

Important Warning!

The Rifle Range on the South side of St. John's will be in constant use from daylight till dark for military practice until further notice. All unauthorized persons are therefore prohibited from approaching the Range within 200 yards from either side within 1,000 yards of the target to the eastward. Any unauthorized person so doing will be liable to arrest, besides incurring serious danger from rifle bullets. This prohibition does not extend to any part of the hills west of the 1,000 yards firing point.

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Inspector Genl. Constabulary.
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KNIGHT'S LINIMENT CURES GARDEN IN 60 Ws.

Interference Now Would be Deemed Pro-German.

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London, Sept. 28.—There is no end of the war in sight. Any step at this time by the United States, the Vatican or any other neutral in the direction of peace would be construed by England as an unneutral, pro-German move.

The United Press is able to make these statements on no less authority than that of the British man of the hour, the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, Secretary of State for War. "Britain has only begun to fight; the British Empire has invested thousands of its best lives to purchase future immunity for civilization; this investment is too great to be thrown away," was the Welsh statesman's size-up of the situation.

More than at any time since the beginning of the war there is evidenced throughout England a popular suspicion toward America, a suspicion that did not exist a year ago.

This feeling appears directly attributable to the notion generally entertained by the man on the street that President Wilson might be induced to butt in for the purpose of stopping the European war. A similar suspicion of Spain and the Vatican is also manifest.

Fighting For Fair Play.

Mr. Lloyd George was asked to give the United Press in the simplest possible language the British attitude toward the recent peace talk.

"Simple language?" he queried, with a half smile. Then he thought a moment.

"Sporting terms are pretty well understood wherever English is spoken," he replied. "I am quite sure they will be understood in America. Well, then, the British soldier is a good sportsman. He enlisted in this war in the sporting spirit—the best sense of that term. He went in to see fair play to a small nation trampled upon by a bully. He is fighting for fair play in international dealings.

"He has fought as a good sportsman by the thousands. He has never asked anything more than a sporting chance and hasn't always had that. When he couldn't get it, he didn't quit. He played the game. He didn't squeal, and certainly he never asked anyone to squeal for him."

No Time Now To Let Up.

The Secretary of State for War continued:

"Under the circumstances, the British, now that the fortunes of the game have turned a bit, are not disposed to stop because of the squealing done by the Germans, or for the Germans by probably well-meaning, but misguided sympathizers and humanitarians. For two years the British soldier had a bad time—no one knows so well as he what a bad time it was. He was sadly inferior in equipment. On the average he was inferior in training. He saw the Allied cause beaten all about the ring, but he didn't appeal to either the spectators or a referee to stop the fight on the ground that it was brutal, nor did he ask to have the rules changed.

"He took his punishment. Even when beaten like a dog, he was a game dog. When forced to take refuge in a trench, when too badly used up to carry the fight to the enemy, he hung on without whining, fought off every attack, bided his time, endured without wincing, worked without flagging."

Will Fight To Finish.

Mr. Lloyd George's eyes snapped as sitting at his desk in the War Office he tilted back his chair and studied the ceiling as if seeing there a picture of Tommy's game fight in the early stages of the contest.

"And at this time, under these conditions what was the winning German doing?" he asked. "Was he worrying over the terrible slaughter

Sunday

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No! He was talking of annexing Belgium and Poland as a result of his 'victory,' and while he was re-making the map of Europe without the slightest regard for the wishes of its people, the British people were preparing to pay the price we knew must be paid for the time to get the army ready.

"It is one thing to look back on the pounding the British soldier took the first two years of the war, but a different thing to look forward as he did and know the beating couldn't be avoided during these months, when it seemed the finish of the British army might come quickly.

"Germany elected to make it a finish fight with England. The British soldier was ridiculed, held in contempt. Now we intend to see that Germany has her way. The fight be to the finish—to a knock-out."

Can Be No Intervention.

Dropping his colloquialisms, the half-smile fading from his face, Mr. Lloyd George continued in a more serious vein.

"The whole world, including neutrals of the highest purposes and humanitarians with the best motives, must know that there can be no outside interference at this stage. Britain asked no intervention when she was not prepared to fight. She will tolerate none now that she is prepared, until Prussian military despotism is broken beyond repair.

