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British Military Hero Is Honored in Death

Hundreds of Thousands of London Citizens Stand in the Rain
as the Body of Lord Roberts Was Conveyed to Its
Last Resting Place.

The body of Field Marshal Lord Roberts, borne on a gun carriage, moved slowly through the streets of London Thursday last to its last resting place in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The streets were lined with troops, while hundreds of thousands of civilians stood with bared heads as the funeral cortege went by. This in spite of a cold rain, which fell incessantly.

The pall bearers, representing England's most distinguished men in the service, were:

Field Marshal Lord Kitchener, Secretary of War.
Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood.
Field Marshal Lord Grenfell.
Field Marshal Lord Methuen.
Field Marshal Sir William Nicholson.
General Sir James Hulse-Johns.
General Sir Robert Biddulph.
General Sir Alfred Gascoigne.
General Sir Arthur Reginald Ebor-ton.

General Sir Archibald Hunter.
Admiral Lord Charles Beresford.
Admiral Sir Michael Seymour.
The cortege reached St. Paul's at noon, where before a great and reverent throng of people, including King George, funeral services were held. The body was interred alongside the remains of Wellington, Nelson, Wellesley, and other famous Britons.

Lord Roberts died from natural causes last week at the headquarters of the British army in France. The body was returned to England and taken to his residence at Ascot, where brief services, attended by Lady Roberts and her daughters, were held. The coffin was brought to London for public funeral.

King George was not in the procession. He drove from Buckingham Palace direct to the Cathedral, which he reached shortly before the arrival of the funeral cortege. This is the first time England's King has attended the funeral of a national hero since the burial of the Duke of Wellington.

Proceeding the caisson was a battery of Indian artillery, given this place of honor because of Lord Roberts' life long devotion to the King's Indian troops. His final visit to France was for the purpose of welcoming the Indian contingents and looking after their needs.

It required more than an hour for the military escort to pass a given point in the line of march.

Long before the time for the commencement of the funeral services, the vast cathedral slowly filled up. The strains of the Dead March in

Saul accompanied by the booming of guns, announced finally to the waiting congregation the approach of the funeral procession. The gloomy solemnity of the cathedral was intensified by the fog which drifted in when the great doors were opened to admit the procession. The black dresses of the women and the khaki coats of the army officers harmonized with the occasion. A brilliant touch of color was afforded here and there by the robes of peer and the dress uniforms of the retired officers of the army and navy.

King George was attired in khaki, the workaday uniform of a Field Marshal, as were all of the active officers in attendance, including Lord Kitchener. The congregation comprised representatives of the diplomatic service and men well known in the arts, in science and literature, to the learned professions, in the church and on the stage. More than one of the worshippers present had attended the funeral of the Duke of Wellington more than sixty years ago.

The official press bureau gives a touching account of the funeral services for Field Marshal Lord Roberts at the headquarters of the British Army in France.

"The route of the cortege from the house where he died to where the funeral service was held," says the press bureau's statement, "was lined with British and French troops. The coffin was borne on a gun carriage. It was an impressive ceremony. The guards of honor were Indian and British troops."

"To the wail of 'Flowers O' the Forest' from the pipers, the cortege moved slowly through double ranks of soldiers with arms reversed. General officers acted as pall-bearers. Those following the casket included representatives of the family of Lord Roberts and of King Albert and President Poincaré; the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur of Connaught and General French.

"The simple funeral service was conducted by Chaplain Anderson, of the British forces. At the conclusion of the service the British bugles rang out with 'The Last Post.' As the coffin was removed to a motor ambulance for conveyance to Boulogne, French trumpeters across the square blew a fanfare and the guns of Lord Roberts' old regiment roared out a last farewell. A double rain-bow gleamed on a mass of dark clouds, and an aeroplane, circling above one of the aerial guards, watching and protecting the procession, dipped in salute."

And this is what hunters in this part of the country would call unusually open woods.

The longest actual distance I might have aimed a rifle at a deer before my ax work on this range was a scant 60 yards.

Incidentally, this is another blow at the superstition that modern high power rifles range dangerously far in the woods. Any one of the five trees in direct line of fire was big enough to stop any soft-point bullet, if hit fair, or so mushroom it as to make its further ranging negligible, if merely grazed.

Long shots are possible, but they are almost invariably hill-to-hill shots over the tops of intervening trees and not level shots in the woods.—C. L. Gilman in Minneapolis News.

