

## Do You Seek Better Tyres?

The thing you want most in a tyre is the thing The Goodyear Tyre & Rubber Companies try hardest to put there.

That is great mileage at small cost.

The Goodyear Tyre & Rubber Companies do put it there, and make sure of it by guarding every step of manufacture with jealous care.

To start properly, The Goodyear Tyre & Rubber Companies own and operate their own rubber plantation in the East Indies, their own cotton plantation, and their own cotton mills.

To continue properly, The Goodyear Tyre & Rubber Companies insist that other materials they use shall conform to the same high Goodyear standard.

And they pursue in the same critical spirit every one of the processes of tyre-building—they watch and weigh, test and try, up to the moment of wheeling the completed product into the stockroom.

By fitting Goodyear's to your car, you will, we feel certain, enjoy better tyre service than ever before.

General Motor  
Supply Co., Ltd.,  
Agents.



## The Creed We Learned in France.

(By a Soldier.)

A great many people, correspondents, investigators and others trained in the observation of humanity in bulk, have returned from Europe in the past year with various ideas, many of them strange and curious, as to just what we who served on the battlefields of France got out of the war in the way of religion.

Personally I don't believe that the soldier, as a unit, got religion as it is generally construed at all—that is, he did not "hit the savdust trail," nor did he publicly proclaim his redemption from the paths of sin in the good old camp-meeting style.

No man, however, could possibly have gone through that seething caldron "Over There" without acquiring something. However, to me it seemed that this something was a larger and broader Christianity—a sort of Brotherhood whose one and perhaps only law was the Golden Rule.

Creeds and doctrines were for the most part forgotten on the field. Protestant, Jew and Catholic lived or died side by side with no thought save of serving each as best he might, not only God and country, but also his fellow man. Under fire at the front they were united against one common foe. In the rear when danger was passed this same unity continued, but against many foes—against selfishness, blasphemy, drunkenness, social evils, and the like.

Men learned that to be a soldier in the true sense of the word it was not necessary to be a loud-swearing, licentious braggart, the embodiment of all un-Christianlike qualities; and a

new standard was born on those fields of death and suffering. The man who had seen his companions fall, who had come near to the supreme sacrifice himself, was imbued with a different sort of spirit than that which has usually and unfortunately been attributed to the soldier.

Orders and regulations for our government were many, their enforcement was necessarily strict; and prompt punishment awaited the delinquent. No less prompt and infinitely more sure was the punishment afforded him who violated the higher order—the greatest command ever imposed upon man—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye unto them."

The army held men of every nationality—of all races and tongues; many had probably never even heard or read this wonderful command, but evidences of its power and influence were everywhere. The deeds of personal heroism which were daily and oftentimes almost hourly occurrences—things such as the many rescues of wounded comrades in the face of deadly machine gun fire—all were but the expressions of belief in the universal doctrine proclaiming "man's brotherhood to man;" and, being such, were of much greater value to the illiterate and unlearned than any printed or spoken word.

For weeks at a time our only opportunity for open worship was at the burial service of some fallen comrade. The chaplains could but seldom assemble more than a score of men together for divine services, and, under such conditions, it would seem but natural that, when the scattered units of a regiment were assembled, the response to "church call" would be but meager. This was not the case, how-

ever. All who were not actually on guard or at work unflinchingly attended service. Those who at home in their comfortable, well-heated homes, with roofs over their heads and four walls to protect them from the elements, who on a showery Sabbath felt no desire and no sense of duty to attend their church, now stood reverently in the open shell-ford fields, more often than not in a never ceasing, cold drizzling rain, and found no discomfort too great, no hardship too difficult, to endure, that they might give thanks to Him who had guided them safely through the "valley of the shadow of death."

The public assemblage for worship with its attendant ritual was not so necessary for us: for each man day by day was living a Christian life in the finest sense of the word in that he was heedless of any danger, indifferent to any hardship or risk in the service of his fellow man. Even an enemy had a unity of command, so had we a unity of creed and race, each merged into the one, and that one pledged to God, country and true Christian brotherhood.

As our most famous chaplain once remarked, "There was scarcely any time for praying, what with dodging shells and reading one's shirt." But such time as there was for prayer was utilized by a far larger number of men than the casual observer realized; nor was there any self-consciousness such as we are all familiar with at home.

Contrary to many of our popular novelists, men did not drop down on their knees under fire and in times of great danger and pray to their Maker for relief and guidance; but a vast majority did sincerely, though silently, commune with God each night of their lives, commending themselves to Him and asking protection and strength.

Somehow the Church will reach these men—they have returned as earnest seekers for Truth—they have a real need—a real desire to learn—to know. But they will not accept a more narrow doctrine—a more conventional dogmatic religion, than they learned "Over There"—whose creed is the Golden Rule.

