

EDWARD L. RISING, PRESIDENT
Waterbury & Rising, Limited
 St. John, N. B.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES

In considering the success of our business during a year of awful war and sorrow, I wish to assure all our friends and customers that I appreciate the very generous patronage extended our firm in the past and look forward to a continuance of the same in the years to come.

Ours is a business that stands today for the development of an ideal: "The ideal of service and fair dealing."

By continually perfecting and putting into effect new methods of service, a new interest in the wants and requirements of the public, we hope to make our stores more attractive, more convenient and more than ever a family shoe store.

Our stock shows greater care and correspondingly greater variety—all the outcome of careful, thoughtful, better planning that comes with an up-to-date footwear establishment.

Any helpful criticism, either of our merchandise or service, addressed to me personally will be most welcome and carefully considered.

Yours respectfully,

Edward L. Rising

COAL!

Telephone M. 2670

The best we know how to buy, carefully prepared and carefully delivered
CONSUMERS' COAL CO. Limited
 331 Charlotte Street

NOVA SCOTIANS AMONG THE BELIEVED LOST

The owners of the Gloucester schooner, Ella M. Doughty of this port, believed to have foundered early in November, have given out her crew list as follows: Capt. Robert Digges, Gloucester, aged fifty-four, leaves a wife and daughter; Nels Johnson, mate, Gloucester, aged thirty-three, unmarried; Joseph Beaton of East Boston, aged eighteen, native

of Ingouish, N. S., unmarried; Pius McPhee, cook, Gloucester, aged forty-seven, unmarried; Oliveira Fernandes, Pent, aged twenty-five, unmarried; Manuel Silva, age thirty-eight, unmarried. The Doughty was engaged in the Newfoundland salted herring business. Capt. Digges, a native of Nova Scotia, had followed the fisheries from Gloucester from boyhood. He was known as an intrepid mariner.

DIAMOND AND GEM RINGS

In a Great Profusion of Styles and Prices

The latest effects in mountings of Platinum Diamond Sets, Bracelets, Lavallieres, Bar Pins, Brooches, etc.

Ladies' Watch Bracelets, in Solid Gold and Gold Filled, in the newest designs and most reliable movements, all guaranteed.

FERGUSON & PAGE
 Diamond Importers and Jewellers
 KING STREET

Fire Sale
AT THORNE'SKITCHEN WARE!
Slightly Damaged

These goods, at the prices, are splendid values, thus enabling you to supply your needs in such lines at considerable saving.

Sheet Iron Bake Pans.....8c, 13c, and 14c each
 Self-Basting Pans.....70c. to \$1.25 each

ALUMINUM WARE!

Berlin Kettles, \$1.00 to \$1.45
 Coffee Pots.....\$1.70 to \$2.25
 Tea Pots.....\$2.00 to \$2.50
 Cake Pans.....40c. to 80c.
 Tea Kettles.....\$3.35

Also Cups, Pie Plates, Soap Dishes, Funnels, Pudding Pans, etc., at Similarly Low Prices

Kitchen-Ware Department—(Temporary Location)—First Floor, Market Square Store.

DISCOUNT ALLOWED ON DAMAGED GOODS!

Market Sq. - W. H. THORNE & CO., LTD. - King St.

To England

By C. K. HARRINGTON

Many friends in the maritime provinces will read with interest and pleasure the following noble poem by Rev. C. K. Harrington, now of Tokyo, Japan. It is included in a book of verse which comes with Christmas greetings from Mr. Harrington, who each year at this season sends a poetic reminder across the Pacific and across Canada to old friends in the provinces by the sea, where he once preached, and where he was born.

TO ENGLAND.

If thou hadst failed!
 That ending and beginning of a world,
 That day of fate when Heaven cried
 down on thee
 And bade thee choose twixt truth and
 faithfulness,
 Twixt ease and travail, thou hadst said
 farwell
 To duty and to honor! If thine hand,
 Which God made strong for deeds of
 righteousness,
 Had sped a Judas palm to meet the
 bribe
 Which Satan's guile had wrought to
 passy thee!

