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NEWCASTLE, N. B., OCTOBER 30th, 1909

OUR BYE-LAWS,

The Town Fathers have at length decided to give the citizens a copy of the bye-laws. It is some three or four years since they began passing resolutions with the object of having the bye-laws revised and printed. To do it is nearly a year since the revised laws were again revised and the row which occurred over the typewriting has all but faded from our memory. From the huge volume of smoke which arose on that occasion not a single spark of enlightening fire issued forth. The bye-laws were forgotten. But the present Council are about to call for tenders for the printing of these documents and the revised revision will be revised again. In doing so will they pay any heed to our suggestion of some time ago, a place among our police regulations a law prohibiting children from roaming the streets at will after eight o'clock at night? Will they take any steps to prevent young girls from walking the streets all hours of the night, an insult to decent citizens, a school of iniquity to the young and inexperienced, and a living hell for the depraved? Surely our Town Fathers will take the situation in hand and give the police power to arrest such vagrants. Since some parents care so little for their children that they allow them to go to hell by the shortest road they can find, it is the duty of the Aldermanic Board to close the public thoroughfares to them after decent people have retired to rest.

\$100 REWARD, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one decided disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CLENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

TORN FROM HIS
FATHER'S GRASP
AND DROWNED.

Harry Morris, of Advocate Harbor,
Lost From Schr. "Citizen" on
Trip From St. John.

Parrsboro, Oct. 26—Captain Ben Hatfield, of the schooner Citizen, which arrived to-day with merchandise from St. John, reports that Harry Morris of Advocate Harbor, was knocked overboard and drowned yesterday, between Cape D'Or and Spencers Island.

The vessel had been in Advocate Harbor and started for Parrsboro yesterday. The mate and Morris were shortening sail and in some way Morris got caught in the jib and went overboard. Francis Morris, the boy's father, and the mate got hold of young Morris, but he was torn from their grasp and sank before any further assistance could be rendered.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

The compilers of the fourth reader seem to have paid more regard to speed in the issue of the book than accuracy. Perhaps they thought that Kipling was not worth mentioning as a poet. They give us notes on men whose names are seldom or never heard mentioned but Kipling is ignored. For the benefit of our readers therefore, we give below a brief account of his career.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

A short biography of Kipling which we promised in our last issue, we are pleased to submit.

Rudyard Kipling (originally Joseph Rudyard,) Anglo-Indian author; born at Bombay, India, Dec. 30th, 1865. After studying at the United Services College, Westward Ho, North Devon, he returned to India in 1882 as sub-editor of the Lahore "Civil and Military Gazette." He left India in 1889 and went to England, after visiting China, Japan, Africa, Australia and the United States. During the second Boer War he visited South Africa as a newspaper correspondent. It was about this time that he wrote "The Absent-Minded Beggar." He first made himself known to a restricted circle of English readers by a volume entitled "Departmental Ditties" (1886) in which he dealt with the salient features of Anglo-Indian life with directness, insight, and metrical facility. An enlarged edition appeared in 1890. In "Plain Tales from the Hills" (1887) he gave the public the first collection of the striking and characteristic stories of English life under Indian conditions, on which his reputation chiefly rests. It was followed by a number of other works at varied dates. His reputation was greatly enhanced by the publication in 1892 of "Barrack-Room Ballads" and other verses. The "Jungle Book" appeared in 1894, illustrated by his father and others, and is regarded by many as his best. It deals with beast-fables of a primitive India. Of Kipling's occasional poems his most famous is "The Recessional," written on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee (1897). Kipling's best work must always rank high, but he is very unequal, and at times journalistic and mediocre. At his best, however, he is skilful in character-drawing, and his word pictures are often extremely vivid.

I. C. R. NEEDS BRANCH LINES

He Would Have the Branch Lines
Leased—G. T. Pacific will not
Compete With the Intercolonial, says Westmorland M. P.

MONTREAL, Oct. 23—Hon. H. R. Emmerson believes that the I. C. R. can be made profitable. In an interview here Wednesday, a portion of which was given out yesterday, Hon. Mr. Emmerson said in reference to the I. C. R. Management Board:—

"Of course, the whole ideal is to make the line a commercial success. But then, the line never was built for that purpose. It was built as a result of a compact at Confederation to give transportation to the people of the Maritime Provinces. In Quebec and still more in Ontario, the people have a splendid system of canals which are free to them, and which are maintained at a deficit of a million and a quarter of dollars per annum. The people of the Maritime Provinces have no canals. They have only the railway, and why should there be such an outcry, because the railway, like the canals, does not show a profit?"

"All the same, I believe the I. C. R. can be made profitable, but it will be a policy of expansion, not of construction. What should be done is to extend the line where necessary and to acquire local lines as feeders."

