

1 2

MY WHOLE LIFE

was spent in trying to cure an ulcer by using ordinary ointments," writes Mrs. Jeffrey, of 21 French Street, Montreal. "Then I heard of Zam-Buk, used it, and am now completely cured."

"Thirty-three years ago the ulcer appeared on my ankle, and gradually spread to my knee. The pain was terrific. For years I could hardly walk and had to remain in the house. For twenty-five years I received doctors' treatment but got only temporary relief."

"Then I heard of some wonderful cures worked by Zam-Buk and commenced using it. The relief experienced was wonderful. The inflammation was gradually drawn out. The pain was soon ended, and at last after thirty-three years of misery, I was on the road to recovery. To cut a long story short perseverance, with this wonderful balm resulted in a complete and permanent cure."

Zam-Buk is also unequalled for eczema, ringworm, abscesses, boils, blood-poisoning, burns, scalds, cuts, and all skin injuries. All druggists or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, Ont., box 3, for \$1.25.

Zam-Buk

The Steel Monsters.

(Souvenirs of the Somme Battle.)

"His Majesty's Land Ships."

Such is the official designation given to the new machines of a war of machines created. It would seem, by the imagination of Wells. But Tommy has baptized them with a characteristic nickname:

"Tanks."

I saw them for the first time on the 14th of September. And the gray mist of dawn gave them strange contours—made them stand out against the trenches like fantastic anti-aircraft balloons.

They were truly monsters: monsters made of armor plated steel, roughly painted over with fringed daubs of paint which, when seen from a distance, fused into muddy tints that harmonized with the reddish brown wilderness of the battle field and made them almost invisible. Two enormous revolving bands formed by wide steel links gripped the ground and transported the travelling forts across marshes, trenches and shell holes. The small turrets placed on each side were armed with quick firing guns. The interior of the steel cages and the crew enclosed in them as in submarines were invisible; but one could hear the muffled tridulation of powerful engines and feel the warm breath coming from the huge lungs of the monsters in spirals of bluish vapour, reeking of petrol, which vanished in the air.

The Tanks, also known as "Caterpillars" were rolling towards the battle field, breaking through mazes formed by miles of barbed wire, going up and down hillocks with astonishing ease. Long, low and decorated with the crude colourings of ancient earthenware, they bore a strange resemblance to caterpillars; gigantic, man-eating caterpillars which could crawl slowly on the slimy clay, crushing bodies and smashing trenches.

The sun shone through the autumnal mist, bathing the chaotic panorama of burnt woods, ruined villages and fields turned into endless camps in a vivid red light. I looked towards the undulating line of valleys, hills and prairies and fancied that the shadow of the Tanks covered the immense battle field and stretched out, black and menacing, until it reached the horizon and settled on Bapaume!

Liquid fire, asphyxiating gas, lachrymatory gas. . . . The German scientists invented the most cruel and cowardly weapons for use on the battle field. Like diabolical alchemists they enclosed deadly fumes in cylinders and the breeze of the fields and

the wind of the sea turned into accomplices of their odious military plan, burnt the lungs of thousands of people; not only soldiers, but also women and children who were surprised, tortured and throttled by invisible Death in the village of Flanders, near the big wind mills which—as no one stopped their wings—continued grinding corn day and night, grinding corn for the dead!

Confronted by such a fiendish enemy, England has been compelled to defend herself at times with similar weapons; but these methods of warfare are repulsive to her old traditions, to her clean and noble sentiments—and she invented the Tanks, masterpieces of modern engineering, and brought them one by one across the Channel, up to the banks of the River of Blood. These machines, created to smash brute force, embody the industry, the patience, the armour plated will power of an island which stands like a beacon in the sombre sea and irradiates light and warmth. For England is the heart of the world—the home of Freedom.

The day after my first acquaintance with the Tanks we attacked the Germans with the invaluable help of these land ships which demoralize the enemy and complete the work of the artillery. The panic produced in the German lines by the sudden appearance of the steel monsters, followed by waves of infantryman in beyond description. Shells, bombs, obstacles; nothing stopped their triumphant "push." They advanced dauntlessly, in their own phlegmatic way, vomiting fire, crossing shell holes, pulverizing tree trunks, smashing in dug-outs and underground passages, demolishing trenches and battlements as if they had been cardboard fortresses. The Germans, awe stricken, fled like madmen of came towards us with pale faces, glad to surrender. When the Tanks stopped, shortly after commencing their destructive task, we had stormed battlements which seemed almost impregnable, and a Highlander, standing at the corner of a trench, was busy counting the prisoners as they trooped by in endless procession.

