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DEATH OF MISS WESTON

"THE SAILORS' FRIEND"

By the death of Miss Agnes E. Weston, G. B. E., which occurred last week at the Royal Sailors' Rest, Devonport, the personal of the British Navy lose an estimable lady who had become known all the world over as "The Sailors' Friend."

The daughter of a barrister, she was born in London in 1840, but while she was still a child her parents moved to Bath. She began her philanthropic work in 1868, when she took to visiting hospitals, and also to Sunday-school and Band of Hope work, following this up by visiting among the men of the 2nd Somerset Militia. All this, however, was but a preliminary to the great labors of her life; though these in reality started from what was in itself a very small incident—namely, the writing of a letter to a man on board her Majesty's ship *Crocodile*, who had lost his mother, and, missing the letters she used to send to him, had expressed a desire to have a letter from some Christian lady who would write to him instead. Miss Weston speedily had similar requests from other quarters, and the applications at length became so numerous that she began to issue a series of printed monthly letters to the Service. The circulation of these letters—known as "Blue-backs," on account of the color of their covers—was at first only a few hundreds; but it has of late years increased to over half a million, including a special issue for boys. In addition to this, Miss Weston has been known to write 10,000 personal letters in the course of a year in reply to communications from officers and men in the British Navy. In this way her letters, printed or written, followed the ships of the Navy regularly to every part of the globe, and were always welcomed with the greatest eagerness. Then, almost at the outset of her work for the Navy, Miss Weston became the active superintendent of the "Royal Naval Temperance Society," and the operations of this body have since then been so extended that they are said to be now in active working in every ship in the Royal Navy.

In 1876 Miss Weston, aided by her friend and helper, Miss Wintz, started a "Sailors' Rest" in Devonport, being convinced that work afloat was not sufficient, and that the provision of a "Rest," where a sailor could obtain food, a bed, healthy recreation, and all the comforts of a temporary home, was the only practical way of keeping him from yielding to the temptations of all kinds that surrounded him as soon as he put his foot on shore. The idea that "Jack" would be willing to substitute tea and coffee for the orthodox

grog was at this time entirely new, and Miss Weston related that it was at first regarded as "a crank which could only exist in the brain of one of two misguided women." But the "Rest" was speedily crowded with seamen, extensions became an absolute necessity, several neighbouring publichouses were brought up and their sites utilized, and finally, there was completed the present splendid range of buildings, which stands directly opposite the dockyard gates at Devonport.

In June of the present year the decoration of G. B. E., was conferred upon Miss Weston.—*The Times*, London, Nov. 1.

BORROWED WEDDING DUDS

ROMANCE ENDS HAPPILY

The court was filled with romance this morning when Pte. R. C. Bail faced Magistrate Ellis on a charge of stealing a suit of clothes, shirt, tie, and other accessories from Robt. Johnson, a black-as-night West African. The men roomed at the same house, Brant street, and the civilian suit was to be the young soldier's wedding clothes. The colored man had left his suit in his room and, on returning home, found the King's uniform in its place. Bail's regimental number furnished the clue for Acting Detective Thomson. Bail insisted that he didn't steal the darter's clothes, in which he must have looked positively radiant as he strode up the aisle at Oshawa. He said, another colored man, evidently a great humorist, had loaned him Massa Johnson's clothes.

"I just borrowed it," declared the young soldier.

"And did you steal the girl as well?" asked Assistant Crown Attorney McFadden. Officers of the morality department had been asked by the bride's parents to find her, and had searched for a week.

"No, I didn't steal either clothes or girl," replied the prisoner, indignantly.

"Well, where are you living?" asked the Crown.

"At present I'm living in the cooler," laughed the young groom.

"And you didn't steal the colored man's clothes?"

"No, I didn't. After I got them I hid them good-night."

"Where is the bride now?"

"At her home, and her people told me to go back there when I got out of this," Magistrate Ellis joined in the spirit of the comical romance, and made the groom happy as the wedding bells he had started at Oshawa, by dismissing the case and wreathing the groom's face with smiles.—*Police Court news in the Toronto Telegram.*

THE IRISH EXILE

OVER here in England I'm slavin' in the rain;
Six-an'-six a day we get, an' beds that want were clane;
Weary of the English work, 'tis killin' me that same—
Och, Muckish Mountain, where I used to lie an' dhrame!

