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The Scalp

How One of the Kaiser's U-Boats Was Scuppered by the Trawler Fleet.

(By Alfred Noyes.)

It is difficult to convey in words the wide sweep and subtle co-ordination of this ocean hunting; for the beginning of any tale may be known only to an admiral in a London office, the middle of it only to a commander at Kirkwall and the end of it only to a trawler skipper off the coast of Ireland. But here and there it is possible to piece the fragments together into a complete adventure, as in the following record of a successful chase, where the glorious facts outrun all the imaginations of the wildest melo-drama.

There were suspicious vessels at anchor, one moonless night, in a small bay near the Mumbles. They lay there like shadows, but before long they knew that the night was alive for a hundred miles with silent talk about them. At dawn His Majesty's trawler Golden Feather and Peggy Nutten foamed up, but the shadows had disappeared.

The trawlers were ordered to search the coast thoroughly for any submarine stores that might have been left there. "Thoroughly" in this war means a great deal. It means that even the bottom of the sea must be searched. This was done by grapnels; but the bottom was rocky and seemed unfit for a base. Nothing was found but a battered old lobster pot, crammed with seaweed and little green crabs.

Probably these appearances were more than usually deceitful; for shortly afterward watchers on the coast reported a strange fishing boat, with patched brown sails, heading for the suspected bay. Before the patrol came up, however, she seemed to be alarmed. The brown sails were suddenly taken in; the disguised conning tower was revealed, and this innocent fishing boat, gracefully submerging, left only the smiling and spotless April seas to the bewildered eyes of the coast guard.

In the meantime signals were pulsing and flashing on land and sea, and the U-boat had hardly dipped when, over the smooth, green swell, a great hawk came whirling up to join the hunt, a hawk with light yellow wings and a body of service grey—the latest type of seaplane. It was one of those oily seas in which a watcher from the air may follow a submarine for miles, as an olive green shadow under the lighter green. The U-boat doubled twice; but it was half an hour before her sunken shadow was lost to sight under choppy blue waters, and long before that time she was evidently at ease in her mind and pursuing a steady course. For the moment her trail was lost, and the hawk, having reported her course, dropped out of the tale.

The next morning in the direction indicated by that report several patrol boats heard the sound of gunfire and overhauled a steamer which had been attacked by a submarine. They gave chase by "starring" to all the points of the compass, but could not locate the enemy. A little later, however, another trawler observed the wash of a submarine crossing her stern about two hundred yards away. The trawler starboarded, got into the wake of the submarine and tried to ram her at full speed. She failed to do this, as the U-boat was at too

great a depth. The enemy disappeared, and again the trawlers gathered and "starred."

In the meantime, certain nets had been shot, and, though the inclosed waters were very wide, it was quite certain that the submarine was contained within them. Some hours later another trawler heard firing and rushed toward the sound. About sunset she sighted a submarine which was just dipping. The trawler opened fire at once without result. The light was very bad and it was very difficult to trace the enemy, but the trawler continued the search, and about midnight she observed a small light close to the water. She steamed within a few yards of it and hailed, thinking it was a small boat. There was a considerable amount of wreckage about, which was afterward proved to be the remains of a patrol vessel sunk by the submarine. There was no reply to the hail, and the light instantly disappeared. For the third time the patrols gathered and "starred" from this new point.

And here the tale was taken up by a sailor who was in command of another trawler at the time. I give it, as far as possible, in his own words: "About four o'clock in the morning I was called by deck hand William Brown to come on deck and see if an object sighted was a submarine."

"I did so, and saw a submarine about a mile distant on the port bow. I gave the order, 'Hard-a-starboard.' The ship was turned until the gun was able to bear on the submarine, and it was kept bearing. At the same time I ordered hands to station, and about ten minutes afterward I gave the order to fire. The submarine immediately altered her course from W. to N.N.W., and went away from us very fast. I burned lights to attract the attention of the drifters, and we followed at our utmost speed, making about eight knots and shipping light sprays. We fired another shot about two minutes later, but it was breaking dawn, and we were unable to see the fall of the shots. After the second shot the submarine submerged. I hoisted warning signals and about half an hour later I saw a large steamer turning round, distant between two or three miles of our starboard beam. I headed toward her, keeping the gun trained on her, as I expected,



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judging by her action, that she had smelt the submarine. When we were about a mile and a half from the steamer I saw the submarine half a mile astern of her. We opened fire again, and gave her four shots, with about two minutes between them. The submarine then dodged behind the quarter of the steamer."

He paused to light his pipe, and added, quite gravely, "When she disappeared behind the steamer I gave the order 'Cease fire,' to avoid hitting the larger vessel."

I made a mental note of his thoughtfulness; but, not for worlds would I have shown any doubt of his power to blast his way, if necessary, through all the wood and iron in the universe; and I was glad that the blue clouds of our smoke mingled for a moment between us.

