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La Salle & Peru, Illinois, U. S. A.

In the Prize Ring.

BOXERS ARE HUMOROUS.

Eugene Corri, the celebrated boxing referee, states that every fighting man of note has in him the elements of a "funny man." Here are a few incidents that help to prove his words: Jimmy Britt is an incorrigible wag and humorist, while Sam Langford showed himself to be both funny and farcical in conversation with me on one occasion. "Writes Eugene Corri, England's most famous boxing referee, 'It was after a fight when I referred in London between the stocky nigger and Bill Lang, the lucky Australian. We talked about the relative value of brains and brawn in a fighting man, and I happened to remark that Bill Lang had the reputation of fighting with his head, carefully thinking out his plan of attack as he went along.

"Langford rolled his thick lips in a broad grin that revealed all the white teeth in his head, and said: 'Mister Corri, he's pretty fast on his feet, but his brains ain't fast. While he was thinking I was hitting him.'

"Willie Ritchie, whose fight with Freddie Welsh for the world's championship I refereed, also possessed a rare vein of humor. His name recalls a very amusing story.

"He was one day going down with his trainer to his training quarters at Brighton, and on the road they pulled up at the famous old Buxford Bridge Hotel. The manager, after lunch, was

showing them over the place, and said, 'This was Nelson's room.'

"Ritchie replied cheerily, 'Why did that train here?'

"The hotelkeeper was thinking of England's hero, and the pugilist of his namesake, Battling Nelson, the famous lightweight. 'Undoubtedly one of the quietest little fighting gentlemen in the world is Johnny Summers. Johnny is a devout Catholic, and he carries his religion to his work in a manner that is remarkable. While training he invariably keeps beside him in his quarters a pocket crucifix, to which he has recourse at frequent intervals. The crucifix may be concealed under a pillow, as was the case at Brighton years ago, or it may be skillfully concealed in his sock where it can be reverently touched at will.

"I am reminded of a funny story in connection with Johnny's religious observations at the National Sporting Club. On that occasion he very noticeably crossed himself at the start of a severe contest with Jimmy Britt and then characteristically crossed his opponent with his right hand. After the bout Britt came to me and said—I give his very words: 'Mr. Corri, I am satisfied with your decision.'

"I had given the verdict to Summers. 'A friend of mine who spoke to

Summers on one occasion about his devout practice said that the boxer took it all in good part and openly avowed that it did him good and helped him at his work.

"Fighting is my profession, said Summers, 'and I'm not ashamed of it. If I introduce my religion into my daily occupation it is no more than every Christian ought to do.'

"Two amusing examples of the fondness of pugilists for practical joking came to my mind. 'Willie Lewis was fighting Smith in Paris and before the contest he went to the theatre as unconcerned as if the fight was an affair of no importance. Lewis always dressed well, and shortly before the fight was time to start walked into Jewey Smith's dressing room wearing evening dress, patent leather shoes, an opera hat, and white kid gloves, looking in Smith's eyes more of a pop-in-jay than a pugilist.

"There sat Smith bunched up in his chair, terrible to behold, with his broad back, his rolling shoulders and bovine neck, his paws set, and his mouth clenched, like a huge mastiff impatiently chafing for a fight. He had never seen Lewis before, and scarcely more than looked around when the toff, as he took him to be, said:

"You're fighting a very good man to-night. You'll have to look out for yourself. Lewis is a pretty lofty fellow. I hope you're fit.

"When Lewis had gone out, Smith said to his manager:

"Who is that toff? The reply was: 'That is the man you are going to fight.'

"Smith was staggered by the toff's

coolness, and Lewis proved his words later by knocking the red-headed giant "all over the shop."

"Cooler still was the conduct of Tommy Burns when he fought Jewey Smith in London. They were to meet in the office of the Sporting Life. Smith was jabbing at something or other in the conditions, when Tommy Burns arrived, wearing a top hat and a gorgeous overcoat. Walking up to Smith he said:

"Go on, sign these articles like a good fellow. Don't be a quitter. I will let you stay a round or two."

"I nearly exploded with laughter at the picture on Smith's face as he looked at the 'nut' in front of him who had the nerve to speak these patronizing words.

"Tommy Burns, like Willie Lewis, proved in the ring that a man is no poorer a pugilist because he dresses like a gentleman. The herculean strength of Jewey Smith was no match for the science of Tommy Burns.

"An amusing example, by the way of bluff, practised especially by American boxers, is told of Willie Lewis when he fought in Paris. Going into Pat O'Keefe's dressing room immediately before the contest he started chaffing him about his appearance and pointing at the big fellow's stomach he said:

"You're a ver' good fella, but you can't go into the ring with a stomach like that. If I hit you there I might kill you, and I don't feel like going on with the contest until you have trained that down a bit."

"His opponent protested that he was all right, and that he was not bulging with fat but with muscles. Lewis, however, persisted, until the

fellow got his stomach on the brain, so when they squared up in the ring he immediately guarded it with his left forearm, leaving himself exposed to Lewis, who promptly hit him a terrible punch on the point. 'Outed by bluff!