If thou hadst failed!
 Oh, age-long leader of men
 Up Freedom's shining heights, all free-
 men's friend
 And savior of the shackled and op-
 pressed;
 Who, taught of old the song of the free
 sea
 That fenced thee from the tyrant, hast
 achieved
 Ever some new and fairer liberty
 Wherewith to light the world! If thou
 hadst failed!

If thou hadst failed!
 Grey Mistress of the realm
 That giveth the globe! Mother revered
 and Queen
 By our hearts' choice, to all thy daugh-
 ter states,
 The free young nations of the west and
 south,
 Which yearn to thee across the severing
 seas
 That yet do bind us to thee, Mother-
 Land—
 With loving hearts and loyal, proud to
 wear
 Thy name upon us!

For a painted peace
 Hadst thou forsworn thyself, hadst made
 a mock
 Of truth and honor, hadst betrayed thy
 trust
 And them that trusted thee; hadst left
 thy friend
 In peril's hour unaided; hadst put
 shame
 On all on whom thy once proud name
 was called;
 Hadst to all earth been false, and hadst
 denied
 That Heaven which for this time had
 strengthened thee
 To smite or succor!

In a baleful hour
 Hadst thou thy birthright bartered for
 a need
 O' the devil's pottage; with a craven
 heart
 Hadst debating by the water-works
 Far from the conflict; hadst unheeding
 ears
 When shrilled the summons through the
 farthest east
 And farthest west, Up! to Jehovah's
 help
 Against the mighty! and hadst disobeyed
 The heavenly vision! Ah, if thou hadst
 failed!

If thou hadst failed!
 What words might paint thy fall!
 What tears beneath thee! to the shame
 of it
 What crimson blush be equal! Thou
 hadst been
 The scorn unwasting of all noble souls
 Within the circuit of the Seven Seas.
 The very Megasthenes who lived
 Thee to thy ruin had mocked thee.
 Thou wouldst lie
 Victim of thine own sin, unloved, un-
 sung,
 Thy brightness vanished, thy white
 garment stained,
 Thy name accursed, thy kingdom reft
 from thee,
 Thy scepter given to thy neighbor's
 hand.
 The future ages would account thy place
 With Babylon and Tyre. Thy scrib-
 les
 Weaving the story of an ancient world:
 Then England rose, and God was good
 to her,
 And dowered her with beauty and
 with strength,
 And wide dominion passing Caesar's
 dream,
 But when her day of visitation came
 She loved herself too well, and lost
 herself
 And fell to the dead nations.

Hadst thou failed,
 Then had thy fall been ours, thy shame
 our shame.
 We had been worse than orphaned. With
 such grief
 And horror as a mother's children know
 When she whom they have crowned with
 filial love,
 Dreaming her holier than a haloed saint,
 Stoops to dishonor, had we witnessed
 then
 Thine infinite disgrace, had shrunk from
 thee,
 Had loathed thee, had disowned and
 spurned thee,
 Who in thy falseness hadst been false
 to us,
 And soiled us with thy foulness, drag-
 ging down

Hadst thou failed,
 Then had thy fall been ours, thy shame
 our shame.
 We had been worse than orphaned. With
 such grief
 And horror as a mother's children know
 When she whom they have crowned with
 filial love,
 Dreaming her holier than a haloed saint,
 Stoops to dishonor, had we witnessed
 then
 Thine infinite disgrace, had shrunk from
 thee,
 Had loathed thee, had disowned and
 spurned thee,
 Who in thy falseness hadst been false
 to us,
 And soiled us with thy foulness, drag-
 ging down