"I saw two white boats off the port quarter," he continued. "But I paid no attention to them. I ordered the helm to be starboarded a bit more, and told the gunner to train his gun on the bow of the steamer; for I expected the submarine to show, there next. A few minutes later she did so, and when she drew ahead I gave the order to fire. I should say we were about a mile and a quarter away. We gave him two more shots and they dropped very close, as the spray rose over his conning tower. He altered his course directly away from us, and we continued to fire. The third shot smothered his conning tower with spray. I did not see the fourth and fifth shots pitch. There was no splash visible, although it was then broad daylight; so I believe they must have hit him. A few seconds after this the submarine disappeared."

"I turned, then, toward the two white boats and hailed them. The chief officer of the steamer was in charge of one. They were returning to their ship, and told me that we had hit the submarine. We escorted them through the nets and parted very good friends."

"But how did you get the scalp of the U-boat?" I asked.

"We signalled to the admiral, and sent the Duffy to investigate. She found the place, all right. It was a choppy sea, but there was one smooth patch in it, just where we told 'em the submarine had disappeared; a big patch of water like wavy satin, two or three hundred yards of it, colored like the stripes on mackerel, all blue and green with oil. They took a specimen of the oil."

"Did it satisfy the Admiralty?" "No. Nothing satisfies the Admiralty but certainties. They count the minimum losses of the enemy, and the maximum of their own. Very proper, too. Then you know where you are. But, mind you, I don't believe we finished him off that morning. Oil don't prove that. It only proves we hit him. I believe it was the Maggie and Rose that killed him, or the Hawthorn. No; it wasn't, either. It was the Loch Awe."

"How was that?" "Well, as Commander White was telling you, we'd shot out nets to the north and south of him. There were two or three hundred miles, perhaps, in which he might wriggle about; but he couldn't get out of the trap, even if he knew where to look for the danger. He tried to run for home, and that's what finished him. They'll tell you all about that on the Loch Awe."

"So the next day I heard the end of the yarn from a sandy-haired skipper in a trawler whose old romantic name was dark with new significance. He was terribly logical. In his cabin—a comfortable room with a fine big stove—he had a picture of his wife and daughters, all very rigid and uncomfortable. He also had three books. They included neither Burns nor Scott. One was the Bible, thumbed by his grandfather and his father, till the pages had worn yellow as thin as the sides. The second, I am sorry to say, was called "The beautiful White Devil." The third was an old volume of Froide in the "Everyman" edition. It dealt with the Armada."

"I was twin' my nets w' the rest o' my group," he said, "till about 3 o'clock 't the mornin' on yon occasion. It was fine weather w' a kind o' haze. All at once, my ship eased six points at her course, frae S. E. to E. N. E. an' I jaloused that the nets had been fouled by some muckle movin' body. I gave orders to pit the wheel hard-a-port, but she wouldn't answer. Suddenly the strain on the net stopped."

"I needna tel you what had happened. Of course, it was preceesly what the Admiralty had arranged that happen when gentlemen in undersea boats try to cut their way through oor nets. Mind ye, that nets are ver-ra expensive."

HAULING ICE.

The Reid Newfoundland Company have a gang of men cutting ice at Octagon Pond, which is being hauled to the city on flat cars and stored at the Company's ice house at the general stores. At Clarenville, Bishop's Falls, Placentia and other important stations a large crop has been stored away for future use. We also learn that the breweries are looking forward to an increase in the sale of ice during the coming season.

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Huge Net for New York Harbor

TO SHUT OUT U-BOATS.

One of the hurried measures now being taken to protect New York Harbor from submarine attacks in case of war is the construction of a heavy wire net which will begin to-day in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, on board of the old monitor Amphitrite. The net, which will be lowered across the channels entering this harbor and kept in position after night-fall when submarines cannot be detected by special methods of observation, will be similar to those which have been used in English harbors to keep submarines from preying on ships riding at anchor.

The heavy wire for the net was obtained several weeks ago. More than two miles of netting will be used. It will be stretched between Sandy Hook and Rockaway Point, crossing the three channels—the Swash, the Old Main Ship Channel, and the Ambers Channel.

In order to rush this work orders have been given to send sailors from the receiving ship New Jersey to the Amphitrite. The net will probably be completed in sections and placed in position in the channel as soon as possible.

To be Used at Night Only.

During the day when torpedo boat destroyers, aeroplanes, and a mosquito fleet, which will be created for the purpose, are sufficient to make it impossible for any undersea craft to approach the harbor undetected, the net will be lowered so as to permit vessels to pass through the channels. From sunset to sunrise the nets will be raised to bar all ingress from submarines at any depth.