The Tanks had justified their existence. But we must not forget the stoic courage of their intrepid crews. As proof of their gallantry, I will mention an incident which took place after the attack. We were crossing a wood, like phantoms, identifying the dead bodies found here and there with the help of the star lights—now white, now emerald green or ruby red—which studded the shadows mysteriously when we heard a faint voice calling out:

"This way . . . This way . . ."

The voice came from one of the Tanks, half buried in the mud of a crater. Approaching the machine we found its captain, a young man who could not have been older than twenty, stretched out on the ground beneath one of the turrets. Both his legs were fractured. He had spent two days in the wood, without drink or food, under a hurricane of fire. And he was still alive.

When he saw us he shouted joyfully:

"I have blown up the engines."

We looked inside the Tank. He had blown up the machinery with a dynamite cartridge so that the Germans should not discover its mechanism, and—his duty accomplished—had crawled out to the place where we found him to die on the mud as Nelson died on the waves.

As we placed him carefully on a stretcher he said anew:

"I have blown up the engines!"

And a light shone in his eyes, vitrified by death.

When we reached the first dressing station he shook our hands and, answering the silent query made by our eyes, murmured:

"Oh! I know that I will not live. But what matters? Over there, inside my Tank, I have lived in two days more than most men would live in a century! . . . Farewell!"

Our Volunteers.

A number of young men for the Forestry Company arrived in the city yesterday and this morning went up for examination. About 150 have been accepted out of over 300 applicants. Thirty-five others are to arrive shortly and within a few weeks it is hoped two full companies will be completed.

There was only one recruit showed up at the Water Street Recruiting Station yesterday in the person of Arthur Bulger, Deer Harbor, T.B., who signed on for the Navy.

Good Recruiting.

About fifty recruits have come forward within the past fortnight and offered themselves for enlistment from Bay Roberts, St. John's and other nearby centres as a result of the meetings held there by Sergeant Smith and party. A most enthusiastic and successful meeting was held at Bonne Bay on Saturday night last and thirteen young men signified their intention of defending the flag—12 for the Army and one for the Navy. Sgt. Smith, who has charge of the Recruiting Station at Carbonear, was in town yesterday for medical treatment to the knee and thigh wounds which he received in the big drive of July last year and which have become aggravated by travel. He goes to Bay de Verde District after leaving here today, accompanied by Private Diamond and Naval Reservist Soper.

The Fighting McNeils.

Mrs. F. McNeil, McNeil Street, mother of Lieut. Hector McNeil, of "Our," received a message from him yesterday stating that her second son, who was reported wounded and dangerously ill, as a result of the big battle of April 14th, was greatly improved and that there was nothing about his condition to warrant anxiety. Lieut. Hector also intimated that he was on four days leave and was spending each day with his wounded brother. Another brother, Ronald, was killed in action on July 1st.

Household Notes.

A gentle simmer is much more effective than hard boiling.

Pieces of dry bread and toast will keep well in a covered jar.

A pink-and-white decorated table is always an appetizing one.

Delicious biscuit can be made with cream instead of butter.

When serving cherry ice decorate it with leaves and fresh cherries.

Custards of all kinds should be cooked slowly, or they may crack.

Spinach is not done until it is so tender that the fork will not hold it.

Cotton stockings are much better than lisle for children's sensitive feet.

A side of mutton can often be economically used for home supplies.

If you do without potatoes, eat more cornmeal, beans, celery and cabbage.

Skim milk is almost as good as whole milk if it is to be eaten with bread.

Buckwheat is a partial substitute for wheat and an excellent crop for poor land.

Leftover fish can be used in several ways, including creamed fish and salad.

Cucumbers should not stand in their dressing unless you do not mind their wilting.

It is not economy to get on with a broken egg-beater or any other broken tool.

To keep enamelware from cracking and scaling off, never let it heat too suddenly.

