

### Discomforts and Difficulties in

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the cou-these re-

WHIP

SAUCE

the pleasant excitement of rendered conversaire with a speed that would an autodrome mechanic. smile in satisfied fashion rom the French Foreign ! and it was of the valor of alion that the officer spoke he staff headquarters in Taza

drica. The area north of Taza and hauled us jerkily up the steep

- A 1919-11

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is particularly bad. In company with nearby. the Riff War Taza, where telephone calls were slope, for use in defense against a blessoms, were broken and bedraghurry, so our autombile left the great in good English, that he had played from a group of square mud dwellings Working since four o'clock in the oven

> the carrying of wounded. notice. Someone carelessly threw in in a hasty retreat. a big wooden box of cartridges just under the seat which I occupied.

Black and White All Alike. The road soon turned into little more than a mule path. The military authorities were building bridges, but A French force had been we were able to avail ourselves of no came to a little stream, usually ap be multiplied vastly in size and num- We passed an aeroplane which had fighting its way through to res- proached by sharply sloping banks. hem. Another column was fight- Down we went, bumping and groaning merrily around the floor under my sect. The car splashed through the Riff war is not a small affair. streams, sometimes throwing stones aparable to our own Boer War, about, sometimes clowing up periland in type of fighting, although ously in the deep mud. But always as hill, through the dust, and swung packet which was thrown out. nch have more difficult coun- we seemed to be hopelessly stalled, ver than was experienced in the engine gave one last terrific effort

bulances followed us in determined fashion. Once out of the beds of the streams we went along enveloped in ids of dust. It is easily to see why fighting is impossible in the wet season, for the mud on such tracks

A pull of wind momentarily blew some of the dust away from in front of us, and we saw a long line of khaki winding its way up a hill. The line esolved itself, on closer approach, no a battalion of black Senegalese, who grinned and waved their rifles at is as we swayed past. Every man was vered with dust from head to foot ntil it was almost impossible to tell the blackest negro from the fair- had flattened itself out on the running haired officers who marched with board about two feet from the box of them. The men's packs were piled in cartridges; but whether this souvenir little two-wheeled carts drawn by was there before not even the chaufnules, making the loads lighter in the feur could say.

We turned aside into an even worse track at a place where the concrete

day of the attack already mentioned. of a high slope. Men were digging trenchments. A clump of lauriere We started from staff headquarters at horizontal paths across the face of the roses, with clusters of beautiful pink a smiling, fair-haired Frenchman, coming in every few minutes with the possible attack. The captain in charge gled, where evidently the cavalry had story of the hotly resisted advance. of the camp insisted that we have a ridden through them. More a abulances were needed in a glass of wine with him. He told me, A cloud that was not dust rose water bottle, inviting us to drink. Morish gate of the old city with three football for France against England. beside the road as we turned a corner. small touring cars following us. They As we chatted with him and his lieut- A little hamlet had been set on fire, bore the insignia of the red cross, enant, a procession of natives passed either by French shells or by the reand were more or less fitted up for us, the men riding on top of great treating tribesmen. Now it was little offered us what must have been albundles borne by diminutive donkeys, more than a smoking ruin. Further most the last of his bottle. A gener-The cavalcade halted at a roadside the women staggering under heavy on, the columns of smoke became ous act. But, probably to his relief, depot, where scores of motor trucks, sacks. Men and women alike wore more numerous, with tongues of we denied any thirst. coated with grey dust, were being re- long garments, the men with hoods flame here and there. Soon every paired or loaded. Our chauffeur, who which some of them had put over their dwelling visible, and there were many command started out every day at had gone into a shed, returned with heads. These were members of the on all sides of us, was burning, the dawn and worked until darkness fell. four or five rifles, which were put in local "friendly' tribe, bringing in dirty white smoke mingling with dust They led the attacks, and were liable