"There was no regret voiced in Germany over these useless slaughter. There were no tears by German sympathizers when the few thousand British citizens who never suspected to be soldiers, whose military education started only a few months previously went out to be battered, bombed and gassed, to receive ten shells for every one they could fire—went out, fought and died like sportsmen without even a grumble.

"I repeat that there was no whimpering then, and the people who are now moved to tears at the thought of what is to come watched the early rounds of the unequal contest dry-eyed. None of the carnage and sufferings of those Allied dead who stood the full shock of the Prussian war machine before it began to falter.

Would Be Cruel To Stop Now.

"But in the British determination to carry the fight to a decisive finish there is something more than the natural demand for vengeance. The inhumanity, the pitilessness of the

fighting that must come before a lasting peace is possible is not comparable with the cruelty that would be involved in stopping the war while there remains a possibility of civilization again being menaced from the same quarter.

"Peace now, or at any time before the final and complete elimination of this menace, is unthinkable. No man and no nation with the slightest understanding of the temper of this citizen army of Britons, which took its terrible hammering without a whine or grumble, will attempt to call a halt now."

"But how long do you figure this can and must go on?" (Mr. Lloyd George was asked.)

"There are neither clocks or calendars in the British army to-day," was his quick reply. "Time is the least vital factor. Only the result counts—not the time consumed in achieving it.

Time Is Immaterial.

"It took England twenty years to defeat Napoleon and the first fifteen of those years were black with British defeat. It will not take twenty years to win this war, but whatever time is required, it will be done, and I say this recognizing that we have only begun to win.

"There is no disposition on our side to fix the hour of ultimate victory after the first success. We have no delusion that the war is nearing an end. We haven't the slightest doubt as to how it is to end."

"But what of France; is there the same determination there to stick to the end, the same idea of fighting until peace terms can be decided by Germany's enemies?" Mr. Lloyd George was asked.

The Secretary carefully matched each finger of one hand with each finger of the other, and as he turned his chair slowly to gaze out over the khaki-dotted throng in Whitehall, it seemed the interruption had stemmed the flow of conversation. There was a full moment's pause, and as the chair swung round again, the reply came in a voice and manner impressively grave.

France Will Stick to the End.

"The world at large has not yet begun to appreciate the magnificence of the nobility, the wonder of France," he said.

"I had the answer to your inquiry given me a few days ago by a noble Frenchwoman. She had given four sons—she had one left to be given to France. In the course of my talk with her, I asked if she didn't think the struggle had gone far enough. Her reply, without a moment's hesitation was: 'The fight will never have gone far enough until we have made a repetition of this horror impossible! That mother was voicing the spirit of France.'

"Yes, France will stick to the end. I suppose America's conception of France and the French soldier before the war was as erroneous as the British idea. I suppose you, too, regarded the French soldier as excitable, brilliant in attack, but lacking dogged staying qualities.

"Nothing was more unwarranted than the popular idea of the Frenchman as a poor defensive fighter. History never justified this idea, but there will be a new appraisal, a new appreciation when the real heroism, nobility and genius of the defence of Verdun is fully understood. France has fought the longest wars of any nation of Europe and her history itself is assurance enough that she will hold to the end.

"With the British it will be the sporting spirit that will animate the army to the last, fair play the motive—fair fight the method. With the French it will be that fiercely burning patriotism that will sustain the army to the end, regardless of when the end may come."

Russia Will Go Through.

"And Russia?"
"Will go through to the death!" interrupted Mr. Lloyd George. "Russia has been slow to arouse, but she will be equally slow to arouse, but she will be equally slow to be quiet. The resentment of the Russian against having been forced into war is deep.

"He has neither forgotten nor forgiven the fact that this happened when he was ill prepared and unsuccessful. No, there are and will be no quitters among the Allies.
"Never again! has become our battle cry. At home the suffering and sorrow is great and is growing. As to the war zone, its terrors are indescribable. I have just visited the battlefields of France; I stood, as it were, at the door of hell. I saw myriads marching into the furnace. I saw some coming out of it, scorched and mutilated.

"This ghastliness must never be reenacted on this earth, and one method at least of answering that end is the infliction of such punishment upon the perpetrators of this outrage against humanity that the temptation to emulate their exploits will be eliminated from the hearts of the evil-minded amongst the rulers of men."

