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SORE throats are dangerous—as you well know. The danger increases if you delay treatment until you can get home to use a gargle or spray.

Give your throat continuous treatment. Every half-hour or hour wherever you may be, dissolve one of the pleasant-tasting tablets in the mouth.

Formamint releases in the throat a powerful yet safe antiseptic that destroys germs as no spray or gargle can do because:

It keeps up its action long enough to kill germs.
It can be taken at frequent enough intervals to make the treatment continuous.

To prevent sore throat, and infection from influenza, grippe, tonsillitis—many dangerous diseases—take a Formamint tablet about every two hours. Ask your druggist.



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NEW GOODS!

Hardware Department

We have just received a new shipment of Silver-plated Ware consisting of the following: Butter Dishes, Toast Racks, Egg Frames, Salad Bowls, Cake Stands, Honey Dishes, Biscuit Barrels, Breakfast Cruets, Cake Plates, etc.

LADIES, ATTENTION!

Good looks are always in season with the modern woman. Therefore Gold Seal Electric Curling Irons and Marcel Wavers meet that demand for a simple "Good Looks" accessory for use at home, and they appeal alike to the woman of leisure and to the professional or business woman. These Irons and Wavers are good quality, well finished, with 6 feet cord and separable plug.

Price—Curling Irons \$1.25 ea.
Marcel Wavers \$2.90 ea.

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The Ever-Ready Electric Soldering Iron is specially adapted for the home and for radio work. It is well finished with large two-piece plug, cool-grip handle, replaceable nichrome element and has 6 feet cord.

Price \$1.25 ea.
Gold Seal Electric Toasters \$4.00 ea.
Electric Percolators, 8 cup, \$4.50; 10 cup, . . . \$5.00

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We have just received a full supply of Sherwin Williams' Paints in the following colors: White, Grey, Green and Buff, which we are offering at Lowest Possible Prices.

Decotint for wall tinting in all colors; an excellent product—will not wash off. Brighten up your walls at little cost.

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FURNITURE POLISH, VARNISH STAIN.

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Ranging from 2½ H.P. to 8 H.P. Both Kerosene and Crude Oil.
Write for Particulars and Prices to
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An Easter Letter

FROM DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

PERSIAN GULF, Jan. 15, 1925.

I have not sent a line to you for a long while. It has been almost impossible to do so, owing to continued movements. But here, resting for a short while, I want to send a letter which shall be in time for your next number.

The Late Sirdar.

My last letter was from Cairo, written just as we were leaving for Khartoum, where the late Sir Lee Stack, the murdered Sirdar, had invited us to be his guests on the site of the old palace, once the home of that great Christian hero and fearless knight, General Charles Gordon, of whom even the gutter-boys say, "He thought of everybody's safety but his own."

On arriving at Luxor we heard of the assassination of Sir Lee Stack, but later received a wire from the Deputy Governor at Khartoum telling us to come along, as all was quiet. On the way we heard nothing until, on landing from the train at Khartoum, we found that all the British residents had been ordered into the old palace—now renovated and enlarged—owing to a mutiny of two platoons of a Sudanese regiment. The trouble had been engineered by Egyptians, so the native people told their friends and ours. Both in Khartoum and Omdurman, they said that the Egyptians had deceived them. This was best attested to by the fact that to the verdict only three Sudanese lieutenants were made to suffer for the craft of others—a very, very common experience, and not limited to the East by any means.

Settling A Dispute.

From Egypt we crossed the Suez Canal. It was a perfect moonlight night, and almost sacreligious, as it seems to say so, we slept soundly in our Pullman carriage through Sinai as far as Lydda, the ancient Lud, where we were met by a friend, the Governor in these parts. The country around Ramleh, the old Crusader town where we stayed, is really rich, and is largely communally owned. The next morning the Governor took us to see how he settled a land dispute between two villages. These two villages had met and fought over the matter before, but now they agreed to accept the decision of the oldest and wisest men, selected from each village, who were to meet us at midday. It was decided that the oldest man, ninety-five years of age, should ride around the boundary line on a donkey, while the rest walked, and two solemn men, armed with grubsticks, marked the line. Mounted on a white ass, with his red-centred turban, his fine old face and long gray beard, the old patriarch looked a perfect picture. Of course, there was endless talking. Eventually all four talked at once, and twenty or thirty witnesses joined in. But as we drove away, the affair was settled.

