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R. A. N. JARVIS,
Manager.

THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1918
SANIARY SURVEY OF THE PROVINCE

We have received the report of the Sanitary survey of New Brunswick made last fall by John Hall of East Orange, New Jersey, a sanitary Engineer and Public Health expert. The report is not altogether pleasant reading, as it unmercifully shows up the defects of our system of guarding the public health, but it is most profitable reading, as it points out the remedy for the conditions condemned. The inefficiency of the average Board of Health, due partly to capriciousness of members, partly to the indifference of the public and the consequent insufficiency of salaries and appropriations, is fearlessly dealt with. The folly of not compelling property holders to install sewerage when available and of the failure of towns to provide sewerage for all citizens, is pointed out, and the imperative need for medical inspection of schools, for which the Union Advocate has long contended, is strongly emphasized.

Mr. Hall proposes a new Health Act for the province which would entrust the care of the public health to the following officers: First, the Minister of Health, under whom would be the Chief Officer of Health. Under him would be the Chief Medical Inspector, five District Health Officers, and the Chief of the Laboratories. Under these would be the local Health Officials.

The departments superintended by the Chief Officer of Health would be: Vital Statistics, Sanitary Engineering, Publicity and Education, Food supervision, Infant and Child Hygiene, Legislation and General Administration.

The Chief Medical Inspector would have to deal with: Medical Inspection of Schools, Control of Venereal Diseases, Tuberculosis, Epidemics and Hospitals.

The Chief of Laboratories would have to deal with: Water Analysis, Tuberculosis, Diphtheria, Gonorrhoea, Milk and foods, Typhoid Fever, Malaria, and syphilis, and Pathology and Medico-Legal work.

The five districts of the province would be: 1, Restigouche and Gloucester; 2, Northumberland, Kent and Westmorland; 3, Albert, St. John, Kings and Charlotte; 4, Queens, Surbury and York; 5, Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL STAND-
ING FOR FEBRUARY

Harris's Academy School report for February is as follows:
Grade VII—(Miss McPherson): 1st, Claude Masson; 2nd, Jack Sproule; 3rd, Herbert Russell and Huxley White.
Grade VI—(Miss McPherson): 1st, Gladys Scribner; 2nd, Willis Campbell; 3rd, Edna Whitney.
Grade V—(Miss Dunnatt): 1st, Gerald Black; 2nd, Elton Stuart; 3rd, Luella Maltby.
Grade IV—(Miss McLeod): 1st, A. A. Pamer; 2nd, Helen Dickson; 3rd, Cecil Murray and Leland Sproule.
Grade III—(Miss McLeod): 1st, Dorothy Grant; 2nd, Cora Whitney; 3rd, Hannah Miller.
Grade II—(Miss McMaster): 1st, Margaret Stables; 2nd, Bertha Campbell; 3rd, John Gabriel, Mike Kingston and Douglas Kennedy.
Grade I—(Miss Lawlor): 1st, Dora Palmer; 2nd, Elizabeth Stohart; 3rd, John Morrissey.

The Stowaway
By LOUIS TRACY,
Author of the "Pillar of Light," "The Wings of the Morning" and "The Captain of the Kansas."
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[CONTINUED]

The hatches were open and everything was orderly before Coke's squat figure climbed the gangway. Hozier reported the young lady's visit, and the skipper was obviously surprised. As he hoisted himself up the steep ladder to the hurricane deck the younger man heard him condemning some one under his breath as "a leery old beggar." The phrase was hardly applicable to Iris, but Coke came out of his cabin with an open letter in his hand and bade a steward stow the portmanteau in some other more hallowed and less inconvenient place.

And there the incident ended. The Andromeda hauled down the blue peler for her long run of over 6,000 miles to Montevideo, and Hozier had routine work in plenty to occupy his mind during the first twenty-four hours at sea without perplexing it with memories of a pretty face. Soon after Holyhead was passed, it is true, a sailor reported to the second officer that he had seen a ghost between decks in the region of the lazarette. It was then near midnight, a quiet hour on board ship, and Hozier told the man sharply to go to his bunk and endeavor to sleep off the effects of the bad beer imbued earlier in the day.

Now, on this second night of the voyage, while the ship was plodding steadily southward with that fifteen point inclination to the west that would take her far into the Atlantic soon after daybreak, Philip remembered Mr. Verity's niece and felt sorry that when she paid former visits to the Andromeda fate had decreed that he should be serving his time on another vessel. It gave him a thrill when he heard that this charming girl knew his name, and it seemed to him for an instant that she was looking into his very soul, analyzing him, searching for some sign that he was not as others, which means that there were some whom she had bitter cause to distrust.

At any rate, she had left a memento of her too brief appearance on board in the shape of the day. He would contrive to take on his own shoulders its mission in Montevideo. Then on returning to Liverpool he would have an excuse for calling on her. He did not know her name yet. Possibly Captain Coke would mention that interesting fact when his temper lost its raw edge.