If the peelings are boiled with the fruit in making jelly, the latter will be cloudy.

A good doormat is made of a brick covered with velvet the color of the woodwork.

A delightful small plate for afternoon tea has a "well" in which to set the teacup.

Obituary.

MR. E. J. SNOW.

We regret to note the passing of Mr. E. J. Snow which sad event occurred this morning at his late residence, Jubilee Cottage, Torbay Road. His illness was brief and pneumonia was the complaint from which he suffered. Deceased was 66 years of age and one of our best known and progressive farmers. He devoted practically all his life time to that industry and the best testimony of his success is the large area of land under cultivation surrounding the old homestead. He is survived by a widow, two sons and two daughters and a large circle of other relatives and friends. To the bereaved general and sincere sympathy will be felt in which the Telegram joins.

HOG RAISING.—Mr. J. Duff, one of our most enterprising farmers, is determined to go into the hog raising industry extensively this season.

"COULD NOT STAND UP STRAIGHT"

"About a year ago I was suffering from a dreadful lame back and legs, so much so that I could not stand up straight by myself. I tried all sorts of treatments, but nothing helped me."

Gin Pills

FOR THE KIDNEYS

I got a box; they helped me immediately.

"I have taken about 12 boxes. The pain in my back and legs are all gone. I cannot speak too highly of the wonderful effect of your Gin Pills. You may use this if you see somebody suffering."

All druggists sell Dr. Duff's Gin Pills at 50¢ a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sample free if you write to NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, 64 Toronto, Ont.

Fairbanks Brass Globe and Angle Valves to be had at BOWRING BROS., Ltd., Hardware Dept.—Tel. 66.

Omelettes are not extravagant, especially if the eggs are mixed with other ingredients.

Just Sapposing.

I'm sitting on a gas-pipe in the ruins of Nauri.

Wiv' naught to thank the Lord for but a blivet.

Just thinkin' of the sin, of that wot might 'ave bin

If nobody 'ad volunteered at first.

Now, soppin' that Bapomey was dahn the Mile End-road,

An' Paromey was a place round Poplar way,

An' the 'Dis was burnin' flats an' a-cruddylyng calls

Where the missus sells'er kippers all the day.

There's chunks of bricks an' mortar lying right across the road,

There's 'oles as big as palaces for size,

There's crowds of wild-eyed mothers—an' sisters lost their brothers,

An' there's more than 'unger burnin' their eyes.

Soppin' there was bricks and stones

An' your 'ouse was on a level with the ground,

An' soppin' the playful 'Un just to 'ave a bit of fun

Filled 'is pockets with the trinkets that 'e found.

You nedn't think I'm yarnin', 'cos me mouth's to dry for that,

An' I've marched until me corns is worn away.

But I thank the Gawd above 'E ain't let the German dove

Sproed 'is—'Kultured wings dahn Poplar way.

—N. H. Glubbins, in London Express.

Circus Horse Saves Wounded Soldier.

A French soldier, Private Ambrose Perrichon, owes his life to a German circus horse, which picked him up when he was lying on the field of battle and carried him into the French lines, says a correspondent in the Horsehooper's Journal. Both the soldier's legs were shattered by a German quick-firer. When night came on he heard near him the heavy breathing of a great white horse, which munched the short grass. The animal was riderless, and he whistled to it and began to clap it kindly. The horse whinnied with pleasure. Perrichon was powerless to make the slightest effort on his own behalf. The animal seemed to understand, for it fell on its knees beside him, held its head over his breast, and remained motionless. Then it got up and walked around the soldier. At last it stopped, sniffed the wounded man all over, and then, seizing his leather waistbelt in its teeth, it lifted him from the ground and galloped off. When the horse stopped in the advance French lines, he broke his human burden was little more than a wreck. But tender care has since brought him round and he is now convalescent. Perrichon's sergeant, who knows a lot about circus horses, says the animal which saved his life was before the war in a German circus, where it performed in the pantomime known as "The Arab and His Faithful Steed"—Our Dumb Animals.

War Comment.

