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St. Andrews, N. B.

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STATESMEN PRAISE S. A.

His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada; Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and many other leading citizens of the Dominion, heartily endorse the Salvation Army's campaign to raise one million dollars for demobilization and reconstruction work. Their letters promising support to the Drive and praising the work of the Salvation Army during the war, follow:—

The Duke of Devonshire: Best wishes for the success of your Red Shield Drive for \$1,000,000 for the Canadian home and overseas work of the Salvation Army. I hope this Drive will be generously supported by the people of Canada.

Sir Robert Borden: Very glad to send my best wishes for every success in the endeavor of the Salvation Army to raise a Million Dollars for its Canadian home and overseas work. The effort of the Salvation Army in aid of the national purpose is worthy of the highest appreciation.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier: I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your communication, informing me that you are making a special appeal for assistance to the Salvation Army. I can testify to the good work done for many years past by your association, and I will be happy to contribute my mite.

Sir Thomas White: Glad to learn of the demobilization and reconstruction programme of the Salvation Army. Its excellent work on the Canadian and all Allied fronts is greatly appreciated by the Government. In Canada the Army has assisted all other organizations in their war campaigns and materially aided in the flotation of our Victory Loan.

N. W. Rowell: I wish you every success in your demobilization and reconstruction million-dollar campaign. The war work of the Salvation Army is deserving of support of all good citizens. I heard nothing but appreciation of it when overseas.

TELL ME, MY HEART, IF THIS
BE LOVE

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,

Awe'd by a thousand tender fears

I would approach, but dare not move:

Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear

No other voice than hers can hear,

No other wit but hers approve:

Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other youth commend,

Though I was once his fondest friend,

His instant enemy I prove:

Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more

Delight in all that pleased before—

The clearest spring, or shadiest grove:

Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When fond of power, of beauty vain,

Her nets she spread for every wain,

I strove to hate, but vainly strove:

Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

GEORGE, LORD LYTTELTON.

(Born January 17, 1708; died August 22, 1773.)

ST. JOHN ART CLUB

St. John, N. B., Jan. 7.—The St. John Art Club, at a recent meeting, elected the following officers for the incoming term:—

W. Shives Fisher, President
T. H. Estabrooks, First V. P.
W. Frank Hatheway, Second V. P.
Mrs. Silas Alward, Third V. P.
Timothy O'Brien, Secretary.
Mrs. de V. Chipman, Cor. Secretary.
Miss C. O. McGivern, Treasurer.
C. H. Flewelling, Curator.
Mrs. J. W. V. Lawlor, Mrs. W. Edmond Raymond, Miss Lillian Hazen, Wm. Brodie, John Seely, and Alex. Watson.

COLLECTING TROUBLE

The negro sergeant had the latest bunch of recruits lined up for initial drill.

"Now," he said, "every numbah foah man in the front rank will be corporal. De corporals will now pass 'round de har, an' all you niggahs will drop in yo' razgahs. We ain't goin' have no argyfyin' ovah who's boss durin' dis drill period." Clerk Frank Bartholomew, in *Judge*.

ORIGIN OF THE AIREDALE

The Airedale is a peculiar dog, and his origin is not easy to trace. In all probability he is the result of crosses between the old rough Scotch terrier, the bull-terrier, and the otter-hound. Certain characteristics of the latter breed are very prominent in the Airedale of to-day. About forty years ago the colliers of the Valley of the Aire enjoyed almost a monopoly of these dogs, which were highly prized for their fighting qualities, general ruggedness, keen intelligence and loyalty to their owners. The colliers were a rough, hardy set, ready for anything and their favorite dogs were bright disciples of the school of hard knocks.

Those accustomed to associate the name terrier with a small dog are apt to be somewhat puzzled by the appearance of this latest addition to the recognized breeds, says *All Outdoors*. He, as a rule, is what may be termed a "big little dog," choice specimens sometimes weighing as much as sixty pounds, which means a dog as large as a heavy pointer.

The appearance of the Airedale at once reminds one of the Irish and Welsh terriers, in fact, the dog at first glance looks like a very large and somewhat coarse Irish terrier. A closer examination, however, will prove that he has no useless lumber, that he is all dog, and a very smart type of dog at that. To the otterhound he owes much of his bone, strength, and his peculiar head. The mark of the hound, too, is apt to show in the ear and the narrowness of the skull. Careful breeding has about eliminated these undesirable features, and the V-shaped ear, larger, but of the same general type as that of the fox-terrier, has become a fixed characteristic.

