

our Motto: "SUUM CUIQUE."



(To Every Man His Own.)

The Mail and Advocate

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ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D., DEC. 2, 1914.

OUR POINT OF VIEW

Duty of The Hour

YOUNG MEN of Newfoundland the duty of the hour for you is to volunteer, and that at once. As in charity he give twice who gives quickly, so in this Volunteer Movement, he who offers now is worth two men who enlist three months hence.

The Capital City is doing nobly. Already St. John's has given the best of her young blood to the First Newfoundland Regiment now in training at Salisbury Camp, England. And with the opening of the lists at the C.L.B. Armoury the last couple of nights there has been a response in aid that has made it impossible for the Recruiting Officer to deal with the scores of eager volunteers.

Monday night the list was opened, and one hundred and eighty-two young men volunteered; last night one hundred and fifty-three offered making a grand total, for the two nights only, of three hundred and thirty-five out of the five hundred men asked for. Most likely to-night sufficient volunteers will offer themselves to complete the complement required.

And in view of this splendid exhibition of practical patriotism, who will be surprised saying, "Well done, St. John's!" For the great majority of those offering for the first and second contingents were residents of this City.

That's a good, a very good showing, but still not satisfactory enough. This is not a local movement; it is not merely a Newfoundland movement—it is imperial in its far-reaching results, it is vital in its consequences. The appeal comes to citizens of St. John's; it comes to Newfoundlanders generally—aye, but it reaches us all as Britons—privileged to claim the rights, the blessings, the special protection of the Union Jack.

What, then, shall we still affirm adherence to the standard of party; to the traditions of locality, when the call of the Mother Country comes to institutions under the "flag that has braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze?"

Men of Newfoundland, you young chaps known by the name of Britain's "Most Ancient and Most Loyal Colony," what are you going to do about it?

You young men of the outports, the young fellows of St. John's have been able to secure a great advantage over you and have made all haste to fill up the ranks of two land forces. They have made the most of a glorious privilege while you have been shouldered out.

What are you going to do about it? Let St. John's fight for you, while you remain in shameful ease at home, posing as arm-chair critics or gleaming at second-hand news of strenuous fighting in which your own countrymen take a hand?

Surely you recognize that you have even more at stake than St. John's itself.

How comes it that big prices can be obtained for your fishery produce in a time of phenomenal international strife?

Just because you are children of Mother Britain and she has swept the seas of enemy ships that your water-borne traffic might pass to and from unmolested as in the "piping times of peace."

Aye, the landmen are doing their part and hundreds of your fellow mariners have done theirs. Surely you will not allow would-be traducers to point the finger of scorn at you as men who refused, or even hesitated to dedicate themselves to the cause of truth, of righteousness, of international justice, honor and amity as represented by Great Britain in this war!

You enjoy a privilege such as is not accorded to subjects of any of the other Allied Powers. In France, in Russia, in Belgium the authorities order "Go and fight—all of you," none daring to refuse, even if they would.

We, Britons, know nothing of such conscriptive methods. "Come," is the invitation, "come and help preserve the great and glorious heritage handed down to us by our fathers."

Men are wanted for the fleet, Newfoundland has them, the best, the sturdiest, men of courage and ability, second to no other sailor class in the world and Britain summons, some—a few only—to her aid.

What, don't you know that it was the prowess of your fathers on the seas that has made your Empire pre-eminent amongst world-powers. The fishers who, in the early days of our history, fared forth from English and Irish ports to cross the stormy Atlantic to the shores of the New-Foundland were the men who manned our fleets and put the enemy to flight on the seas.

These sturdy old mariners have entered the last port and you have succeeded to their rights and privileges, amplified, made more worth while. Aye, and you have succeeded also to their duties and responsibilities. Shoulder them, unafraid, like men, and in the future you need never be ashamed.

Men of Britain's Most Ancient Colony, you are needed on your Empire's ships—will you respond to the Call—now?

Recruiting

THE Old Country has determined to refuse all applicants for enlistment under the age of 19. The experience of the four months' fighting have shown that it was a mistake to permit young boys to enlist, for the hospitals and asylums in England are crowded with young chaps of the age of seventeen and eighteen who have returned from the front physical wrecks—mostly of a nervous description.

We trust the warnings uttered by the medical journals published in England will be considered by the authorities who are responsible for the enlistment of recruits and that boys be debarred from enrolling.

If we send more recruits let them be men grown. We therefore suggest that all under the age of nineteen be rejected.

