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CHRISTMAS DAY BURGLARY

Early on Christmas morning, a policeman, passing 888 Queen west, heard a noise which he suspected was made by a burglar. Entering the premises of Fred Perrin, he found William Hyland secreted in a tunnel of boxes. Several cash tills had been a great deal more upset than a lot of people were this a. m., and the place was as confused as the mind of an evangelist after a sermon by a higher critic. Seeing a pair of legs sticking out of the "tunnel," like a pair of trousered calipers, the constable grabbed hold and began to haul out Hyland, who this morning appeared before Magistrate Denison charged with shopbreaking and the theft of 30 cents.

T. O'Connor pleaded that his client didn't know what he had been doing. "He fought in France and was shell-shocked," said counsel. Crown Attorney Corley named five prior convictions. "Before he went to war he had a shop-breaking habit, but the service 'over there' has wiped that out," said the Crown.

"If he is suffering from shell-shock," said the magistrate, "the rest and quiet at the Jail Farm will do him good. He'll have to go there for three months."

CELEBRATIONS

Twenty-six citizens overcharged their diaphragms with bottled cheer on Christmas Day and faced the grim aftermath with more or less fortitude. One tall man stood up with his hand over his mouth, and while waiting for the deliberation magistrate to enter upon the next stage of his procedure, turned to the dock officer and was heard to say, "Wish he'd get over with it." A second, in reply to the conventional query, said, "Undoubtedly," just as if he might have added, "Could you have expected anything else on Christmas Day?" The rest held on to the situation with prayerful fortitude and accepted the presents from the magisterial Christmas tree without outward or visible sign of inward and spiritual gratitude.—Police Court News in the *Evening Telegram*, Toronto, Dec. 26.

MOTOR VEHICLES

The Motor Vehicle Branch of the Public Works Department, Fredericton, has everything now in readiness for the distribution of the number plates, or auto markers for 1919.

Owing to the change in the Audit Act, all remittances of Public moneys must now be made direct to the Provincial Treasurer, Fredericton.

The Motor Vehicle Law provides for re-registration every third year, and the license numbers for 1919, 1920, and 1921 will be different from those of the past three seasons. The necessary forms for re-registration have been forwarded to the different auto owners and the officials interested are looking forward to an exceptionally busy time beginning with the New Year. Many motorists are inclined to be dilatory in taking out their licenses until the snow begins to disappear, and as a result, the Department becomes overwhelmed with work, which necessarily means some delay in having the markers delivered.

To avoid any dissatisfaction the Department has issued a circular calling attention to this important feature and asking the co-operation of all those interested, as experience has shown that many owners appear to be unreasonable in demanding the number plates by return mail, and it is next to impossible to meet their wishes where the work must be disposed of according to the dates on which the remittances are received.

Save by the W. S. S. plan

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song,
For the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praise of earth
Is the smile that comes through tears.

DER TAG

NELSON AND BEATTY

NO doubt 'twas a truly Christian sight when the German ships came out of the Bight.

But it can't be said it was much of a fight that gray November morning; That gray November morning; The wonderful day, the great Der Tag, Which Prussians had vow'd with unmanly brag

Should see Old England lower her flag Some gray November morning. The spirit of Nelson, that haunts the Fleet, Had come whereabouts the ships must meet, But he fear'd there was some decoy or cheat

That gray November morning, When the enemy led by a British scout Stole 'twixt our lines, and never a shout.

Or a signal, and never a gun spoke out That gray November morning. So he shaped his course to the Admiral's ship,

Where Beatty stood with hand on hip, Impassive, nor ever moved his lip

That gray November morning; And touching his shoulder he said: "My mate, Am I come too soon or am I too late? Is it friendly manoeuvres or pageant of state

This gray November morning?" Then Beatty said: "As Admiral here In the name of the King I bid you good cheer;

It's not my fault that it looks so queer This gray November morning; But there come the enemy all in queues; They can fight well enough if only they choose;

Small blame to me if the fools refuse This gray November morning. "That's Admiral Reuter, surrendering nine Great dreadnoughts, all first-rates of the line;

Beyond, in the haze that veils the brine This gray November morning Loom five heavy cruisers, and light ones four,

With a tail of destroyers, fifty or more, Each squadron under its commodore, This gray November morning;

The least of all those captive queens Could have knock'd your whole navy to smithereens,

And nothing said of the other machines, On a gray November morning, The aeroplanes and the submarines, Bombs, torpedoes, and Zeppelins,

Their floating mines and their smoky screens, Of a gray November morning.

"They'll rage like bulls sans reason or rhyme, And next day, as if 'twere a pantomime, They walk in like cows at milking-time,

On a gray November morning, We're four years sick of the pestilent mob —You've heard of our biblical *Battle in Gog?*—

At times it was hardly a gentleman's job Of a gray November morning."

