

KENNEDY'S HOTEL

St. Andrews, N. B.
A. KENNEDY & SON, PROPRIETORS
Beautifully Situated on Water Front. Near Trains and Steamboats.
Closed for the winter.
Rates quoted on application.

THE ROYAL HOTEL

LEADING HOTEL AT
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Conducted on European Plan in Most Modern and Approved Manner
NEW GARDEN RESTAURANT
200 Rooms 75 With Bath
THE RAYMOND & DOHERTY CO., PROP.

EDISON'S SUBLIME GIFT TO MANKIND

As if by a miracle, that master inventor, Thomas A. Edison, has given mankind Music's Re-Creation—not a flimsy imitation, but music re-born, by means of "The NEW EDISON" "The Phonograph With a Soul" which Re-Creates music so faithfully that no human ear can detect the faintest shade of difference between the original performances of the world's greatest vocalists and instrumentalists and Mr. Edison's Re-Creation of them.
HEAR THE NEW EDISON at your nearest dealers.



W. H. THORNE & CO., LTD., Distributors, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FUNERAL OF EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Oyster Bay, January 8.—They buried Theodore Roosevelt here to-day on the crest of a hill which he had loved from boyhood because of its stately pines and oaks and locust trees, among whose trunks are opened many alluring perspectives. The grave lies under the branches of a towering pine, and in the foreground stands nothing to obstruct a panoramic view of bay and sound. It was Col. Roosevelt's wish that he lie here—he had designated the precise spot—and here he sleeps, the first of his line to be buried in a community so long associated with the Roosevelt name.

Previously there had been the reading of prayers for the immediate family and a few intimate friends at the house on Sagamore Hill, followed by a public service in Christ Episcopal Church on the Cove Road. In this little frame building of nondescript architectural type, with its many gables and dormer windows, were gathered several hundred mourners, chief among whom were Thomas Riley Marshall, Vice-President of the United States, representing President Wilson; Gen. Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff of the United Army; Admiral C. M. R. Winslow, representing the Navy; Gov. Alfred E. Smith of New York, and committees from national and State legislative bodies.

But official representatives were very greatly in the minority. Most of those who occupied the pews or sat in chairs, which had been placed in the aisles and back of the church, had been Col. Roosevelt's friends, his fellow townsmen, who had known him for years, if not from boyhood.

By no possibility could the pomp of martial display or the unctious official circumstance have approached in impressiveness the simplicity, the utter absence of ostentatious ritual or service which marked the last rites for a man who had lived a world figure and had died and was buried as the simple inhabitant of a small village. And yet Oyster Bay saw in the home funeral nothing incongruous with the character of the man they had known and loved. It was as though their minds were filled with the consciousness of two aspects of the distinguished dead, one remote, dimly apprehended, the other real and vital and compelling. For them there was that world-famous figure which they knew as the great mass of Americans knew him, through reports of his activities in statesmanship, in politics, in literature, exploration, and other activities of his varied and strenuous life; and there was the Roosevelt whom they knew as a fellow citizen, a man interested in the fire department, the lodge, the church, and in communal affairs generally. It was Theodore Roosevelt the neighbour, the associate, the country squire, whom they buried to-day.

It was a day of the sort Col. Roosevelt loved—a day which had always held for him an irresistible call to outdoors; a clean, cold wind, a light fall of snow which lay upon field and forest land where were registered the foot marks of rabbit, squirrel, muskrat, and other small game

MACLEAN'S WELCOME

Written, according to Hogg, from a Gaelic song translated into English prose. Hogg further remarks that these and similar songs are rather imitations from the Gaelic than anything else.

COME o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with Maclean;
And though you be weary, we'll make you heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.

We'll bring down the track deer, we'll bring down the black steer,
The lamb from the breckan, the doe from the glen;
The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our Charlie
The cream from the bothy, and curd from the pen.