These local lines can be acquired without any capital expenditure—simply by leasing them, as the private corporations do. At present the eastern end of the Intercolonial is very largely a feeder of the C. P. R. at St. John.

Asked if the Grand Trunk Pacific would injure the Intercolonial, when it came into operation, Mr. Emmerson replied in the negative. "It will be a good thing," he replied, "because it will develop the interior of the province and will create its own traffic. It will compete with the C. P. R. far more than it will with the Intercolonial."

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
J. C. H. H. H. H.

FARMER'S COLUMN.

WINTER EGGS.

In winter the weather conditions are very changeable. It is not the extreme cold that checks egg-production, but the sudden changes, which in nine cases out of ten may be avoided by keeping the hens in their houses when the thermometer gets to zero and lower. The comfortable bird is the one that is giving the profit, and the best thing to do is to go over carefully the things that cause discomfort to the flocks and use every effort to overcome the losses. When selecting young pullets, bear in mind that any lack of vigor in them while they are young is evidence that they will not be hardy when full grown. Hardiness is everything with a flock, for if any of the old or young stock cannot pass through the winter season of the year with perfect freedom from disease they will not prove profitable as winter layers. The eggs from a flock during cold weather depend on selection and management of the pullets in the summer and fall.

RESULTS OF OVERFEEDING

There is probably no more frequent cause of a small egg supply than that of the hens being in too fat a condition. The necessity for liberally supplying laying hens with food of a nourishing nature has been so often emphasised that many poultry keepers are inclined to overfeed, under the mistaken impression that the more food the birds receive the more eggs do they lay. This is, however, by no means the case, and it is a grave error to feed too liberally or upon too stimulating foods. There is no better method of keeping laying hens in a lean, hard condition than encouraging them to take plenty of exercise. This is not always an easy matter during the winter months, and there are many days when the birds are better under cover. A scratching shed attached to the sleeping compartment is a great boon, as then, no matter how rough or inclement the weather may be, there is always a place in which the hens can obtain exercise, so important a factor towards success. The floor of this scratching then should be covered with straw or chaff to the depth of several inches, and the grain should always be scattered there among. This gives the birds a good deal of work in scratching for their food, and they soon learn to appreciate the fact that if they work not neither do they eat.

PROTECT FRUIT
TREES IN WINTER.

The piling of scrub about the tree to hold the snow is a good idea, as this may prevent the rabbits from getting near the tree, although it may harbor mice. It is almost impossible to prevent rabbits from injuring fruit trees as they work as much on top of the snow, but sometimes where there is little snow if the trunk is protected there may be no injury. As mice and rabbits may be expected in greater or less numbers every winter, young trees should be regularly protected against their ravages. Mice usually begin working on the ground under the snow, and when they come to a tree they will begin to gnaw it if it is not protected. A small mound of soil from eight to twelve inches in height raised about the base of the tree has been quite effectual, but the cheapest and surest practice is to wrap the tree with ordinary building paper, the price of which is merely nominal. Tar paper is also effectual, but trees have been injured by using it, and it is well to guard against this when building paper will do as well. After the paper is wrapped around the tree and tied, a little earth should be put about the lower end to prevent the mice from beginning to work there, as if they get a start the paper will not stand in their way. It may be stated, however, that although two thousand young trees have been wrapped with building paper for several years at the Experimental Farm at Ottawa, there have been practically no instances where the mice have gnawed through the paper to get at the tree. The use of a wire protector or one made of tin or galvanized iron, is economical in the end, as they are durable.

ADDRESS PRESENTED TO
MRS. E. A. McLEAN

At a meeting of the W. M. S. held on Monday evening last, the following address was presented to Mrs. E. A. McLean a prominent worker in the Society:—

Dear Mrs. McLean:—

We the members of Newcastle Auxiliary of the W. M. S. have come here this evening to express to you, our dear friend, our sincere appreciation of the kindness you have shown us ever since you came to reside in our midst.

As soon as you opened your home here, you invited us to hold our meetings with you, and for four years we have regularly visited you each month, and have spent several social evenings here as well. On every occasion we received such a welcome that we could not doubt its genuineness, and we invariably went home with the feeling that we had been where we were wanted, and resolved to go again.

Though we know that you enjoy our meetings, and that in coming here we bring you a little of the outside cheer that you would otherwise miss, yet we feel that the favors we have received have been vastly greater than any we may have conferred on you.

For some time we have thought that we ought to do something to show our gratitude, and we feel sure that in no possible way, can we give you more pleasure, than by presenting you with a certificate of "Life Membership" in the "Society" which fills so large a place in your heart.

This is the evening of our Canadian "Thanksgiving Day," and our people throughout the day have given thanks for God's blessings during the past year. We, as an auxiliary, desire at this time to thank the Providence which has cast your lot and ours in the same place, and has permitted us to have your noble example of unselfishness, and fellowship with your sweet christian spirit.