Another Eye Opener

THE Prospero arrived here last evening, making a record trip for this time of the year. It took that fine ship fourteen days to make a round trip when the F. P. U. convention Delegates were moving, but the same work was performed in ten days the trip after the Convention closed.

Is it any wonder the North is demanding the removal of Capt. Kean from the command of the Northern mail steamer that receives \$70,000 every year from the fishermen's taxes in order to accommodate the public conveniences of the people of the North.

Only ten days for a round trip usually, but fourteen days for the same round trip when the delegates of the F. P. U. are en route for their Convention. Talk about people being deposed, insulted, outraged and treated as serfs; why such treatment would not be tolerated in China with impunity. Yet Bowring Brothers are brazen faced enough to think that the intelligent people of the North should overlook such outrages, and adore the mail-hearted and pig-headed commander of the ship that scoops in \$70,000 annually of the fishermen's taxes.

WORLD'S PRESS ON THE BIG WAR

HARDEST ENEMY TO DEFEAT.

Buffalo Courier:—Cholera is said to have spread to more than a hundred localities in Austria-Hungary. Disease may yet prove more destructive to the European armies than all the ingenuity of modern war.

SHELLS.

Springfield Republican:—In the Boer war lyddite shells made more noise than havoc, and the English army has since then been strongly for shrapnel, but experience of trench fighting has led to a demand for high explosive shells such as the French use. There is now respect, too, for the light trench mortars which the Germans have brought into use, throwing a two hundred pound shell to about golf-ball range.

REPRISALS.

London News and Leader:—If "reprisals" really are taken against the unhappy English community in Germany, there is no doubt where the responsibility will lie. But we hope that both here and in Germany there will be reasonable consideration for "enemy aliens" who have lived respectably in the respective countries and against whom there is no suspicion.

Even in war there is room for civility, consistent with the utmost vigilance. And it is in the interests of both that there should be no war or reprisals against those whose credentials are indisputable.

This is Big Banner Week at THE NICKEL, The Best Yet.

STUPENDOUS GAUMONT SPECIAL FEATURE.

"THE WHITE GLOVE BAND."

An extraordinary detective drama—produced in 3 parts 3—Filled with thrilling action—Delightfully Exciting. The famous Parisian Star, MADAME CLAIRE SIMONET, in the character of The Fair "Nina." Supported by a full caste of gifted French artists.

ARTHUR C. HUSKINS, The Popular Tenor, Has Two Dandy Songs.

3 Other All Feature Reels--3.

DON'T MISS A CHANGE—THIS IS A BANNER WEEK AT THE NICKEL.

THE GREATEST, GRANDEST, MOST SENSATIONAL FEATURE WE HAVE HAD.

TO THE EDITOR

Stick to His 'Last'

(Editor Mail and Advocate) Dear Sir,—One P. G. Butler, a schoolmaster has a "dodger" about the advertising fees for the Agricultural Society.

The Government of this country lost a large amount of money last year in a similar transaction which was being conducted by this individual and now he is out again with his dodges this year.

Now, I think P. G. Butler should attend to his school and not interfere with people who are doing their best to pay a hundred cents in the dollar. He shouted before and the country lost a very large sum of money. How long are we going to be fooled in this way? Would it not be better for all concerned—the Country and Revenue and Mr. Butler's scholars—if he attended to his business and left others to attend to theirs.

NO BLUFF.

DOESN'T LIKE MORRIS A BIT

(Editor Mail and Advocate) Dear Sir,—I am desirous of expressing my admiration, for the noble manner in which The Advocate is fighting the battle for the fishermen of Newfoundland. What a God-send your paper is to the toiling masses, and with what interest it is read by them.

Mr. Coaker's controversy with the Premier on the fish question was real interesting, and to use a Yankeeism, he spread it all over the Premier. Morris in the controversy reminded me of a snarling "racket" before a dog. But Mr. Coaker and the fishermen are surely convinced, long ere this, that Morris has as much use for 'he working classes of this country as he has for the mud on his boots.

They are good enough to use, to gull, to lie to, during an election and more than that, he don't want to know.

Presto, a Change!