And you shall drink freely the dew's of Glen Sheerly,
That stream in the star-light when kings do not ken;
And deep be your need of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire, and his friend the Maclean.

O'er heath-bells shall trace you, the maids to embrace you,
And deck your blue bonnet with flowers of the brae;
And the loveliest Mary in all Glen M'Quarry
Shall lie in your bosom till break of the day.

If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
'Tis ready; a troop of our bold Highland men
Shall range o'er the heather with bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores three hundred and ten.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with Maclean;
And though you be weary, we'll make you heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.

JAMES HOGG
(Born January 25, 1772; died November 21, 1835.)

¹ Fern. ² Know. ³ Hillside.

THRIFT IS PATRIOTIC COMMON SENSE SAYS HON. T. W. MCGARRY

PROSPERITY SHOULD NOT BE PERMITTED TO HIDEENED OF SAVING.
Hon. T. W. McGarry, Provincial Treasurer for the province of Ontario, is a firm believer in the gospel of thrift and a strong supporter of the War Savings Stamp Campaign. In a recent statement he says:

"Years of progress and prosperity have tended—quite naturally—to make Canadians forgetful of the fine, homely virtue of Thrift which was so admirable a trait in the character of our Canadian pioneers. As a people we do not know what Thrift means, as it is understood in Great Britain and Europe—the small daily personal economies which enable a man not only to live within his income, whatever it may be; but to save something every year, and which in the aggregate makes a nation rich. France (prior to the war) is a striking example of a nation made rich by individual thrift.

"To-day Canada is facing a big war debt incurred in defending our country from a ruthless foe. We have got to foot the bill in one way or another, and what easier or more profitable way than by saving our money and lending it at good interest to the Government in the form of War Savings Stamps? Thrift is patriotic common-sense. Small investments in Government securities have been the foundation of many a fortune, and the War Savings Stamps system ought to garner an enormous harvest of small change from Canadians, old and young, rich and poor alike."

Have you bought your child Thrift Stamps?

SALVATION ARMY HAS INDEPENDENT AUDIT OF BOOKS

The thirty-sixth Annual Financial Statement of the Salvation Army for Canada East, Newfoundland, and Bermuda, for the past year, has just been issued from the office of Commissioner Richards. Some of the chief institutions supported by the Army's funds are: Thirteen Rescue and Children's Homes and Hospitals from London to Halifax; Men's Hostels at London, Hamilton, Quebec, St. John, N. B., St. John's, Nfld., Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax; Training Colleges, Young People's Work, Prison-gate Work, Salvages, and many other branches of the Army's activities which call for considerable outlays of money.

The books of the Salvation Army are audited by independent auditors and are on file and open for the inspection of the public. The business of the Army is conducted on modern principles just as any large commercial or financial institution is conducted. Every account is kept separate, and the financial management is in the hands of Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Smeeton, who is a chartered accountant of ripe experience.

SOUNDED DOMESTIC

Gen. C. C. Williams, Chief of Ordnance, said at a Washington dinner party: "The pluck of our boys is tremendous. If you ever hear anything suggestive of funk on the doughboy's part, you can rest assured that investigation will clear it up."
"I'd like to volunteer for the infantry, but mother won't let me."
"What!" said a listener, "a big six-footer like you, and your mother won't let you!"
"No," said the young man calmly; "so I've volunteered for mine sweeping."
"Mine sweeping? Good gracious; that is more dangerous than infantry fighting by a darn sight."
"I know it is," said the young fellow, "but mother don't."—Dallas Morning News.

"I see this fashion note says as how clothes may be made chicker by a clever use of fringe." "Well, I got plenty of fringe on my clothes, but I donno whether I got it cleverly distributed or not."—Kansas City Journal.

