

## "Perhaps you are right, Mary, I think I will follow your advice"

"What way?"  
"By trying Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I have been reading here about the symptoms of exhausted nerves, and the description just suits my case."

"I am sure it will help you just as it did me when I had nervous prostration, for you know yourself that nothing else seemed to do me any good."

"That is about right."

"Well, I have been telling you that the Nerve Food is what you need."

"I know you have, but I did not think there was anything wrong with my nerves, for I was always pretty well. One thing sure, I cannot sleep nights, and get up so tired every morning that I do not feel like taking hold of work like I used to."

"I have felt that I am losing grip on business and sometimes get discouraged. Of course, I have been working hard since we are so short-handed, and I suppose this is beginning to tell."

"Well, I have been worried about your health, but you would not take my advice and so I could do no more. I am awfully glad you are going to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for I am sure it will build up your health."

"I have been reading here a letter from Mr. Myles of Lindsay, and I am not going

to delay treatment until I get like he was. When the Nerve Food cured him it will surely help me."

This is the letter:

Mr. Alex. Myles, 5 Regent street, Lindsay, Ont., writes:  
"For the last five years I had been troubled with my nerves. At times I could not put on my coat alone, and often when trying to read the paper my hands would shake so that the paper would rattle, and I could scarcely read it. When drinking a cup of tea it would wake me up, and then I did not sleep well, and sometimes would only be asleep a short time when I would wake up and then lie awake the rest of the night. Then, also, I used to take cramps in my legs so badly that I would have to get up at night and walk the floor. Sometimes during the day the cramps would bother me, too. My muscles seemed to tie up in knots. I had tried different medicines without success. Last fall I secured a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and as this one box helped me, I got some more and continued taking them till my nervousness was cured. I feel much better generally, can eat well, and sleep right through the night. I have not had any cramps for two months, and I give all the credit to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Some years ago, too, I was troubled with piles, and upon the advice of a friend, used Dr. Chase's Ointment, which cured me. I have great faith in all of Dr. Chase's medicines."

Dr. Chase's Medicines are sold by all Druggists and Dealers in St. John's and the Outports. Wholesale quotations from GERALD S. DOYLE, Water St., St. John's, Sole Agent.

## Our American Letter.

Quartermaster Construction Corps, U.S. Army, Charleston, South Carolina, Nov. 14th.

Peace, peace at last. The news of the signing of the armistice between Germany and the Allies early Monday morning, was the signal for such an outburst of noise seldom heard outside of the battle front itself. Although the southern dawn had not yet broken, people leaped from their beds and rushed into the streets with shot-guns and revolvers which were fired incessantly in defiance of civic ordinances. Every factory in the city added to the tumult by blowing its siren

while the ringing of the bells of the churches mingled with the distant roar of the guns on the harbor forts. Companies of soldiers paraded the streets headed by bands of civilians carrying red fire and flaring torches. All through the day and night the feeling for his life before the red flame of revolution which his boasted partnership with God was unable to quench. William the Damned, the world's greatest murderer was reaping the whirlwind he had sown. Hun-

bird and subdued the once haughty autocrat who dreamed of a world empire, dominated by the German sword, the now glows to the Lough Punch in 1930. Little Dutch kingdom which he had intended to make his vassal. What a drama to the end of the internal drama of more than four years.

Germany the nation of supermen before whom the entire world was to go down in defeat, is now stripped of its power and glory, and has sunk to the level of a third class nation. The fact is that the great war which has shrouded the world for the past four years and more is now lifted just as we could not realize the horrors of war until they came so, too, we could not realize the blessings of peace until they came again.

The world has staggered under tremendous burdens these late unhappy years; its peoples have borne them because that was the only way out of the difficulty. The task at first seemed a hopeless one. The wicked force of a strength that had been fostered and built up to a degree of efficiency thought to be invincible, was hurled against nations unprepared to give battle in equal measure, but it has shown that it is not always brute strength that conquers. It may appear to do so for a time, but the day comes when it exhausts itself and lacking the superior strength of moral and mental force, it dashes itself to pieces. Such a day has come now and the world is aflame with the knowledge that the dreams of a Hohenzollern ruler are dissipated and his ambition of world power has crumbled into nothing.

America's allies who have borne the brunt of the whole ghastly business since its beginning, have won the admiration of all intelligent people. And this admiration is not only for the skill and science which they met the onrush of war, but for the well high sublime manner in which they were able to "carry on" even when the hour was darkest, and the night was longest. And the darkest hour came barely eight months ago, just before America was able to put its strength into the great fight. As we look back now we are glad that we did not realize the full import of that terrific drive to Paris and the Channel ports. America's allies knew, however, and this government knew and America headed the appeals for aid and flung itself headlong into the issue. American troops sailed across the seas by the thousands; they were literally emptied into Allied ports with lightning-like rapidity, and as soon as possible took their place silently and grimly upon the battle lines, to fight and strive for freedom, to spill their blood and give their lives that the rule of the despot might pass from the earth, and to make their own homes and the homes of those they loved best safe forever. And now their reward has come. Now the hosts of the enemy, which have been crumpling under American and Allied blows, have given way at last, and with their stings drawn they lie flat upon their backs. The Stars and Stripes wave triumphantly along the battle front to-day. From trench and dugout they signal their message of hope accomplished, right protected, liberty achieved. The Red, White and Blue of their folds have been an inspiration to the weary Allies who have found in their presence on the battle line the strength needed to "carry on" to a successful conclusion. And behold, Stars and Stripes stood the flower of



Coughs are Nature's danger signal—Nature's way of telling you that in throat or breathing tubes there is something wrong—something needing attention. Perhaps the delicate membranes have been chilled and are inflamed and sore. Disease germs may have lodged there and may be setting up irritation, which if not checked will bring on acute bronchitis, asthma, or even worse evils! So never ignore a cough.

