

Doctor Tells How To Strengthen Eyesight 50 per cent In One Week's Time In Many Instances

A Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and Use at Home.

Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other eye weakness? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The attendants seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able

to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Non-Opio tablets. Drop one Non-Opio tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bottle the eyes two to four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time.

Note: Another prominent physician to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Non-Opio is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely practiced by them. The medicine guarantees it to strengthen enough 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or return the money. It can be obtained from any good drugist and is one of the very few eye remedies that can be sent on hand for regular use in almost every family."

"Bulley's Pinch."

A famous place for sliding in the olden days. It reaches from Circular Road to the bridge crossing Rennie's River. Many of the men and women of to-day now advanced in years remember, and have done sliding on "Bulley's Pinch."

The crisp grey frost is falling. The sun shines bright and clear. My soul to-day is calling. On scenes I once loved dear: The meadow and the river, The woodland and the grove, Those pleasures shall forever Within my memory rove.

There's one bright scene before me, Sweet as a boyish dream, Its joyousness hangs o'er me, And in fancy yet I seem A boy that's gay and happy When I would never flinch Along with some young chappie Sliding over "Bulley's Pinch."

Ah! many years are over Since just in there I went In summer 'mid the clover To woo the wild rose scent, And when the winds of Boreas In winter reigned with snow, With merry shout and chorus Into "Bulley's Pinch" we'd go.

The boys and girls so witty, So full of life and fun, The poor ones from the city And the rich to have a run, All mingled there together, Then grandeur had no "pinch." In the healthy winter weather Sliding over "Bulley's Pinch."

The boys are swiftly going, My hair is tinged with grey, My back, once straight, is showing My face seen in childhood With age are turning pale Like roses in the wild wood 'Mid the rude October gale.

But yet I'm often dreaming Of the days of long ago When life it wasn't seeming As it now looks, full of show; When the girls and boys so happy In the winter wouldn't flinch When I was a little chappie Sliding over "Bulley's Pinch."

JAMES MURPHY, January 30th, 1917.

CRAFT REFOATED.—The Placentia Bay craft which ran ashore and was submerged on Sunday last at Cape Roger, was successfully refoated the following day with the aid of the S. S. Argyle. A hole was punched in the hull of the craft, but the damage done is not serious, and it is insured.

T. J. Edens

- Florizel Jan. 26;
- N. Y. Chicken.
- Tomatoes.
- Grape Fruit.
- Celery.
- Cauliflower.
- Sausages.
- Lemons.
- Bananas.
- Cabbage.
- Oysters.
- Haddie.
- Kippers.
- Eggs.

APPLES—Kings, Wagners, Benheims, Baldwins, Ben Davis.

CLEANED CURRANTS. 100 cases, 1 lb. cartons.

Strawberries in Glass Jars. Raspberries in Glass Jars. Green Peas in Glass Jars. Small Beets in Glass Jars.

10 cases Pure Maple Syrup. 30 cases Onions. **PURITY BUTTER** is butter for particular people, 2 lb. prints only.

T. J. EDENS. Duckworth Street and Military Road.

The Germans Spirit of Sport

SHOWN IN "SCHLAGER"

The Canadian plays lacrosse or hockey, the Englishman plays football, the American baseball, and the Spaniard enjoys bull fighting. The sportsmen of the various nations mentioned are famous for their enthusiasm for their own particular branch of sport. But when it comes to the German, the ordinary mortal is unable to say in what he takes the most enjoyment. There is no national pastime in Germany, but the German is not wholly without the spirit of sport and it seems natural that the sport which is most enjoyed to a certain extent deals with warlike weapons. "Schlager" bouts, or sword bouts, seem to be the national sport of Germany.

A German Knockout.

The "Schlager" contests are somewhat similar to fencing contests, except that they are more real. The swords used have razor-like edges, and the winner of a Schlager contest is the man who has made the most gashes upon the face or arms of his opponent. When an opponent is cut so deeply that he cannot continue a doctor examines the wound, and the winner of the contest has scored what we would call a knockout in ring parlance.

Price Collier, the author of "Germany and the Germans," from an American point of view, thus describes the first Schlager contest that he witnessed.

"The next morning we strolled over to the room where the Schlager contests are to take place. It is packed with students in their different colored caps. Beer is there, of course, but no smoking allowed until the bouts are over.

Gird on Armour.