At night the windows here are black as Father Murphy's hat;
'Tis fivepence for a pint av beer, an' thin ye can't get that;
Their beef has shtrings like anny harp, for dacent ham I hunt—
Och, Muckish Mountain, an' my pig's sweet grunt!

Sure there's not a taste av buttermilk that we can buy or beg;
Thin their sweet milk has no crame, an' is as blue as a duck egg;
Their whisky is as wake as wather-gruel in a bowl—
Och, Muckish Mountain, where the poken warns yer soul!

'Tis meself that longs for Irish air an' gran' ould Donegal,
Where there's lashins and there's lavins and no scarcity at all;
Where no one cares about the War, but jist to ate an' play—
Och, Muckish Mountain, wid yer feet beside the say!

Sure these Englishmin don't spare themselves in this thremenjus fight;
They say 'tis life or death for thin, an' faith, they may be right;
But Father Murphy tells me that it's no concern av mine—
Och, Muckish Mountain, where the white clouds shine!

Over there in Ireland we're very fond av peace,
Though we break the heads av Orangeman an' batter the police;
For we're all agin the Governmint wheriver we may be—
Och, Muckish Mountain, an' the wild wind blowin' free!

If they tuk me out to Flandhers, bedad I'd have to fight,
An' I'm tould thin Jarman vagabones won't let you sleep at night;
So I'm going home to Ireland wid English notes galore—
Och, Muckish Mountain, I will never lave ye more!

—Punch.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S VIEWPOINT OF THE KAISER AND THE GERMAN PEOPLE

KAISER A GREAT MAN

Sir Wilfrid Laurier during the naval debate in the House of Commons on 27th February, 1913:

"There is one fact in the situation which I think shows that there is no intention on the part of Germany to attack England, and that fact is the German Emperor.

"The German Emperor is undoubtedly one of the great men of the present age. By intellect, by character, by moral fibre, he has shown himself wonderfully endowed.

"In the first year of his reign some of his utterances sent a shiver through those who had the peace of the world at heart. Many believed he was, perhaps, hankering for the glamor of military glory. But as he advanced in years, and as crisis after crisis came, his potent influence was always directed towards peace.

"And the day may come when, like his illustrious uncle, the late King, he may be called the peace-maker."

GERMANS A NOBLE RACE

Sir Wilfrid Laurier at London on 19th November, 1918:

"With Germany ruled by the Kaiser we can have no alliance, because a League of Nations must be arranged by a treaty signed by men upon whom we can depend. But Germany has sent the Kaiser away. Germany is now in the throes of a revolution, and I hope democracy will triumph in Germany. There are men among us who say that the German people are responsible for the atrocities committed by their armies. I do not agree with that view. The responsibility rests with the commanders of the German armies. Unless there is at the head of an army a strong arm to maintain discipline there will always be crimes. Are you to believe that the German people, one of the noblest races in the world, in the past at all events, cannot reclaim themselves, as so many other nations have been reclaimed, by the teaching of democracy in which we believe? Whether the new Germany should be admitted to the family of nations is a question which, with the limited knowledge I have, I would not care to answer, but it is a question that we can leave to the wise decision of the diplomats who will settle the question of peace."

—Toronto Telegram.

TWO MAIN FEATURES IN SWING OF GOLF CLUB

LIKE customs pertaining to religion, etiquette, and morals, geographical location has a great deal to do with the general character of the golf swing, which differs widely with certain players in different localities. Setting aside the trivial peculiarities which take the eye of the spectator, but are in reality quite unessential to the making of the stroke, swings differ in only two main features—they may be upright or flat, open or closed. It is hardly necessary to point out that the nature of the swing and the construction of the club are mutually dependent. The man who favors a horizontal sweep of the club will require to use one in which the "lie" of the head is flat—that is to say, the angle between the sole of the club and the shaft must be considerable. On the other hand, he who prefers a vertical swing must use a driver with an upright lie.