We trust that this little gathering of friends has brought you happiness, and that the expression of our love and esteem will be an additional cause for thanksgiving on your part.

With a fervent prayer that you may enjoy many years of service for the Master, we are

On behalf of the Auxiliary
Lovingly yours
E. A. Follansbee, Pres.
A. J. Clarke, Treas.

WHOLE SHIP'S CREW
WAS MASSACRED

VICTORIA, B. C. Oct. 21—Further advice of the massacres in New Britain early last month, briefly reported in Sydney cables, received by the steamer Marama yesterday, show that Captain Lindsay, of the ketch Rabaul and ten of his crew, were murdered and burned and the trading vessels looted and set on fire, the bodies of some of the victims being thrown into the flames.

The steamer Laneoog, which had returned to Sydney from the New Britain group shortly before the Marama sailed, reported the occurrence. Her officers said Captain Lindsay, owner and master of the Rabaul, who was prominent in the New Britain trade, was off the east coast of New Britain, about two hundred miles from Herbertsho, recruiting labor. Captain Lindsay went ashore and was escorted to a big native house. As soon as he stepped in he was struck down from behind with a spear, and the blacks sprang upon him with knives. He was hacked to death. The body was then dragged out to the beach and burned. The flotilla of canoes then went off to the Rabaul and the blacks swarmed on board. One after another the ten men of the crew were slaughtered, and a raid was made on the stores, and after they were secured, kerosene was poured over the deck and in the holds and the ship became a funeral pyre for the murdered men. Ship and victims were completely destroyed.

A German punitive expedition was being prepared when the Laneoog left the island.

A report was also brought from the island that the French recruiting ketch Gaudeloupe also was attacked and wrecked by the blacks in New Hebrides at the same time at Malliolo, and the French captain and his crew of eight were massacred, but no confirmation had been received of this.

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An Interesting
Thanksgiving Story

(Continued.)

To see the way they welcomed her no one would have believed that the foregoing conversation could have taken place. But Wilfred was the sort of a girl who is never considered in a dubious light except when she is absent. Girls like Wilfred are too rare and too delightful to be anything but acclaimed when met face to face.

She was twenty-two or thereabouts, with blue eyes and reticent nose, coils of abundant hair wound all around her pretty head, and an adorable gown fitting her adorable figure in the most adorable manner possible. She shook with delight in their dual embrace and returned their various affectionate testimonials in warmest kind.

"Oh, I'm so glad to be back here again," said Wilfred, and her tone was most sincere.

"Why didn't you let us know in time to meet you?" asked Durham, retiring to the hearth rug and contemplating her with a happy smile. "You know we have a modest brougham now."

"No, have you, really? If I had known that I would have telegraphed from Cincinnati. I waited until Indianapolis. Perhaps the reason was that I didn't wake up until I got there you had one?"

"I never telegraph before I wake up," said Mr. Durham.

"Last night—at dinner. And then I took the eleven o'clock train. There is a story about town at home that I am engaged, and it annoys me so that I told the family that I would go off until I quieted down. I didn't decide where I'd go until last night, though."

"You can't have done much packing," said Mr. Durham.

"I didn't do any. I haven't a blessed thing with me except one trunk and a hat box and these two bags. I didn't have any time to get things together."

"What a girl you are!" said Durham.

"Am I not? Oh dear, it's awful what a girl I am. Isn't it? And I've been all this winter—oh, I've been ill."

"Not really—what with?"

"Influenza. I had it so badly that whenever I had time I stayed in bed—indeed I did."

"Oh, Wilfred!"

"Yes, I did—on my honor. That's partly why I am here. Change of air, you know. But I want to take off my things; and, oh, have you a telephone?"

"Of course we have a telephone. Do you want to use it?"

"Not now—I just wanted to know if I could with me," said Mrs. Durham.

"I'll take you upstairs and brush you off and then we'll lunch."

"Perhaps after all I had better use the telephone first. Where is it?"

"Right here," said Durham, stepping aside; "we have it in this room so that it will be real handy."

"Handy, yes; but private, not a bit!" She was at the telephone as she spoke, laughing and picking up the address book.

"We'll go away," said Mrs. Durham.

"Indeed you won't. I want you to share in the fun. I thought of something so droll coming up on the train and I am going to do it at once."

The Durhams exchanged glances.

"Did you ever hear of Harry Thorstal? Wilfred was looking in the telephone book."

"We've just met him at the Outwents."

"Is he nice?"

"Do you know him? It was Mrs. Durham who spoke."

"I know a man who knows him."

"He's a fine fellow," said Durham, with decision.

"26075. Is he really?" said Wilfred, dropping the book and unhooking the receiver.