Misard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

IRVIN S. COBB ON SALVATION ARMY

From "The Saturday Evening Post"
I have yet to meet any soldier, whether a brigadier or a private, who, if he spoke at all of the Salvation Army, did not speak in terms of fervent gratitude for the aid that the Salvation Army are rendering so unostentatiously and yet so very effectively. Let a sizable body of troops move from one station to another and hard on its heels came a squad of men and women of the Salvation Army. An army truck may bring them, or it may be that they have a battered jitney to move them and their scanty outfits. Usually they do not ask for help from anyone in reaching their destination. They find lodgement in a wrecked shell of a house or in the corner of a barn. By main force and awkwardness they set up their equipment, and very soon the word is spread among the troops that at such-and-such a place the Salvation Army is serving free hot drinks and free doughnuts and tree pies. It specializes in doughnuts, the Salvation Army in the field does, the real, old-fashioned, home-made ones that taste of home to a homesick soldier boy.
I did not see this, but one of my associates did. He saw it last winter in a dismal hole on the Toul sector. A file of our troops were finishing a long hike through rain and snow, over roads knee-

deep in half-thawed, icy slush. Cold and wet and miserable, they came tramping into a cheerless, half-empty town within sound and range of the German guns. They found a reception committee awaiting them there—in the person of two Salvation Army lassies and one Salvation Army Captain. The women had a fire going in the dilapidated oven of a vanished villager's kitchen.
One of them was rolling out the batter on a plank with an old wine bottle for a rolling pin, and using the top of a tin can to cut the dough into circular strips. The other woman was cooking the doughnuts, and as fast as they were cooked the man served them out, spitting hot, to hungry, wet boys clamoring about the door, and nobody was asked to pay a cent.

War Saving Stamps pay well.
According to Alfred Noyes, the war has caused a dreadful slump in poetry. Everything else has gone up 300 to 400 per cent, but a sonnet that before the war would easily bring £5 (\$24.80) commands a guinea (\$5.10) to-day. Mr. Noyes laughed dolefully. "We ought," he said, "to revise the old proverb so as to make it read, 'Poets are born, not paid.'"
Misard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

THE VALUE OF POETRY
According to Alfred Noyes, the war has caused a dreadful slump in poetry. Everything else has gone up 300 to 400 per cent, but a sonnet that before the war would easily bring £5 (\$24.80) commands a guinea (\$5.10) to-day. Mr. Noyes laughed dolefully. "We ought," he said, "to revise the old proverb so as to make it read, 'Poets are born, not paid.'"
Misard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

which Col. Roosevelt so dearly loved to track, not with hunter's lust, but with the pleasure of reading the little romances and tragedies of wild life which the snow records revealed. From the bay rose little mist spirals, and the ice—whose threat to carry away the Sagamore Hill dock was each winter joyously combated by the master of the estate—had formed, along the shore. The woods he loved were vaguely revealed through the driving snow and all about was the pervading smell of wood smoke. Upon this day of all days, it was difficult to realize that Theodore Roosevelt would tramp the countryside no more.

Against the background of white birches and snow-laden cedars which fill the lawn floated from a little iron staff the American flag at half-mast. Charles Lee, the chauffeur, placed it there the day Col. Roosevelt died. The oak coffin, with its simple silver name plate, rested in the apartment on the main floor which the master of the house best loved and which is chiefly associated with him in the memory of those who knew him as host and friend.

In the hours before the ceremony—hours which saw the closing of the stores and other marks of tributes and affection on the part of the villagers—a procession, including motor vehicles, farm wagons, and men and women on foot, wended its way along the Cove Road, which, leaving the centre of the village, sweeps along the eastern shore of the bay to the estate of Sagamore Hill. Few of those who travelled the long road would be permitted to enter the grounds of the estate, which were guarded by members of the New York police force, but none the less there was a general desire to be near the house which had been Col. Roosevelt's home for years before his attainment of national and international fame.