It was strange that he should be thinking of Iris, far stranger than he could guess, but his thoughts were subconscious, and he was in no wise neglecting the safety of the ship.

Hozier heard Coke reading the riot act to the shellbacks who were supposed to keep a sharp lookout ahead. But the captain did not monopolize the conversation. His deep notes rambled only at intervals. The men had something to say. He returned to the bridge.

"One of them scallywags sees 'e 'as seen a ghost," he announced with the calm air of a man who states that the moon will rise during the next hour.

"Oh, is he the man who reported a ghost outside the lazarette last night?" "I s'pose so. Did 'e tell you about it? That's where she walks."

"She?" "That's his yarn—a female ghost, a black 'un, black clo's anyhow. I'll take the forenoon watch, an' you might overhaul the ship for stow-aways after breakfast."

"Yes, sir," said Hozier. And that is how it fell to his lot to discover Iris York, looking very white and miserable, when the hatch of the lazarette was broken open at half past 8 on Thursday morning!

A tramp steamer is not a complex organism. She is made up of holds, bunkers, boilers and engines, with scanty accommodation for officers and crew grouped round the funnel or stuck in the bows. When the boats were stripped of their tarpaulins and a few lockers and storerooms examined the only available hiding places were the shaft tunnel, the holds and the lazarette, a small space between decks, situated directly above the propeller, where a reserve supply of provisions is generally carried.

But the door of the lazarette was locked and the key missing. There was nothing for it but to force the lock.

It was dark in there, and Hozier was unduly startled by the spectacle of a slim figure, wrapped in a long ulster, standing among the cases and packages.

"Now, out you come!" he cried, with a gruffness that was intended only to cover his own embarrassment, but Iris, despite the horrors of seafickness and confinement in the dark was not minded to suffer what she considered to be interference on the part of a second officer.

quietly unfavorable. AND IRIS was quite dignified and self possessed. She had given a few deft touches to her hair.

"Of course I did not know to whom I was speaking," he managed to say, for he now recognized the "ghost" and was more surprised than he had ever been in his life before.

"That is matterless," said Iris rigidly. "Where is Captain Coke?" "On the bridge," said Philip.

"I will go to him. Please don't come with me. I tried to tell you that I would unlock the door, but you refused to listen. Will you let me pass?"

He obeyed in silence. Iris hurried to the deck. The light seemed to dazzle her, and her steps were so uncertain that Hozier sprang forward and caught her arm.

"Won't you sit down a moment, Miss Yorke?" he said. "If you searched the whole ship you could not have chosen a worse place to travel in than the lazarette."

"I was driven out twice at night by the rats," she gasped.

"Too bad!" he whispered. "But it was your own fault. Why did you do it? At any rate, wait here a few minutes before you meet the captain."

"I am not afraid of meeting him. Why should I be? He knows me."

"I meant only that you are hardly able to walk, but I seem to say the wrong thing every time. There is nothing really to worry about. We are not far from Queenstown. We can put you ashore there by losing half a day."

The girl had been ill, racked in body and distraught in mind, but she summoned a half laugh at his words.

"You are still saying the wrong thing, Mr. Hozier," she murmured.

"The Andromeda will not put into Queenstown. From this hour I become a passenger, not a stowaway. My uncle knows now that I am here. Thank you. You need not hold me any longer. I have quite recovered. Captain Coke is on the bridge, you said? I can find my way. This ship is no stranger to me."

And away she went, justifying her statements by tripping rapidly forward. The mere sight of her created boundless excitement among such members of the crew as were on deck.

When she reached the bridge, where Captain Coke was propped against the chart house, she had lost a good deal of the pallor and woe-begone semblance that had demoralized Hozier.

Coke heard the rapid, light footsteps and turned his head. Certainly he could not have been more stupefied had he seen the ghost reported overnight.

"They told me I should find you here, captain," said she. "I must apologize for thrusting my company on you for a long voyage, but—circumstances—were—too much for me—"

Fate to face with the commander of the ship and startled anew by his expression of blank incredulity, the glib flow of words ceased so often during the steadfast but dreadful hours spent in the lazarette failed her.

"You know me," she faltered. "I am Iris York."

Not a syllable came from the irate and astonished man gazing at her with such bovine stolidity. His shoulders had not abated a fraction of their stubborn, thrust against the frame of the chart house. His hands were immovable in the pockets of his reefed coat. Had he wished to terrify her by a hostile reception he could not have succeeded more completely, though, to be just, he meant nothing of the sort. His wits being jumbled into chaos by the apparition of the last person then alive whom he expected or desired to see on board the Andromeda.

But Iris could not interpret his mood, and she strove vainly to conquer the

little comprehension of the cause of its falling. Of course she took the question as a forerunner of blank denial. This was not to be borne. She fired into a direct attack.

"If your memory is hazy concerning the events of Sunday afternoon it may be helpful if I recall the conversation between my uncle and you in the summer house," she snapped.

Some of the glow fled from Coke's face.

"What's that you're sayin'?" demanded Coke, coming nearer and looking her straight in the eyes.