Hadst thou failed,
 Then had thy fall been ours, thy shame
 our shame.
 We had been worse than orphaned. With
 such grief
 And horror as a mother's children know
 When she whom they have crowned with
 filial love,
 Dreaming her holier than a haloed saint,
 Stoops to dishonor, had we witnessed
 then
 Thine infinite disgrace, had shrunk from
 thee,
 Had loathed thee, had disowned and
 spurned thee,
 Who in thy falseness hadst been false
 to us,
 And soiled us with thy foulness, drag-
 ging down

Hadst thou failed,
 Then had thy fall been ours, thy shame
 our shame.
 We had been worse than orphaned. With
 such grief
 And horror as a mother's children know
 When she whom they have crowned with
 filial love,
 Dreaming her holier than a haloed saint,
 Stoops to dishonor, had we witnessed
 then
 Thine infinite disgrace, had shrunk from
 thee,
 Had loathed thee, had disowned and
 spurned thee,
 Who in thy falseness hadst been false
 to us,
 And soiled us with thy foulness, drag-
 ging down

Hadst thou failed,
 Then had thy fall been ours, thy shame
 our shame.
 We had been worse than orphaned. With
 such grief
 And horror as a mother's children know
 When she whom they have crowned with
 filial love,
 Dreaming her holier than a haloed saint,
 Stoops to dishonor, had we witnessed
 then
 Thine infinite disgrace, had shrunk from
 thee,
 Had loathed thee, had disowned and
 spurned thee,
 Who in thy falseness hadst been false
 to us,
 And soiled us with thy foulness, drag-
 ging down

Hadst thou failed,
 Then had thy fall been ours, thy shame
 our shame.
 We had been worse than orphaned. With
 such grief
 And horror as a mother's children know
 When she whom they have crowned with
 filial love,
 Dreaming her holier than a haloed saint,
 Stoops to dishonor, had we witnessed
 then
 Thine infinite disgrace, had shrunk from
 thee,
 Had loathed thee, had disowned and
 spurned thee,
 Who in thy falseness hadst been false
 to us,
 And soiled us with thy foulness, drag-
 ging down

Hadst thou failed,
 Then had thy fall been ours, thy shame
 our shame.
 We had been worse than orphaned. With
 such grief
 And horror as a mother's children know
 When she whom they have crowned with
 filial love,
 Dreaming her holier than a haloed saint,
 Stoops to dishonor, had we witnessed
 then
 Thine infinite disgrace, had shrunk from
 thee,
 Had loathed thee, had disowned and
 spurned thee,
 Who in thy falseness hadst been false
 to us,
 And soiled us with thy foulness, drag-
 ging down

Hadst thou failed,
 Then had thy fall been ours, thy shame
 our shame.
 We had been worse than orphaned. With
 such grief
 And horror as a mother's children know
 When she whom they have crowned with
 filial love,
 Dreaming her holier than a haloed saint,
 Stoops to dishonor, had we witnessed
 then
 Thine infinite disgrace, had shrunk from
 thee,
 Had loathed thee, had disowned and
 spurned thee,
 Who in thy falseness hadst been false
 to us,
 And soiled us with thy foulness, drag-
 ging down

The unspelled beauty of our happy
 realms
 Into thy mire. Our souls had cursed
 the day
 That gave us such a mother.

Hadst thou failed,
 Then on the glory of thy thousand years
 Had Ichabod been writ. The plan of
 God
 Had found another leader for the world
 'T the great white day that's breaking.
 Satan's power
 Had not prevailed against Him. From
 the east
 Or from the east had His anointed risen.
 To bring the nations to the Golden Age
 For which creation groans. But in that
 age,
 Its joy, its triumph, thine nor part nor
 lot,
 Who knewest not for such a time as this
 Thou camest to thy kingdom. Hadst
 thou failed!