It is understood that similar measures will be pushed for the protection of other harbors on the Atlantic coast.

Netting is the first and most obvious method for the defense of a harbor at night and in heavy fogs. It has proved so successful that no submarine has yet been able to operate successfully in any English or French harbor. Thousands of miles of heavy netting are in use in English waters, and outside of the German coast nets have been stretched for the entanglement and capture of submarines.

While the Germans say that they have perfected a device for cutting nets which enables their submarines

to escape from wire meshes of the weight used by the British during the first two years of the war, no submarine equipped to hack itself through netting has invaded British harbors, and it is concluded that they avoid encounters with nets whenever possible, even if they are sometimes able to extricate themselves.

Will Defy Any U-Boat.

No details have been made public about the weight of the netting used by the Navy Department or about the size of the meshes, but it is said that the net is strong enough to bar entrance to the harbor to undersea boats of any type yet known.—N. Y. Times.

A Child Gets Cross, Sick and Feverish When Constipated

Look, Mother! Its tongue is coated clean little liver and bowels.

If your little one's tongue is coated, it is a sure sign the stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once. When your child is cross, peevish, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally; if breath is bad, stomach sour, system full of cold, throat sore, or if feverish, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs" and in a few hours all the clogged-up, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure. They also know a little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. Get the genuine made by "California Fig Syrup Company."

Checkmates.

The Chinese method of infantry attack for centuries based upon the moral effect on the enemy of hideous masks, paper dragons and grotesque images, wild shouting and the terrific din of tom-toms. This may often have helped them; but what must have been the thoughts of a screening mask-wearer on beholding an attacking line of Japanese troops, for instance, who cared not a whit for

all the masks in the Celestial Kingdom?

It is only natural to place one's reliance in the weapons or attack of proved effectiveness, and a resort to makeshifts often betrays the imminence of a "last stand."

The submarine and the zeppelin were Germany's twin masks to frighten civilization. The zeppelin killed more Germans, first and last, than Englishmen. The submarine has been dangerous mainly to women and children, but as a weapon of warfare against military operations its real effectiveness is mostly in the neutral press.

Germany on her first day of totally unrestricted warfare—Feb. 5—accounted for 50,000 tons; the following day it was 25,000 tons, and so on through a steady decline, until week-end report credits them with but 10,000 tons.

Look at the list of boats sunk, and note how few are over 2,000 tons burden, and note again that many are fishing smacks, trawlers, and coasters; note also that some are not to be found on the shipping lists.

Beyond the primary indication of a realization of futility and a desperate determination to battle until the bitter end, there is an intimation that the war lord is not firm in the saddle. Germany is realizing that its bondage to the autocracy has not yielded the promised victory, affluence and world domination.

The people have been quieted with the assurance that Germany had terrible weapons in store, and the autocracy possibly does not care to contemplate the consequences if the people are once convinced that Germany is to be defeated. So the threats must be more blood-curdling, the affronts to international courtesy more pronounced and the lists of destroyed shipping must be swelled all possible by sinking every cockle shell about (although the torpedo may be worth more than the vessel), since the cargo boats really worth sinking are patently being conveyed by allied war vessels.

What answer will the German people write on a question-paper bearing this problem: If U-boats can sink but 50,000 tons with all the first day's advantages of surprise and superior preparation, and if this figure ingloriously slides to 10,000 tons daily, how long will 20,000,000 tons of shipping—in carrying trade and under requisition—last the English?—E. J. Stone News Bureau.

Milady's Boudoir.



REPOSE OF FEATURES.

When a little thought is given to the subject it will be seen that the matter of facial repose is more important than it seems to be when superficially considered. Underlying the flesh the bony framework of course, is intact. It can not be changed or tampered with. Over this, however, are muscles and tissues and the outer skin which is so important an adjunct to that which is termed beauty. The features formed by the muscles and the fatty tissue can be kept in their best state of excellence, the skin can be improved, helped, brought to or maintained at the state of perfection. Thoughts and emotions might be likened to the forces, the strings, so to speak, which are pulled as different expressions are manifested.

The muscles of the face respond instantly to conscious or sub-conscious thought. It would seem that they mirror many things with which they have little to do. Who has not seen the woman who makes a "mouth" with every button she buttons on her shoes? When she is using scissors she mimics the cutting with movements of her jaw. Let her read a letter or hear a message over the telephone which depresses her and at once the whole face shows tension, or on the other hand, if she gives herself up to reflection and meditation there is unconscious and unbecoming relaxation of the face, so that the mouth droops, cheek muscles sag and every line tends downward.

In these and other ways horizontal lines appear on the forehead, vertical lines about the mouth, wrinkles at the corners of the eyes, and later years vertical lines in front of the ears. All of which might have been postponed indefinitely had facial repose been cultivated.