"The one-round fight between Bombardier Wells and Carpentier has been referred to as the shortest on record. The fight between Tommy Burns and Jim Roche, the champion of Ireland, only lasted, however, about fifteen seconds. It took place in Dublin, and a ready-witted Irishman turned a joke materially to his own advantage. Rushing out of the building when the brief bout had ended he affected great distress, and shouted to the crowd around the doors:

"Does anyone want a ticket? I cannot look at this fight any longer. Roche is killing him. You can have my ticket for \$10, and cheap at the money."

"He found a ready customer and quickly disappeared."

SPORT CLUB CANCELLED THE WILDE CONTRACT.

New York, Jan. 9.—The opening of the International Sporting Club has been postponed until the completion of its clubhouse, which is expected to be sometimes late in the summer or in the early fall. In making the announcement Secretary Empey also stated that his contract with the "Little Englishman" will not have the honor of opening the most important club in the history of the American ring.

Wilde's contract was cancelled because of his poor showing against Jack Sharkey, who defeated the Little Britisher in a bout in Milwaukee a few weeks ago. Wilde was a disappointment and the officers of the International Sporting Club decided that he would not do for the opening attraction. A clause in the contract permits the club to cancel the match if Wilde's drawing power becomes affected.

It was originally planned to open the club in temporary quarters in the Lexington Opera House with Wilde and Joe Lynch as the headliners. Now that the match has been called off, there will be no further attempt to hold bouts until the club is located in its own clubhouse.

Applications for the position as referee have been pouring in during the past few weeks. Many of these officials will be required as bouts will be held practically every night in the week. So far there have been no appointments.

Some Fisherisms.

TALES OF KING EDWARD.

(By H. W. WILSON, in Daily Mail.) Vivacious, unconventional, full of good stories and wise sayings, Lord Fisher's new volume "Records" (Holt and Stoughton), will be read by all and will provoke as much controversy as his career has done. He has the frank, delightful egotism of a child. But behind this is the fame of unrivalled achievements which even his severest critics will admit.

The documents which he publishes in this book contain much, though not all, of the inner history of the naval war, and are of extraordinary historical interest.

He does not disclose the reason for his resignation in May, 1915, but I can state it. He resigned because he was determined not to permit ships of the latest type, such as the Queen Elizabeth, essential for victory in the North Sea, to be risked at the Lardanelles.

"The Way to Heaven."

These are some typical sayings and anecdotes from his book:

"Napoleon praised our blockades; but very justly of our diplomacy he thought but ill. Yes, alas! What a diplomacy it has been! If our blockade had been permitted by the diplomats to have been effective it would have finished the war at once."

"I entered the Navy penniless, penniless, and forlorn. I have always had to fight like hell, and fighting hell has made me what I am. Hunger and thirst are the way to heaven!"

"I went down to Sandringham with a great party. I slunk off to my room

to write an important letter; then I took my coat off, got out my keys, unlocked my portmanteau, and began unpacking. I had a boot in each hand. I heard somebody fumbling with the door handle, and thinking it was the footman, I said, 'come in, don't go humping with that door handle!' and in walked King Edward, with a cigar about a yard long in his mouth. He said (I with a boot in each hand): 'What on earth are you doing?' 'Unpacking, Sir! 'Where's your servant?' 'Haven't got one, Sir.' 'Where is he?' 'Never had one, Sir; couldn't afford it.' 'Put those boots down; sit in that arm chair.' And he went and sat in the other on the other side of the fire. I thought to myself,

"This is a rum state of affairs! Here's the King of England sitting in my bedroom on one side of the fire and I'm in my shirt sleeves sitting in an arm chair on the other side."

"He could be extremely unpleasant. One night when I got the King's nurse to dress me, she put the ribbon of something over the wrong shoulder, and the King harangued me as if I'd robbed a church."

The King and the Cook.

When, in 1904, King Edward came to stay with him:

"He had the cook (Lord Fisher's cook) up in the morning. The King gave her some decoration—I can't remember what it was. Some little time after the King had left, one night I said to the butler at dinner,

"This soup was never made by Mrs. Baker (the cook in question); is she ill?" The butler replied, 'No, Sir John! Mrs. Baker isn't ill, she has been invited by the King to stay at Buckingham Palace. . . . He said to her that he thought she would enjoy seeing how a great State dinner was arranged, and told her he would ask her to stay at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle to see one!'

"There are three types of secrecy: 1. The ostrich. 2. The red box. 3. The real thing. The secrecy of the red box is that of a distinguished admiral who used to have his red despatch box carried before him as containing the most secret plans; but one day, the box unfortunately capsized and burst open, the only contents that fell out were copies of La Vie Parisienne!"

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Late." "When Togo was given the Order of Merit he wore it the wrong way out, so that the inscription 'For Merit' should not be seen, he was so modest."

"The war will come in 1914, and Jellicoe will command the Grand Fleet. (Prediction in a letter of 1909 to Sir M. Hankey.)

"The Admiralty thought of coal in the old age, it was so safe! Let's with thought of her toasted muffins."

"The British Fleet didn't get a single thing. It ought to have excepting the overhanging stigma among our Allies of being fools in allowing the German Fleet to be sunk under our noses because we mistook the Germans for gentlemen."

I think a great cause on the mean. You W. One pic the stupid things the wanting a things; or one may pid things ly the de from you but one cannot se compensat I had m world mo college. Life intens for it at "How can

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Jan 13, 1920, t.u.h.s.