Then Nelson said: "God bless my soul! How things are changed in this age of coal!

For the spittle it isn't with you I'd condole This gray November morning, By George, you've netted a monstrous catch;

You'll be able to pen the best dispatch That ever an Admiral wrote under hatch

On a gray November morning. Happy is the player who can enter a championship with a mind untroubled by the actions of spectators and any unlucky incidents, determined thoroughly to enjoy it, no matter what the issue may be.

There is no use in being dismayed because a topped shot has found a bunker, which has been specially placed there to attract such an effort. James Braid counsels players to forget a bad shot when it is once made, and to concentrate thoughts on playing the next one. To be able to do this successfully stamps a golfer as the possessor of the true temperament, without which it is practically impossible to progress far in the tournament game.

Every one knows that if ill-luck continually follows a player, say for five or six holes (and by ill-luck is meant such things as finding bad lies from good shots while the opponent has a good lie after a bad shot), it needs all the self-control of the golfer is capable to keep up his spirits. If he can recover well and keep steady until such time as his luck changes, his opponent, if not an experienced golfer, may feel the strain and fail to take advantage of his better position.

It has been truly said that it is not brilliancy which wins matches, though it may win holes. Steadiness is the keynote of success, and if a player can keep steady and do a brilliant hole occasionally victory will be with him. There is nothing like steadiness for wearying even a good opponent, and any golfer who, after visiting a bunker guarding a green, can by careful place his ball on the green and, not much worse off, show how well armed he is to keep cool under difficulties. Sometimes what looks like a lost position has been reversed by a good recovery

lars or more for one. They do not have half the luxuries they had at two dollars a day, nor do they eat any turkeys at Christmas.

A majority of the houses built in Lubec during the past twenty years by workmen, were built out of earnings less than half those of to-day. But who would undertake to build a house to-day?

The truth of the matter is, that the only benefit of higher wages in nine cases out of ten is the satisfaction of handling more money. It buys less than half what it used to, and a dollar is simply an insult to anybody with anything to sell.

Besides this, the quality of everything is so much poorer than it was formerly, that really a dollar does about the work that a quarter used to do. Outside a few cases the average man is not as well off as he used to be, when he earned less and got more for it.—*Lubec Herald*.

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TEMPERAMENT NEEDED FOR VICTORY IN GOLF

IT has been claimed by many golfers who have made a study of the psychology of the game that temperament is as necessary as knowledge in a match, for it is of little use to know how to play the shots correctly if at a critical moment one's nerve fails and what looks like a match already won is lost.

Players are often seen who, at the ninth hole, are so many down that something desperate must be done to avoid defeat. Such an instance was brought to light at the women's championship in England in 1913, when Miss Gladys Ravenscroft was five down at the turn to Miss Bramwell.

The former then proceeded to play magnificent golf and won hole after hole, eventually winning the match at the nineteenth. Miss Ravenscroft, however, was in turn defeated, but that same year she captured the national championship title of this country at Wilmington.

On the other hand, there was the final of the French amateur championship at La Boulie in 1913, when Lord Charles Hope was five up at the end of the first eighteen holes. He lost this lead in the afternoon and the match became all square with four holes to play. Amid great excitement these were halved, but Hope succeeded in winning the thirty-seventh hole and the championship, which showed him to be possessed of the real golf temperament.

To lose hole after hole through his opponent's brilliancy, and still be able to keep his head and eventually win a match, is an indication that such a player can go far in open competition. He has nothing to fear, as he has solved the secret of progress and can keep cool, not losing heart because he has lost a few holes. If a worried player lets his nerves get out of control, he will never have the true golf temperament. To win a match a man must be able to think calmly, to make up his mind quickly but not hurriedly, and not be overanxious or troubled by spectators.

There is a great difference between playing a shot quickly and hurrying over it, for to hurry is fatal. There are many players who can turn in an excellent score on their own course, but directly they enter a championship or a tournament they play wildly and do not do themselves justice. To those who have experienced the ordeal of facing a crowd for the first time, it is a thing never to be forgotten, no matter how much the golfer has progressed and improved in after years, nor how well seasoned in championship encounters. It is these strenuous times, when the players are struggling to win prominent places, that help to form the "temperament" for the game.

Canadians as a people must do this, and, fortunately, the Government has devised a War Saving Plan that makes saving easy. The chief feature of it is buying War Savings Stamps. For every \$4.00 invested in these stamps now the Government will pay \$5.00 in January, 1924. What could be easier; besides, it pays well—over 4 1/2 per cent compounded half-yearly.

Keep W. S. S. in mind.

INCREASE OF FISH LANDED AT BOSTON

Boston, Dec. 31.—An increase of 37,000,000 pounds in the amount of fish pier in 1917 over the figures for 1913 was shown in statistics introduced by the government to-day at the Federal Court trial of dealers charged with violation of the anti-trust laws. In 1913, counsel said, 132,000,000 pounds were landed by the forty defendants and this jumped to 169,000,000 pounds in 1917.