"I go down to see the men dressing for the fray. They strip to the waist, put on a loose, half shirt, half jacket of cotton stuff, then a heavily padded felt jerkin that covers them completely from chin to knee. The throat is wrapped round and round with heavy silk bandages. The right arm and hand are guarded with a glove and a heavily padded leather sleeve; all these are impervious to a sword blow. The eyes are guarded with steel spectacle frames fitted with thick glass. Nothing is exposed but the face and the top of the head. The exposed parts are washed with antiseptics, as are also the swords, repeatedly during the bout. The sword, hilt jerked into five centimetres. There is a heavy well-guarded hilt, and a pliable blade with a square end, sharp as a razor, on both edges for some six inches from the end.

Antiseptic Sword Wash.

"The position in the sword play is to face squarely one's opponent, the sword hand well over the head with the blade held down over the left shoulder. The distance between the combatants is measured by placing the swords between them lengthwise, each one with the chest against the hilt of his own weapon, and marks the proper distance between them. When they are brought in and face one another, the umpire, with a bow, explains the situation. The two seconds with swords crouch each beside his man, ready to throw up the swords and stop the fighting between each bout. Two other men stand ready to hold the rather heavily weighted sword arm of their comrades on the shoulder during the pauses. Two others with cotton dipped in an antiseptic preparation, keep the points of the swords clean. Still another official keeps a record in a book, of each cut or scratch, the length of time, the number of bouts and the result. The doctor decides when a wound is bad enough to close the contest.

Frend of the Gashes.

"At the word 'Los!' the blades sing and whistle in the air, the work being done almost wholly with the wrist, some four blows are exchanged, then there is a pause then at its gain till the allotted number of bouts are over, or one of the other has been cut to the point where the doctor decides there shall be no more. We follow them downstairs again, when after being carefully washed, the combatants are seated in a chair one after another, their friends crowd around and count the stitches as the surgeons work and comments upon what particular twist of the wrist produced such and such a gash.

Rev. John McDougall Dead.

Calgary, Alta., Jan. 16.—Rev. Dr. John McDougall, a pioneer Western Methodist Missionary, died at his home here last night after a few weeks' illness. He leaves four sons and four daughters, three of the sons being in the army.

AND ALL OTHERS NOW IN STOCK.

Recruiting Tour of Fortune Bay.

A recruiting squad consisting of an Officer, Corporal F. Coe, and Privates W. Gladney, D. C. M., John Hartley, James Knight and a Royal Naval Reservist, all of whom have been on active service, will leave in a day or two by train to connect with the Fiona for a recruiting tour of Fortune Bay. The party will be absent for about three weeks. It is expected good results will be forthcoming.



"DON'T WORRY."

Hundreds of people are suffering from Coughs and Colds at the present time. You may be as careful as you like in trying to avoid catching this miserable Cough and Cold but you'll get it don't matter what you do—so "Don't Worry" while Stafford's Phorone Cough and Cold Cure is obtainable.

"Whooping Cough" is also very prevalent amongst children, you can use nothing better than "Stafford's Phorone."

The above preparation is manufactured only by **DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,** Theatre Hill, St. John's, Nfld. Open every night till 9.30.

Hockey Notes

The receipts of Monday evening's match between the City and Regiment amounted to approximately \$250, which amount will be given to the W. P. A. funds.

The Victorias and Terra Novas had a practice at the Prince's Rink last evening. Both teams are fast getting in trim.

It is a peculiar fact that none of the four League teams have yet secured their full complement of players. The Vics and Terra Nova's feel keenly the loss of their goal-tenders, Hunt and Dancy. It will be difficult to replace them.

In order to give all the teams ample practice, the opening League game between the Felidians and St. Bon's will not come off to-night, but on Friday-night.

Shipbuilding Flourishing.

It looks as if the old shipbuilding days are about to be revived in this country. There are now five new vessels being built on the South West Coast which when completed will be used in the foreign-going trade of the country. S. Harris & Co., of Grand Bank, are now constructing a 250 ton schooner; two more are on the stocks at Marystown at 200 and 300 tons, and at Lumbergrass two more fine vessels will shortly be completed, while the Lumbergrass Ship Building Co. have orders to build several others.

At Exploits and other places up north a number of smaller craft will be completed this season.

Here and There.

Turkeys, Geese and Chicken at ELLIS.

