

THE UNION ADVOCATE

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JOHN S. SCOTT,
Editor and Manager.

THURSDAY MAY 24th, 1917

EDITORIAL

A WISE MOVE

The Dominion Government are to be most heartily congratulated on their decision to put in force selective conscription, to raise or many additional soldiers as are needed, and to ensure a full supply of workmen for agricultural and manufacturing purposes. The decision will be met with joy all over the Empire and among our brave allies, all of whom have adopted conscription.

It will be the corresponding change in the order of our empire, who, although they are being gradually beaten, are by no means beaten yet, but are able to still in that incalculable damage upon us. Conscription is the logical condition in a belligerent nation, and conscription in the British Empire in times of peace might possibly have averted the present terrible struggle which is consuming and desolating the earth. All that saved us in this crisis was the fact that Belgium and France, through their years of conscription, were able to immediately throw into the field large enough armies to hold the Germans partially in check until the British regular army could get over the sea to their assistance. Had France failed and been completely overthrown, the German-Austrian-Turkish reduction of Russia and the conquest of at least Egypt, Persia and British India—territories easily reached by land—would soon have followed and it is doubtful if the British fleet alone could have long kept Britain itself free from invasion.

Conscription is the only fair means of raising an army. In a country like Canada, where government is responsible to the House elected by the people where every man has the right to vote, and where the common people may, if they so choose, control the course of legislation, every man should be, and the great majority doubtless are, ready and willing to do his bit for the common safety. Conscription has always been the fundamental law of the Dominion of Canada, and might, with necessity, have been enforced long ago. But better late than never.

There is still a herculean task before the Dominion Government still count upon her submarines to ultimately bring Britain to her knees. Much time will be sunk before the submarines are driven out of the sea or the enemy so weakened on land that she is compelled to recall them. There is more need now than ever for Canada to exert herself to the utmost.

We must furnish more munitions, increase more food, and cut off all unnecessary expenditures, for Britain's fight is our fight. Our country is to be lost or won on the fields and waters of Europe.

All honor to the more than 400,000 men of Canada who volunteered for the front. And there must be more. We must not only have men who will never flinch, but who will never flinch, welcome an unflinching call to service.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION

George Foster's announcement in Parliament that the Government will take up the question of technical education in Canada, at the earliest practicable moment, is a decision of great importance. If the war has taught one lesson more clearly than all others, it is that the nation which is lacking in organization and technical skill can make little headway under modern world conditions. It is only the truth to say that in the past Canada failed to give sufficient thought to the question of technical education.

Abolished in our rapid development and caught in the vortex of temporary prosperity, we were content to be carried along by the tide of expansion, our eyes fixed on the goal of future greatness without heeding the ground beneath us. But three years in the ordeal of war have more than awakened us to the demands of present day national existence. For the first time in our lives we have become conscious of the necessity of being able to match efficiency against efficiency, technical skill against technical skill, if we are to remain in the race for commercial and industrial supremacy.

After the war there is bound to ensue a battle for commercial advantage that will test our enterprise and economic strength to the utmost. We would be endangering much of what we have so dearly bought during the past thirty-three months if we failed to prepare for such a combat. Therefore, the Borden Government is to be highly commended for its decision to lose no time in taking up the question of technical education for our people. We were unprepared for war and we paid a terrible price for our unpreparedness. Let us not repeat the error by being caught unprepared for the future battles of peace.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT

The re-appointment of Chief of Police Lucas, for another year, is an action on the part of the Police Appointment to Office Committee, and the whole council, that will meet with the hearty approval of all right thinking citizens. Chief Lucas, although he has been here less than a year, has proven himself to be an officer of the highest standard, and very few towns of the size of Newcastle have been so fortunate as to secure the services of such a man. Chief Lucas has been a very stringent enforcer of the Scott Act and his stern though impartial manner of dealing with the violators of the law, has made him many friends, and has produced a much drier and better town.

FOOD CONTROL

We are glad that the Dominion Government, judging from Ottawa, has decided to take charge of the food situation and appoint a Food Controller, in this respect following the lead of the larger belligerent powers, who have already taken such measures. In war time, the whole nation is supposed to be at war—not some at the front sacrificing their lives and others at home working to help them while a few are speculating in the necessities of life and making fortunes out of the nation's agony. Food control should stop all profiteering and complete the mobilization of the nation's resources in the right direction.

