

Use more soup

Put in plenty of vegetables and rice or barley. Even with poor stock delicious soups can be made by adding a dash of



Canada Food Board, Licence No. 12,442

CONSISTENT PUTTER HAS ADVANTAGE IN GOLF

ALTHOUGH the long driver in golf is a soul-inspiring fellow, and the man who pays up to the hole with deadly precision excites admiration, neither of these is the opponent who puts one out. Speaking generally, the man who makes another nervous is the adept at putting. There is not much doubt about it, the big half of any well-contested match is fought on the putting green. Every one knows how often the hole is gained or lost on the tricky last yard, or, what is equally to the point, failure to get dead in the run-up on the green.

It is this part of his game which enables Charles Evans, jr., national amateur and open champion, to get head and shoulders above the crowd. Looking at the subject from the aesthetic point of view—for putting in a golfing sense may not be inaptly termed a fine art—one is tempted to ask the question: "What are the points of the putter?" One might lay down hard and fast rules, but he must not forget that what the golfer wants he will have and that in spite of anything. His particular ideal is the club that he thinks he can play best with. All his shots come off with it, so he says; if they don't, well, it's the fault of some outside agency. To come back to the question, however, in the market there is an endless variety of choice, and, leaving out of view the determining merits of the various patents, the guiding principles of selection may be stated. First in importance comes weight. Within reasonable bounds usage has standardized; the precise weight for the individual is determined by the strength of his wrists.

Then there is the point of balance. More or less it is all a matter of good or bad workmanship on the part of the club-maker. The shaft may be too heavy for the head, or vice versa; or a perfect combination is secured the player feels that what may be called the centre of gravity is in the head alone. In other words, the shaft does not obtrude itself as being the principal part of the club. In the perfect weapon, allowing, of course, for the fact that even in golf what is one man's meat is another's poison—there are also the points of length of shaft, model of head, and lie, to suit style of modeling.

While it is not difficult to theorize about putting in general the crucial point lies in dexterity of execution. One may be choke-full of textbook formula, yet never rise to the occasion when necessary. Here, as in all other sports, the one and only royal road to proficiency is intelli-

gent practice, and the first element is to learn to strike the ball fairly and truly.

What golfer has not known the day when everything was hosed: when his putting was a marvel even to himself, not to speak of an astonishment to his friends? But, unfortunately, there is another side, more frequently met with. Who has not had days when his eye was out; when he was not striking the ball fair in the face of his putter, and when the ball with persistent regularity found this or that side of the hole? A mistake players often fall into is that of taking the ground in the act of striking the ball when making the putt. It must be quite obvious that this interferes with the purpose of hitting the ball truly.

There is also the follow through, but if the player has made up his mind and acts on the principle of striking the ball fairly, he attains follow-through as a matter of course. The next important consideration relates to the functions of the eye. "Keep your eye on the ball," seems simple enough—in theory—but the golfer knows better, specially in the full shots; but even when putting he has his own experience of the times he has found himself looking elsewhere than at the ball when making a stroke.

The pertinent question of "How to put?" (though this does not guarantee the hoping of the ball in a winning number of strokes), is answered thus by an authority: Carefully survey the road to the hole, make up your mind on exactly what is to be attempted, take up your stance, judge your distance, thereafter concentrate your whole attention on the ball and its striking, and especially don't see the hole or anything but the ball until the stroke is made.

Is it possible for a golfer who has learned to play cross-handed to switch and still display the same brand of golf? This question is one which has often been asked, and no one seems to be able to answer with any degree of certainty. But there's an eighteen-year-old anomaly out at Seattle, one Lee Steil, who has proved that it's possible, at least. In a word, he switched from cross-handed playing to the orthodox style, and a short time afterward won his first cup at Jefferson Park, defeating his opponent by 9 up and 8 to play.

It may have been his very youth which helped Steil make the change; for there are those who believe it would be fatal if a player who took up golf in middle life tried to switch, or even change from left-handed to right-handed play. Steil had never been heard of until he turned in a 75 in the caddie championship at the Seattle Golf Club in 1915, and in the final round of that event many of the members followed the match.