Distance is Deceptive

When a man starts to tell me about some long shot made on game in the woods, I most usually ask him if he paced the distance—or estimated it.

If the latter, I deduct 20 per cent. for conscious exaggeration, and divide the remainder by two to arrive at the true range.

This is not because I am inordinately suspicious, but because I know a little bit about human nature and also have done considerable distance judging in the woods.

No man is going to give himself the worst of it. When he has estimated his distance, usually from memory hours or even days after the first excitement of a successful shot has passed, he almost invariably adds on a bit to make sure he's getting all the credit that's coming to him. I know this to be a fact, because I do it myself.

Walking around in the woods I have often found every profitable amusement in estimating the range to some mark ahead of me and then counting my steps. The denser the timber the greater the tremendous detail of the thick woods, this is easily understood.

Picking a tamarack swamp as being level and much more free from underbrush than the uplands, I started out to clear a 200 yard rifle range. By pacing and measurement I knew it to be 200 yards, yet, were I to glimpse a deer down a similar vista, I am sure my snap verdict would be 400 or 500 yards. And you can bet I'd give myself the benefit of the doubt and call it 500 talking about it.

How erroneous the usual "long shot" estimate is, bound to be proven by the fact that I had to fell five trees, each one big enough to completely obscure a page of the Daily News when viewed from the firing point, and clear away any quantity of saplings and brush to get a two foot lane down which to squeeze a rifle bullet.

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You can depend on "Beaver" Flour because it is always the same in strength, quality and flavor. Just try "Beaver" Flour for a month and see what an improvement it is over western wheat flour.

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EDITORIAL NOTES AND COMMENT

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

In a stand-up fight, which is often the character of a naval battle between big ships, the deciding factors include both the quality of the guns and the men. This is brought out in a recent number of the Scientific American in which the following comparison is made between British and German conditions.

In looking at the list of British successes, it will be noted that they have been won almost entirely by the "man behind the gun." It has been believed by our naval officers that when they were put to the test of war, both the guns and gunners of the British navy would prove to be first-class in quality; and certainly a study of the first of German losses would indicate that this confidence was well placed.

Whether the frailty of the German gunners to hold their own against the British has been due to the lighter weight of their batteries, or to lack of skill in gunnery, or to both, can only be definitely known after the war when its results come to be critically analyzed by the naval expert. For many years attention has been drawn to the fact that the Germans were possibly making a mistake in arming their ships, big and little, with guns of lighter caliber than those of their possible opponents. The 4-inch guns of the "Maiz" were no match for the 6-inch and 4-inch guns which form the principal armament of the battleship fleet of Germany will not be similarly overwhelmed on the day of battle by the 12-inch, 13.5-inch, and 15-inch guns against which they will be opposed, should a great fleet action ever take place in the North Sea.

A BLOCKADE OF THE NORTH SEA

The British Government has announced to Parliament its intention to proclaim the whole North Sea a "military area," and to restrict all shipping crossing it to a narrow passage along which the strictest supervision can be exercised." Mr. Asquith explained to the House of Commons that this policy of restriction has been adopted and will be enforced for the purpose of preventing, as far as may be, the destination of peaceful shipping by contact with mines sown in the North Sea by Germany in contravention of the conditions laid down by The Hague Convention.

This policy has been resented by Germany and been made a ground of protest not merely by neutral foreigners, but by British people along the east coast of both England and Scotland. Little attention will be paid to Germany's anger, but it is probable that steps will be taken by Parliament to lessen the inevitable discrimination against eastern British shippers by securing more favorable rates than are now imposed on goods sent by rail across the lands to the Atlantic coast for ocean

shipment or vice versa. This war measure will insure a more complete control over the transportation of contraband goods than would have been possible under any other policy. There are compensations even for foreign neutrals, however, for the North Sea is at present absolutely and incurably perilous to all vessels traversing it in any direction.—Ex.

"AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER."