"Accidents aside," writes Mr. Frank H. Simonds in the New York Tribune, "Germany cannot be conquered in the campaign of 1917." He frankly considers the possibility that Russia will make a separate peace, in which case Italy might be beaten down in spite of all the aid that could be given her. He does not believe these things are coming, but he thinks it unwise to disregard the fact that they may come. He looks for four years of war rather than three. He warns his public that the United States must be ready to send and maintain in the field great armies from the beginning of the spring of 1918. To those who regard this estimate of the situation as unduly pessimistic he replies that the facts must be faced. In ten weeks the Germans will begin to profit by the earliest of their crops. Thereafter they will be assured of food enough for the remainder of the year. It is possible that Russia may yet be able to strike a great military blow this year. If that should happen, Mr. Simonds says, the war might be ended in 1917. Or, also, it might be ended this year, if the British and Americans together can sufficiently dispose of the submarine menace to convince Germany that Britain cannot be starved out of the war as Germany now believes.

Mr. Simonds notes that we recently passed the thousandth day of the war with little comment. The thousandth day found the British and French offensive in the West in full swing, the first three weeks having brought striking initial successes. Yet the German line holds for the present, and the Battle of Arras tends to become like the Battle of the Somme, a matter of long and hard pounding without immediate hope of shattering the enemy's armies. Mr. Simonds reminds us that while Allied countries have been greatly heartened by progress on the Western front, the Germans have been even more encouraged by the submarine campaign and by their hope that conditions in Russia will mean either a separate peace in that quarter or such an absence of aggressive military effort by Russia as would permit the withdrawal of great forces for use elsewhere. He does not underestimate Britain's present striking power. "The British performance," he writes, "demonstrates that in the long run the few British armies must win the war, for

Milady's Boudoir.



THE FEET IN SUMMER.

Your feet should be bathed twice a day morning and evening. In warm weather three times a day is not too often. Fresh shoes should be put on every day. There is no excuse for excuse for excessive perspiration for a small cost you may obtain powders or perscriptions which will cure that annoyance. One of the best things I can recommend is one ounce of persmanganate of potash and one ounce of distilled water applied with a soft gauze after you have bathed your feet night and morning.

When you are bathing your feet you want to bear in mind that you relax all the muscles and blood vessels and for that reason you must not subject your feet to great changes of temperature. A splendid tonic bath for tired and aching feet may be given by adding to the foot bath of hot water one ounce of green soap. Dip your feet up and down in the water until free from soap. In drying be sure to dry thoroughly in between the toes as it is the moisture between the toes that causes soft corns.

Callouses of the sole and heel are often painful and sometimes, actually cripple the sufferer. Frequent bathing and rubbing often suffice to keep these formations from being troublesome. A smooth piece of pumice stone may be used to shave off the thickened skin. Before applying either of these remedies it is well to apply cold cream to the spot.

SPRING DAYS

are just around the corner, consequently your boy wants a

NEW SUIT!

Our stock of Boys' Suits is now complete, and is the most UP-TO-DATE and advanced we have ever shown.

The styles are smart and patterns neat and serviceable, most suits having two pairs of pants. Sizes to fit boys from 2 to 18 years.

Prices ranging \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6.50, \$7.50, \$10.50, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$18.00.

Bring along your boy and let us fit him with the smartest and best suit he has ever worn.

Smyth's

ESTABLISHED 1857

Your Boys and Girls.

Often the baby is fussy in his coach when put there to sleep. Have you as comfortable a foundation for your baby in his carriage as he has when he goes to sleep at night? Is the coach cushion free from wrinkles? After he has been made comfortable if he then cries and fusses, see if his clothes are wrinkled up under the arms or his feet uncovered or cold.

One can not go far wrong when following the old rule of head cool and feet warm, also do not jiggle him up and down, rock him to and fro, or shake the coach from side to side. How would you like some giant to pick you up and do all these things to you when you were feeling nauseated or a little upset? And really had the time all the baby wants is to be made warm and "comfy" and above all, to be let alone.

STOMACH TROUBLES.—Stafford's Prescription "A" cures Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Price 25 and 50c. bottle. Postage 5 and 10c. extra.

Brown sugar is excellent for pickling.

Brown sugar is excellent for pickling.

Mark's Conscience.

Mark Twain was called upto to speak at a club dinner and took for his theme "Honesty." He said when he was a boy at home he one day saw a cartful of melons. He was only a boy—and he was tempted; besides, he liked melons.