Peps kill coughs because they remove the causes. As soon as a Pep is dissolved in the mouth, powerful, but pleasant, medicinal vapors are liberated. These healing fumes bathe the lining membranes of the throat and breathing tubes, kill disease germs, allay irritation and soothe the inflamed parts.

Peps enable you to end coughs and colds in Nature's way, by breathing in the medicine the same way as the disease germs causing the trouble were breathed in! Isn't this wiser treatment than the swallowing of mixtures into your stomach—which is not alluring?

For coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, sore throat, night cough and all troubles of throat and chest, try Peps. Best for children because pleasant to take and free from opiates, etc. All dealers, 50c. a box.



## Justice.

By Rudyard Kipling.  
Across a world where all men grieve  
And grieving strive the more,  
The great days range like tides and leave  
Our dead on every shore.  
Heavy the load we undergo,  
And our own hands prepare,  
It we have parley with the foe,  
The load our sons must bear.

Before we loose the word  
That bids new worlds to birth,  
Needs must we loosen first the sword  
Of Justice upon earth;  
Or else all else is vain.  
Since life on earth began,  
And the spent world sinks back again  
To the hands of God and Man.

A people and their King  
Through ancient sin grown strong,  
Because they feared no reckoning  
Would set no bound to wrong;  
But now their hour is come,  
And we who have it find  
Evil incarnate held at last  
To answer to mankind.

For agony and spoil  
Of nations beat to dust,  
For solaced air and tortured soft  
And cold, commanded lust,  
And every secret woe  
The shuddering waters saw—  
Will be fulfilled by high and low—  
Let them learn the Law.

That when the dooms are read,  
Not high nor low shall say:  
"My fault was in this day."  
"Has saved me in this day."  
That, till the end of time,  
Their remnant shall recall  
Their father's old, confederate crime  
Avalled them not at all.

That neither schools or priests  
Nor kings may build again  
A people with the heart of beasts  
Made wise concerning men.  
Whereby our dead shall sleep  
In honour, unbefrayed  
And we in faith and honour keep  
That peace for which they paid.  
Copyright in the United States of America by Rudyard Kipling, October, 1918.

America's youth, a wall of stone against which the German guns battered in vain. The peace for which we have prayed, the peace which has come at last, but as yet we are too dazed to understand it all. But for the present we are satisfied to know that the enemy is crushed, that right has triumphed, that our prayers have been heeded and that the Almighty who has watched with pitying gaze the slow torture of the past four years, has seen fit to send His peace once more to earth.

W. M. DOOLEY.

## Dropping the Pilot.

(From the New York World.)

Of all the political cartoons of modern times none has made a deep impression or is better remembered by persons sufficiently intelligent to appreciate it than the one by John Tenniel called "Dropping the Pilot." It was printed in the London Punch in 1930. It represented the Ship of State dropping the pilot who had brought her safely through the harbor to the open sea. In the burly figure of the pilot going down the ship's side it was easy to recognize Bismarck, forced to resign from office after having accurately refused the petty gratuity of a dukedom offered him by his imperial master, now watching his departure with a self-satisfied smirk on his youthful face. That this cartoon made an immediate and profound impression on the entire civilized world is due to many causes. It was so simple in construction and dealt with an event so widely known that even the most primitive brain could grasp its meaning at a single glance, while to those wise in international affairs it had a sinister prophetic significance. It scarcely needed a caption, so well was its story told by the two figures—that of the complacent young captain who will shape the nation's course by divine right, the heroic one of the statesman, his stupendous work done, on his way to retirement. Viewed in the light of subsequent events, every line in this great cartoon is prophetic. The ship sailed by divine right has encountered the gales of right and justice and foundered, together with other traitor craft flying the flag of autocracy, on rocks not down on any of their charts. The crews have of their choice, the smiling captain, the mutilated and the smirking captain, has taken flight. The pilot has long since found rest and peace in company with the illustrious dead in Walhalla, and there is none to take his place at the ship's helm. The old Biblical saying, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall" has been justified as never before in the history of the world.

## Mons and Sedan.

There was a poetic justice in the place of the war's end. It ended, at an extremity of the battle line, with the British entry into Mons; at the other, with the French and American entry into Sedan. It may be said that the war ended in a figure of speech. Mons was not a city to the British, Sedan was not a city to the French. Both were the names of terrible memories. Mons was the beginning of the desolation of English homes; the graveyards of the "Old Contemptibles" began at Mons. Sedan was not a city, it was the fall of France from the first position in Europe; after it she crouched for more than forty years in the threatening shadow of MINARD'S LIMBET RELIQUARY NEURALGIA.