Fishermen Of The Holy Land.

A visit to Joppa, where one of our Labrador boys, or volunteers is now head of the British Graves Commission for Palestine, and a further visit to the seaboard to watch the fishermen fishing, so differently from ours, for the first time brought our minds how conservative is the East, and how slow the people are to advance in labor-saving devices. I tried to get the fishermen to understand how we in the North would handle their problem, and how they could, with far less difficulty and loss of time, catch ten times as many fish. Probably I was wrong, at least they all seemed to think so. But I am equally certain that if we had to rely on their methods and only realize their results, there would soon be no fishermen left alive in Labrador and Newfoundland.

Social Conditions.

We have been trying to understand social conditions ever since we started, and every step of the way we go makes us more satisfied with the potential conditions of life as we see them. To the North. The poverty in these places is far and away beyond that with which the man in our country need put up. Here hardly one man in a hundred has a pair of socks, and during this whole week past it has frozen hard at nights in Iraq. The men wear the scantiest and oldest garments, and though of course many have been able to put away money, the vast majority have not. The conditions of housing, clothing, draining, feeding and child mortality are infinitely worse than with us. The only thing that makes life in the least easier is that it is hotter in this country; but that brings malaria and all sorts of pests from which we are free in the North, in spite of our mosquitoes.

In Sacred Places.

Jerusalem is a dream to a Bible Jew. To be the guests of the American Colony, and have the help of their specialists in the archaeology and science of the country, men whose knowledge is gained by years of personal study on the spot, and who are living in the Colony to try, as they work at some trade or other occupation, to further the Kingdom of Jesus Christ on earth, is to enjoy the best that Jerusalem has to give.

One cannot go into the vexed question of sacred sites; but at least the Mount of Olives, the village of Nazareth, the Temple site, the walls and gates, the marvellous subterranean water passage built by Herod, from the Pool of Siloam into the old city, and many other places are genuine Solomon's quarries are wonderful, and the old Kedron Valley, and Jehosaphat's, and Hinnom, just bring back the old days, when I learned about these places at my mother's knee. We loved every one of them, and our swim in the Dead Sea, near Jericho, our visit to the Jordan, to Nazareth, Capernaum, Christmas Eve spent at Bethlehem, a swim at Cana of Galilee in the best-known lake in the world, a night at Tiberias with Dr. Torrance, and at Nazareth with Dr. Badgley—all are never-to-be-forgotten memories.

Saving Young Lives.

Mr. Blatchford, the able and unselfish head of the Near East work in Palestine, showed us, in their orphanages, many of the splendid young lives which it has been, and is being, and, please God, will yet be by their immense privilege to save. There were fine boys in those orphanages, and such economical management. There were no bedsteads, only mattresses on the floor, the same huge hall was being used for bed-room, dining-room, drill-room, class-room and games-room, and efficiently run at that. All the clothing was made by the boys, who were learning the trade, the same applied to carpentry, weaving, shoe-making, baking, iron work, etc. It was a reminder of Labrador and our own efforts.

Problems.

Here are some questions that all our friends will want to know how we would answer:—

What about Missions to Mohammedans? Well, that stone wall to progress has got to go before real advance can be made. Labels may not go—alas! anyhow they are a handicap to progress. But the thing itself must be so altered by examples of the spirit of Christ in people's lives, "read of all men," living amongst the rest, that the old genus will no longer be recognizable. The wall must be, and is being, undermined by deeds of love and lives of sacrifice.

What about medical missions? They are valuable, but to my mind they do not possess any patent. Still, it was good to hear a man tell us that as he walked along a road near Samaria recently, he met a man trudging beside a donkey, and holding on to the animal's tail and terribly sick wife. When he asked where the man was going to carry his wife, he replied, "To see the great Hakim that lives in Galilee." Have no lack of faith, friends at home. No deed of love done in the Master's name is lost. It is hard as yet for anyone of any religious label to change it, and still to remain among the folk where he has lived. In fanciful pages, it is even dangerous to do so. The danger is not confined to one religion or another, however, but is common to all to a lesser or greater extent.

Sir Herbert Samuel, High Commissioner for Palestine, told me that in his time no one has obeyed the law and registered his change of religion as a convert. But there are many who have reason to believe that the true conversion, not of label but of nature, has been registered in higher and more searching Courts than any man will set up in Palestine for many a day to come.