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"Pape's Diapepsin" for sour, acid stomach, heartburn, dyspepsia.

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Please for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and digest it; enjoy it, without dread of rebellion in the stomach.

Pape's Diapepsin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which don't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest, surest relief known.

Manners at Table

The Berlin Lokalanzeiger solemnly discusses the changes which the war has produced in German manners at table, and in those "laws of decency" which are said to be partly aesthetic and partly matter of habit, but mainly due to "the changing circumstances of practical life."

Formerly it was entirely forbidden to absorb gravy with bits of bread stuck upon one's fork, and so to wipe the platter clean. Good manners required that one should not take excessive pains to get this gravy, however fine it might be. One might, indeed, dip a piece of meat or potatoes in it. At an earlier period, in the times of our grandfathers, manners were even more strict. A good tone at table then demanded that one should always leave something on the plate. This stupid fashion had long disappeared even in times of peace, and is now regarded as bad manners rather than good to leave anything on the plate.

War time and the scarcity of fats has produced a change, and doubtless this is right. It is of course not necessary that one should with all one's strength sweep the plate with pieces of bread stuck upon a fork, in order to wipe up the last remnant of gravy and to scour the plate till it shines. That would produce an insupportable effect. But any sort of waste would be too offensive to the practical needs of our time for one to be able to regard it as good manners.

The fate of other table customs has been similar. Gnawing at bones, if it is done in quite too ugly a fashion, will be hardly possible to justify the leaving of pieces of bread, which formerly was in many places a rule. What eyes an hotel keeper would have made two years ago if a guest had brought a piece of bread with him to dinner! To-day thousands of people do it, and nobody minds. Thus even at table the war is an educator.—Times.

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Every pale woman can transform her bleached-out appearance with Ferrozone.

Not only will it improve looks and spirits, but by rebuilding all weak, tired organs, Ferrozone establishes a soundness of health that's surprising.

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GEO. KEARNEY Manager

The End of a Day at Ypres.

(By Alice Thayer* in the Outlook, New York.)

A cloud hung over the earth. A fierce onslaught had been repulsed. We were all dazed, and worked as people in a trance trying to get together the men and nurses of our unit, so as to send as many of the wounded as we could to shelter; and the dead—they lay where they had fallen.

I bent over the body of a little Scotchman, a brave, sturdy young fellow. His curly hair was stained with blood, the deep-blue eyes were fiery. He was talking fast, though the falling strength made his voice very low, and I had difficulty in hearing what he said. His exhausted mind could find no rest. Each incident of the battle was being lived over.

"Boys, it looks like business." His got excited. "D— them! This place is like a ploughed field; there is hardly a place to stand. My ears! why are they buzzing so? Oh, yes, I know; the big shells. They are going at it hard, nurse. On with your masks, boys—the clouds—look, they are going to give us the gas. Well, let them try!" Suddenly he flung his arms around my neck and whispered, "Mother, water, please." I gave him a little, and he smiled and quieted.

"Nurse, you don't mind, do you? You see—he grew wistful—"I like to think I am at home—and mother—you'll tell her?"

"Cheer up, my laddie," I said. "You'll be well before long. To-night you are going to the ambulance, and in a week or so you'll be home."

He scarcely listened. The faint flicker of a smile passed over his face.

"What's that light over there?" he cried. "It's a French 'tuse éclairante', and that light there—it gets bigger and bigger and bigger."

I could not see it.

"It's lonely, you know, nurse; and the music and the flowers and the birds."

Then I knew what he meant. The delirium had set in.

A cool wind was sweeping away the clouds on the horizon, and the golden streaks were fast fading into silver. The moon and stars came out, and night hid the horrors of the day. Suddenly, out of the night, came the voice of the little soldier:

"Your hand, nurse; it will help me to take the stride."

His eyes glowed and he held me fast. "I died that they might live again." And then, as if transported, "Yes, I am going to live." And, raising himself with a strength I had thought long since gone, he cried in a clear, strong voice, "Long Live England!"

The living heard, and it justified the smiles on the faces of the dead. He fell back into my arms and I laid him on the ground that he had conquered.

*The author of this sketch of actual life and death is a young American volunteer who has been working for the wounded and dying in a French military hospital.