

That Awful Ache of Lumbago Rubbed Away For All Time

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Lumbago is a peculiar sort of rheumatic trouble that affects the muscles about the loins and back. At times it is agonizingly intense. Severe spasms of pain shoot in all directions, and become more severe on stooping.

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ing the pain, is easing your distress, is making you well again. Nerviline quickly cures backache and lumbago because it has the strength, the power and penetrating force possessed by no other known remedy. Its amazing curative action is due to certain extracts and juices of rare herbs and roots, combined by a secret process, and forming a truly magical medical marvel. Any sort of aches in the muscles and joints Nerviline will cure quickly. It acts the pain right up—relieves stiffness, restores the muscles to their wonted elasticity and vigor. It's the quickest thing imaginable for rheumatism, sciatica or neuralgia. As for earache, toothache, sprains, or strains, nothing can excel good old Nerviline.

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The Web; OR, TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER IX.

The New Companion.

"Thank you!" she exclaimed; "then I'll come." "Well, you are here now," said Norah, with a smile, "and if you like, you may stay. Oh, but," she broke off, as if she had suddenly remembered, "I must ask the earl. You wait here until I come back. You can look at the book I was reading, if you like."

Becca took it, and Norah opened the door. She found Harman waiting on the stairs.

"Well, my lady, will she do?" she asked, anxiously. "Oh, yes," said Norah, with a smile; "I am sure she shall get on very well together. Please don't go in to her. I have given her a book to read, while I go down and ask the earl if she may stay."

Becca turned over two or three pages of Mrs. Browning and read a line or two; then she looked round the room with the book still in her hand. Presently the girl got up, and stealing on tiptoe to the next room, opened the wardrobe and looked at the dresses.

They were so few as to be soon exhausted, and still on tiptoe, as if she feared some one might hear her, she went to the dressing-table, parted and arranged the coils of her black hair, and surveyed herself critically, and yet complacently, in the glass.

There were one or two knock-knocks of Norah's lying on the table—a ring and a small watch chain—and Becca slipped the ring on her finger and hooked the Albert in her dress, and surveyed them in the glass.

Then her black eyes wandered about for something else to examine and try on. A small box caught her attention, and she took it up and tried to open it. It was either locked, or shut with a spring, but she managed to open it with the aid of a hairpin. There did not appear to be much in it to reward her curiosity, for it contained only a lock of hair inclosed in a scrap of paper, on which was written, "My dear mother's."

It was fair, silken hair, and Becca compared it with her own raven locks with a smile of satisfaction. In addition to the lock of hair, there was a photograph—a carte—of a woman's face, and Becca at once concluded that it was a portrait of the countess, Norah's mother, but, turning it over, she saw written on the back, "Dear Catherine."

She was looking at the portrait, and wondering whose it was, when the dressing bell rang, and she heard the handle of the door turn.

She had put the lock of hair back in the box, but there was no time to return the photograph, and as she ran swiftly into the next room and dropped onto the ottoman she slipped the portrait into her pocket.

CHAPTER X.

A Love Match.

Norah ran downstairs, leaving the inquisitive Becca, to ask the earl if she

might take that young person into her service. She knocked at the library door, but a footman informed her that the earl was in the drawing-room, and Norah, entering the room, found him seated with a lady rather more than middle age, but still remarkably pretty. She was dressed in exquisite taste, and Norah, as she stood still was instantly attracted toward her as the elder lady regarded her with a pleasant, welcoming kind of smile.

The earl rose and assumed his most graceful attitude. "This is my daughter, Norah, Lady Ferndale," he said.

Norah approached the pleasant-looking lady, and Lady Ferndale held out her hand; then she drew Norah toward her and kissed her very prettily.

"My dear, I am very glad to see you!" she said, and Norah thought how well her voice matched her gentle face and kindly eyes. "You have seen my husband," she smiled, "and have made a great conquest of him! I seem to have known you for years, he has talked so much of you."

Norah blushed, and the lady drew her into the chair beside her own. "I hope we shall be great friends," she said. "I haven't any daughters of my own left," with a plaintive little cadence, "they have gone from me now; and I am so fond of young people, as your father knows."

"All the world knows Lady Ferndale's goodness of heart," said the earl, with his courtly bow. "Lady Ferndale smiled rather whimsically.

"It is never safe to give your father an opportunity of paying a compliment, my dear," she remarked. "But I mean what I said."

"And always, with charming sincerity, say what you mean, dear lady," observed the earl, with another little bow.

Lady Ferndale laughed softly. "Yes, that's the worst of me! Ferndale often says that my excessive candor will be my ruin, and that he is continually getting me out of scrapes into which my plain speaking has hurried me."

