

SUNDAY'S FINAL GREAT SMASH AT LIQUOR MEN

**Shows Bottle Alongside of Basket of Groceries---
10,000 Men and Women, Too, Witness
His Striking Object Lesson.**

(Boston Record.)

Before 10,000 men and women who cheered and cheered and cheered again Billy Sunday last night brought to a climax his fight against booze in an object lesson which strikingly dramatized today's issue.

Instead of waving the flag over the circle of boys wanted by the gin mill as raw material, he yelled to Brewster to pass up a suit case. From it he extracted a bottle of whiskey, "bought for me today in Boston at a cost of \$1.25" and stood it on the pulpit. Then he took out:

One package of shredded wheat,
One package Toasties.

A quart bottle of milk—"It'll keep a baby alive 24 hours," Billy shouted as he held it up; then, uplifting the whiskey bottle, he exclaimed: "Whereas this cursed stuff contains poison enough to kill ten babies."

One package Unedea biscuit.

A small parcel of potatoes—"they're very scarce," he commented, "but thank the Lord I managed to get a few."

One pound of butter—"it cost 44c., and it's paid for."

Two loaves of bread.

A parcel from which he took and held up to view two samples, saying: "Here is something I've quit eating; they're too rich for my blood; they're eggs and the dealer tries to make folks believe that they're worth 8 cents apiece—not for me at that price."

And the audience shouted with laughter.

More Evidence.

That did not end the demonstration. Billy continued:

"The bottle of booze costs \$1.25 by the bottle. It contains 24 drinks. At 15c. a drink that makes \$3.60, which is how most booze hitters buy it. Hand me that hamper, Brewster."

And up came a big basket. From

it Billy took, unwrapped and exhibited:

Two lbs. of beefsteak, 72c.

A package of Bermuda onions.

A peck of apples—"for the children."

25c. worth of soap.

A package of rutabaga turnips.

One lb. coffee.

A paper parcel of "sinkers" (more laughter).

A small parcel in damp paper which he started to unwrap, when "Ma" exclaimed: "Why, Will, those are for you; they are the pickled herring I got for you."

"My mistake," Billy replied. "We won't count that. There's nothing I like better than good red herring."

One lb. lima beans; and one pound of prunes.

When the cheering audience had grasped the significance of the exhibit, Billy seized a hammer and smashed the bottle of whiskey on the pulpit carpet, saying:

"If I don't do that, the dirty gang would start the story and send it up and down the land that I'd been buying booze for my own use."

Gives Food to Salvation Army.

Then he called out:

"Is there a representative of the Salvation Army here? If so, come forward, get these groceries and give them to the poor!"

And as a comely lassie in uniform stepped to the platform, the crowd rose and roared.

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HE WAS WONDERFUL AT LIFTING, TOO

Physical Culture Bug Bites a Chunk
From the Wallet of a Man
From Bangor.

Boston, Dec. 27.—9s the Bangor boat slowly steamed into her dock at India wharf today her passengers rushed to the decks and watched enviously a clear-skinned athletic young man on the pier, who swung his arms powerfully in a downward-sideways-upward stretch. He was a physical culture bug.

He continued his exercise, expanding his broad chest, and the huge muscles of his arms wrinkled his coat sleeve.

On the boat, Edward Labiet, hailing from Bangor, watched. He tried it and threw his arms into a sideways-upward stretch; but nary a wrinkle showed in his coat sleeves. He sighed—no buttons popped off his vest when he expanded his chest.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" applauded Ed, as he passed the physical culturist on the pier, who continued his gymnastics.

"Here, I'll show you how to do it," invited the gymnast.

Ed agreed. He tried to be brave and clever and he lifted his arms in a sideways stretch.

"Wonderful!" mocked the gymnast. "Now lift them over your head," he instructed.

Ed did.

Crisp \$5 and \$2 spots showed out of his vests pocket. "Great, hold it!" shouted the teacher, as he plucked the \$5 and \$2 and also a 50-cent piece.

"You'd make a good gymnast. I hope to see you again," and the teacher bade him farewell.

"He's some teacher," whined Ed to the police, who have gone in search of the clever gymnast, who they say is originally a sleight-of-hand artist.

PERSONAL.

Mr. John E. Sayre, of St. John, is registered at the Queen.

Mr. D. W. Burpee, C. E., who has been in Newfoundland for some time, in the interests of the N. S. Steel Company, is spending a few days at his home here.

GERMAN AGENTS ARRIVE IN HOLLAND

London, Dec. 27.—A despatch from the Hague to the Exchange Telegraph Co. says that German agents have arrived at the Hague to make a preliminary arrangement for German delegates to the peace conference suggested in the German reply to President Wilson's note.

The despatch follows: "In view of the preparatory meeting of delegates to a peace conference suggested in the German reply to President Wilson, German agents have arrived at The Hague and are making inquiries for hotel accommodations for German delegates."

SEWELL'S CAMP.

Who's Who in a Lumber Operation
Near Scott's Siding.

Scott's Siding, Dec. 26.—We thought we would like to let our friends know through the columns of the Mail how we are getting along with our lumber operations down here.

Goodrich McKean is our cook and he can prepare as good a meal as ever a crew of men had placed before them.

William Hughes is our foreman, and he is well liked by all the men employed under him.

John Ridlen drives the leading team and his team tender is Arthur Hay, and they can yard as many logs as ever was put up by any team.

John Scott drives the other team, and he has for his team tender Mered Jordan, and they can pile up the logs as fast as any of them.

Fred Flowers is our cookee and saw filer, and he is the right man in the right place.

Last but not least comes Richard Barton, who takes care of 25 pigs, which will be devoured by our crew before spring. He feeds them well and when killed they make fine pork.

Ever notice that some of the compliments handed to you leave a bitter taste?

The average man has to sprint occasionally in order to keep up with his running expenses.

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IMPERIAL MUNITIONS BOARD
OTTAWA

December 27th, 1916.

TO THE MUNITIONS WORKERS OF CANADA.

The Imperial Minister of Munitions has entrusted to the manufacturers of Canada and their work people, the production of an important percentage of the shells which will be used at the front. It is vital to the successful prosecution of the war that these munitions be delivered weekly as promised. The present delivery of shells (save in one size) is below the promised quantity, and the shortage has become so serious that it causes grave anxiety.

If we, who produce munitions at home, are to be worthy of the men who have gone to the front, we must set aside comfort and ease and personal gratification, and give undivided attention to munitions output.

From a personal knowledge of the need, and personal contact with the suffering and the heroism of the men in the trenches, I urge the munitions workers, whether in the steel plant, or in the factory, to devote themselves with increased energy and unstinted time to the task of additional output.

Neither the soldier nor the sailor will have his New Year's Day free from duty. I appeal to the men and to the women engaged in munitions production in Canada, to forego Saturday afternoon, the 30th instant, and Monday, New Year's Day, and to continue at their work. The sacrifice is small, but to those who make it will come the satisfaction of having discharged a clear obligation.

Yours truly,

G. W. Hodge
Chairman.