The gallery saw him take a cross-handed grip of his driver and hit the ball "a mile" straight down the middle of the course. After that the lad used one club after another, and unless they had seen it the golfers wouldn't have believed that he could get such results with his unorthodox style. Every one agreed it wasn't sound, because there was nothing in golf books or in the scheme of instruction that could extricate him from any faults into which his peculiar style might get him.

His friends pleaded with him to change, but he couldn't see it that way. One day, however, he announced to his opponent that he was going to switch his grip, and quite naturally he lost, his game being like that of a novice. But from that day on he never used a cross-handed grip, despite the fact that he has had some hard times, with heart-breaking experiences. Even at that, his handicap was only changed from 3 to 6, though for many weeks he should have had a rating of 20 or 26. Since he won his last cup the handicappers have placed him at 3 again. —The New York Evening Post.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER

"GOT any boys?" the Marshal said to a lady from over the Rhine; And the lady shook her flaxen head, And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"Got any girls?" the Marshal said to the lady from over the Rhine; And again the lady shook her head, And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"But some are dead?" the Marshal said to the lady from over the Rhine; And again the lady shook her head, And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"Husband, of course?" the Marshal said to the lady from over the Rhine; And again she shook her flaxen head, And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"The devil you have!" the Marshal said to the lady from over the Rhine; And again she shook her flaxen head, And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"Now what do you mean by shaking your head And always answering 'Nein?' 'Ich kann nicht Englisch!' civilly said The lady from over the Rhine."

JOHN GODFREY SAXE (1816-1887)

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURE

LECTURE X

ON MR CAUDLE'S SHIRT BUTTONS

THERE, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning? There—you needn't begin to whistle. But it's like you, I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say you were the best creature living; now you get quite a fiend. Do let me rest?

No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you shall hear me. I'm put upon all day long; it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; besides, it isn't often I open my mouth; goodness knows.

Because once in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button you must almost swear the roof off the house!

You didn't swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion.

You were not in a passion? Weren't you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is—and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

It's a pity you haven't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd some wives, you would know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle and thread in my hand. What with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you cry "Oh" at?—I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I had kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves; a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in.

A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through. What with buttons, and one thing and another! They'd never tie themselves up,—no, not to the best man in the world; I'm sure.

What would they do, Mr. Caudle? Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off; that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say, it's very odd.

However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and sha'n't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it!

That's your love—that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons. You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me, then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody ever called me that, but you. What do you say?

Nobody ever knew so much of me? That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I wouldn't have your aggravating temper, Caudle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are—or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that would have talked to you! Then you'd have the difference. But you impose upon me, because like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

And a pretty example you set as a

father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast time about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning, too! And you call yourself a Christian. I should like to know what your boys will say of you when they grow up? And all about a paltry button off one of your wristbands! A decent man wouldn't have mentioned it.

Why wouldn't I hold my tongue? Because I won't hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh! but that's just like you men!

But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then? That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife!

And to such a wife as I've been, too; such a negro-slave to your buttons, as I may say! Somebody else to sew 'em, eh? No, Caudle, no; not while I'm alive! When I'm dead—and what I have to bear there's no knowing how soon that may be—when I'm dead, I say—oh! what a brute you must be to snore so!

You're not snoring? Hal that's what you always say, but that's nothing to do with you. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I shouldn't wonder. Oh no! I should be surprised at nothing, now! Nothing at all! It's what people have always told me it would come to,—and now the buttons have opened my eyes!

But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I've been to you. Somebody else, indeed, to sew your buttons! I'm no longer to be mistress in my own house! Ha, Caudle! I wouldn't have upon my conscience what you have, for the world! I wouldn't treat anybody as you treat—no, I'm not mad! It's you, Mr. Caudle, who are mad, or bad—and that's worse! I can't even so much as speak of a shirt button, but that I'm threatened to be made nobody of in my own house! Caudle, you've a heart like a hearth-stone, you have! To threaten me, and only because a button—a button—

I was conscious of no more than this, says Caudle; 'for here nature relieved me with a sweet deep sleep.'

DOUGLAS JERROLD (Born January 3, 1803; died June 8, 1857.)

WAR SAVING STAMPS AND THRIFT STAMPS

The New Brunswick War Savings Committee has issued a circular dealing with war saving stamps and thrift stamps in which they say:

The sale of War Saving Certificates is a part of the Government's programme of finance. Never in its history has our country been faced with the necessity of providing for the payment of such large sums of money as it is now called upon to meet. On the other hand the nation has never been in a stronger financial condition than it is to-day.