The size and all the valuable qualities of the Airedale make him one of the best of dogs for the country, as they unfit him for life in a city. Being very powerful he requires plenty of exercise. He should have his freedom, for a couple of jaunts daily upon a chain are by no means sufficient for him, or for any other active dog. As companion during tramps about the country, or upon a farm, this dog is one of the most desirable of all the canine race.

He is game to the last gasp, as becomes one of his blended blood. From the Scotch and bull terriers he derives his keenness for vermin and his almost unrivalled fighting powers, while from the otter-hound he derives a marked hunting instinct and a readiness to work cheerfully in water, no matter how cold it may be. In his knowing-looking head is a rare good set of brains, and his nose is excellent. No dog is fonder of a rough frolic, and none is keener to tackle any wild creature, from rat to raccoon. But strong and ready as he is, he is blessed with a sweet disposition and a spaniel-like faithfulness. He will fight till he dies, for he does not understand what fear is, yet he is no bully. A generous friend and a fair foe, he asks no odds of any dog, and as he is a glutton to take punishment and an artist in administering it, he usually can give an excellent account of himself if attacked by a much larger dog.

About an American country home he is sure to prove useful and in every way reliable. He is one of the best of watch-dogs, and he is large enough to command the respect of unsavory intruders. As a vermin destroyer he has no superior, such large quarry as woodchucks and coon falling comparatively easy victims to his dashing method of attack.

THE NEW REPORTING

[A suggestion by one who feels that the conventional "Applause" and "Hear, Hear" convey an inadequate idea of the variety and color of the interjections at an average election meeting.]

"GENTLEMEN, we are now, if I may say so—(disturbance in northeast corner of the hall, with shouts of 'Oo are you a-shovin' of?' and various inconsequent repartees)—we are now in the proud and fortunate position of having overthrown our enemies—('You didn't do much!' followed by a free fight under the platform)—and having established, let us hope—(piercing woman's voice: 'Wot abaht my son Jack?')—once and for all—(small boy bursts into vociferous lamentation as his father explains to him the precise domestic programme for the evening if he doesn't sit still)—upon a sure and lasting foundation—(here Albert MacIsaacs, junior, gives his celebrated imitation of a donkey's 'Hee-haw,' which is received with prolonged applause and shouts of 'Encore!')—those principles of justice and tolerance—(jumping cracker in the gallery)—equality and fair play—('The old 'un's drinking your glass of water, guv'nor!')—which have always been and, I trust, will always be the glory of the British Empire—(loud cheers from the two front rows, evidently stationed there for the purpose)—and which it is now our hope and desire—(bass voice from the back: 'Wot abaht beer?' and murmurs of interest and approval)—to extend to the world at large. (Subdued cheers from the two front rows, who realize that their previous demonstration was premature.) These sentiments, gentlemen, are not my own—('Never thought they were')—they are the nation's—('Are you going to hang BILL KAISER?')—they are in the air—(shower of flour and pepper from the gallery)—they cry aloud in the streets—(sudden commotion as a small dog, violently kicked from behind, runs yelping

down the passage)—they will not be silenced—(concertina solo, with unauthorized variations as the instrument is swayed to and fro by rival factions)—they are shared by the humble Slav and the lowly Jugo—('Three cheers for the Jugos!')—as well as by that illustrious and far-seeing statesman—(great uproar, during which two Bolsheviks, one unimpeachable patriot, and one timid man who was between them removed to hospital)—Professor MASARYK; and we may be as sure as we are that to-morrow's sun will rise—('Wait and see!') followed instantly by shrill cat-calls and a voice, 'Where's poor old ASQUITH?'—that these principles will prevail—('Oo poached the bad egg?' and much laughter as a local joke runs in whispers round the hall)—and even in our own time—(diversion by an elector's baby, who shrieks for nourishment and is consoled amid a movement of sympathetic interest in the vicinity)—Truth and Right will take their place, supreme and unchallenged, upon the throne of the universe. (Dead silence, for the front benches are not going to be taken in this time.)—Punch.

OBITUARY

FREDERICK N. McLAUGHLIN

Private Frederick N. McLaughlin of 1 Maridia Way, Malden, Mass., a member of Co. G, 314th Infantry, was killed in action November 9. He left Malden for Camp Upton, N. Y., last May. After being there a few weeks he was transferred to Camp Meade, Md., from where he went overseas in June. He went into the trenches the latter part of September and participated in some of the heaviest fighting in which the Americans engaged, taking part in the Meuse-Argonne drive.

Private McLaughlin was the son of Mr. and Mrs. James L. McLaughlin, formerly of Campobello and Grand Manan. He was born in Charlestown, and was twenty-two years of age.