She held Norah's hand while she was talking, and looked at her now and again with the deepest interest and admiration. "We must tell each other all about

Incandescent Gas Lighting. The remarkable economy of the incandescent gas lamp is by no means either its chief—or even an important—claim for popularity. It meets better than any other source of artificial light the requirements of ideal light.

In the color of the light produced it is far superior to any other illuminant in general and universal use. The investigations of acknowledged authorities indicate that for the approximation of artificial daylight the gas mantle has at least one and one-half times the value of the carbon-filament electric lamp.

This quality is highly desirable, indeed absolutely essential where the approximation of daylight color values is important. For lighting shops, displaying haberdashery, suitings, gowns, millinery, etc., the incandescent gas lamp is not even remotely approached by any other incandescent lamp.

Of all the manifold advantages of gas light, perhaps the most important is its favorable effect upon the eyes. The development of the incandescent electric lamp with its intense brilliant and glaring filament has been accompanied by hitherto unheard-of prevalence of eye troubles and diseases which are forcing themselves upon the attention of the medical fraternity. This is resulting in a greater appreciation of the soft mellow quality of gas light, and is rapidly enlarging its field of use.—July 23, 1900

HEAT FLASHES, DIZZY, NERVOUS

Mrs. Wynn Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her During Change of Life.

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For these abnormal conditions do not fail to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

ourselves, dear," she said. "Suppose we begin at once?"

Norah smiled at the quaint directness of the speech. "But we can't, while the earl sits there listening, can we?"

The earl rose promptly. "I take my dismissal," he said blandly.

"No, don't go; I've thought of another way, as the cookery books say. I wonder whether you would care to come back with me to dinner. Will you, Lord Arrowsdale?"

The earl conveyed a courteous negative by a wave of his hand. "I am sure you do not want me," he said. "But if you will confine your invitation to Norah—"

"That's just what I want!" remarked Lady Ferndale, with her refreshing candor. "I want to have her all by myself. Will you come, my dear? Ponies are at the door, and we will neither of us dress, as I glanced at Norah's dress approvingly, and, in deed, I don't think you have anything prettier than that frock!"

"I shall be very glad to come," Lady Ferndale, said Norah.

"Then run away and put on your hat, and we'll start at once," said Lady Ferndale. Then, as Norah left the room, she turned to the earl with an exclamation of surprise and admiration. "Gracious, what a beautiful girl! I don't wonder at Ferndale's raptures! What a happy man you must be to have such a sweet creature for a daughter!"

The earl bowed, but without any enthusiasm. "I am gratified by your approval of her, Lady Ferndale," he said.

"Approval!" she exclaimed; "that isn't the word. I'm in love with her at first sight. Why, she will be a tremendous success and set the county aglow. How can you possibly have neglected her from you so long. I can't think."

The earl's face grew momentarily hard and cold, and Lady Ferndale hastened to add: "However, wherever she has been, she has been well trained and cared for. That little air of repose and dignity she has is simply fascinating. I suppose she gets her manner from you?"

The earl smiled, and waved the compliment aside gracefully. "I have not yet had time to criticize her," he said, "but I am delighted that you should see anything to admire in her."

To Trifle With Catarrh Is to Risk Complication. Usually it comes with a cold. Being slight it is neglected—but the seed is sown for a dangerous harvest, perhaps consumption. To cure at once, inhale Catarrhoxone. It destroys the germs of catarrh, clears away mucous, cleanses the passage of the nose and throat. The hacking cough and sneezing cold soon disappear, and health is yours again. Nothing known for colds, catarrh and throat trouble, that is so curative as Catarrhoxone. It cures by a new method that never yet failed. The one dollar outfit includes the inhaler and is guaranteed to cure. Smaller sizes 25c. and 50c., sold everywhere.

her. For my part, I thought her— he paused a moment, "unlike any member of my family."

Lady Ferndale reflected for a moment, her head on one side; then she responded with startling candor: "Yes, so she is, quite unlike, when I come to think of it; she is so much more beautiful than any of the Arrowsdales."

The earl smiled grimly. "Thank you for us and for her," he said.

Lady Ferndale did not appear at all embarrassed. "Well," she responded, "that hair of hers, and her eyes are simply wonderful, and I'm sure you have nothing in the picture gallery to equal them."

"You are quite right," he assented, coldly; "we have not."

"Very well, then!" she exclaimed, triumphantly.

As she spoke, Norah re-entered the room, and Lady Ferndale rose with the alacrity of a young woman.

"Come along, my dear," she said. "You have just come in time to prevent your father and me from quarrelling. Never mind what it was about. We generally manage to quarrel over something, don't we, Lord Arrowsdale?"