## Why He Didn't Know.

Visitors to the Canadian War Memorials at the Toronto Exhibition on September 1, were electrified to see a stout woman turn suddenly upon a veteran, who was making his way slowly through the crowd at her side, and smite him violently upon the chest with her clenched fist, at the same time addressing him in language as vigorous and violent as her blow.

"Get out of my way, you big hummer! Ain't you got any place to stand but on my feet?" This, and much more, he said. The veteran staggered back as far as the crowd would permit, and eyed her with a look of utter bewilderment. Then suddenly he grinned. "I beg your pardon, lady," he said. "I didn't know I was standing on your foot. You see, I have an artificial leg."

## FOR THE HOLIDAY

TAKE A KODAK WITH YOU.

Our stock of

KODAKS,  
BROWNIE and  
PREMO CAMERAS

is complete.

Also a full stock of Eastman  
Kodak film, and Film Pack to fit  
every size camera at

**TOOTON'S,**  
The Kodak Store,  
320 WATER STREET.

## Norman Oakes Says He Wasted Time and Money

Tanlac Did For Him What Health Resorts and Special Treatments Failed to do.

"During the past fifteen years I have been under treatment of some of the best specialists in this country, and have been to health resorts both in this country and the United States, but I never got any relief from my suffering until I commenced taking Tanlac," said Norman Oakes, a well-known employee of the John-Manville Co., who lives at 17 Morris Street, Halifax, the other day.

"Yes, sir, I had the very best treatment money could buy," continued Mr. Oakes, "and spent hundreds of dollars going to mineral springs in different parts of the country, and it was just time and money thrown away, for I got no benefit whatever from any of it. I had a bad case of stomach trouble, and from the time this trouble first started fifteen years ago, my condition gradually grew worse. What I ate would not stay in my stomach and cause gas to form so bad that I would be perfectly miserable for hours afterwards. Then, too, I often had the worst cramping spells you ever heard of, and in fact I finally got to where I had a kind of an aching pain in my stomach nearly all the time. I didn't sleep much, either. Many nights I would hardly close my eyes, but would walk the floor until daylight. Very often I would have to lose several weeks at a time from my work, and I finally got in such a bad condition that I was hardly able to get about."

"Then I gave up my position of traveling, and came back to Halifax, and that was when I became interested in Tanlac. The thing that impressed me most about this medicine was the sincere and earnest statements that were being made about it by good people who lived right here in Halifax, and some of them I knew personally. I concluded that if so many were giving such strong endorsements of Tanlac that there must be something to it, so I commenced taking it. Well, as I said a while ago, it is the first, and only medicine that has done me any good at all, and since taking three or four bottles of it my troubles have disappeared, and I am as well and strong as I ever was in my life. I couldn't ask for a better appetite than I have now, and everything I eat agrees with me perfectly. I don't have a sign of stomach trouble of any kind, and just feel fine all the time. I have gained twelve pounds already, and am able to do as much hard work in a day as I ever did. To sum the whole matter up, Tanlac has done for me in a short time, what all the other medicines and treatments I took during all those years, failed to do, and a medicine that will do that for a man is just simply worth its weight in gold."

Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors, under the personal direction of a special Tanlac Representative.

## Jack Tar's Hardest Job.

Getting a commission in the Navy.

Compared with the vast personnel of officers in the Navy, the number of "Mates" to give them their official designation form but a very small band of brothers, for commissions are not easily won.

A candidate for a commission from the lower deck must of necessity be a thoroughly competent warrant or petty officer, not under twenty-five years of age, he must present an unimpeachable history certificate together with a strong recommendation from the captain of his present or last going ship. Then the grind commences.

After emerging successfully through the educational test, an examination board is appointed where our friend is required to ably demonstrate before three or more examining officers that he has nothing or little to learn from them in the arts and wiles of seamanship in all its phases.

The Most Trying Ordeal.

This, part over, the candidate has yet another ordeal to face, i.e., the Selection Board, consisting of a number of captains and commanders who decide upon the social fitness of the aspirants for commissioned rank.

It is indeed no easy task for a man to stand before a dazzling array of gold lace and deal successfully with the varied and searching questions put to him "history," literature, current topics, politics, and otherwise, are usually touched upon, besides hosts of other subjects, in order to ascertain the candidate's suitability to become a mess-mate of educated men. Finally, the Admiralty make a selection from the list of successful en-

trants and in due course a number are promoted to the rank of Mate; they are then sent to the gunnery, torpedo and navigation schools for courses of study before going to sea; after spending three years in this capacity, their promotion to lieutenant is gazetted, and from thence onwards their status and prospects are in every way identical with their blue-blooded brothers.