Failure to use a club in which the head is set at a suitable angle to the shaft will result in the heel or the toe being raised off the ground when the ball is being addressed, and the chance of a scuff is in consequence considerably augmented. One of the chief causes of bad driving is that the ball is struck not exactly at the bottom or not exactly at the outermost point of the club's motion. Now it is sufficiently obvious that the flatter and more horizontal the sweep of the club the longer time does it keep close to the ground, but, on the other hand, the more rapidly does it swing off the intended line of flight. With a vertical swing the reverse is the case; it remains for a greater time almost in the line of flight, but it swings rapidly up from the ground level.

The result is that the horizontal swing is apt to be productive of better results as regards trajectory, while with the upright method it is usually easier to keep the line. The former runs more risk of a pull or a slice; the latter is more apt to result in the shot being topped or scuffed. The choice is a matter for each individual. There are good players whose swings are

so low that the club seems to turn over their right elbow, while, one well-known golfer devoted to the other style drives in such a manner that the head of the club is in front of him all the time. These, however, are the extremes of the scale, and most players find that a middle course, in which the club head is turned over the peak of the shoulder, is best suited to their requirements.

The second question, whether the swing should be open or closed, is one about which a considerable amount of misunderstanding generally prevails, because what is properly termed an "open" swing is usually alluded to as, and confounded with, a "half-swing." Now, a half-swing, properly so called, is a definite thing; it is simply an ordinary swing of any kind, carried through to considerably less than its full extent—the word "half" being interpreted with something of the same generosity as ships' engineers are wont to accord to it in the expression "half-speed", holding it, that is to say, equivalent to what a mere arithmetician would consider about three-quarters.

But the term "half-swing" does not include every swing in which the head of the club fails to pass round the complete circle which gives the "closed" swing its name. The swing may be made in such a manner that it must of necessity be an open one, the difference being that the hands are throughout held further away from the body and the arms kept more nearly rigid than in the more ordinary closed swing. The reason for this is that instead of shoulder, elbow, and wrist all being bent to their fullest extent, the elbow is kept almost straight. The club head accordingly moves in a much wider circle, but it does not go so far round.

The open swing, because of its wider sweep, makes it much easier to hit the ball accurately, but the other is distinctly the more powerful stroke—as is only to be expected, when one considers that it brings all the arm muscles fully into play, while the open swing does not. At the same time, the difference is by no means so great as the use of the phrase "half-swing" would seem to imply.

For some people, moreover, the greater ease of the open swing makes it com-

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mendable. The muscles which control the motion of the golf club are used in a rather different way from that which they have been trained to for other things. Consequently the middle-aged man whose muscles have grown rather stiff is often glad to rest content with the by no means despicable results which the open swing will give him. Women also often favor this swing—and it is infinitely preferable to that vicious, jerky jab at the ball which seems to be the monopoly of the feminine novice.

It is curious also that the open swing should so often be particularly effective in the hands of the stout, heavily built player, whose avoirdupois forbids the idea of a more supple, full swing. Under the weight of a powerful forearm the ball travels well-nigh as far as from the more graceful effort of the ordinary drive.

"What is the best way to strengthen the finger grip?" was a question asked recently of Jack Hutchison, and he replied that it was merely a matter of practice. The fingers of a golfer develop in the same manner as those of a violinist or pianoplayer. Hutchison's greatest strength is in his thumb and first finger of the right hand, which does practically all the gripping.

Harry Vardon, six times winner of the British championship, is a prominent example of a man whose wrists and fingers are abnormally developed. Edward Ray, Jim Braid, and Arnaud Massey, the great French player, also are examples, while on this side of the pond are Alex Smith and Bob Macdonald.—*The New York Evening Post.*

CUNARD SHIPS LOST DURING THE WAR

New York, Nov. 23.—Fifteen steamships, aggregating 206,769 gross tons, were lost by the Cunard Line during the period of the war, it was learned here to-day. Of these, all except two were classed as war losses, having been sunk by torpedoes or mines. The *Campania* and the *Ascania* were lost through accidents. The tonnage sunk represents approximately one-half of that possessed by the line at the outbreak of the war in 1914. Nearly all of the Cunard liners were well known Atlantic greyhounds, the largest of which was the *Lusitania*, torpedoed on May 7, 1915.

The Anchor Line, a subsidiary of the company, also lost heavily, eight ships, including the 14,340-ton *Tuscania*, falling victims to the German sea depredations, the total tonnage loss of this line being 65,488.