Thou didst not fail, thank God!
 Thou couldst not fail!
 Thy great past called. The prophets of
 thy land
 Who wrought for truth and freedom
 The voices of thy future called to thee,
 Thine unborn sons and daughters, heirs
 Of all thy greatness. Duty called to
 thee,
 The Angel of Jehovah, stern and strong
 Which, goeth before thee. Wrote thy
 poet not,
 Thy poet and ours,
 Neither once nor twice
 In our brave island story duty's path
 Hath been the way to glory?

Yes, the voice,
 Crying and sparing not of thine own
 soul
 Came as the Voice of God. Thou
 couldst not fail!
 Thou didst not fail, thank God!
 Thou didst not fail, thank God!
 Thine honor and thy truth. Thy name
 hath still
 Its fragrant beauty. Thou dost wear un-
 dimmed
 The crown which God had set upon thy
 brow.
 Thy very enemy that seeks thy life,
 Chanting her fierce unholy hymn of hate,
 Deep in her bitter heart doth honor
 back
 By thy just deed-condemned. Some hap-
 pier day
 Her bitter words in love shall make thy
 place
 With the world's saviors, who from her
 Didst save thy foe, even when thou
 smotest her,
 Thy hand the hand of God to bring her
 back
 To God and greatness.

By thy happy choice,
 Brave, righteous, noble, hast thou made
 us thine
 In new glad faith. Henceforth do we
 love
 And honor thee beyond the scope of
 love's gaze
 In passion of joy and pride our souls
 leap forth
 To glorify upon the Beloved Way
 Which duty sets thee, way of tears and
 blood.
 To whatsoever goal God wills for thee.
 Our tears with thine, shall witness our
 blood commit.
 Shall be God's chime on awful fields of
 fight
 To blossom to strange splendors by and
 by.
 See! all our eager hearts lean forth to
 thee,
 The seas are foam beneath a thousand
 Of far-sailed fleets that bring our sons
 to share
 Thy grief and glory. From the Austral
 Lands
 The veils of Africa, India's ancient shores,
 Canaan, the prairies, the uncounted isles
 And coasts remote which thy great name
 defends
 Our flags stream forth to battle.

We had loved
 White, smiling, beauteous Peace. With
 thee
 We watched while thou adventuredst
 thy soul
 Unto the utmost verge of what man may
 To follow her fair feet. Now God for
 Peace
 Gaiest them that wound her, sends us
 forth to war
 To suffer on a thousand gory fields,
 For thy sake, and the world's, and His
 High Name's
 That war through war may perish, war,
 through Love,
 The love that leads us up this Golgotha;
 That war may cease from out the heart
 of man,
 The drink
 That had order pass, a new world
 shine,
 The age of earth-wide brotherhood,
 Hailed from the dawn of time, and poets
 sang
 Leaned across the future. Such our
 faith!
 The morning breaks!
 Thank God, Thou didst not fail!
 Karisawa, July 31st, 1915.

By thy happy choice,
 Brave, righteous, noble, hast thou made
 us thine
 In new glad faith. Henceforth do we
 love
 And honor thee beyond the scope of
 love's gaze
 In passion of joy and pride our souls
 leap forth
 To glorify upon the Beloved Way
 Which duty sets thee, way of tears and
 blood.
 To whatsoever goal God wills for thee.
 Our tears with thine, shall witness our
 blood commit.
 Shall be God's chime on awful fields of
 fight
 To blossom to strange splendors by and
 by.
 See! all our eager hearts lean forth to
 thee,
 The seas are foam beneath a thousand
 Of far-sailed fleets that bring our sons
 to share
 Thy grief and glory. From the Austral
 Lands
 The veils of Africa, India's ancient shores,
 Canaan, the prairies, the uncounted isles
 And coasts remote which thy great name
 defends
 Our flags stream forth to battle.