DON'TS FOR THE GIRL ABOUT TO TRAVEL

Don't speak to strangers, men or women.

Don't venture to go to any address given you by strangers.

Don't go abroad without first seeking advice from those who have more experience than you.

Don't accept sweets, food or drink or small favors offered by a stranger or as they may contain drugs.

Don't accept the help of strangers when travelling, but ask information from railway officials or policemen.

Don't go to any large town or city for even one night without knowing of some safe lodging where you can stay.

Don't go to any situation obtained through an advertisement without first making some enquiry as to its responsibility.

Never ask the way of any but official.

Never accept a "lift" offered by a stranger in a vehicle of any description.

Never stay to help a woman who apparently faints at your feet in the street, but call a policeman immediately.

Canadian millionaires with fortunes of mushroom growth are afraid that farmers are making too much out of the war—blood money they call it. Farmers who work from early morning to late night for returns that have not increased in greater proportion than the labor expended are more apt to call the surplus-sweet money.

Abolish the Selfish Bachelor

Celebrated English Writer Advocates State Action

—Urges That Bachelorhood Must be Made More Expensive Than the Marriage State

What are we going to do about the birth rate? How are we going to solve the much trumpeted population problem? asks Constance W. Kerrigan in the London Illustrated Sunday Herald.

These are, I am aware, old questions. They have been advertised, and parroted abroad at nauseam. They will continue to be advertised, and parroted abroad till the authorities take some action. What action better than the appointment of a Royal Commission on Bachelors?

For many years now our newspapers and reviews have been full of warning articles on the Slump in Parenthood, Britain's Empty Cradles, the Bane of the Bachelor, and other catchy variations on the theme of sterility. For many years bishops, cabinet ministers, leaders of society, doctors, political economists, city clerks, men and women of all sorts and conditions, have unanimously agreed on the pressing importance of this problem.

We have argued and chattered and thundered and groaned and twittered about it so persistently—and with so little result—that it would almost seem as if we had come to regard the baby rate in store for posterity with a kind of grim relief, or as though we had come to mistake the diagnosis for the medicine.

For what has been the result of all these orations and exhortations and lucubrations? The result has simply been more orations, more exhortations, more lucubrations—all very stern, and stark, and satisfying. The amazing thing is that, inaction has failed to rouse our anger. Perhaps the whole question is too impersonal for that. "Something must be done." "Something drastic must be done." "Something drastic must be done now." And so, contentedly, to slumber.

Every now and again some preposterous panacea is put forward. The other day I heard Compulsory Marriage suggested as a solution. Such a suggestion has, of course, all the precious ridiculousness of Prussianism, inasmuch as it entirely leaves out of account the human element. Every celibate is not a scoundrel to be clapped willy-nilly into the stocks of marriage. What of the bachelor who has loved and loved in vain? And what of the bachelor who has sought in vain to love?

Pity, not blame, is their need. For Heaven's sake, leave them to themselves.

Some German Views

The revolt of China has greatly perturbed the Germans. Who could have believed, asks the "Vossische Zeitung" gloomily, that a country "sleeping in such unparalleled decay" could be "so impertinent to the German Empire?" But, it continued:—

The case of China is symptomatic. It shows us that our political credit has not yet reached the lofty heights to which our military might should have entitled it.

It proves even more—namely, that racial military might and political prestige do not always depend on one another. Were it otherwise, how could the British Empire, with a military system that has hitherto produced merely parlor-game soldiers, have been the long in the now fast-ebbing glimmer of prestige that once caused the average Oriental to talk with bated breath of the "Ingleses?"

Snails and a Dagger
The Berlin "Post" offers its readers a charming little idyll of German manners:—

"Do you think I have come to Dortmund to eat up your vermin for you?" Uttering these words, Hermann Kollerermann made a furious attack with a dagger on George, the grey-haired old waiter at the Dortmund Hof.

Kollerermann, who was on a visit to the town, had, it appears, asked to be served with "a dainty repast." When in the blue sky of summer we behold a small white cloud sailing near the sun our breathing is suspended by the joy that fills our whole being, because we are aware that it is a Zepplin that is passing on its way to scatter a frightful death, an immeasurable destruction, among our enemies on the other side of the channel.

A smile of infinite happiness will hover on our lips at the thought of the terror and boundless panic that the arrival of this most glorious prodigy of German skill and science will create among the godless population of the monstrous Babylonia of the Thames.