Fishermen, laborers and mechanics, when elections are over, he only wants to know the Reids to talk branch railways and subsidize Duffy, Farrell and a few more of the vulgarities to talk land grabbing, but the fishermen "bah!" he don't like the smell of fish (or fishermen), can't stand it. Why it is not so very long ago that he paid Mackinson a few thousand dollars for a recipe to "kill the smell." And here now is this torment Coaker showing fish under his aristocratic nostrils again. Why it is like a red rag to the bull, and speaking of bulls, reminds us, that his bosom friend P. T. McGrath told us long ago that Morris was a bull. So you see the only difference between Morris and other bulls is that whilst they go mad at the sight of a red rag, Ned gets off at the sight, smell, or talk, of fish or fishermen. So Mr. Coaker ought to be compassionate and not be dangling "fish" before him when he know he can't stand it, and it is only a waste of time.

You only need look back through all the years that Ned has been in public life, to realize that, during every election campaign he has been shouting cold storage, bait supplies, &c., &c., and it has all been only so much "god" for the fishermen. There was no money in it for Ned and that was No. 1 consideration. Now understand that, once and for all.

Now on the other hand, branch railways, mail subsidies, land grants, &c., the persons interested in these matters are more often Ned's own kidney.

They are the aristocratic and refined element, they wash with scented soaps, and there is no fishy smell of their clothes, they wear dress rings and smoke cigars, instead of a "T.D." pipe.

Congenial Companions.

And are you surprised that they are more congenial to the Prince's tastes and surroundings? Then if you are, don't be so any longer. Make up your minds, you fishermen and working men generally, that Morris and the gang of pirates he has around him have no use for you only coming on an election. In Morris's estimation you are only a crowd of ignoramuses, that he can gull just as long as he wishes.

Do you want greater proof of this, than his taking off \$400,000 of taxes on the eve of the last election and immediately after the election putting on double that amount? But never mind, he'll get his deserts as sure as the Kaiser will.

No, he couldn't do anything to help the fishermen out of a hole, but it is not very long ago that he could make provision to help his friends the land grabbers, by altering the Act to enable them to retain their grabs for a lengthy period, but then they were his friends.

Oh our poor suffering country, how long more before we are rid of our Kaiser Edward?

—BUSTER BROWN.

Const. Pittman arrived by the Prospero yesterday with a male patient for the Insane Asylum.



TAKE YOUR POLICY

and when the flames destroy your property get the amount of your INSURANCE.

Then you can replace the loss as promptly as you desire. There are no delays, no complications, if you insure in our safe companies and the cost is small.

PERCIE JOHNSON, Insurance Agent.

Local Councils Elect Officers

Hooping Hr.

(Editor Mail and Advocate) Dear Sir,—We have selected the following as officers for the coming year:—Philip Randell, Chairman; Victor Watkins, Deputy Chairman; Thomas Cassell, Secretary; Job Randell, Treasurer. A. R. Hooping Hr., Nov. 23, 1914.

Keels, B.B.

(Editor Mail and Advocate) Dear Sir,—The officers of Keels Harbor Local Council for the coming year are as follows: Henry Hobbs, Chairman. John Fitzgerald, Dep. Chairman. Henry Mesh, Secretary. John Penny, Treasurer. Alexander Mysh, Door Guard. Keels, B.B., Nov. 10, '14.

Hant's Hr.

(Editor Mail and Advocate) Dear Sir,—The officers of Hant's Harbor Local Council for the coming year are as follows:—Moses Crutch, Chairman; Seth Price, Deputy Chairman; John S. Green, Secretary. William Loder, Treasurer; Herbert Ellis, Door Guard. We wish the Union every success. MOSES CRUTCH, Chairman. Hant's Hr., Nov. 24, 1914.

Marine Disaster Fund

Already acknowledged... \$305,700.71 C. of E. Diocese of Montreal (additional) per Lt. Col. E. M. Renouf, and the Rt. Hon. the Prime Minister... 18.95 \$305,719.66

Anyone can repair a roof with Elastic Roofing Cement Paint. It is easy and ready to apply. No heating required. You can do the work yourself with an ordinary whitewash brush. P. H. COWAN, Agent.

NOTICE

All the Local Councils of the F. P. U. in the District of Wiltshire who were not represented at the District Council and all Councils who have not already done so, will please send me the following information: 1st—The names and population of the different settlements in your locality. 2nd—The mileage of road in those settlements, both Local and Main Line, distinguishing between the two. W. B. JENNINGS, D.C. decl.31

(Under the Distinguished Patronage of His Excellency the Governor)

A Grand Smoking Concert

will be held in the Casino Theatre, on Wednesday, December 2nd, at 9.30 p.m.

under the direction of F. J. KING, Esq.,

Assisted by Leading City Artists, and C. L. B. BAND. The net proceeds to be divided between Belvidere, Methodist and Church of England Orphanages.