Christmas in Bethlehem.

On Christmas Eve we went down to Bethlehem and sang carols "under the wide and starry sky." On either side of us frowned the big churches of the Latins and the Greeks. The Armenian corner in the Church of the Nativity was not tenanted, for their Christmas is twelve days later than ours. We thanked God that it fell to our lot to have to sing praises for this fateful night out in the open air. Amongst the singers was the Church of England Bishop of Jerusalem. Later on a great door in the wall opened, that is a hole in the great door dike (for the opening has been cut down so as to make it too small to allow

the Turks to drive their cattle in for shelter when they wished). In the door appeared a fine old bearded face, and an invitation was extended to us to come in and finish our singing in his place of worship—the Greek Church. In we went, and the evening ended with a whole bevy of the marvellous garbed clergy praying for us, and giving us their blessing.

During the day we had walked in the Shepherd's Fields, and as we passed a cave in an overhanging rock, one of our party was told by the shepherd who was guiding us that he drove his sheep in there at night to keep them safe, as many jackals and hyenas were about. "But where is the door?" asked my friend, very naturally. "I am the door," he replied, just as simply.

Palestine is filled with happy incidents for the man who loves Christ. We find incongruities if we look for them in every rank of society, any in every walk of life. Even in our Lord's little body was not born into the world in the exact spot where men have let a silver star into the rock, and even if the intentional purpose of God has resulted in our not being able to locate exactly any of sacred sites, Palestine is a joyful dream for those who increasingly look upon Christ as the hope of the world.

Damascus and Lebanon.

To Damascus from Beirut is a brief motor drive of a few hours. We made it in the safe and comfortable cars of the Nairn Company. As we were later to cross with them over the Syrian

desert to Baghdad, they most kindly sent us over an extra day and night journey to Baalbek, greatest of all extant temple ruins in the world.

The crossing of the passes of the Lebanon is magnificent. It is lamentable, however, to see so few remaining really big cedars in those wonderful valleys. The heavy snow made the steep ascent most exciting; and the fact that next day we had to hire a large proportion of Baalbek city to dig us a road through the drifts in the town so as to enable us to get on to Damascus, was just as it should be for a wandering Labrador couple. I should not forget, as I never shall, that our long-time helper and friend, Mrs. Anderson Fowler, and our splendid fellow worker, Miss Emily Fowler, are travelling with us, and adding to the range of our pleasure and profit. Miss Rose Dexter, of Boston, is also travelling with us, and contributing to our gaiety and courage to venture.

At Damascus we were the guests of Dr. Brigstocke, of the Victoria Hospital. It was delightful to go around the wards, once more, and listen to the nurses' talk to the patients, to see the routine, and to realize that the patients were all Arabs and Syrians and Palestinians, who were rejoicing over New Year's festivities with us English and Americans. One French lad, recovering from a serious operation, took the occasion of the morning rounds to read to Dr. Brigstocke a really beautiful testimonial of love and gratitude, secretly got up to be presented on the great day. Love is love everywhere. It knows no difference of nation or colour or tongue. It speaks the same language, and is intelligible to us all.

Since writing the above we have been moving in a railway car through

Mesopotamia, cooking and camped the carriages. This has enabled us to see the wonderful resuscitation of old civilisation at Kish, and in which Abraham was born, and others. Oxford, Chicago, Pennsylvania Universities are working together in this most interesting work. The work of Major Woodhouse makes the story of Abraham longer mysterious, but just a natural tale. It is so easy to stand why he should go to Haran, he had so many camels and so on, and like the setting of the story in Palestine, or me it makes not only ten times as simple, but times as wonderful that it has been chosen of God to teach greatest lessons the universe learn.

Our bodies are steaming down Persian Gulf as I write. Our eyes are in the new hospital where we hope shortly to hear that we have arrived in Labrador, from the old far dock at Great Yarmouth, where myself sailed so many times in the days.

STRANGLER LEWIS WOK.
BOSTON, April 17.—Ed. Strangler Lewis, of Chicago, former heavyweight wrestling champion, two out of three falls from Alex. Den, Pacific coast, wrestler, at Boston Arena last night. Lewis substituting for Wawne (Big) ex-champion, now in Philadelphia.

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