After leaving the West Grammar School he went to work for the John T. Connor Company. He rose steadily from one position to another until he was finally made manager of one of their Malden stores. From there he went to Simpson Bros., of Bradford, Mass., as manager. Later he was manager of the Atlantic & Pacific store in Malden for two years. He left this position to become manager of the Ginter Grocery store in Melrose, which position he held at the time of his entering the army. He had a very bright future, and his employers expressed their sorrow at losing one who was sure to be of great value to their company.

The last words that he spoke to his father were a promise always to defend the flag. As he was stepping on the train that would take him to camp, his father, taking a small silk American flag from his pocket, pressed it into his son's hand saying, "Take this little remembrance from me and carry it always with you to fight for and die for, if need be." How well he kept his promise his death in action tells.

McLaughlin had a faculty for making friends, and his host of friends in Malden and other cities were grieved to hear of his death. He was a member of the

First Baptist Church, the Middlesex Lodge of Odd Fellows, and also the Camp. He is survived by his parents and a sister, Norma G.

EX-PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT

New York, Jan. 6.—Col. Theodore Roosevelt, twice President of the United States, died in his sleep early to-day at his home at Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, L. I. His death was wholly unexpected, and was caused by an embolism—a blood clot which lodged either in his lungs or on his brain. Col. Roosevelt had been in poor health for many months; twice within a year he had been a patient at Roosevelt Hospital in this city. On Christmas Day he returned home after treatment for inflammatory rheumatism. Apparently, he had greatly improved in health, but on New Year's Day he suffered another serious attack and this probably was the indirect cause of his sudden collapse.

Yesterday Col. Roosevelt sat up several hours and did not retire until eleven o'clock last night. The time of Col. Roosevelt's death was 4 A. M., as nearly as can be determined, for there was no person at his bedside at the moment he passed away. A minute or two before, his attendant, James Amos, a colored man who had been in the employ of the Colonel ever since he left the White House, noticed that his patient was breathing heavily in his sleep and went to call a nurse. When he returned with her the former President was dead.

Following are some of the notable dates associated with the career of Col. Theodore Roosevelt:

Born in New York, October 27, 1858. Graduated from Harvard with A. B. degree, 1880.

Served in New York State Legislature, 1882-4.

Spent two years, 1885-6, on ranch in North Dakota on account of his health. Candidate for Mayor of New York, 1886.

United States Civil Service Commissioner, 1889-95.

President of the New York Police Board, 1895-7.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy, 1897-8. Resigned from Navy Department and organized "Rough Riders," 1898.

Governor of New York State, 1899-1900. Elected Vice-President of United States November 4, 1900.

Succeeded to Presidency when President McKinley died on September 14, 1901.

Elected President for term, 1905-9.

Awarded Nobel Peace Prize for his work in connection with the Russo-Japanese peace treaty, 1906.

Candidate of Progressive party in 1912 for Presidency.

Discovered and explored "River of Doubt," in Brazil, February to April, 1914, which was named in his honor "Rio Teodoro" by the Brazilian Government.

Declined Progressive nomination for Presidency and supported Charles E. Hughes, the Republican nominee, 1916.

Offered to raise army division, after declaration of war with Germany, and to go with it to France.

Buy War Savings and Thrift Stamps.

TWO GREAT WAR AUXILIARIES
WHICH ESCAPED CRITICISM

The *Border Cities' Star*, of Windsor, Ont., recently contained this striking and touching appeal from Mr. W. T. Gregory, of Lemington, who is described as "the godfather of the soldier boys of Essex County and super-patriot":—

While practically every auxiliary of the great war has been more or less criticized, there are two outstanding institutions which seem to have escaped the pointed darts of the chronic fault-finders.

These are the British Navy and the Salvation Army. While the British Navy, the savior of civilization, needs no encomium at my hands, there may be those who are not entirely familiar with the great war work of the Salvation Army. The nature of my work for the past four and one-half years has thrown me close up to a large number of soldiers. I have received, possibly, five thousand letters from over there. These have come from trench and camp and dugout and hospitals and rest billet and German prisons. Of hardship and famine there is no written word in any of them, but praise, unstinted praise, for the Salvation Army and their great and godly work for the boys at the front. One brave lad, who has since crossed over the River, says:—"The Salvation Army huts are within three hundred yards of our trenches, and to-night, when I came out cold and wet and hungry and penniless, they gave me hot coffee, fried cakes, and other comforts, without charge, and if I never come back, tell the people at home that I say, God bless the Salvation Army! They were the friends who followed us boys right up to where old Fritz was doing his damndest."