BIG PRICE FOR GREEN FISH.—At Rose Blanche and Channel American green fish buyers are paying 24 cents a pound for green fish without the sound bone being removed. This is considered an exceptionally high price and a number of fishermen who secured some good catches last week have settled down a snug amount of American gold.

LAST TRIP NORTH.—The Bowring coaster Prospero has just completed her last trip north for this season. After discharging her freight the ship will lay up to get her annual overhauling. She will resume the northern service in the early part of April.

C. C. C.—To-morrow evening the C. C. C. will parade and the following night will hold a card tournament at their Armory.

HOW HE GRADUATED. Visitor: "How delighted you must have been when you heard your son had won the V.C.!" Scotch Wife: "O ay! I was pleased enough, but I wasna' surprised. He stood up to me once."—Punch.

SUNLIGHT SOAP.



The CLEANEST fighter in the World—the British Tommy.

THE British Soldier is used to having the best. His whole equipment, from his service cap down to his boots, is the best which the British Government can procure. So, too, when he buys soap, he buys the best—SUNLIGHT SOAP. He knows that it is the speediest and most effective in action. He knows that he could not obtain the same results with cheaper soaps, just as he could not obtain the same results with a cheaper rifle, a cheaper bayonet, or a cheaper pair of boots.

£1,000 GUARANTEE OF PURITY ON EVERY BAR.
The name Lever on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.
LEVER BROTHERS LTD., PORT SUNLIGHT.

Digging Himself in

A Fascinating Picture, Drawn From Life in the Wild, Showing How the Ant-Bear Escaped From His Enemy the Lion.

There was the long, coarse grass and the baked, red earth. Also, there was the bird, very handsome and rather turkey-like, who suddenly rose straight up in the air till he was at a great height, and then, suddenly shutting his wings, apparently committed suicide by falling. But in the nick of time he shot out his wings, and—settled.

They call this "towering," and this bird with the sentimental "turn" they call a bustard. Such "towering," however, can be seen a long way and may come expensive, and it did, for it was seen by the hunter, and he came up with his gun to replace "bully-beef" with bustard for supper.

The bustard ran, and the hunter, galloping, suddenly pitched head over heels into a "komeel don't"—whose thorns were like tigers' claws—horns and all.

A Clockwork Creature.

The hunter got up, swearing, and went his way, and is of no further account to us. What matters was the cavernous hole, hidden among the grass, that his horse had put his foot into. If one had looked closely, dozens of these holes would have been found, as if gigantic magnified rabbits had a warren there. But there was no sign or sign of the big diggers, or whatever dreadful beasts they might be, nor of any living thing, except the bustard, who presently came back and began "towering" again in the brazen, inflamed eye of the setting sun.

Then the moon came and masked the shadows into life, as she loves to do, and one shadow came out of the hole; but it was alive, though strange enough to be a real shadow.

Picture to yourself a small pig, tapering off at one end to a point that must have been it stall—and at the other end a thin, long snout; add very short legs, make the thing naked all but for scanty, thin hairs, and throw in long, hand-foot-like ears, and you've got it—the ant bear.

Being very low to the ground, he looked like a big clockwork creature running on wheels, and he progressed slowly through the grass, evidently trying to get clear of the other ant-bear holes, that suggested other ant bears, and therefore competition in the food line. Nevertheless, he did

not hurry, for quickness—except in mining operations—was not part of his stock-in-trade.

In about an hour, however, among scattered acacia-scrub, he divined, or in some other mysterious fashion found out, an ant-hill. White ants made it, and it was about ten feet high. If a man had made it, it could hardly have been bigger.

Then he began to dig—into that ant-hill.

Now, that creature's claws were just about the biggest goods in the claw line that you ever saw; but, all the same, I don't see how he forced a breach in the white-ant fortress, because one might fire a 400 solid Express bullet at that ant-hill, and it would have little effect.

Just Too Late.

Anyway, he forced his lines without tools of any sort, other than what the good God had given him, and then there he produced a tongue which might have been a worm that had fallen into a treacle-pot. If it had not been a tongue; and this he inserted up a gallery of the ant-hill, just as what I take to be the home guard of those ants was marching out to see who had broken their neutrality.

Most of the brave ones stuck on to the ant bear's tongue, and travelled thence to his mouth. And this process he continued, digging here and there when the ants seemed shy of being patriotic, so as to encourage them, and goodness alone knows how many hundreds of warriors he had not despatched when something out in the dark and bushy, thorny and mysterious night sighed.