The war is now over, only the details of a peace compact remain to be decided. But Canada has a new job to do. Europe has been devastated; its people are in want. A large portion of material required to rebuild that destroyed must go from this country. Canada must also supply a big share of the food required to keep the late belligerent nations from starving, as well as provide for the Allied forces remaining in the field.

France, Belgium, Serbia, Roumania, Poland, and Russia are looking to us for assistance in reconstruction. They must not look in vain.

The amount of money required to finance Canada's share of the work, material, and food is colossal. It will be impossible for the nations ruined to pay at sight or on delivery. We must help to finance these countries. All of them are in debt. We shall for some time to come be obliged to extend credits to them. They have neither goods nor cash with which to pay us, so we must furnish the things they need and the means with which to pay for them. It may also mean that we have to help feed those who were our enemies.

The nation's expenditures will be protected and all will be repaid, but in the meantime if Canada is going to make secure her place in the world we must all do our share to provide the funds for the development of our own resources and industries.

These are problems we have to face. The War Savings Stamp plan will help solve them if the Canadian public are loyal and will save and invest their savings in W. S. S.

A NATIONAL OPPORTUNITY

This offer of War Savings Stamps is a democratic offer of the securities of our Nation and presents an opportunity for every man, woman, and child to help according to his or her ability to save.

Aside from the mere raising of money required by the Government, the War Savings Plan has untold possibilities for promoting the habit of thrift and saving among the people. The boy or girl who saves and by so doing practises some self-denial, is better for it. The man or woman who saves systematically increas-

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PEDIGREED SEED

(Experimental Farms Note.)

When seed grain is advertised as pedigreed seed, it should mean two things: first, that the record of that particular strain is known from its origin; second, that it is rich in the qualities that make it superior to other selections of the same sort.

In order that the term pedigreed may have the proper significance to those who wish to purchase seed grain of high quality, the following outline is given of the essential methods in the primary selection work of pedigreed varieties or strains of grain. Before seed grain can be termed pedigreed it must be descended from a single plant; that particular plant must have been a superior plant to others of its kind, and must have had the ability to transmit the high yield and the desirable characters for which it has been selected. This superiority can only be determined by careful observation at the time of the first selection, and by a careful test under uniform conditions with the parent or other standard varieties. Also, this selected strain must be watched closely during the multiplication period for the appearance of false heads or the breaking up of the variety. This is the essential work in the propagation of pedigreed seed, and unless it has been selected in accordance with the above methods, the word pedigreed should not be used.

Apart from those who are associated with the experiment stations there are but few men in Canada who have the facilities and the knowledge essential to perform the primary selection work in the production of pedigreed grain. Any observant person can, however, obtain pedigreed seed, and by the maintenance of a seed plot and the careful roguing out of false heads and chance impurities, preserve the purity and quality of his seed grain that it may continue to rank as pedigreed seed. As the production of pedigreed strains and varieties is practically confined to the various Dominion and Provincial Experiment Stations, any so called pedigreed seed that does not trace back to these sources, or is not registered in the Canadian Seed Grower's Association, should not be purchased as such without careful inquiry into its origin.

Pedigreed seed bears the same relation to the grain-growing industry, and its use is necessary if a grower desires to maintain the yield, purity, and quality of his grain.

FLAVOR-FULL

KING COLE ORANGE PEKOE

Undoubtedly there are degrees of flavor. Take Fruit for instance—you select an orange, and on eating it you find it to be flavory, certainly, but sharp—acid; choose another, a riper more matured fruit, and it is luscious, the flavor is mellowed and rounded—it is FLAVOR-FULL. Nature made a better job of the second orange. Exactly the same is true of Tea. Nature is not equally kind to all. It requires expert knowledge and continual care to select and combine FLAVOR-FULL Teas to produce the delicious cup obtained from KING COLE Orange Pekoe. If you love your cup of Tea, unusual pleasure awaits you in KING COLE Orange Pekoe.

Ask your Grocer for it by the full name—
King Cole Orange Pekoe
The Extra in Choice Tea
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