"I heard every word of that interesting talk," she continued valiantly. "I know what you arranged to do, so I have promised—to marry Mr. Bulmer—when the Andromeda—comes back!"

A light broke on Coke's intelligence that irradiated his prominent eyes. His heavy lips relaxed into a cunning grin.

"Oh, is that it?" he said. "Artful old 'dog, Verity! But why in—why didn't 'e tell me you was comin' aboard this trip? We 'ave't the right ship for a lady, an' you must put up with the best 'e can do for you, Miss Yorke. Steady, now. You ain't a-goin' to faint, are you? Hi! Below there!"

"Tumble up, some of you!" Hozier was the first to gain the bridge. He had followed the progress of events with sufficient accuracy to realize that Miss Iris York had met with a distinct rebuff by the skipper, and, judging from his own experience of her physical weakness when she emerged into daylight, he was not surprised to hear that she had fainted.

"Excuse me," gurgled Coke, who had nearly swallowed the cigar in his surprise at Iris' unforeseen collapse. "This kind of thing is more in your line than mine, young feller. Just lay 'er out in the saloon an' ax Watts to 'elp. His missus goes off regular w'en they bring 'im 'ome paralyzed."

Philip took the girl into his arms. To carry her safely down the steep stairway he was compelled to place her head on his left shoulder and clasp her tightly round the waist with his left arm. Some loosened strands of her hair touched his face. He could feel the labor of her breast, the wild beating of her heart, and he was exceeding wroth with that unknown man or woman who had driven this insensible girl to such straits that she was ready to dare the discomforts and deprivations of a voyage as a stowaway rather than be persecuted further.

Iris was laid on a couch in the mess room, and the steward summoned Mr. Watts. The chief officer came, looking sheepish. It was manifestly a great relief when he found that the "ghost" was unconscious.

"Oh, that's nothing," cried in response to his junior's eager demand for information as to the treatment best fitted for such emergencies. "They all drop in a heap like that w'en they're worried. Fust you takes off their gloves an' boots, then you undoes their stays an' rips open their dresses at the necks. One of you rubs their 'ands an' another their feet, an' you dabs cold water on their foreheads an' burn brown paper under their noses. In between whiles you give 'em a drink, stiff as you can make it. It's dead easy. Them stays are a bit troublesome if they run to size, but she's thin enough as it is. Anyhow, I can show you a jibe trick for that. Just turn her over 'till I cast a lashin' loose with my knife."

Watts was elbowed aside so unceremoniously that his temper gave way. Hozier lifted Iris' head gently and unfastened the back hooks of her blouse. He began to chafe her cold hands tenderly and pressed back the hair from her damp forehead. The "chief," not fattered by his own reflections, thought fit to sneer at these half measures.

"She's on'y a woman like the rest of 'em," he growled, "even if she is the owner's niece, an' a good lookin' gal as that. I s'pose now you think—"

"I think she will want some fresh air soon, an' you had better clear out," said Philip.

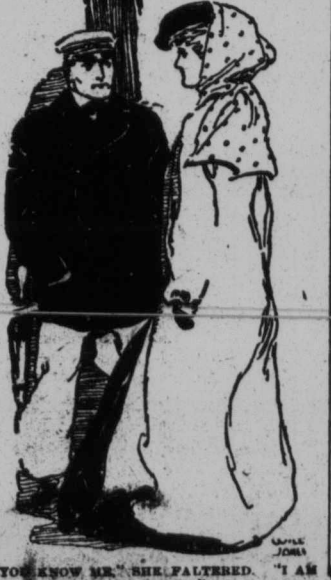
His words were quiet, but he flashed a warning glance at the other man that sufficed. Watts retired, muttering sarcasms under his breath.

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Suppression of Liquor Traffic
Applicants For Vendor's License
RETAIL LICENSE
The following persons have made application for a Retail License under Act 8, George V, Chapter 20, "An Act for the Suppression of Traffic in Intoxicating Liquor."
J. D. B. Fraser MacKenzie, Chatham, Northumberland Co., N. B.
The premises are described as follows:—
Brick building situated on the north side of Water Street in the Town of Chatham.
C. F. Hickey, Chatham, Northumberland County, N. B.
The premises are described as follows:—
Drug Store on the lower floor of the Pierce Building, situated on the westerly side of Water Street in Town of Chatham.
John H. Troy, Newcastle, Northumberland County, N. B.
The premises are described as follows:—
Drug Store in Town of Newcastle, which premises are owned by Dickson & Troy, Newcastle.
W. J. C. Scott, Loggieville, Northumberland County, N. B.
The premises are described as follows:—
Drug Store situated on the south side of Main Street in Loggieville, N. B.
W. D. WILSON, Chief Inspector.

Wanted at Miramichi Hospital
Address, some experience in hospital nursing. Salary \$25 per month. Apply
MABEL D. RICHARDS, Sup.



"TO KNOW ME," SHE FALTERED, "I AM IRIS YORK."