"What are you going to do?" Mrs. Durham's tone was alarmed.

"Please give me 26075 (to Central). Wilfred, what are you doing?"

"Yes—26075 (still to Central). Wilfred—"

She turned a laughing face toward them both.

"Just listen and you'll find out. Is that 26075? Yes? Is Mr. Harry Thorstal there? No, not his father—I want his son."

"Wilfred, said Durham, almost severely, 'don't you go too far. Remember who you are and who we are.' Wilfred laughed.

"Is that Mr. Harry Thorstal? Very well. Never mind who this is. Just tell me one thing—are you a brave man?"

Durham looked at his wife and his wife looked at him.

she would be sent along next day. So it was not very long before their minds were relieved of anxiety.

"And now," said Drusilla, "am I going to have a real Thanksgiving dinner, the real American kind like my grandmother said I should have?"

Mrs. Creighton looked a little troubled at this and said:—"Well, my dear, I'll do my best, but you know a turkey is a big bird for two people."

"Oh, but we must have turkey," said Drusilla. "It wouldn't be even as good as a London Thanksgiving without turkey, and we could eat it cold, or you could after I'm gone, or we could give it to the cat." Then she had inspiration. "Perhaps," she said, "turkeys are expensive."

"They are, rather," confessed Mrs. Creighton.

"Oh," cried Drusilla, "but I have lots of money and I'm going to buy the Thanksgiving dinner!"

And this she persisted in doing in spite of all Mrs. Creighton's efforts to dissuade her. The end of the line isn't a very good place to buy provisions, especially on a holiday morning, but a personal acquaintance with the shopkeeper is of great assistance, and even pumpkin pies of the good old-fashioned brand may be bought from a neighbor in an emergency.

So Drusilla had a Thanksgiving dinner such as was never surpassed even in a few years in her own grandmother's stately mansion, for Mrs. Creighton, a jangling hug. And in afternoon of old-fashioned dainties, and when the feast was finally ready somewhat late in the afternoon no American need have felt ashamed to see it set before a king.

Besides there was the spice of adventure attached to this Thanksgiving dinner that she herself had bought.

When Drusilla said goodbye next morning, she said, "Now, I have three grandmothers," as she gave Mrs. Creighton a parting hug. And in afternoon, whether she spent her holiday with her Illinois grandmother in the country or with her travelling grandmother in a great hotel, or with her parents in some interesting outpost of civilization near to the orchid beds, she never forgot her third grandmother, and always sent a message and a box of gifts to remind her of what she declared was her introduction to an American Thanksgiving.

You hurry you can just make it for lunch. Well, will you try. Never mind being dressed as you are. Never mind anything. I'll just tell you this much—if you don't come you will regret it till the end of your life."

She suddenly hung up the receiver and came to Mrs. Durham, saying, "Come now, dear, show me where I may wash."

"Wilfred," said Mrs. Durham, aghast, "this is awful what will he think?"

"Come dear, show me where I may wash."

"And then, too, we didn't expect even one guest, and our luncheon is of the simplest, and—and, oh, why will you be so crazy?"

"How do you like my box?" asked Wilfred. "It's horrid, isn't it? But I have got to wear it now because I lost mother's."

Mrs. Durham threw a despairing glance her husband's way, and the two ladies went upstairs.

Fifteen minutes after they came down, the traveller looking as fresh as a rose.

"I don't believe that Thorstal will come," said Durham agreeably.

"Nor I," said his wife. "He isn't that kind of a man."

"I see the motor," said Wilfred, who was seated near the window. She rose at once. "It's stopping. Tell me quick—she seized Durham and pushed him before her—"that's him, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course," said Durham, peeping the lace curtain, "that's Thorstal, all right."

"Did you ever meet him?" the girl asked Mrs. Durham. The door bell was ringing below.

"Yes, twice."

"Then you must pretend that it was you that telephoned. Do. Just to see what he says."

"Wilfred!" cried her friend, "that is going too far. I won't do any such thing."

"Yes, you will, too," Wilfred exclaimed. "Oh, you will, I'm sure! She was clasping her hands in entreaty, her cheeks glowing pink. She was positively irresistible."

"Oh, you must, you must!" she begged. "It will be too good for words. You must, you know. Just go and meet him and see what he says. As she spoke, she pushed her toward the hall door of the room."

"Maude!" said Durham warningly, but Wilfred was a magician as usual, and Mrs. Durham yielded to the spell. Thorstal was coming up the stairs. Mrs. Durham met him at the head.

"Mr. Thorstal," she said, "did you ever receive so crazy a telephone before in all your life? She extended her hand in greeting as she spoke."

"Oh, but I know the voice, Mrs. Durham," he said, shaking hands. I

Continued on page 4.