He estimated that the total for 1918 would reach 175,000,000 pounds.

DR. TANNER DEAD

San Diego, Cal., 30.—Dr. Harry Tanner, who believed in fasting for longevity, 91 years old, died Saturday at the County Hospital after an illness of nearly a year, it was announced to-day. Dr. Tanner's practical application of the theory that health and long life depended on long periods of fasting, attracted attention a number of years ago. Dr. Tanner was born in England, Feb. 7, 1831.

COFFEE BARS CLOSE UP TO WARM FIGHTING MEN IN LONG NIGHT VIGIL

FRESH from the battle line, one of the Salvation Army's fighting Chaplains, Captain A. Steel, is home on a few weeks' furlough, after an absence of three and a half years with the troops. Captain Steele has been highly commended by the Director and Assistant Director of Chaplain Services for his keen, resourceful, and courageous work especially in the matter of opening and operating coffee stalls close up to the front line to supply the wants of the battle-scarred heroes coming out to rest, or the boys coming up to the line after a period of comparative quiet.

Captain Steele's account of the operations of the Army contains much material of absorbing interest. After working at the base the Captain went to Mont St. Elio, and was attached to the 3rd Canadian Entrenching Battalion, where he conducted meetings and operated a canteen five miles beyond the front line. At the battle of Hill 70, in 1917, he met the wounded men coming from the battle-field and rendered very effective services. In October of that year he was transferred to the Chaplains' Social Service Work, with headquarters at Neuville St. Vaast. He had eighteen canteens to supervise, as well as many coffee stalls. It was his endeavor to have the coffee stalls as far forward as possible, so a dug-out close to the front line was selected; and at night, when the smoke would not betray the position, coffee was made and sent to the front trench. At Passchendaele there were nine coffee stalls working, and it was a sight, he says, to see the long lines of mud-caked men waiting to receive their cups of steaming hot coffee. He estimates that 10,000 men were served every 24 hours. All the coffee stalls were in the sheltered area.

The captain tells a story of a narrow escape he had whilst building another coffee stall in an advanced position. The working party had to run down a plank road alongside of which men were lying dead, and wounded horses were still kicking in their agonies. Shells were coming dangerously near as they worked, and finally one of the men said, "Isn't it getting a bit too hot, Captain?" "Oh, no; let's stay and finish the job," was the reply. The shells were bursting nearer and nearer, however, all the time, and at length the Captain decided that the party had better make a dash for safety. As soon as he gave the order the men dropped their tools and dashed down the plank road as fast as they could. He stayed behind to examine the work done, and hearing the whine of an approaching shell, crouched down behind some sandbags. Crash! bang! right on the very spot where the men had been working only a few seconds before, a shell struck and exploded. The party would certainly all have been killed had they not gone when they did. The Captain had a narrow escape, but was protected by the sandbags from shell splinters. He came to the conclusion that that was not a desirable spot to establish a coffee stall, and so transferred it to a dressing station a bit farther down the line.

Next day he went in an auto to try and recover some of the material, but the car stalled in a mud hole, and the enemy started shelling it. He and his companions got out and hid behind a "pill box." They were just in time, for a moment later a shell hit the car and fragments of glass and iron were flying in all directions. For hours the Captain and his party crouched behind that pill box in the pitchy darkness. The enemy had put on a terrific barrage, so that it seemed certain death to try and escape. Some of the men attempted it, but they had not gone far before a loud cry for help rang through the darkness. The Captain rushed out in the direction of the cry and found two wounded men. Four others lay dead on the ground. He attended to the wounded as best as he was able under the circumstances, and after a while the whole party decided to try and dash through the barrage. "Talk about running," says the Captain. "We did a record sprint that night, and managed to get through all right."

Next day he went back for the car, and finding it not so very badly damaged, got it out of the mud and drove it to a safer area.

When the Canadians moved forward and large areas in France were liberated from the enemy, the Captain had the novel and pleasant duty of escorting numbers of civilians who had been hiding in cellars, back into a safe place behind the lines. The emotion of these poor folks when they got their first sight of Arras the Captain will never forget. They threw their hands in the air and kept exclaiming, "Arras! Arras!" while tears of joy rained down their faces. There was another affecting scene when the women of Arras came out to meet the refugees. Familiar scenes were witnessed at Denain, Valenciennes, and other places the Captain visited.

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BIG WAGES

Everybody likes big wages, but has anyone fooled himself into thinking that it really means anything? Men who earned two dollars a day ten years ago are getting five to seven dollars to-day, but what does it get them? They wear cotton goods and pay woolen prices. Their footwear costs two dol-