

MILLIONS POINT WAY TO ABUNDANT HEALTH, JOY AND PROSPERITY.

Bring Cheerful, Inspiring
And Hopeful Messages
To Those Who Are Sick
In Body And Spirit.

TESTIMONIALS GIVEN
WOULD FILL VOLUMES

Possible For Everyone To
Enjoy The Good Things
Of Life—To Eat, Sleep,
Work and Play To The
Fullest Measure.

Every human being is entitled to health, happiness and success. It is positively wrong to be satisfied with less. Do not fold your hands and accept ill-health as something you cannot avoid or overcome.

Tens of thousands of men and women from all parts of the world have testified that life has been made worth living to them after they had almost given up hope. These are the fortunate ones who have been restored to health and strength by the use of Tanlac, by far the world's most celebrated tonic medicine.

If human testimony can be believed at all, and who can be so skeptical as to doubt these solemn and grateful statements, Tanlac has a power, a virtue, a merit, such as no other medicine ever possessed before. If these signed and witnessed statements, voluntarily given from a mo-

re of gratitude only, were bound into volumes they would fill a big library and all of them speak the same cheering, inspiring and hopeful message.

They all agree that Tanlac brings a feeling of new life and energy to every portion of the body and sends the blood tingling through the veins. The body becomes ruddy with the glow of health, the mind casts off its drowsiness and becomes once more alert and active; there comes new life, new energy and a new feeling of ability to do things never thought of before.

There is absolutely no excuse in this day and time for anyone to be classed among the weak, anemic, half-sick, miserable and worn-out specimens of humanity who are being left behind in the race of life. You owe it to yourself, your family and your future to keep fit, for health means happiness and success. Health brings the capacity to enjoy the good things of life, to eat, to sleep, to work and to play to the fullest measure.

Join, to-day, the vast army of those who have been made healthy and strong by Tanlac. Throw off the poisons that are ruining your digestion, weakening your strength, wrecking your nerves, making your liver torpid, causing headaches, backaches and crippling you with rheumatism and other destructive diseases.

Bring the color to your cheeks and the sparkle of health to your eyes. Be robust, strong and sturdy. You can do this and you owe it to yourself, your future, your family, to act now. Get Tanlac from your nearest druggist to-day and watch how quickly you begin to eat better, sleep better, feel better and work better.

Enquiry Into Manuel's Tragedy.

WILLIAM HIBBS, (Sworn).—I reside at Portugal Cove and am Local Constable at that place. I remember Saturday August 19th last. I was at Portugal Cove on that day. It was a fine day overhead and a little blowy. The wind was from South to S.S.W. There were boats out fishing from Portugal Cove all that day. A south wind blows pretty well out of Portugal Cove. The fishermen go off fishing in the Bay about four miles or four and a half miles. The first I heard of the accident was at about 7.30 on Sunday morning August 20th, when Captain Robertson of the S.S. Pawnee knocked me up and told me two men were astray all night and when I went down on the wharf with Captain Robertson a man named Isaac LeDrew of Kelligrews, who was on the Pawnee, had found the boat. The boat was found in a place they call the gut. I examined the boat and found she was twelve feet long, four feet eight inches wide and sixteen inches deep, spar twelve feet long, gaff twelve feet long and boom twelve feet long. The rudder was

attached owing to being fastened with a piece of wire. The sail was split into two and the remainder of it split in two and the remainder of it was up when we found the boat, the reason of that being because the boat was upside down when we found her and when we righted her the centre board dropped back. I saw a belt in the boat and it was in the well of the centre board, and could have been placed there by any person in the boat and after the boat turned over it remained in its place being caught. The boat was a wooden one and copper fastened. There was no mark to show that the boat got any hard usage. The tiller was in place but I do not know whether the sheet was made fast or not. The halyards that held the sail up formed the back stays and there were no other. In my opinion it would not be very suitable for a boat of that kind to be out in the Conception Bay with the wind that was blowing that day. All the boats fishing out of Portugal Cove got home safely from fishing on the 19th. Assuming the boat met with an