So when you see a young man resplendent in the blue and gold rig of a sub-lieut., but of rather more matured and graver features than the bay who entered the service via Dartmouth or Osborne College, just give him a quiet cheer in your mind, for he's worth it.

## THE OTHER SHORE.



In that happy land we're nearing there's no graft or profiteering, you might rake the country over and you'd find no sign of vice; and it seems to me surprising, yet the fact there's no disguising, that it's hard to find a fellow who is in a rush to go. When we've crossed the silent river, where no sunbeams ever quiver, if we have a goodly record we shall never know a tear; yet our hearts are bowed and grieving when we find it's time for leaving this old punk abandoned planet, this cheap, beastly, sinful sphere. Here we've fought our little battles, here we have our goods and chattels, here

we've planted vines and figtrees, and we hate to leave them all; here we have our daily labors, here we know our next door neighbors, and it's bitter hard to leave them, even though the angels call. I believe in all the stories of elysian joys and glories, and I hope such goods to sample when I cross the Jordan wave; my sad life is full of worry, but I'm really in no hurry to approach the gates of jasper by a short cut through the grave. This old world's a tinhorn fizzle and our tears forever drizzle, and our groans are ever rising as we toil along the road; but, although I loathe and hate it, and with third class gold bricks rate it, I am in no shameful hurry to acquire a new abode.

## Right of Press to Criticize Public Officials Sustained.

In the action for libel brought by ex-Congressman William S. Bennett against the Commercial Advertiser Association, publisher of the New York Globe, Justice Greenbaum of the Supreme Court rendered a decision in favor of the defendant which is of great importance to newspaper publishers.

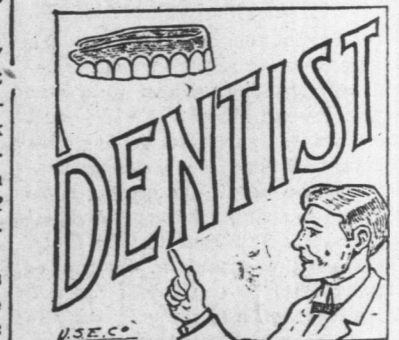
In effect it sets forth that the press not only has the right but that it is the duty of newspapers to criticize public officials as to their fitness for office, or as to their conduct while in office. No libel can be established unless the charge of illegal conduct in office, or prior to taking office, is made when no such illegality of action occurred.

In citing this phase of the situation the jurist said: "It must be borne in

By Wood Cowan

Protected by George Matthew Adams

## Miss Information



## The Maritime Dental Parlors

The Home of Good Dentistry. Free examination, advice and exact estimate of putting your teeth in perfect condition. This is a day of specialists. If you intend getting false teeth made, or if you are wearing teeth that are unsatisfactory, why not consult a specialist. It costs you nothing.

Remember when you pay more for dental work than we charge you are paying for something that does not exist. All branches of dental work expertly executed.

Painless Extraction . . . . . \$12.00 and \$15.00  
Full Upper or Lower Sets . . . . . \$60.00

**M. S. POWER, D.D.S.**

(Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College, Garretson Hospital of Oral Surgery, and Philadelphia General Hospital.)  
176 WATER STREET.  
Phone 62. P. O. Box 1220.  
(Opp. M. Chaplin.)  
Jan 15, 1920, D.S.

ASK FOR MINARD'S AND TAKE NO OTHER



## BISHOP'S PHONE

## Gower Street Scouts

Fifty-three Scouts of the Gower Street Troop were present at the first drill in the C. L. B. room last evening, making six all with visitors from Cochran and Wesley Troops. Patrols every member present were the dogs and Eagles. One only was sent from the following patrols: Beavers, Peacocks, Otters, and Seven candidates were received two tenderfoot were sworn in. programme for the evening consisted of squad drill and setting-up drill. Assistant Scoutmaster Francis Signaller's drill by Assistant Scoutmaster Duncan. An exciting race wound up the evening's sharp. These hours will be adhered to, opening at 7:30 and ending at 9. A hike was announced next Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock also the programme for the meeting of the Troop next Wednesday, part of which will be drill staves, every Scout to bring his. The fifteen best signallers will be supplied with signal-flags for drill next week. At the meeting

## KN

## Gloves

LADIES' TAN KID

LADIES' BLACK

LADIES' WHITE

GLOVES . . . . .

LADIES' WHITE K

LADIES' BLACK S

—\$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50

LADIES' WHITE

GAUNTLET GLO

FABRIC GLOVES—

White and Black,

PLAIN HEATHER

\$1.30, \$1.50 and \$1.75

RIBBED HEATHER

\$1.45, \$1.65, \$2.50

PLAIN COLD CASH

—Mole, Fawn, Gr

\$1.60, \$2.00 pair.

**G. K.**  
sep25,29,sep16,12