Our armies swarm over the land, our ships again shall swarm over the seas, but in the meantime the Zepplins, soaring majestically in the heavens, will continue to provide the blood-thirsting English with all the food that their nation craves, but it will be the first blood of their own false-hearted compatriots.

Well, L. 33 is the first of these

But there is another kind of bachelor on whom the State should cast its searchlight—the bachelor who is single because he is selfish, who has steeled himself against all ideas of marriage because he prefers the ease, the comforts, the luxuries, the monotonies of single "bachelorhood," because he elects for material rather than for spiritual happiness. Such a man is not as God made him. He is a coward who blinds himself to beauty, declaring that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. When every wise man knows that a bird in the bush is worth two in the hand.

Well—what are we going to do with him? There is only one practical thing to do with him. We must make bachelorhood less comfortable than marriage. We must so reorganize our social structure that life without a wife is more expensive and less luxurious than life with one.

There you have the principle in a nutshell, and the sooner that the people are set into practice the fairer and squarer will be the prospect ahead. Already we have the nucleus of an endowment of motherhood. It takes the very shabby form of a trifling income-tax rebate, but it is a beginning, a gleam of hope. We must not rest content until motherhood, to put the matter baldly, pays for itself and until marriage is self-supporting. And the money or a great part of it must be obtained from—the bachelor.

I look forward to the day when men shall say that the responsibilities of bachelorhood cannot be entered upon lightly.

It's an odd idea, this idea of taxing bachelors, but as soon as we really grasp the urgency of the population question we shall come to it, just as, during the present war, we have come to mirthy other old ideas. In matters of life and death, common sense must take precedence over prejudice; and in this matter of the life and death of the nation we must face human nature, and not let it at its actual, not its potential, worth. We must realize that the "confirmed" bachelor will not marry until his "confirmed" selfishness is tempted by some bait. And you may depend upon it that he will not be tempted until we have turned such a social somersault that marriage has become sound business proposition and celibacy a synonym for altruism.

How to turn this somersault—that is the question. And a royal commission on bachelors, is what we need to teach us.

Percy's breath was clean taken away by this strange, uncouth pageant, and when suddenly there broke on his astonished ears the strains of military bands blared forth from the queerest collection of tin instruments and he beheld flags and banners fluttering from every housetop, the poor soul for the moment felt convinced that the war had ended at last.

Do not blame Percy for his rash conclusions. What would any of your street-savvy think were your steers suddenly to become both cheering and shouting, with the blare of trumpets, with the color riot of bays and buffing? Would you not imagine that the enemy had been beaten to his knees?

A Paralyzing Pall
Why, of course, the "dear Berliners" would think so, but then, as "Karl Wichmann" goes on to explain, they do not know the English character:—

You do not know how susceptible is this people, in matters of business so rapacious and grasping, to superficial impressions which cause them to for the time to flinch from their shallow minds all thought of anything except that folks are cheering and that they must cheer too.

Percy discovered to his dismay that all these festive displays had been beautifully engineered to rush the people into parting with their hard-earned money in order to place it in the very speculative investment of the new War Loan.

The whole thing gave one the impression of a formidable demonstration born out of the universal U-boat terror that lies like a hideous paralyzing pall over English life.

A rhapsody on the mission of the Zepplin to "scatter a frightful death, an immeasurable destruction," which occupies a prominent place in the Berlin "Lokalanzelger," may appropriately be read in conjunction with the story of L-33 and the abortive raid on the green fields of Kent:—

When in the blue sky of summer we behold a small white cloud sailing near the sun our breathing is suspended by the joy that fills our whole being, because we are aware that it is a Zepplin that is passing on its way to scatter a frightful death, an immeasurable destruction, among our enemies on the other side of the channel.

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Well, L. 33 is the first of these

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WHERE THE GOOD GOODS COME FROM

"glorious products of German skill and science" to be brought down in flames or otherwise tragically destroyed, with their ill-starred crews. The "Lokalanzelger's" rhapsodist smiles last.

Admiral von Gropoff, to whose modest proposals for the domination by Germany of the whole of the world's waterways reference has been made was a frequent visitor to Eastbourne and London under the unassuming title of Admiral Crapow. A correspondent in the former town who met him several times writes as follows:—

He came to England for the ostensible purpose of studying English, but was no doubt acquiring information for naval purposes about this section of the south coast. During the course of a conversation he informed me that the Germans would, if military or naval necessity demanded, seize the Danish Islands and fortify them to prevent the entrance of the British Fleet into the Baltic.