TICKETS (For sale at Gray & Goodland's and Atlantic Bookstore)—Body of Hall, 50c.; Gallery, 30.

KEAN'S RIDE

Of all the rides since the birth of time, Told in story or sung in rhyme, On Apuleu's golden ass Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass, Witch astride of a human back, Islam's prophet on Al-Borak, The strongest ride that ever was sped Was Kean's from Newfoundland.

Old Abe Kean, for his hard heart, Tarr'd and feathered and carr'd in a cart. By the women of Newfoundland.

Body of Turkey, head of owl, Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl, Feathered and ruffled in every part, Skipper Kean stood in the cart; Scores of women, old and young, Strong of muscle and glib of tongue, Pushed and pulled p the rocky lane, Shouting and singing the shrill refrain.

Here's Abe Kean, for his hard heart, Tarr'd and feathered an' carr'd in a cart— By the women of Newfoundland.

Small pity for him! He sailed away, From the frozen pan in Bonavis' Bay; Sailed away from a frozen pan, With his own town people on the floe. "Lay by; lay by," they called to him "Back," he answered, "travel or swim, Back to your catch of swiles again." And off he sailed thro' fog and rain.

Old Abe Kean, for his hard heart Tarr'd and feathered and carr'd in a cart— By the women of Newfoundland.

Through the street on either side, Up flew windows, doors swung wide, Sharp tongued spinsters, old wives, grey, Treble lent to fish-horns bray; Sea-worn grandstres, cripple bound, Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane.

And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:

Here's Abe Kean with his horrid heart Tarr'd and feathered and carr'd in a cart— By the women of Newfoundland.

Sweetly along the pleasant road, Bloom of orchard and lilac showed, Little the wicked skipper knew Of the field so green or the sky so blue.

Riding there in his sorry trim, Like an Indian idol glum and grim, Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear Of voices shouting far and near:

Here's Abe Kean for his horrid heart, Tarr'd and feathered and carr'd in a cart— By the women of Newfoundland.

Hear me, neighbors, at last he cried: What to me is this noisy ride? What is the shame that clothes the skin.

To the homeless honor that lives within? Waking or sleeping, I see a berg,

GENERAL NEWS

Quebec Telegraph: Leon Labot, one of the three French reservists who has just returned from the seat of war, in an interview with a reporter, spoke in enthusiastic terms of the work of the French Sisters of Charity. They follow the troops into action and frequently go into the trenches under fire to rescue the wounded, he said. One of these women, who was known as Sister Anne and beloved by the troops because of her ceaseless activity, was killed by a German shell while attempting to carry away a wounded soldier who had fallen within a few yards of Labot.

At Cincinnati a set of rules to prevent husband or wife taking refuge in the divorce court or seeking happiness with a soul mate was offered in a sermon by Rev. C. W. Blodgett, pastor of the Clifton Methodist Episcopal Church. "Gossip is destructive," he said. "The man who will go about and complain of his wife is a coward. The woman who listens to silly twaddle of busybodies is unfit for home. Not one girl in 1000 is fit to marry under 20, and no man under 25." The pastor said every man, before he is married, should be compelled to swear he will stay at home at least two nights every week.

Quebec Telegraph: A rather unusual action has been entered in the Superior Court, in which a wife seeks to recover damages from a St. Roch's hotel-keeper, whom she accuses of selling liquor to her husband, despite the fact that this was prohibited by the collector of Revenue. The plaintiff in the case is Mrs. Pettit, and the defendant is Mr. A. Larue, who conducts a restaurant business on Crown street. Mrs. Pettit's action is for \$500, and she seeks to recover this amount in view of the fact that orders had been given forbidding the sale of intoxicants to her husband by all keepers of bars in the city.

And hear a cry from the frozen pan! Hate me, and curse me—I only dread The hand of God and the face of the dead:

Said old Abe Kean, for his horrid heart, Tarr'd and feathered and carr'd in a cart— By the women of Newfoundland.

Then the wives of sailors lost at sea, Said: God has touched him; why should we? Said one old wife, who mourned her only son: "Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"

So with soft relentings and rude excuse Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose. And gave him a cloak to hide him in. And let him alone with his shame and sin.

Poor Abe Kean, for his hard heart, Tarr'd and feathered and carr'd in a cart— By the women of Newfoundland.

Just Received

Ex S.S. Morwenna,

500 Sacks

Black Oats

Colin Campbell

85 Water Street.