proceeded. Great bare hills reared lute desolation, which brooded over it is very good!" "Bonnie chance," said the depot of their heads above us, as we crept the scene. Most of those burning Just then the telephonist ran up ficer quietly, as he shook hands with along a narrow river valley. Some of buildings had been the scenes of fierce with a message from headquarters for each of our two lieutenants, and with the peaks were two thousand feet fighting. Two or three Riffians of the lieutenant. In a moment he was high or more. Bleached grass or cop- cupied each bit of shelter sniping at snapping out orders. "Au revoir," he per-colored wheat grew on the lower the approaching Frenchmen until exclaimed. "Good-bye," said the young slopes, with occasional dust-covered blown up by artillery or bayoneted sergeant, and a minute later the two trees shading low mud dwellings. The by the legionnaires who climbed the cars were roaring along the bumpy hills were not continuous, but thrown slopes with grim determination. Many road with the ever-present cloud of here and there over the country. If of the houses in sight contained the dust rising around them, bound for the ded in the hills, and a column, such luxury. Every few minutes we the great heaps of refuse which accumulate outside blast furnaces could had fallen.

#### Wounded Suffer Tortures.

around a curve to face a strange faded into the color of the road. Each dwellings dimly visible to dage soaked with blood. But he was done their work.

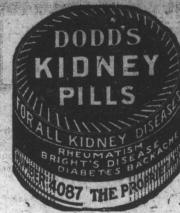
Our cavalcade and the armored cars up to the second auto-mitrailleuse. From the interior careful hands lifted he was dead, for he was pale as death itself. But as they laid him in the ambulance a piteous groan was torn from him. We looked at each other, the same thought occuring to all of us if this was agony for the wounded man, what of the bumpy passage over the terrible road back to Taza. One of the officers shrugged his shoulders. "Quelle horreur!" he said sadly.

"Mais, c'est la guerre." Another limp form was lifted out, his chest swathed in stained bandages. He, too, gasped as they carried him to the ambulance. Escorted by the foremost armored car, whose wounded passenger was still smiling on his lofty post, the little car started back

along the road. The other car wheeled around and under orders from one of my companions preceded us at a few yards distance. The remaining two ambulances kept close behind.

"Where were the men wounded?" I asked. "A little way ahead," he said negligently. "It is necessary now to have the auto-mitrailleuse for pro-

We were soon caught in a dust loud as effective as any smoke screen. he noise of the cars, running in low tear over the difficult road, which in more than one place had been cut by the enemy and hastily repaired, would ave made it impossible to hear if any one sniper had taken a shot at us. More than once there was a sharp crack on the mudguard or running board. Probably these were caused by stones thrown up by the wheels. In connection, however, we noticed when we dismounted that a bullet



### Absolute Desolation.

The car was now traversing land is particularly bad. In company with nearby.

two French officers I visited it on the A French camp nestled at the foot shell holes, hastily constructed ensured the boy introduced his lieutenant.

The country became wider as we sible to convey the tragedy, the absort concluded with a smile, "our morale-

ber, turned sandy grey in color and come down for lack of gasoline. A rough from the other side. The ing, with the box of cartridges bounccountry, it might give something the guarded it against the attack which might come at any minute. One of them shyly called "cigarets," as we bumped past, and there was a con-The car plowed its way up a steep certed rush for the half-emptied

> The field telephone station, which group. A gig camel ambled along, was our destination, was installed at with a young one by its side, both the foot of a great tree beside the laden with heavy bundles. Behind the parties were mopping up, and we yellow animals, whose race has pad- were, so to speak, at the base of the dled along these Moroccan roads for V of which the two columns were the a thousand years or more, came two wings. A battery of field guns was land battleships. Their steel plates firing from a concealed position, the were covered with dust until they shells plumping into a group of pore a turret from which projected through a pair of glasses. A line of WALT MAJON departed from my the grim shout of a mitrailleuse, point- infantry, further east, was winding its bosom, from my shoulderblade and ing straight at us. Armored cars they way like a long snake up a mountain toe. In the morning, when I'm holwere, or as the French call them, path, to occupy a position on the low, and before each meal I swallow "auto-mitraffleuses." And sitting on height. When the artillery changed its half a pint of Johnson's Essence, and the furret of the foremost car, with aim we could see a squadron of cav- it fits me for the fray; once my step gun pointing out between his alry charge down toward the huts was slow and halting but to-day you knees, was a dusty but smiling which had been bombarded to ride see me vaulting, over hedges, trees Frenchman. His clothes were torn, around and past them without any and fences, like a chamois blithe and