The following are the ships of the two lines which were sent to the bottom:

Cunard Line: <i>Lusitania</i> , 30,396	<i>Franconia</i> , 18,150	<i>Laconia</i> , 18,099
<i>Transylvania</i> , 14,500	<i>Ibernia</i> , 14,278	<i>Carpathia</i> , 13,603
<i>Alania</i> , 13,405	<i>Aurania</i> , 13,936	<i>Campania</i> , 12,950
<i>Royal Edward</i> , 11,117	<i>Ultonia</i> , 10,402	<i>Ascania</i> , 9,121
<i>Ansonia</i> , 8,153	<i>Faltria</i> , 5,254	Anchor Line: <i>Tuscania</i> , 14,340
<i>Cameronia</i> , 10,963	<i>Caledonia</i> , 9,223	<i>Athena</i> , 8,668
<i>California</i> , 8,662	<i>Tiberia</i> , 4,880	<i>Perugia</i> , 4,376
<i>Assyria</i> , 4,376		

Bacon—"I had Stringer up to the house last night." Egbert—"You mean the violinist?" Bacon—"Yes. He certainly is a finished musician." Egbert—"Your cigars, old man, would finish almost anybody."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Mrs. Brown—"How do you manage to have such delicious meats?" Mrs. Jones—"Well, I select a good, honest butcher, and then stand by him." Mrs. Brown—"You mean that you give him all your trade?" Mrs. Jones—"No, I mean I stand by him while he is cutting the meat."—*Life.*

THIRD SECTION OF GERMAN U-BOATS SURRENDERED

London, Nov. 23.—The third instalment of German submarines was surrendered to Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt off Harwich yesterday morning. The contingent left German waters twenty-one strong, but one of the U-boats sunk in the rough water when nearing the coast.

The total of underwater craft surrendered up to date is 59.

German officers on board defended the practice of shooting drowning men, on the plea that they might escape and attack Germany again.

BRITISH NAVAL CASUALTIES IN THE WAR

London, Nov. 26.—The British naval casualties from the outbreak of the war to November 11 numbered 39,766, the Admiralty announced to-night. These were divided as follows:

Killed or died of wounds—Officers, 2,466; men, 30,895.

Wounded, missing or prisoners—Officers, 1,042; men, 5,363.

In addition 14,661 officers and men of British merchant vessels and fishing boats lost their lives while pursuing their ordinary vocation, by enemy action, and 3,295 were taken prisoners.

Uncle Ezra—"I hear your boy has joined the Aviation Corps." Uncle Eben—"Yes, and I'm afraid he won't make good." Uncle Ezra—"What makes you think so?" Uncle Eben—"He's so durn forgetful that he's liable to take the machine up and come down without it."—*Puck.*

"So you've given up drinking, have you, Rastus?" said the grocer. "Yes, sah, said the old fellow, "I ain't teched a drop in fo' weeks." "Well, you deserve credit for that." "Yes, sah; dat's jes' what I thinks. Mistah Brown, I was jus' gwine ter ax yo' if yo' cud trus' me fo' some groceries."—*Boston Transcript.*

Suffered Since Childhood

Kidneys at the Root of the Evil

Think of it! The joys of youth marred by agonizing pains, and all hopes of a bright future blotted out by thoughts of a life burdened with Backache and other sufferings.

Such was the case of Mr. A. Call until a good friend advised him that there was a remedy for his trouble and he would find it if he used Gin Pills. Read what Mr. Call says:

"I was troubled with my Kidneys since childhood and spent a large amount of money on doctors trying to get cured. Instead of getting better I kept getting worse until a friend of mine advised me to try Gin Pills. I did so, and after taking one box I was able to get out of bed and walk around. Two more boxes relieved me completely and since then I have had no return of the trouble."

This remarkable testimonial was written by a man whose statement cannot be doubted. Mr. Call's reason for writing this history of his case was gratitude for the relief that Gin Pills brought him. Wouldn't you do the same if your case was similar? If you suffer now—don't suffer any longer. Use Gin Pills and obtain relief from Kidney or Bladder Trouble, and the pain, suffering and inconvenience that they cause.

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