Admiral "Crapow" visited the Territorial camp here and also the aerodrome. His son, as well as the admiral himself, took lessons in English from me, and I had no suspicion at the time of their real motive.

Other pupils I have received here included Major von Dommes. He was sent by Major von Outerting, Military Attache at the German Embassy, who has since proved to be the head of the German "spy system" in England. Von Dommes was an official at the War Office in Berlin. Another interesting pupil was a German officer calling himself "Hansenjager," whose real name was von Wensner, who afterwards admitted he was a member of the German Secret Service.

He made several attempts to get a commission in the British Regular Army. The last I heard of him was that he was wounded in a duel and went to the Pyrenees to recuperate. He had maps marking the landing places of a German army of invasion with the routes marked to London. The intention of the Germans was not to land at one place, but at four or five places on the east coast and two or three on the south coast simultaneously. The armies were to unite on their way to London, and one rendezvous was at Walton-on-Thames.

The moral leprosy of the German people does not seem to render them any less fearful of the suspicion of a disease-taint in others. Physicists have found that at rare intervals such a phenomenon arises as a human germ-carrier, a person who is apparently in a normal state of health and suffers from no infirmity, but who nevertheless perpetually spreads disease among others.

Such a person or rather an unfortunate German woman suspected of being a germ-carrier, has just been the victim of some experiences at the hands of her countrymen which are only comparable to the tortures inflicted in olden times on a woman suspected of witchcraft.

QUALITY CHICKEN MEAT

Crate feeding on milk mashers will do more to put quality in chicken meat than any other practice. The small portion of the consuming public that have eaten crate, milked poultry have found that the quality of range and yard fatted birds, as there is such a great difference in the quality of the meat of the birds handled under the two different systems.

Crate feeding in milk mashers is a simple process that may be practised on few or many birds. At the Experimental Station for Vancouver Island, slat crates to accommodate eighty birds were prepared and five birds of an average weight of three and one half pounds were confined in each section. These birds were fed for a period of fourteen days and made an average gain of two pounds per bird. The meal mixture used was sixty per cent. wheat middlings and forty per cent. corn meal. To this meal mixture was added three ounces of salt for each 100 pounds used. The birds were starved for twenty-four hours and given a mild dose of Epsom salts before feeding commenced. They were fed sparingly the first day and the quantity of feed increased at each meal until they were on full feed at the end of the third day. The allotted quantity of meal for each feed was mixed with four skin milk to the consistency of porridge. The birds were given fresh hay at intervals of six hours. Girls were supplied once each week and chopped green Swiss chard was given daily at noon.

The quantity of the meal mixture

and skim milk required for a pound and a half pounds so they were sold for one dollar and forty eight cents per bird. In other words a sixty-three cent chicken was, by the crate milk feeding method, at a cost of fifteen cents, converted into a first quality chicken, that sold readily at one dollar and forty-eight cents. Quality in table poultry will sell it. Quality in table poultry will lift the industry to the level attained by other competing food products. Cull poultry will always be just as hard to sell as cull apples. Try crate milk feeding a few birds for your own table, eat them and you will not want any other kind. Quality will count with you ever afterwards.

When a woman and a tornado make up their minds to go anywhere nothing on earth can stop them.

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THIS CUT ILLUSTRATES OUR NEW SIX INCH SUMMER PACK

that is sewed throughout by hand and will not rip. It has a fall sole and heel of sole leather, made on a right and left last of oil tan leather, is light, easy on the feet and waterproof, and for wear will beat anything on the market costing the same money.

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INTERVIEWS BY APPOINTMENT

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LIABILITIES AND ASSETS

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Total Assets.....	290,000.00

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NOTICE

Going to the tremendous increase in the cost of living which has compelled a rise in wages of all classes of workmen, we the undersigned Barbers of Newcastle, who have never made any change in charges since long before the war, are now forced to ask our Patrons to consent to an increase of rates.

On and after June 1st our prices will be as follows:

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Shave.....	15 "
Shampoo.....	25 "
Massage.....	25 "
Razor Shave.....	25 "
Hair Singing.....	25 "
Hair Tonic.....	10 "
Neck Shave.....	5 "
Children's Hair Cut.....	20 "

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