

Below, There!

In The Stakehold Inferno Are the Unsung Heroes of The Hazing Main.

In the glamour and glory of a sea fight there are few who give a thought to the unseen heroes of the stakehold—the men who toll in an inferno, all smoke and heat and fire, while the guns thunder about their heads; on whose unresting toil the safety and success of our warships so largely depend; and who share none of the excitement and reap none of the rewards of battle, while cheerfully facing its deadliest perils.

Such unstoried heroes are the members of the "Black Gang"—the men who, deep down in the bowels of our ships of war, keep the furnaces at white heat to extract the "last ounce" of speed—a speed on which many hundreds of lives may hang.

Nowhere in the world will you see such strenuous labour under such almost inhuman conditions, and nowhere will you see a more courageous devotion to duty.

He Has No Chance.

The ship may be sinking, the rushing water swirling knee-deep over the plates on which the stoker is standing; but no thought of the odds and no escape for his life is for him. He must stick to the post till the last fire is drawn; and if he has time to race up the escape-ladder to the boat-deck, well and good. If not—and the odds are all against him—he goes down, a "mute, inglorious" hero, to his death. It is all "part of the day's work," and he gives no thought to the price he may have to pay.

Let us take a peep at the "Black Gang" at their work, while the guns roar and the shells shriek above.

As we enter the stakehold the hot blasts from the furnace-mouths scorch our eyes and sear our lungs with every gasping breath we draw. Life seems impossible in such an atmosphere.

Along one side of the narrow chamber, lofty and dim, are ranged the boilers, some fifty in number, quivering with the power that is in them, and rocking backward and forward with the heave of the ship. And opposite the boilers stand the stokers—figures carved in jet and polished with the sweat which streams from every pore; clad only in trousers that have once been white, with a filthy and steaming "sweet-rag" knotted loosely round their necks.

Sometimes He Faints.

As the door of the furnace opens the white, harsh glare strikes the dripping bodies, and throws up every tense muscle in vivid relief. As they thrust and strain at their unyielding tools you see the shifting shadows which tell of live muscles swelling and knotting, till it seems they must burst through their sheath of skin.

Gathering up a shovelful of coals, each man propels it with a quick-for-

Eat Big Meals! No Sour, Acid Stomach, Indigestion or Gas

"Pape's Diapepsin" is quickest, surest stomach relief known—Try It!

Time it! Pape's Diapepsin will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour, gassy or out-of-order stomach safely within five minutes. If your meals don't fit comfortably, or what you eat lies like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of indigestion.

Get from your pharmacist a fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a dose just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food, mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, flatness or heavy feeling in the stomach, debilitating headaches, dizziness or intestinal griping. This will all go, and, besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is a certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is waiting for you at any drug store.

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ward thrust of the body into the white-hot heart of the furnace, and, with a dexterous turn of the wrist, spreads it evenly over the fire. Then, quick as the eye can follow, another shovelful follows, and another, as if life itself hung on the breathless swiftness of the sequence.

Thus, in fierce, unceasing labour, "stoking up," and "cleaning his fire" by the dexterous use of his "slice"—a work even more exhausting—the stoker toils four long hours, until, limp as a rag and staggering with fatigue, he is entitled a spell of rest. If he faints during his labour he is carried into a corner by his mates.

But He Keeps Smiling! "Go off watch?" Not he! He's as good a man as any. He never knows when he is beaten.

Nor are stamina and brute force all that are demanded of the stoker. He requires skill, which only years of experience can give him. He must know the idiosyncrasies of the boilers—how to coax this one and to stimulate that—for they vary in character and moods as much as humans. He must also have a keen and constant eye on the gauge-glasses, to see that the bubbling heads never go above or below a certain level.

But through all his fierce toil and its perils the stoker keeps a smiling face, and no man in the Navy carries a stouter heart or a finer sense of duty.

There are few rewards for him, and not too much pay. But he serves his King and country cheerfully, with no thought of applause or glory.

The Great Anarchist.

The weighty speech made recently by Viscount Grey, in the presence of all the Allied representatives, deserves the attention of belligerents and neutrals alike. Slowly and gravely delivered, without the slightest attempt at rhetorical effect, it proceeded manifestly from the speaker's deep conviction, and represented his personal feeling as well as the settled purpose of the British and Allied Governments.

Lord Grey has sometimes been thought less bellicose at heart than some of his colleagues. His frequent public declarations that war might have been averted by a European Conference in July, 1914, have seemed reluctantly to recognize the real character of German policy. Unquestionably the outbreak of war meant to him, personally, the collapse of the whole conception of diplomacy that had inspired his action up to August, 1914. He had hoped against hope, and had sometimes seemed even disposed to close his eyes to patent facts rather than admit that Germany was preparing in cold blood a murderous assault upon European civilization. Now he sees that all efforts to avoid war in July, 1914, failed "because you cannot have peace without good-will, and because in Berlin there was the will to war and not the will to peace." Common

sense though it be, after more than two years of war, such a statement is valuable at a moment when Germany is striving sanctimoniously to presume upon the forgetfulness of the world and to persuade it that she is fighting for dear life against a host of aggressors, and needs only guarantees against a renewal of their attack. The Foreign Secretary did well to recall the antecedents of the war, and to prove once again that it is precisely because war was not forced upon Germany, but forced by Germany upon Europe, that it is the Allies who must have the guarantees for future peace.