## Big Slaughter Sale

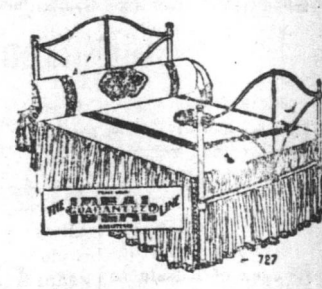
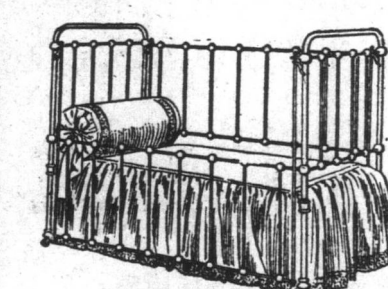
Owing to the arrival of big shipments of goods, and to make room for Stock Taking, we have decided to mark all our goods down to the very lowest prices. These are some of the items we wish to call to your attention.

WOOD and ZINC WASHBOARDS.  
HAND and FOOT SEWING MACHINES.  
WASHING MACHINES—8 different styles.  
PERFECTION OIL HEATERS and COOKERS.  
RISING SUN STOVE PASTE.  
BEDSTEADS, 3 feet, 3½ feet, 4 feet.  
WINDOW BLINDS in all the Leading Colors.  
WEIGHING MACHINES of all descriptions; also  
ENAMELWARE, CUTLERY, MIRRORS, BASKETS,  
GLASS STAND LAMPS, POLISHES, BRUSHES for every use, and everything in the Building, Farming & Household Line.

P. S.—Wholesale Customers should take advantage of this offer.

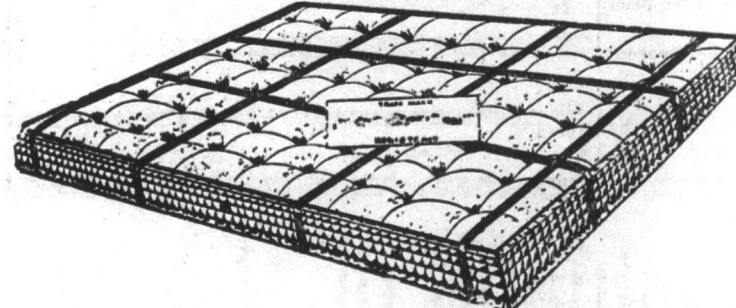
Martin-Royal Stores Hardware Co.

## A Big Shipment of BEDSTEADS, White Enamel, Single and Double. The C. L. March Co., Ltd., cor. Water & Springdale Sts.



Bedsteads: \$9.50, \$11.50, \$14.50, \$15.50, All Good Values.

## MATRESSES.



We make them from Bunk Size up. Prices from \$2.00 to \$18.50.

The C. L. MARCH CO., Ltd., Corner Water and Springdale Streets.

the German. When the British marched into Mons and the French into Sedan, the war ended; it seems as if it could not do otherwise than end. It was the dramatic climax of the play, the downfall of the criminal at the scene of his crime, the triumph of the wronged at the place of the wrong.

In a large sense, the German victories at Sedan and Mons were equally battles in this war. This war did not begin in 1914, it began in 1870. The Germans then began their swoop upon the world. The years between 1871 and 1914 were merely the years of a truce. The rest of mankind supposed them to be years of peace, but they were not. Germany was using them in preparation for the resumption of hostilities. It was a long truce, because Germany needed much preparation for their resumption on so large a scale. But what we have regarded as the war of 1870-71 was not a war so much as a campaign, the first campaign in the war for Weltmacht oder Niedergang. That war has now been fought out, not to Weltmacht, but to Niedergang, and the British are in Mons and the French in Sedan.

Because the British had regarded these years as years of peace instead of truce, Britain had no military force but "General" French's contemptible "little army." When the Germans, being ready at last, ended the truce and resumed the war, Britain gallantly

fung that little army into the breach, and the German giant fell on it at Mons. Then began that long crucifixion which ended only when Joffre saved the world at the Marne; and England was under a pall of sorrow if has never lifted. There is a glimmer of hope, and will ever shine, her tears for the heroic dead. No, the war could not have ended before the British entered Mons.

There was a race between the

Americans and the French in Sedan first. If the Americans had been there they might have won the race to Sedan. But French there might have won the race to Sedan for the Americans. It was known for the Americans. Americans there might have won the race to Sedan for the French. The Americans, too, the war was a figure of speech. Rockefeller's Washington race for Sedan, the Americans won the race, it was a gift.—New York Times.

## "Perfect Coffee—Perfectly Made" is the Title of a Booklet

which we have issued to enable those who enjoy delicious, fragrant coffee, to always have it.

There are two essentials to the perfect cup of coffee—the right coffee and the right way to make it.

This booklet tells how to have both. Mailed free if you write CHASE & SANBORN, 184 Blenders and Roasters of "Seal Brand" Coffee



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