The opportunity was there; there was little or no risk of detection. "I sneaked up to that cart," said Mark, "and I stole a melon. I went into a passage to demolish it. But I had no sooner set my teeth in it than I paused; a strange feeling came over me. I came to a quick resolution. Firmly I walked up to that cart, placed the stolen melon where I got it from, and—took a ripe one!"

—T. J. Edens.

Mark Twain was called upto to speak at a club dinner and took for his theme "Honesty." He said when he was a boy at home he one day saw a cartful of melons. He was only a boy—and he was tempted; besides, he liked melons.

The opportunity was there; there was little or no risk of detection. "I sneaked up to that cart," said Mark, "and I stole a melon. I went into a passage to demolish it. But I had no sooner set my teeth in it than I paused; a strange feeling came over me. I came to a quick resolution. Firmly I walked up to that cart, placed the stolen melon where I got it from, and—took a ripe one!"

—T. J. Edens.

Mark Twain was called upto to speak at a club dinner and took for his theme "Honesty." He said when he was a boy at home he one day saw a cartful of melons. He was only a boy—and he was tempted; besides, he liked melons.

The opportunity was there; there was little or no risk of detection. "I sneaked up to that cart," said Mark, "and I stole a melon. I went into a passage to demolish it. But I had no sooner set my teeth in it than I paused; a strange feeling came over me. I came to a quick resolution. Firmly I walked up to that cart, placed the stolen melon where I got it from, and—took a ripe one!"

—T. J. Edens.

The Salt in Demand To-day

Windsor Table Salt

THE CANADIAN SALT CO., LIMITED

Mark Twain was called upto to speak at a club dinner and took for his theme "Honesty." He said when he was a boy at home he one day saw a cartful of melons. He was only a boy—and he was tempted; besides, he liked melons.

The opportunity was there; there was little or no risk of detection. "I sneaked up to that cart," said Mark, "and I stole a melon. I went into a passage to demolish it. But I had no sooner set my teeth in it than I paused; a strange feeling came over me. I came to a quick resolution. Firmly I walked up to that cart, placed the stolen melon where I got it from, and—took a ripe one!"

—T. J. Edens.

T. J. EDENS.

Highest Qualities at Lowest Prices.

Received To-Day, May 14th, 1917:

- N. Y. CORNED BEEF.
- BANANAS.
- GRAPE FRUIT.
- CALIFORNIA ORANGES.
- CALIFORNIA LEMONS.
- TABLE APPLES.
- RHUBARB.
- TOMATOES.
- 10 crates NEW CABBAGE.
- 10 boxes PURITY BUTTER, 2 lb. prints.

FRESH HALIBUT,

By Rail to-day.

A UNION OF HIGH GRADES AND LOW PRICES.

- 3 lb. tin Tomatoes, 20c.
- Blueberries in tins, 15c. tin.
- 16 oz. bottle Pickles, 15c.
- 1 lb. pkg. Corn Flour, 12c.
- Nestle's Food, 25c. & 50c. tin.
- 3 lb. tin Pork and Beans, 25c.
- 2 lb. tin Wax Beans, 16c.
- 2 lb. tin Green Beans, 16c.
- Laundry Starch, 10c. lb.

ROBINSON'S PAT. BARLEY.

ROBINSON'S PAT. GROATS.

T. J. EDENS.

Duckworth Street and Military Road.

new!

did array

nt, Spring

andise is

greet you

y hand.

ave now

lay a large

ll assorted

of Ameri-

ts—all the

g Shades

yles.

MES,

USES.

o 9 p.m.

OTT,

Gower St.

OODS.

ent of Dress

ORDS.

POPLINS,

SMHERE,

LININGS,

ANNEL,

R CHECKS,

ERWEAR,

TED,

Street.

P. O. Box 36.

ng the

nd Clear.

ange to have a

ow you can

ot.—

skin and gives

it is readily ab-

ly tell tale gloss

othing, cooling

It makes rough

arse rough skin

ores

worth Street.

re Hill.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR THE KIDNEYS

FAIRBANKS BRASS GLOBE AND ANGLE VALVES TO BE HAD AT BOWRING BROS., LTD., HARDWARE DEPT.—TEL. 66.

Omelettes are not extravagant, especially if the eggs are mixed with other ingredients.