A new and significant feature of the speech was the advice given to neutrals. Germany, he declared, had been "the great anarchist," who had plunged Europe into a "greater and more terrible anarchy than any individual anarchist ever dreamt of." To a correspondent who had asked what neutrals could do, he had written that their best work for the moment would be "to work up opinion on such an agreement between nations as will prevent a war like this from happening again." And he was very explicit upon two essential points. Any organization of neutrals such as is contemplated by a league of distinguished people in the United States, under the leadership, we believe, of ex-President Taft, must have the object, not of interfering between the present belligerents, but of getting ready for some international association which shall do its part in making peace secure

Incandescent Gas Lighting.

Possibly, the feature of incandescent gas lighting most frequently noted by casual observers is the great ease with which tasks, ordinarily arduous under artificial light may be performed under the Welsbach gas mantle. The mantle has a peculiarly "soft" quality, difficult to describe, but which is readily recognized by those who have had experience with the gas mantle lamp.

In its general effect upon bodily health and comfort, the use of incandescent gas lighting is decidedly favorable. The currents of air set up by the burning gas improves ventilation, tending to expel the air vitiated by respiration and new in fresh air to replace it. Harmful or dangerous disease germs are instantly destroyed in the flame. The extent to which this effect takes place may be verified by placing a gas lamp close to a ceiling without any provision for interfering with the up-rushing air currents. The charred particles which collect immediately above the lamp are the remains of dust particles which before passing through the flames were laden with germs and microbes. Actual experiments have shown that the burning of gas lamps in rooms previously containing bacteria, resulted in absolute sterilization of the air.

Contrary to the popular notion the temperature of rooms lighted by incandescent gas lamps is seldom markedly greater than under incandescent electric light, even under unfavorable conditions of ventilation, while in rooms provided with the ventilating facilities required by the demands of hygiene, the temperature in gas-lighted rooms is frequently lower.

When this war is over, "We are all in favor" of such an endeavor, we added, but we wish to ask neutrals who may make any demand on us for such a thing—"will you play up when the time comes?" In other words, any organization for the future security of peace must provide an effective sanction for its efforts, and the parties to it must be prepared to employ force for the vindication of right. Neutrals, Lord Grey suggested, should see that something were done to lay down rules which would make sure that any nation which departed from them would be regarded and treated as an enemy of the human race. It follows that they have an imperative claim upon the sympathy and help of all neutrals, and that neutrals will not and cannot be allowed to mediate or otherwise interfere between them and the "great anarchist" whom they are leagued to bring to justice.—London Times.

In Milady's Boudoir.

When you come home from the summer's outing, look out for your complexion, and as quickly as possible, repair the ravages of the sun and wind. Cold water should never be used on a sunburned complexion. Wash the face in warm water instead. Then sponge with a simple mixture of rain water, lavender and benzoin. The proportions are three of water, one of simple tincture of benzoin and two of lavender water. Cucumber milk is cooling for the sunburned face. Take an ounce of fresh cucumber juice and three ounces of fresh milk. Scald, skim and use. Massage this well into the face after washing. Then wipe the face with a soft towel.

The woman who freckles easily should protect her skin by rubbing a little non-greasy cream once or twice a day and giving it a light dusting of powder after the cream has been well rubbed into the pores. Butter-milk is invaluable for washing the freckled face, and its regular use will entirely remove freckles and prevent them from re-appearing. It is always a mistake to put off the removal of freckles until the end of summer, as the longer they are allowed to remain the more trouble they give when the task of removing them is undertaken. It is best to start removing them as soon as they are noticed and then to take precautions to prevent them from forming again. The following lotion is excellent for removing light freckles. Four ounces lemon juice, two ounces glycerine, one ounce rose water. Apply to the face several times daily and allow it to dry on the skin.

Serge is ever desired to the woman who needs a practical frock, and it is always in fashion.

There are chic coats of fur, straight in the line, reaching a little below the hips.

The correct riding shirt is made almost like a man's, and of hannel, silk, cheviot or linen.

A charming coat dress of blue serge has curious embroidered almost all over in green silk.

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IN OUR great-grandfathers' time many New England families had a cask of rum in the cellar. It was freely offered to guests (except children) and freely partaken of, even as tea and coffee are today. This old-time custom gradually passed out of existence, for our forefathers recognized it was harmful. Another old-time custom—tea and coffee drinking—is slowly passing in the same fashion and for the same reason. The abandonment of tea and coffee drinking is made easy nowadays by the use of Instant Postum, the pure cereal beverage with a delightful, snappy taste. Unlike tea or coffee, this delicious table drink contains no "caffeine" or other harmful substance. Postum is now used daily in tens of thousands of the best of Canadian homes where reason rules and health is valued. CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., WINDSOR, ONT.

Expensive Smokes. (From the Philadelphia Ledger.) They found among the effects left by Elmer Morgan eight thousand dollars' worth of cigars. I held in my hand a few days ago two boxes of his favorite brands. His after-dinner smokes cost a dollar and a quarter each. A representative of the Cuban factory which makes them tells me that Morgan ordered usually five or six thousand at a clip. There are only two men in Cuba who can make that cigar, and nearly all of them are produced by one man, said this Cuban producer. "We pay him forty cents to make each cigar and he can roll about forty-five of them in one day." The king of Wall Street smoked a bit better cigar than does the Emperor William of Germany. The Kaiser's cigar, made by the same factory in Cuba, is worth ninety cents. SONGS OF THE ALLIES. Complete Patriotic Songs in one book, price only 35c. in stamps post paid. GARLAND'S BOOKSTORE, 177-9 Water St., St. John's—Nov. 14.

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