We had loved
 White, smiling, beauteous Peace. With
 thee
 We watched while thou adventuredst
 thy soul
 Unto the utmost verge of what man may
 To follow her fair feet. Now God for
 Peace
 Gaiest them that wound her, sends us
 forth to war
 To suffer on a thousand gory fields,
 For thy sake, and the world's, and His
 High Name's
 That war through war may perish, war,
 through Love,
 The love that leads us up this Golgotha;
 That war may cease from out the heart
 of man,
 The drink
 That had order pass, a new world
 shine,
 The age of earth-wide brotherhood,
 Hailed from the dawn of time, and poets
 sang
 Leaned across the future. Such our
 faith!
 The morning breaks!
 Thank God, Thou didst not fail!
 Karisawa, July 31st, 1915.

By thy happy choice,
 Brave, righteous, noble, hast thou made
 us thine
 In new glad faith. Henceforth do we
 love
 And honor thee beyond the scope of
 love's gaze
 In passion of joy and pride our souls
 leap forth
 To glorify upon the Beloved Way
 Which duty sets thee, way of tears and
 blood.
 To whatsoever goal God wills for thee.
 Our tears with thine, shall witness our
 blood commit.
 Shall be God's chime on awful fields of
 fight
 To blossom to strange splendors by and
 by.
 See! all our eager hearts lean forth to
 thee,
 The seas are foam beneath a thousand
 Of far-sailed fleets that bring our sons
 to share
 Thy grief and glory. From the Austral
 Lands
 The veils of Africa, India's ancient shores,
 Canaan, the prairies, the uncounted isles
 And coasts remote which thy great name
 defends
 Our flags stream forth to battle.

We had loved
 White, smiling, beauteous Peace. With
 thee
 We watched while thou adventuredst
 thy soul
 Unto the utmost verge of what man may
 To follow her fair feet. Now God for
 Peace
 Gaiest them that wound her, sends us
 forth to war
 To suffer on a thousand gory fields,
 For thy sake, and the world's, and His
 High Name's
 That war through war may perish, war,
 through Love,
 The love that leads us up this Golgotha;
 That war may cease from out the heart
 of man,
 The drink
 That had order pass, a new world
 shine,
 The age of earth-wide brotherhood,
 Hailed from the dawn of time, and poets
 sang
 Leaned across the future. Such our
 faith!
 The morning breaks!
 Thank God, Thou didst not fail!
 Karisawa, July 31st, 1915.

By thy happy choice,
 Brave, righteous, noble, hast thou made
 us thine
 In new glad faith. Henceforth do we
 love
 And honor thee beyond the scope of
 love's gaze
 In passion of joy and pride our souls
 leap forth
 To glorify upon the Beloved Way
 Which duty sets thee, way of tears and
 blood.
 To whatsoever goal God wills for thee.
 Our tears with thine, shall witness our
 blood commit.
 Shall be God's chime on awful fields of
 fight
 To blossom to strange splendors by and
 by.
 See! all our eager hearts lean forth to
 thee,
 The seas are foam beneath a thousand
 Of far-sailed fleets that bring our sons
 to share
 Thy grief and glory. From the Austral
 Lands
 The veils of Africa, India's ancient shores,
 Canaan, the prairies, the uncounted isles
 And coasts remote which thy great name
 defends
 Our flags stream forth to battle.

We had loved
 White, smiling, beauteous Peace. With
 thee
 We watched while thou adventuredst
 thy soul
 Unto the utmost verge of what man may
 To follow her fair feet. Now God for
 Peace
 Gaiest them that wound her, sends us
 forth to war
 To suffer on a thousand gory fields,
 For thy sake, and the world's, and His
 High Name's
 That war through war may perish, war,
 through Love,
 The love that leads us up this Golgotha;
 That war may cease from out the heart
 of man,
 The drink
 That had order pass, a new world
 shine,
 The age of earth-wide brotherhood,
 Hailed from the dawn of time, and poets
 sang
 Leaned across the future. Such our
 faith!
 The morning breaks!
 Thank God, Thou didst not fail!
 Karisawa, July 31st, 1915.