The passing of Lord Roberts has removed a faithful and courageous sentry from the watchtowers of the Empire. He had the heart of a soldier and the penetrating vision of a prophet. Not since the days when Demosthenes in his immortal Philippics warned the Athenians against the military designs of Macedonia, has a more dramatic call to arms been heard than his stirring appeal to the British world to gather its forces together to meet the German menace. And of since the days of Demosthenes has a solemn prophecy been received in a more indifferent and unresponsive spirit. No Briton of his generation more perfectly typified the martial instinct, the dogged courage, and the proud imperialism of the English nation. His removal, even at the great age of four score years, leaves a blank, not so much as of the loss of a skilled general, or of a loved landmark as of a moral force that inspired and thrilled the whole empire by its very presence. Men who were deaf to his warnings a year ago, dwell on his every utterance when the crisis came. He was the greatest recruiting force in the Kingdom. The announcement that he was to review the Canadian contingent gave us in some strange way renewed confidence in their efficiency and greater faith in their mission. His words of praise were as the benediction of a holy man who saw more deeply into the heart of things than others. Every Englishman knew how his restless spirit yearned for the opportunity, which the weight of years denied him, to see active service in the greatest of the Empire's wars. But the end came as he would wish it, for he died at the front, serving his King and country. The national mourning for Roberts recalls the passing of Wellington and Nelson. His name and memory, like theirs, will be a treasure heritage to future generations of Englishmen.

GENERAL CHURCH PEACE SERVICE FEBRUARY 14.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 19.—At a meeting tonight of the Buffalo Federation of Churches, the Buffalo Peace Society and the committee of 1,000 for the celebration of One Hundred Years of Peace, a resolution was adopted inviting all the churches of the United States and Canada to join a general church peace service February 14, the 100th anniversary of the ratification of the Treaty of Ghent. President Wilson has been requested to endorse the plan.

R. A. Irving Dead At Buctouche

Was Indian Agent For The North Shore

The death of Mr. R. A. Irving, one of the ablest and best known barristers of this section of the Province, passed away about 11 o'clock Wednesday evening at the City Hospital, Moncton, succumbing after a short illness, to acute Bright's disease, complicated with pneumonia. The family of the deceased were at his bedside when the end came. Mr. Irving at the time of his death was only forty-three years of age.

Mr. R. A. Irving was born in 1871, a few miles from Buctouche, Kent County. After studying law for some time in the offices of Hannington, Teed and Hewson, Moncton, he went to Dalhousie College, Halifax, and there completed his studies.

After leaving college, he settled down in Buctouche to practise his profession. He was noted for his rare qualities as a conversationalist and also for his keen wit.

In addition to his legal prominence the deceased was also deeply interested in military affairs and for some years drilled, as a Captain, with the 73rd New Brunswick battalion.

At one time he was Clerk of the Kent County court, and he also held at the time of his death, the position of Indian Commissioner, or Indian Agent, for the counties of Kent, Westmorland, Northumberland and Gloucester, having supervision of all Indians and reservations in the territory named.

He is survived by his wife, formerly Margaret Foley, daughter of B. H. Foley, of Buctouche, and three children, Leroy, Catherine and Bernard, all at home. His brothers are George E. and W. H. Irving, of Moncton; J. D. and John A. Irving, of Buctouche. The surviving sisters are Mrs. John Stevenson, Roblin, Man., and Mrs. Elizabeth Hutchinson, of Vancouver.

The funeral was held on Sunday afternoon at Buctouche, N. B., under Masonic auspices.

How's This

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and a financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Here's How to Learn Name of Love Rival

Dr. B. Percy Hickling, an alienist of Washington, has presumed to put love on a scientific basis. He has issued a formula by which a doubting swain may ascertain without fail the name of his closest rival for "her" affections. Here it is:

"Carelessly hold her wrist, as if caressingly. Craftily place your forefinger on her pulse. Then name over, casually, the rivals you fear most. When you name the right one her pulse will jump scandalously. If it increases something like a hundred beats you might as well quit the race."

To offset this betrayal Dr. Hickling has issued some hints to the fair sex to avoid nervousness. "Scorn gossip," he says, "and don't attend to other person's business." But he doesn't say a word as to how Dulcinea may keep that fatal pulse jump from giving her away.

Dispose thyself to patience rather than to combat, and to the bearing of the cross, rather than gladness.—Thomas A. Kempes.

CRYING CHILDREN

When baby cries it is because he is unwell—not because he is "bad-natured" as so many imagine. Crying is the way the little one has of telling of his pains and the wise mother can instantly tell what ails her little one simply by his cry. When baby cries a great deal give him Baby's Own Tablets and he will soon be happy again. Concerning the Tablets Mrs. Jas. Gaudreau, Notre Dame des Bois, Que., says: "My baby cried day and night and I was greatly discouraged. I began giving him the Tablets and he was soon happy, healthy and fat." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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