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TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1919

Conservatives To
Be Consulted

Ottawa, June 27.—Hon. Robert Rogers, former Minister of Public Works, in an interview here today commented on the movement to organize a unionist party, which was given a start at the government caucus yesterday, by the adoption of a resolution declaring the feelings of loyal and faithful Conservatives everywhere when he stated that from this time forward no decision for representation in any constituency of Canada will be reached, until the organized forces of the Conservative party have been heard and felt.

Mr. Rogers further declared that the main proposition upon which the Unionist government depended for its existence were the mistakes made by the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier in connection with the war. These conditions have now been removed.

HAZELTON

Hazleton, June 29.—The weather has been very warm for the last few days.

Mr. Davey Ward has purchased two fancy drivers and a new wagon.

Mrs. Elven Holmes was calling on Mrs. Archie L. McDonald one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Aulin are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby girl.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Hiram Storey is gone to the Victoria Hospital with blood poison in his face.

Mr. Archie L. McDonald was calling on Mr. William Allison one night last week.

We are sorry to hear Mrs. Allison is ill.

Miss Minnie Ward was visiting Mrs. Archie L. McDonald on Saturday.

Mr. Davey Ward was visiting Mrs. Jane Brown Carroll's Crossing Sunday.

Mrs. William Johnston was calling on Mrs. William Allison one day last week.

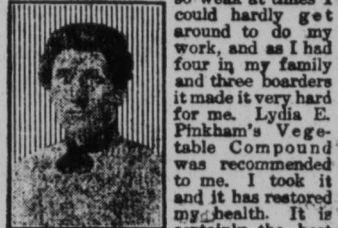
Mrs. Hiram Bartlett was calling on Mrs. Hiram Storey one day last week.

Mrs. Rogers is in the woods cooking for Allen Storey.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Fred Carr is ill.

"BEST MEDICINE
FOR WOMEN"What Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound Did
For Ohio Women.

Portsmouth, Ohio.—"I suffered from irregularities, pains in my side and was so weak at times I could hardly get around to do my work, and as I had four in my family and three boarders it made it very hard for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. I took it and it has restored my health. It is certainly the best medicine for women's ailments I ever saw."—Mrs. SARA SHAW, R. No. 1, Portsmouth, Ohio.



Mrs. Shaw proved the merit of this medicine and wrote this letter in order that other suffering women may find relief as she did.

Women who are suffering as she was should not drag along from day to day without giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice in regard to such ailments write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its forty years experience is at your service.

Road Tax Blank Forms
Poor and County Tax
for sale at
Advocate Office.

Starting Something
in Pelton

By JANE OSBORN

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"You see, Mr. Pell, I'm trying to start something in Pelton," was the way Lucy Brown, reporter, "Sentinel" writer and second mate of the Pelton Sentinel, explained her call at the old Pell homestead. "The idea is to send copies of the home-town papers to the boys at the front and there are some hundreds of our town boys who will be getting the Sentinel. Now, you know how it's been with Pelton, in fact, there's never anything doing, and the boys over there don't want to read just a rehash of the news from the front that was stale to them a month before. They want local news. They want to know what's going on in Pelton."

"But nothing is ever going on in Pelton," said Mr. Francis Pell indignantly. "It's a conservative little place that stopped getting excited over itself some fifty years ago. There's never anything doing in Pelton."

"No; that's just it," said Lucy, the color coming to her cheeks and the brilliancy to her eyes at the thought that she was being understood. "Nothing ever happens in this place—but I'm going to make something happen so's to put Pelton on the map and make the boys want to get back to a real live, enthusiastic, human sort of place. I thought I'd begin by getting interviews with some of the local characters like you. I went up to see old Silas Snell yesterday. He's a hundred and three—all the boys know him—used to call him Crazy Sil. Well, he's got some bullets and things from the Civil war and some old clothes he wore seventy-five years ago. I've persuaded him to put them on exhibition 'down at the bookstore, and I can make a story about that. Then there is Miss Hastings that's always kept the cent shop—used to sell candy to the boys that are over there now, and she's promised to do something to make a story, and there's the pot-house man and the old sexton—"

Mr. Pell was hardly flattered at being put in a class with these local eccentrics, and had Lucy Brown had as much tact as she had enthusiasm she might have made her appeal in another way. But the fact was that Mr. Francis Pell, whose ancestors had founded the old town, was quite as much of a character in his way as was either the worthless Silas Snell or the little spinster who had "always kept the cent shop." Although some forty, and although no one had ever seen him counting out bags of money, nor had he ever been known to be crafty or shrewd in money matters, he was regarded as "the old miser." There were fabulous accounts of the extent of his fortune, which had once suffered here in the mind's eye of Pelton manna, but had long since ceased to be regarded as in any way available.

So Lucy paid her first call on Mr. Pell and was very politely shown to the door after she had made herself quite clear, and she went away feeling as much confused and disheartened as she had some seven years before, when she went out on her first assignment for the big city paper. For Lucy was not a native Peltonite. If she had been she would have known better than to try to make news out of anything that Francis Pell might be doing. But she knew he was one of the most gossiped about personalities in town. Failing to find anything more fertile for discussion about him, the women discussed the size of his grocery bills—though they were perfectly normal—or kept close track of his harmless old mammy housekeeper or the new coat of paint on his house or the condition of his apple orchard. But these things wouldn't make news items for the Sentinel.