The road leading to the house debouches suddenly into the woods from the main thoroughfare. There is a steep ascent, and, as the jungle growth of trees and underbrush is passed the house appears on the top of a hill which overlooks the Sound and surrounding country. On the drive which circles in front of the entrance stood this morning some twelve, or fourteen motor cars, which had brought the immediate family and intimate friends there were Christmas wreaths in the windows. At the apex of the main gate were still the antlers which Col. Roosevelt, years ago, brought back from one of his hunting trips and placed there.

The Rev. George E. Talmadge, who in manner and appearance so speakingly suggests the typical English curate, was early at the house, in which at noon he read from the prayer-book of the Episcopal Church the prescribed prayers for the dead. Among the sixty persons who were with Mrs. Roosevelt at this service—which for her was the last over the body of her husband—were Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Capt. and Mrs. Archibald Roosevelt, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Mrs. Richard Derby (who was Miss Ethel Roosevelt's sister), Admiral W. S. Cowles, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Alsop, W. Emlen Roosevelt, John K. Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. E. Reeve Merritt, Mrs. J. West Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. Langdon Warner, Mrs. Hilborn L. Roosevelt, John E. Roosevelt, Mrs. Fairman R. Dick, Mrs. Monroe D. Robinson, Mrs. Langdon Geer, Mrs. James Roosevelt, Mrs. James A. Roosevelt, Mrs. Fred Roosevelt, Samuel Montgomery Roosevelt, and Miss Nellie Tyler.

It had been the intention not to have flowers here or at the church, but, despite the expressed wishes of the family, wreaths had arrived in the course of the past two days. These, with the exception of laurel dropped upon the ground by aviators—whose planes dived over the house while the prayers were being read—and a large wreath of pink and white carnations sent

The Salvation Army Million Dollar Fund

MAIL YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO ONE OF THE TREASURERS BELOW, OR TO COMMISSIONER RICHARDS, 20 ALBERT ST., TORONTO

We MUST provide for the need of the Soldier and his family!

It is absolutely necessary to ensure certain safeguards and comforts to our boys over there and over here, so that they may be re-established in Canada, strong in body and soul, contented that we at home have stood by them to the finish. What sacrifice can we make for the boys who were prepared to sacrifice everything for us?

What the Salvation Army Has Done

It has provided comforts for fighting men since the twelfth day of the War. Hundreds of thousands of parcels of food and clothing for the boys. Tens of thousands of beds in Hostels in daily use in France, England and Canada. 197 Huts for Soldiers. 1,200 uniformed workers. 45 ambulances. Thousands of War widows cared for. Looked after soldiers' families. Labored for the Master. Helped to preserve the home ties. Given the MOTHER touch to lonely men.

What Remains to be Done

Keep the Hostels open and open more, so that every returning soldier can get a clean bed and wholesome meals at a price he can afford to pay. Provide comforts and safeguards for our boys, advancing into Germany, as well as those coming home and needing a place to eat and sleep, in Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, London, Chatham, Winnipeg or Vancouver. Guide and assist soldiers' families, especially the widows and orphans.

Soldiers Home Coming Campaign

January 19th to 25th

The Salvation Army is equipped and organized to take care of the soldiers' URGENT AND PERSONAL needs—needs that are imperative. It has never made a general appeal for funds to carry on this work until now. Give and give liberally. If you are not certain that your contribution will be taken up by a canvasser, send it direct to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir Edmund Walker, Toronto—subscriptions will be acknowledged.

"God loveth a cheerful giver"

SALVATION ARMY MILLION DOLLAR FUND COMMITTEE

Treasurer Toronto and Ontario: SIR EDMUND WALKER, Toronto
Treasurer New Brunswick: JAMES M. CHRISTIE, Bank of Commerce, St. John, N.B.
Treasurer Nova Scotia: DONALD MacGILLIVRAY, Bank of Commerce, Halifax, N.S.

Milling skill, special machinery plus all the old time care gives PURITY FLOUR

(Government Standard)
the same superiority enjoyed in the old days.

"More Bread and Better Bread and Better Pastry."

PURITY OATS makes better porridge.