Pretty good testimonial isn't it? I believe this lad, who now sleeps beneath the lily-covered sod, would stretch his dead hands from the grave, if he could, to beckon us heed the Army's call for help. Fifty thousand others are buried over there, and I believe the poisoning shadows of their beckoning hands, now still in death, and the voices of the brave kids now marching with Currie's victorious army on German soil, are calling, Shadow and voice alike are calling to you—you, you! and their cry is: "Help those that helped us in our hour of need." Now, let us harken to this cry and show the boys somewhere in Germany, and to the world, that we can never forget the Salvation Army for the value of their services to Canadian soldiers, and which is beyond computation.

Like Caesar's wife, the great work of the Salvation Army is above criticism. The case is urgent, the need is imperative, and their appeal should be met with a heart full of gratitude for having helped make our loved ones' lives worth while living, while fighting the fight that has won the admiration of the world and made the Canadian union one to be respected and honored to the four corners of the earth.

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Try a Beacon Adv
For Results

The unexcelled facilities
of our big mills are
devoted to making

PURITY
FLOUR

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THE BEST FLOUR POSSIBLE TODAY
MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD
AND BETTER PASTRY

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PRIME OATS BAKES
BETTER PORRIDGE

Soldiers Home

Coming Campaign

War Work and After-War Work of the
SALVATION ARMY

"FIRST TO SERVE—LAST TO APPEAL"

The Salvation Army has for 53 years been organized on a military basis—insured to hardship, sacrifice, and service. It is always in action, day and night. It has maintained Military Huts, Hostels and Rest Rooms, providing food and rest for tens of thousands of soldiers each day. 1,200 uniformed workers and 45 ambulances have been in service at the front—in addition to taking care of the needs of soldiers' families here at home, assisting the widows and orphans, and relieving distress arising from the absence of the soldier head of the family.

Notwithstanding all the Government is planning to do, notwithstanding the pensions and the relief work of other organizations, hundreds of cases of urgent human need are constantly demanding the practical help the Salvation Army is trained and equipped to render.

The Salvation Army Million Dollar Fund

January 19th to 25th

While it could do so, the Salvation Army has carried on without any general appeal. Now the crisis is arising with the return of the 300,000 soldiers. The budget for essential work during the coming year has been prepared. A million dollars must be raised to continue the after-war activities, which include:

Hostels for Soldiers

Salvation Army Hostels are vitally necessary for the protection and comfort of the soldier at the many stopping places between France and his home here in Canada. These Hostels—on military hotels—provide good food, clean beds, wholesome entertainment at a price the soldier can afford to pay. If the boys did not have a Hostel to go to, WHERE would they go?

Care of the Wives, Widows, Dependents and Orphans of Soldiers

Scores and hundreds of cases could be cited where soldiers overseas have been comforted by the assurance that the Salvation Army has stepped in to relieve their families from dire need. As an instance, a mother with six children is located—no fuel, weather freezing, food and funds exhausted by sickness and other troubles. They are taken to Salvation Army Emergency Receiving Home. Winter and 200,000 soldiers returning increase the demands on the Salvation Army, whose

personal help alone is of avail. Consider, too, the vast and complex problems arising out of the care of soldiers' widows and orphans.

Keeping the Family Unit Intact

The women of the Salvation Army on their visiting rounds accomplish the apparently impossible. Is the discharged soldier out of a job? They find him one. Is the wife sick, the home-work piling up, the children neglected? They nurse the wife, mother the children, wash and scrub. Is there urgent need for food, fuel, clothes or medicine? They are supplied. It takes money, of course, but more important is the loving spirit of service in which the work is done.

When the Soldier Needs a Friend

The Salvation Army Lasses provide the boys with hot coffee, the pie, chocolate, magazines, writing materials, and the spiritual comfort which the boys in Khaki need. Until the last home-bound soldier is re-established in civilian life, will you not help the Salvation Army to combat the discomforts and evils that beset his path?

The service of the Salvation Army, founded on sacrifice, demonstrates the true spirit of the Master. It is directed to the extension of the Kingdom of Christ. For two generations the Salvation Army has stood out and for God.

It approaches practical problems in a practical way and achieves RESULTS. It co-operates with all—overlaps none. It recognizes neither color, race nor creed. It is always in action, day and night. No organization does greater work at less cost. To carry on its great work it must have financial help, and on its behalf members of the Dominion Government, business men and returned soldiers endorse this appeal for funds.

"LET YOUR GRATITUDE FIND EXPRESSION IN SERVICE"

THE SALVATION ARMY MILLION DOLLAR FUND COMMITTEE

Headquarters: 20 Albert St., Toronto