and it may be that it will be generally acknowledged that this is one of those cases.

Where floats the flag there goes the mail; and what says Kipling on this subject:

"What is the Flag of England?
"Ye have but my reefs to dare;
"Ye have but my sands to traverse;
"Go forth, for it is there."

—Winnipeg Free Press.

SUNNY CORNER

Sunny Corner, Aug. 12—Miss Clara Murray, Chatham is spending a part of her holidays with her cousins the Misses McKonzie's. Mrs. Kiah Copp, Trout Brook, was the guest of her mother last week. Pte's Tom Nolan, Albert Stewart and Everett Nowlan are home on leave of absence from Camp Sussex. Mr and Mrs Robert Mullin are being congratulated on the arrival of a new baby boy.

Mrs Belle McTavish was a visitor here last week. Sympathy is extended to Mr and Mrs Hiram Matchett in the loss of their beloved son, Pte Cortney Matchett who was shell gassed the 26th of July and died a few days later away across in Sunny France. Pte. Matchett enlisted in the 132nd Battalion, crossed the ocean and died at Wiley Camp until his opportunity came to fall in line over there where he nobly performed his duty until he was called home to be rewarded, he was a member of the Presbyterian church and a general favorite every where.

So noble, brave, our laddie was. He gave up all to fight. His spirit is with God.

Although he sleep in France tonight. Where poppies blow in silent delight. Where little birds sing. To mother's boys who went to fight. For God and for the King.

MICHAEL BROWN

The death of Michael Brown took place at Douglastown on Sunday afternoon. Deceased conducted a restaurant in Chatham a few years ago, and had been recently a member of the Canadian Garrison at Halifax. The funeral was held this morning and was of a military character.

AUGUST CLEAN UP

*Another week of Vigorous Selling
Will Bring The Ending to This
Most Remarkable Bargain Event*

One more week of unequalled bargain opportunity--one more week left to supply a host of needs at a saving on usual costs that will most surely be impossible to obtain next season. With your assistance we will then have cleared the decks to a degree that will make simple our preparations for the rapidly approaching new season.

During this final week, saving surprises will be abundant throughout the store. Don't only plan to buy one or two articles, but look around and find how many things you need that are decisively reduced in price. The more you buy the greater will be the total of your profit. After next week will be too late.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 20th September, 1918 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 6 times per week on the Newcastle Rural Route No. 1 commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General. Printed notices containing full information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Newcastle and Redbank and at the office of the Post Office Inspector. H. W. WOODS, Post Office Inspector's Office, St. John, N. B. August 5th 1918.



Advance Fall Styles

You can see a few of the new Fall Lines by calling at
MACMILLAN SHOE STORE

High Cut Boots in Colors and Combinations, also in Black

We are also able to show you the **New Oxford** which is so popular this season, in Patent Leather and soft Vici Kid.

Give Us a Call before deciding on your New Fall Boots

MACMILLAN SHOE STORE

Teacher Wanted

Second class female teacher to teach in Halcumb School, District No. 8 Parish of South Esk, County of Northumberland. Apply stating salary to
31-32nd FRED W. CHAMBERS.

LOST

Between Maloney's Mill and Newcastle, a pocket-book containing a sum of money, Registration card, and military papers, finder will be rewarded by leaving same at this office

Teacher Wanted

A second class female teacher for school District No. 11 Parish of South Esk. Apply stating salary to
FRED W. HAMILTON,
32-0 Sec'y to Trustees

Teacher Wanted

A second class female teacher for district No. 2 1/2 Blisfield. Apply stating salary to
RONALD HURLEY,
33-0 Sec'y Trustees Blisfield, N. B.

SPECIAL SALE OF Men's High Grade Work Boots

This is your opportunity to get a pair of first class Boots at a bargain price, while the lot of about 100 pairs last, they are good looking and good fitting boots and the price on all footwear is going to be higher, so stock up now.

G. M. LAKE, - - Newcastle, N. B.
THE HARNESS AND SHOE-PACK MAN

The Green Tag Shoe Sale at Amy's

IS GOING ON IN FULL SWING

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