accident a mile to the southward of Kelly's Island I cannot understand how the boat drove into Portugal Cove with the way the wind was blowing on that day. The wind, in my opinion, was not favourable enough to carry the boat towards Portugal Cove. The wind would have to be west by south to bring her into the Cove. A south wind blows clean out of Portugal Cove and a north west wind blows straight in. The opinion of the fishermen that day is that the tide was running from the southwest. The only way I can account for the boat being found in Portugal Cove is that it might be possible for one of the occupants of the boat to have steered her in there. It could have happened that the boat swamped and did not turn over. The men would be able to navigate the boat down the shore by the rudder and the small bit of the sail that was left. I was in the boat when she was full of water and turned mouth up and she could cloths burst in the sail but not gone altogether. The sail was stung together and it could be planked across after the sail had burst that the reef point had been tied down the second time. I should say that after the sail was reefed there were about seven yards of shirting left. There was a boom and a gaff on the sail. The boom was fastened with a goose neck and the sheet was a single one and ran through a block and tackle made fast to a boom and received through two blocks on the thwart. The gaff was fastened through the iron that ran up and down the spar. There was a sheave in the top of the spar and the halyards that hoist the sail ran through the sheave and was made fast by one end to the gaff and came down to the thwart forming a back stay. The spar was stepped forward, about 6 inches aft of the stem of the boat. There was one pintle in place on the rudder and one was broken off. There was a screw went through the rudder with a piece of wire fastened to the staple and it was quite evident that this pintle was broken before the boat left that morning and was perfectly safe as the rudder could not come up. In my opinion it was perfectly safe for the ordinary fishing boat to go out from Portugal Cove to Kelligrews, and there would be no danger getting back. The boats from Portugal Cove were out all day going back and forth and I was around Portugal Cove all day and I saw no top or wind sufficient to prevent the ordinary fishing boat from going out any time that day. A good search was made at Portugal Cove and vicinity for the bodies without result. Owing to the live rocks and boulders on the bottom the search was not as good as might be. I was often out in Conception Bay in a fishing boat with much wind and I saw no boat that day. There would not be too much to go out in a two handed punt.

Just Folks
By EDGAR A. GUEST.

COURAGE.

Now Courage was sung by the poets
When heroes were sturdy and valiant
And held it high honor to die on the field,
To fight single-handed and never to yield;
But round us and round us, wherever we go,
Shines courage as brave as the ancients could know,
Yet nobody sings it or decks it with praise.
It passes unnoticed as part of our days.
I'll tell you a story. A maid that I know,
Who danced and was glad in the lost long-ago,
The pride of the village, had lovers a score,
For she was a girl that the world could adore;
She was gentle and true and was lovely to see
And her voice just as sweet as the birds in the tree,
And her eyes just as clear as the skies when they're blue
But the dream of her young life has never come true.

Now she lived with her mother—her father was dead—
And the mother, an invalid, kept to her bed,
And Love came beseeching her heart and her hand
The home she had dreamed of, the carriage to ride,
The children she hungered to have at her side,
But steadfast he answered him, year after year:
"I never will marry while mother is here."

You will find them together—the mother still here,
The daughter still standing to comfort and cheer;
No longer young lovers are found at her gate,
For beauty must vanish and youth cannot wait,
The joys that life promised—she turned from them all
To be near her whenever her mother should call,
Year after year at that bedside she's sat,
And, poets, I say it takes courage for that.

Destruction of Smyrna Complete.

HORRIBLE MASSACRES PERPETRATED BY THE TURKS.

LONDON, Sept. 15.—The destruction of the great part of Smyrna by fire, accompanied by reports of horrible massacres perpetrated by the Turkish Nationalist forces, the victims numbering between one and two thousand persons, has still further complicated the already grave situation in Asia Minor. Up to the present the reports of these massacres appear to depend largely upon possibly exaggerated statements of terrified refugees, but it seems impossible to doubt, from information reaching London, that a number of lives have been sacrificed, women outraged and other atrocities committed. The destruction of the greater part of Smyrna left some 60,000 Greeks and Armenians homeless and destitute.

If the British Government has received official reports of happenings in Smyrna from its representatives there, or from commanders of the naval units in Turkish waters, none of them has as yet been issued for publication and the only news reaching here is contained wholly in first reports.

According to one report, the Turks deliberately burned the city to hide the evidence of their massacres and pillagings, but what appears more probable from other reports was that the Turks' motive was to force the Allies to evacuate the entire Christian population and thereby settle the problem of minorities in Anatolia.

At Last.

The sergeant was reaching the end of his patience in his examination of the recruits' squad.
"For the last time," he yelled, going almost purple in the face, "I ask you the simple question: What is a fortification?"
Shooters dropped and, with faces void of intelligence as a vacuum of air, the recruits stood fast as a man. No one answered.
Striding up to the most intelligent-looking man, the late N.C.O. bawled: "Tell me, what is a fortification?"
The answer came like a cork out of a bottle:—
"Two twentifications, sergeant!"



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