By thy happy choice,
 Brave, righteous, noble, hast thou made
 us thine
 In new glad faith. Henceforth do we
 love
 And honor thee beyond the scope of
 love's gaze
 In passion of joy and pride our souls
 leap forth
 To glorify upon the Beloved Way
 Which duty sets thee, way of tears and
 blood.
 To whatsoever goal God wills for thee.
 Our tears with thine, shall witness our
 blood commit.
 Shall be God's chime on awful fields of
 fight
 To blossom to strange splendors by and
 by.
 See! all our eager hearts lean forth to
 thee,
 The seas are foam beneath a thousand
 Of far-sailed fleets that bring our sons
 to share
 Thy grief and glory. From the Austral
 Lands
 The veils of Africa, India's ancient shores,
 Canaan, the prairies, the uncounted isles
 And coasts remote which thy great name
 defends
 Our flags stream forth to battle.

We had loved
 White, smiling, beauteous Peace. With
 thee
 We watched while thou adventuredst
 thy soul
 Unto the utmost verge of what man may
 To follow her fair feet. Now God for
 Peace
 Gaiest them that wound her, sends us
 forth to war
 To suffer on a thousand gory fields,
 For thy sake, and the world's, and His
 High Name's
 That war through war may perish, war,
 through Love,
 The love that leads us up this Golgotha;
 That war may cease from out the heart
 of man,
 The drink
 That had order pass, a new world
 shine,
 The age of earth-wide brotherhood,
 Hailed from the dawn of time, and poets
 sang
 Leaned across the future. Such our
 faith!
 The morning breaks!
 Thank God, Thou didst not fail!
 Karisawa, July 31st, 1915.

By thy happy choice,
 Brave, righteous, noble, hast thou made
 us thine
 In new glad faith. Henceforth do we
 love
 And honor thee beyond the scope of
 love's gaze
 In passion of joy and pride our souls
 leap forth
 To glorify upon the Beloved Way
 Which duty sets thee, way of tears and
 blood.
 To whatsoever goal God wills for thee.
 Our tears with thine, shall witness our
 blood commit.
 Shall be God's chime on awful fields of
 fight
 To blossom to strange splendors by and
 by.
 See! all our eager hearts lean forth to
 thee,
 The seas are foam beneath a thousand
 Of far-sailed fleets that bring our sons
 to share
 Thy grief and glory. From the Austral
 Lands
 The veils of Africa, India's ancient shores,
 Canaan, the prairies, the uncounted isles
 And coasts remote which thy great name
 defends
 Our flags stream forth to battle.

We had loved
 White, smiling, beauteous Peace. With
 thee
 We watched while thou adventuredst
 thy soul
 Unto the utmost verge of what man may
 To follow her fair feet. Now God for
 Peace
 Gaiest them that wound her, sends us
 forth to war
 To suffer on a thousand gory fields,
 For thy sake, and the world's, and His
 High Name's
 That war through war may perish, war,
 through Love,
 The love that leads us up this Golgotha;
 That war may cease from out the heart
 of man,
 The drink
 That had order pass, a new world
 shine,
 The age of earth-wide brotherhood,
 Hailed from the dawn of time, and poets
 sang
 Leaned across the future. Such our
 faith!
 The morning breaks!
 Thank God, Thou didst not fail!
 Karisawa, July 31st, 1915.

By thy happy choice,
 Brave, righteous, noble, hast thou made
 us thine
 In new glad faith. Henceforth do we
 love
 And honor thee beyond the scope of
 love's gaze
 In passion of joy and pride our souls
 leap forth
 To glorify upon the Beloved Way
 Which duty sets thee, way of tears and
 blood.
 To whatsoever goal God wills for thee.
 Our tears with thine, shall witness our
 blood commit.
 Shall be God's chime on awful fields of
 fight
 To blossom to strange splendors by and
 by.
 See! all our eager hearts lean forth to
 thee,
 The seas are foam beneath a thousand
 Of far-sailed fleets that bring our sons
 to share
 Thy grief and glory. From the Austral
 Lands
 The veils of Africa, India's ancient shores,
 Canaan, the prairies, the uncounted isles
 And coasts remote which thy great name
 defends
 Our flags stream forth to battle.