Now, there are sighs and sighs. Some are rather fetching. You may have noticed it. But this sigh wasn't. It was hungry—awfully, horribly,

emptily, cruelly, raveningly, remorselessly hungry—and it made every hair on your scalp sit up on end. The ant bear hadn't any scalp, or hair on it, worth speaking of; but he "froze" stiffer than ice, both ears turned sideways.

Then, very slowly, after the fashion of a burglar disturbed, he backed out of that ant-hill and dissolved out of the moonlight into the shadow, treading as one on a very thin ice.

The sigh came again, nearer, much nearer, too near. Something treading went pad-pad-pad very softly. A twig cracked. Eyes of flame floated on nothing in the blackness. And—the ant bear, choosing a nice, soft patch of ground, swiftly dug himself out of sight while you waited.

It was the most amazing thing you ever saw. He simply sank down into the earth in a flying fountain of fungous soil, like a person disappearing downwards on a lift. Eight men, digging for a wasper, could not have made that hole as quickly, and the hungry lion—for it was a lion that had sighed, and followed his scent—dashing up, was too late by a yard.

The ant bear was beyond the reach of anything.

The plates are at once developed, and within a very short time the photographs are in the general's hands, and perhaps orders are being issued within half an hour of the photograph being taken. Rapidity is naturally of the greatest importance, an everything depends on the quickness with which the information can reach headquarters.

Aerial Photography in War.

Photographing the enemy's positions is one of the most important parts an aviator has to play when at the front. To the lay mind it does not appear very difficult for an aeroplane to carry up a photographic apparatus, and then to reel off yards of film or take dozens of plates. It is, however, not so easy as it seems, and a very few aeroplanes take more than

one plate at a time. That is to say, they simply make one exposure.

It is not permissible to explain how the plate is fixed to the aeroplane. It is enough to say that the plate is set in position, the focus adjusted to a certain height, and the telescopic attachment fixed in place. If the required photograph is a very important one, several machines may be set up to take it, and thus guard against accidents from the enemy's anti-aircraft guns.

The aeroplane ascends to a great height, and flies off over the enemy's position, keeping well above the range of the aerial guns. When over the desired spot, the aeroplane descends with lightning rapidity until it has attained the exact height above its objective. Then, hovering as motionless as possible, the plate is exposed for a brief second, and the trick is done. The aeroplane ascends rapidly and makes off to its aerodrome behind the British lines. If lucky, she reaches there in safety, but there are a hundred chances that an enemy machine may engage her in an aerial combat, and the precious negative be broken or otherwise damaged.

There is, however, the hope that one of the other machines will get through with her negative in good condition.

The plates are at once developed, and within a very short time the photographs are in the general's hands, and perhaps orders are being issued within half an hour of the photograph being taken. Rapidity is naturally of the greatest importance, an everything depends on the quickness with which the information can reach headquarters.

What Puzzles Americans.

Chicago Tribune.—From the earliest days of the Big Quarrel the Germans have spoiled their side by trying to explain it. A notable example is replying to accusations of atrocities by citing parallel cases of Allied atrocities. This puzzles Americans. We expect little from a crude and unlettered crew like the Russians, or British, or French, but we expect a great deal from a superior people like the Teuts, especially as Jehovah is a German.

Somber-colored costumes can be lightened up in various ways—by furs or jewels, vells, adjustable hat ornaments and handbags.

Cure the Skin Through the Skin

It is now thoroughly established among skin specialists that eczema is purely a skin disease, due to a germ beneath the skin and curable only through the skin. Thousands of people suffer with skin disease who are perfectly healthy otherwise, which shows that their blood is not diseased. Ugly-tasting stomach remedies are therefore as worthless for skin diseases as they are for tooth-ache.

ECZEMA GERMS MUST BE WASHED AWAY. Sneaky salves do no good for they cannot penetrate the skin. They merely clog the pores and aid

the rapid increase of germs. The only way to reach the germs is by a penetrating liquid.

The D. D. D. Prescription, a wonderful new discovery for skin diseases, is a simple, scientific wash—a reliable home remedy that brings about marvellous cures in all forms of Eczema, Bad Leg, Pimples, Ulcers, Barber's Itch and all other skin ailments. D. D. D. relieves distress instantly, kills and washes away disease germs and leaves the skin wholesome and healthy.

Get a bottle of D. D. D. Prescription to-day. Sold Everywhere.