The earl smiled, as if the idea were too absurd.

To quarrel with Lady Ferndale one must be an utter barbarian!" he responded, readily.

Lady Ferndale drew Norah's arm within hers, and they went into the hall. A carriage of an old-fashioned and remarkably comfortable appearance, stood at the step, and the sight of it seemed to remind Lady Ferndale of Norah's return.

"I'll send her back in a closed carriage," she said. "By the way, my child, I think you ought to have something warmer on, the nights are chilly."

Harman, who was standing at a little distance waiting to attend the ladies, and presently Becca came down with a soft Highland shawl.

"The very thing," said Lady Ferndale, and she looked hard at Becca as she followed with Harman and arranged the light rug over the ladies' knees.

Norah bent forward. "I have not asked my father yet, Becca," she said, "but I am sure, you may stay."

Becca, with the photograph in her pocket, dropped a half curtsy, and with a wave of the hand and a bow from the earl, the pair of ponies started.

"Wasn't that Rebecca South who came with your shawl, my dear?" asked Lady Ferndale, as she skillfully kept the high-mettled ponies in hand.

"Yes," said Norah. "I didn't know she was in service with you."

"Well, she scarcely is," said Norah, and she explained the circumstances. Lady Ferndale looked thoughtful.

"I hope she will be a good girl," she said. "I know she is very clever and quick, but—" she hesitated. "I'm afraid you'll find her rather giddy and wilful."

Norah laughed slightly. "Oh, I think she will be good," she said. "She seems reserved and shy at present."

Lady Ferndale smiled. (To be continued.)

Stafford's Phoratoxone Cough and Cold Cure is what you should take for that cough and cold you have had for such a long time. Price 25c. Postage 5c. extra.

Thrown by Chargers. Napoleon's favorite charger, Marengo, whose skeleton is preserved in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution, threw his master on two occasions; once so heavily that the Emperor remained unconscious for nearly an hour. King George's ancestor, William the Third, met his death from a fall from his horse. The animal, an one-eyed steed, stumbled over a mole-hill with fatal results to its rider. Afterwards the Jacobites tried to toast "Master One-Eye (that being the horse) and the Little Gentleman in Velvet, (that being his mole)." William I., too, though not unseated, came by his death through his horse stumbling over some hot coals at the siege of Nantes. King George II. had a narrow escape from death at the Battle of Gettysburg, through his horse falling with him, and partly upon him.