STORES OPEN TONIGHT UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK

The Free Hemming Sale of Household Linens and Cottons Will Start Next Monday

Table Cloths, Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels and Quilts All Neatly Hemmed Free Of Charge During This Sale

THIS great annual event is of much interest to householders and hotel keepers, and our stock represents the best to be found in the British, Foreign and Canadian markets.

Bleached Damask Table Cloths, including all the newest designs and ranging in size from 1-2 yards square to 2-1-2 by 5 yards long.

Tea and Dinner Napkins to match the cloths.

Bleached and Cream Damasks, by the yard From 54 to 72 inches wide.

Bleached and Unbleached Sheetings, 54 to 100 inches wide.

Plain and Circular Pillow Cottons, 40 to 54 inches wide.

Bleached Marseilles or Satin Quilts, for all size beds. In scroll and floral designs.

English Dimity Quilts, Crochet Quilts, ready hemmed.

Towels and Towellings, of all descriptions, by the yard. Our counter display is worthy of attention.

Bleached Cotton, put up in ten yard lengths.

Also a Great Many Other Interesting Items Are Included in This Sale and Will be Advertised Later

LINEN ROOM—GROUND FLOOR

Manchester Robertson Allison, Limited

FRESH FRUITS and DAINTIES

For the New Year's Dinner Table

FANCY FLORIDA ORANGES—Juicy and Sweet.....30c. doz.
Calli Navel Oranges, large size.....40c. doz.
Calli Navel Oranges, jumbo size.....50c. doz.
Florida Grape Fruit, fine quality, extra large, 10c each.....\$1.00 per doz.
Choice Cluster Table Raisins.....35c. lb.
French Sugared Almonds, assorted colors, 65c lb.
New Mixed Nuts.....20c lb.
FRESH OYSTERS Received Today.....60 Quart

At The Philips' Stores, Douglas Ave. and Main. Phone M. 886

MAJOR BROWN THE GUEST OF HONOR

Complimentary Dinner at Royal Hotel—The Major Pays Tribute to His Men and Has a Word for Their Former Critics

The Royal Hotel dining room last night was the scene of a complimentary banquet in honor of Major W. R. Brown, wounded in action with the 26th battalion, tendered him by about 100 of his friends. It was an enjoyable event and entirely successful in every way. Major Frink presided, the guest of honor, invited guests included Lieut.-Col. Danseman, Lieut.-Col. Gunning, Lieut.-Col. Wedderburn, who was unable to be present, Lieut.-Col. Armstrong, Major Barker, Lieut. Gardner, R.N., and Sub-Lieut. Adams, R.N.

After an excellent menu, a round of speeches, music and songs provided pleasure. After "The King," a solo, "O Canada" was given by Walter Pidgeon. "Canadians overseas" was proposed by Lieut.-Col. Sturdee and responded to by Lieut. Belton, 69th battalion; Dr. F. J. Hogan sang "Mother England," after which the health of the guest of honor was proposed by the mayor.

The mayor in a few fitting words then proposed the toast to the guest of the evening, Major Brown, who in replying, said:

"This is a great honor to me to be given this banquet. First of all I want you to get it into your heads that there is nothing of a hero about me, but I can assure you that your young boys are the men who have done something. They have proved that they are made of the stuff which no German army can ever conquer. Before I went across to Flanders I read a great deal about Canadians and their work. I thought it was very much exaggerated. I will admit that. But I had not been in the trenches forty-eight hours with the Canadians, the boys of the 26th, when I realized that if Canada could continue to turn out such men as there were representing her at the front there was no fear of the