Lucy was rebuffed the first time, politely but effectively, and went away perhaps more upset over a certain gracious courtesy that Mr. Pell had shown toward her than because of the actual rebuff.

But Lucy had not been a reporter for seven years for nothing, and once her cheeks had stopped tingling from that first call she decided to make another. She would get some sort of story out of him—that she determined. It was on her third call that Mr. Pell showed signs of weakening.

"You say you want me to do something to make a story about," he began cautiously, looking amusedly into Lucy's eager face and studying the nervous twitching of her still girlish lips. "What sort of thing would you suggest—not, of course, that I intend to do it."

Lucy chose to take him entirely seriously. "Make some gift to the town," she announced. "Every one thinks you have loads of money, but—"

"I know," smiled Mr. Pell, "they call me the old miser. It has always amused me, but I choose to keep my benevolence to myself. I will tell you confidentially that I have just sent a rather important contribution to an astronomical observatory in Labrador that my father endowed, and the hospital for lepers in Shanghai that my mother was interested in—"

"Pelton people don't care about that," interrupted Lucy. "They want you to do something for Pelton. It is only a drinking fountain for the street dogs or a new curbstone around the town hall. Just think how the boys over there would sit up and read

the Sentinels you were to do something like that, and there would be presentation speeches and every one would turn out and there would be a big time—and then maybe if you did something like that they'd put you up for mayor. And—well, you can see what a lot you might do to keep things going." Lucy sighed, and somehow her concern amused Mr. Pell more than anything she had done before. She had already proved immensely diverting.

Then one day Mr. Pell, called at the Sentinel office to see Lucy, and that was enough to keep Pelton tongues wagging for a few days. He told her he wanted her to tell him exactly what sort of thing he might do for the old town. Lucy that afternoon had been reporting a picnic given by the employees of one of the local factories. The place chosen for it was part of the old Pell estate, and because of a bubbling spring of water that flowed out from the shale there it had proved a favorite spot for picnics for some years past; and Mr. Pell had never objected, in spite of his reputation for miserliness. Children, too, from all over the neighborhood came with pails and bottles to get this water, which seemed to be more quenching than ordinary water, and it was a favorite spot for pedestrians on hot Sundays, who came there with little folding cups to quench their thirst at the miser's spring, as it was sometimes called.

Lucy had seen the picknickers drinking at the spring that afternoon, and she was ready with her suggestion. The thing to do was to give this tract of land as a picnic ground and to put up a sort of fountain of rough-hewn rocks from the neighborhood around the spring so that thirsty folks might always quench their thirst there. And there should be a drain so that the water when it ran off should not make a bed of mud around the spring. Mr. Pell may have had some questions concerning this, but he agreed, and within a few days he and Lucy were meeting occasionally in a secluded woodland path to discuss designs for the fountain and to plan the presentation. And all the time Lucy had visions of the big writing it was going to make for the Sentinel and the surprise that people would feel when they learned about it. And Francis Pell—well, he still watched the eager working of Lucy's lips and the color as it came quickly when she became especially interested in the plans under way, and sometimes he laughed at her, too, but she had ceased to be nettled by that.

The eve of the day when the announcement of the plans was to be made came at last, and Lucy had the first big story ready to send to the little Sentinel press. There was even to be a cut showing the design for the fountain. And it had all been kept a secret between Mr. Pell and Lucy, though people were beginning to wonder why there had been so many and workmen on the old picnic grounds of late.

The Sentinel was just going to press and Lucy was putting the last flourishes on the great announcement in the dingy little office long after other great Peltonites had retired for the night. The owner-editor, an errand boy, the other reporter and a handful of compositors and pressmen constituted the entire staff, and they were too preoccupied with their tasks to notice the figure of Francis Pell as he passed quickly across the floor to Lucy's desk. He sat down beside her, laid a nervous hand on the copy she was still working on. "There's a hitch in our plans. I can't tell you now. But trust me. You mustn't make the announcement now." Then he went, telling Lucy he would wait for her outside the little office and tell her more as he escorted her home as soon as she had finished her work.

"It's this way," he began. "Men from the water department have been feeling around lately, and today I got a notice from headquarters. That spring isn't a spring at all. It's a leak from the main. That water is just the same water every one has piped into their houses. Now they send me formal word that in future I'll have to have it metered and pay for it at regular rates. I don't mind paying the few hundred dollars it would cost a year, but no one would care about the fountain if it was plain city water, and they're likely to have the joke on the old miser. So we'll have to think of something else to do." They walked along in silence for a few minutes, Lucy's pretty lips working overtime trying to hold back the tears of disappointment. Two or three times Mr. Pell tried to begin his next speech before he succeeded.

"I was thinking," he said, "in fact, I've thought it for a long time—ever since a little while after you came to me that first time—that I couldn't give the Peltonites and the boys at the front from Pelton much more of a surprise than to get married. That would be a real piece of news, wouldn't it?"

"Yes—but" and the lips worked overtime. "I didn't know there was anyone you—" Lucy couldn't get any further.

"There's you," said Mr. Pell simply. "How'd that be for starting something? We could run off and be married, and then when we come back we can do the other things, the curb around the town hall and the drinking fountain for street dogs and cats and the picnic ground and anything else you say."

Lucy's mind failed to revolve around the interests of the Pelton Sentinel, and when she said that it would be "perfectly wonderful" she was thinking only of her own selfish point of view.

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