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Nov. 1st, 1916

- A Adams, Wm., Pennywell Road Anderson, Miss Fannie Atwell, John R., New Gower St. Angel, Margaret, South Side Abbott, Miss Mary, Pennywell Road Barbour, Winnie Barnes, Miss Annie, Church Hill Barrett, Wm., George's St. Barbour, Winnie Barnes, Miss Annie, Church Hill Barrett, Wm., George's St. Barton, Miss Katie, card Beckett, Wm. C., care G. P. O. Banks, Mrs. Peter, care G. P. O. Benjamin, W. W., Duckworth St. Brien, Miss Annie, care Mrs. Cox, Hamilton St. Bowman, J. E., Hamilton Avenue Boon, Edgar Brown, Miss Minnie Boyle, Thomas, Water St. Butcher, Wm. B., Hamilton Avenue Burton, Evelyn, care Gen. Delivery Butten, Lilly, LeMarchant Road Bugden, Mrs. Ben., late Burlin Brubett, Mrs. Beatrice, Hagerty's St. Budden, Miss J., Military Road Ballentyne, M. H., Hamilton Road Brussel, M. B. Burns, Miss Evelyn, LeMarchant Rd. Bruce, Mrs. James, Gower St. Butten, Capt., Hamilton Avenue Butler, Edward, Long Pond Road Butler, B. Bates, Miss Mac. Brennan, Timothy Cavanagh, John Kirby, Wm. Stephen Connell, Miss Katie, Prince's St. Clancy, James Carnell, P., care Salvation Army Clark, Mrs. John, care Rossiter's Lane Cane, John Carew, Miss Jean, Cochrane St. Kirby, Miss, card, Prince's St. Cox, Enoux Cooper, Miss Violet Cranford, Miss T., Allandale Rd. Collins, Miss Jean, Hamilton St. Coffin, Miss Florence, care G.P.O. Collins, Mrs. John Curtis, Miss Jessie, Cochrane St. Carey, Mrs. Phillip Connolly, Mrs. P. Cole, Miss Flo. Cotter, D., Nagle's Hill D Daly, John, care G. P. O. Day, George, card Davis, Miss Jennie Dewey, Jim, late Gumbo Dempster, Miss E., Grand Falls Dryden, Mrs. J., Hamilton St. Diamond, Miss Jennie, East End Dicker, John R., Duckworth St. Dick, G., Theatre Hill Dorothy, C. C., card Downey, P., Hamilton St. Duggan, Miss Annie, late Conche Doody, William Dunphy, Miss A., card, Gower St. Dowling, John R., Duckworth St. Doyle, Miss Kittie, Stephen's St. Dunn, Robert, Mullock St. Evans, Wm., Water St. West. Evans, R. W. Ebbes, Miss Mary, Bishop Field Coll. Ezekiel, Miss A., care G. P. O. F Flemming, Mrs. Newtown Road Froake, Ephraim French, John, care Boarding House Fleming, Mrs. John Field, Richard G., Beady's Lane Fitzgerald, Miss Mary, Water St. West Finkstein, Miss Katie, card Fowler, Miss Annie Foster, W. H. Ford, Wm. H., care Noah Ford Furlong, James Gray, Roy, care Gen. Delivery Gardner, Miss Annie, Mullock St. Grant, R., card Grant, Miss Kitty Galt, Mrs. A., Martin, New Gower St. Gardner, Wm., New Gower St. Green, Miss Annie, Lime St. Greene, Mark Gillyan, Miss Nancy, William St. Gillette, Miss P., Gower St. Gillion, Mrs., Battery Road Goodand, Miss Elsie, Nagle's Hill Goodley, Frank, Water St. Goodall, Mrs. James, 20 Street Goss, Miss Rose, LeMarchant Road Goss, M. J., Water St. Guest, Miss Edith, card Garrett, Wm. Green, Mabel, McKay St. Hancock, Miss Winnie, Water St. Halden, Pauline, Seaview House Hayward, Miss Sarah, Patrick St. Hanson, H. J. Harrington, Mrs. A. M. Hackett, Mrs. David Hallern, Leo, Gower St. Hanks, Mrs. George E. Hewitt, Miss Martha, South Side Hewitt, Stephen, Burton's Pond Hickey, Miss Aggie, New Gower St. Hickey, Miss B., New Gower St. Hiscock, Hugh Hilton, Capt. S. J. Harwood, Albert, Barter's Hill Howarth, Miss Ada, Queen's Road Howlett, Miss Maney, Charlton St. Hopkins, Miss Minnie, Hayward Ave. Hoodnott, Miss M., Victoria St. Hooley, Mrs. A. Howlett, Miss L. Hussey, Miss Edith M. Hunt, Mrs. Sarah, Flemming St. Halleran, Flossie Hewett, Miss Bessie, Ronnie's Hill Rd. Haines, Alfred, Terra Nova Hotel Howell, Wm., Smallwood Building Hobbs, Miss Jennie, Forest Road Johnson, Miss Edith, card, Water St. Jaynes, Willis, Water St. Joseph, Phelie, Water St. Joseph, Thomas James, Mrs. Belle Jackman, A. F. Jarvis, Miss Hannah, Cuckold's Cove James, Wm. J., George's St. Joseph, Miss Phoebe, care Miss Fitzpatrick, Gower St. Kelly, Miss Maggie, Cook's St. Kearsey, Wallace, Pennywell Road Kennedy, Hugh, Lime St. Kent, Mrs. Wm., Lower Water St. Kane, Miss Catherine, Theatre Hill Kindie, Mrs. F., card, George's St. Keating, Miss S., York St. King, Mrs. Stephen, Water St. West Knight, Selby, George's St. Knowling, Mrs. Edward, Pleasant St. Kennedy, Mrs. Edward Lukin, Frederick, Lion's Square Lahey, Miss Bride, Water St. East Landen, W. H. Lake, Miss May, New Gower St. Laine, Hubert, care G. P. O. Langer, S., South Side Linthorn, Alfreda, care Mrs. Humphries, Cabot St. Learie, William Lord, W. P. Martin, Miss Bertha, King's Road March, Peter, care G. P. O. March, Miss Gertrude, Fever Hospital Maddox, Miss Annie, Duckworth St. Mansel, Frederick, George's St. Malone, Richard, Lime St. Martin, Herbert, Bond St. Martin, Herbert, J. 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Thistle, Mrs. E., New Gower St. Tilley, John, Springdale St. Tilley (or Pille), Lizzie, late Green's Harbor Tilley, Miss Daisy, card, Henry St. Thomas, Miss Isabella, St. John's East Thomas, W. J. Tulk, Walter Virgo, Harry, care Gen. Post Office Walsh, Miss Bertha, LeMarchant Rd. Walsh, Thomas, care Gen. Delivery Whalen, C., Casey St. Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road Way, Benson M. Walsh, Thomas, Nagle's Hill Walsh, Miss Gertrude Warner, A. E., care G. P. O. Walker, Miss Mary R., Gower St. Waugh, Mrs. W. A. Walsh, Mrs. K., card, Queen St. Wheeler, Billie Westcott, Miss Annie White, Miss Mary, P. O. Box Whitten, James, Allandale Road Winsor, Billy, care Gen. Delivery White, Miss Ethie, Prescott St. White, Thomas, Brazil's Square White, John, P. O. Box 36 Whitway, Walter K., card Williams, Mrs. Walter, Cook St. Whitten, Mrs. Thomas