#### Offered His Water Bottle.

came to a sudden stop. There was a short and excited conversation, a quick order or two, and one of the am-Half a dozen French soldiers, two bulances slewed around and backed by four prisoners. The prisoners were tribesmen, not Riffians, for they wore a million tons and press it, take the white cloaks, instead of the black of juice and deffly dress it, in all sorts the body of a man. At first we thought black coffee, and regular white teeth the Riffs. They were the color of showed as they grinned at us.

Two auto-mitrailleuses, the one



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guns ceased their chatter for a moment, and to the general amuseme the cackling of a hen was plainly audible from the nearer of the two cars. The young sergeant who leaned gainst the hood laughed, and, turning to me, said in excellent English "A couple of passengers we picked up

He was only the second man I had found in two days who spoke English. It was unusual to find an armored car N.C.O. so accomplished, and I asked him where he learned the language. "Oh, I was, brought up in the States," he said. "I went to Columbia University, and used to spend my sumiers in Canada."

The boy was only twenty years old. He was doing his term of military service, and had just 38 days to go before it was finished. He remarked that the wounded men we had seen removed from his car an hour before had been hurt in the first attack, and had signpost had been chipped and scar- which had been Riff territory early been lying on the hills since four o'red by bullets. Three tribesmen had in the day. Signs of a fierce struggle clock that morning—nearly twelve sheltered themselves behind it—until which had wrested its ownership from hours—until their cries attracted the they died. Piles of cartridge boxes lay Abd-El-Krim were plentiful; empty men in the passing armored car. No

> burned red by the sun, and with a week's beard. We must have looked hot and dusty, for he offered us his bably parched with thirst himself, he

the car ready for use at a moment's booty which the enemy had dropped clouds to cast a gloomy mist over the to be called out at any time during the desolated country. It is almost impos- 24 hours to help in defense. "But," he

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#### HEALING DOPE.



lex Rhubarb Essence has encouraged invenescence, I am feeling vounger stronger, than felt some weeks ago; divers pains that seemed undying, sundry aches that kept

Johnson's Dup-

and around one of his legs was a ban- apparent resistance. The shells had gay. Old Doc Doodle says, "By thunder, often I'm impelled to wonder how a man of your attainments can be fooled by dope like that; rhubarb has no healing virtue; when I say it may not hurt you, I have given praise sufficient, it's a fake, inert and flat. Take of gaudy labels, and no ailment will it heal; yet this dope you are consuming, and its, merits you are booming, boosting it to all and sundry, telling which had convoyed us up, and an- men how good you feel." "You are other from the same company, stood wise and scientific," I remark in tones partific, "and my faith in Rhubard Essence may be purely a mistake; but if I believe it's curing all my ailments long enduring, little does it matter whether it's a blessing or a fake. If my spavins are receding, if my gumboils cease their bleeding, if I've no ingrowing whiskers while this Essence I consume, all the doctors may denounce me, wordy scientists may trounce me, but I'll swig the helpful Essence, and its virtues I will boom."

## Claim Victories

Peking, Oct. 22.—Generals of the Chekiang forces which have wrested practically all of Kiang Su province from the troops of Marshal Chang Tso Lin, the Manchurian leader, claim that they captured 7,000 of Chang's men near Nanking, where the Manchurian forces, retreating northward, crossed the Yangtze River.

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