J. ALEX. ROBINSON, Postmaster General.

Anxious Dreams Ended.

Germany's Plan to Overrun Black Continent is Squelched.

What will be the ultimate fate of the German colonies which have fallen into the hands of the Allies? It seems likely that they will go to the allied colonies which "march" to their borders. But, however, that may be, there will be none of the Allied powers interested in colonial development—and none has so great an interest as Great Britain—that will not rejoice at the removal from Africa of the menacing and trouble-making power which, for a quarter of a century, has been sowing dissension and promoting hostility between the other nations in colonial matters. In almost every rising, and certainly in every war, which Great Britain has had on her hands in that period in South Africa, the German hand can be traced. It was Germany which blocked the way to the fulfilment of the dearest desire and the most earnest expectation of Cecil Rhodes. German ships

and German subsidies were drawing the trade of the coasts into German hands with marvelous rapidity. Into practically every department of trade in South Africa German interests were worming their way. From the military point of view, however, the East African campaign is highly instructive, inasmuch as it has shown what a small native army, organized on European lines, can do.

I was reading the other day a very interesting article by Edgar Wallace, the military expert, on German schemes and dreams about the Dark Continent. To-day we can gratefully recognize how, with the falling of the German colonies into the Allies' hands all the dreams of a Greater Imperial Germany have evaporated. But as to how near they were at one time to becoming actualities we get a hint from Mr. Wallace. "Eight years ago," he says, "I had the outlines of Germany's colonial plans sketched to me by the captain of a German steamer which was carrying me from port to port along the west coast. It included the raising of a native army in Africa, which should

be the native counterpart of the German army in Europe. It was intended to establish a standing army of 150,000 in East Africa, with reserves and auxiliary services fashioned upon the best Prussian model. It is a fact, by the way, that the model most closely adhered to by successive commanders in East Africa was the British, and that the first native forces raised in that region were armed, equipped, and organized on the lines of our own native African battalions. A black Prussian army and a strong navy would have given the German first choice of colonies in Africa. There is a greater tragedy of frustrated ambition in the passing of German East Africa than most people realize."

"I WANT TO KISS DADDY GOOD-NIGHT."

The sweetest patriotic child song ever written by G. V. Thompson, author of "When Your Boy Comes Back to You" and "When Jack Comes Back." Each 25c. post paid; stamps accepted. GARLAND'S, Leading Bookstore, 177-R Water St., St. John's, Nov. 4.

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Prominent New York Lawyer... His Visit to the Battlefield... of an Soldiers Cool in Action... Jack E. Couder, who witnessed the Last Part of the Battle of... Says the British Guns could have.

New York, Oct. 31.—Francis Couder, international lawyer, returned to-day on board the steamer Nordam of the Holland-America Line, said he had witnessed the part of the battle of Thiepval, Somme as the guest of General... "When the British guns went with that place and Couder said Mr. Couder, "they were with the ground. There was no house left standing. The tanks actually deleted, and the German oners with whom I spoke of, that the British fire had been irrevocably hellish. The Cure of Couder told me that he had in view for some trace of his Chateau before that the Germans had to the places so strongly that Couder admitted that Thiepval was one of the strongest fortifications in Europe."

What British Accomplished

"What the British have accomplished in two years is simply marvellous. They afford a splendid lesson to the United States as to what can be done in organization within so short a time. Never in the history of the world has there been such a complete and thorough re-organization of their aeroplanes, artillery and aviation, and of the numbers of men handled. They have a million and a half soldiers in France, and millions more under training in England. The soldiers are well fed, well taken care of as if they were at home. I saw Canadian soldiers front chewing gum during the engagement. They have every desire."

German Well Treated

"The German prisoners of war themselves as highly pleased with their lot. They told me that they were afraid to surrender to the British because the report was spread among them that they were only taken to be slaughtered. The letters being arriving home from prisoners, telling of the treatment the English were giving them, they became less reticent."

