

MALNUTRITION

is often due not so much to a lack, as to a failure of the system to properly assimilate food.

Scott's Emulsion

is readily assimilated by those of delicate constitution and is an active factor in promoting growth and restoring strength.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.
20-45c

Adrift on the Ice-Pan.

Almost everyone has heard or read of Dr. Grenfell, the Labrador missionary doctor, but few have heard of the perils and adventures of his hazardous life.

A sample of the difficulties the doctor had in attending patients is related in what he calls "The Ice-Pan Adventure," which shows heroism and resource in most desperate straits.

On Easter Sunday, 21st April, 1908, while it was still winter in North Newfoundland, everything still covered with snow and ice, returning to the hospital at St. Anthony after morning service, he was met by the news that a dog team had come sixty miles from the south to get a doctor for an urgent case. It was that of a young man suffering from acute bone disease of the thigh.

The doctor had an exceptionally good dog team for sagacity and endurance, Moody, Watch, Spy, Doc, Erin, Jerry, Sue and Jack. So powerful were they that the doctor's team far outstripped the tired messenger team on its return journey. Fog and rain softened the snow, making travelling difficult. The second day's journey of 40 miles was partly over an arm of the sea. The messenger team was on ahead, to wait at the other side of the bay.

Rain fell; the sea rolling in smashed the surface ice; between the

ice pans were great gaping chasms. The doctor reached a small island in the middle of the bay over an ice bridge, and from that point had only several miles if he could make it. The doctor flung himself on his komatik, and the dogs started for the rocky promontory, four miles away. Within a quarter of a mile of the objective the wind dropped, and he found that he was travelling over ice composed of tiny bits formed by the pounding together of the large pans by the heavy seas. The whole field of ice was loosening so rapidly that no retreat was now possible.

He shouted to the dogs to make a dash for the shore; they scented danger, hesitated, and the komatik sank in the soft slob, while the dogs, in their attempts to pull harder, also sank. The doctor remembering a man had been drowned in this way, cut the traces, retaining the leader's trace round his waist. The leader dog had found a slight point of vantage in a piece of snow packed and frozen together, and, looking back seemed to grin with satisfaction. The rest were bogged like flies in treacle.

With difficulty Dr. Grenfell worked his way to the little island of slob ice, and lay with his dogs around him. Drifting Out to Sea.

The fate of all seemed to be that of drowning, as the frozen snow drifted seaward. The doctor had lost cap, gloves, and overalls, when he tried to urge the dogs by their seaship traces, to make for a firmer block of ice. Nothing would make them move, though thrown into the water.

At last he managed to get all but one onto this new haven of refuge, and found they were drifting seaward on what was not ice but frozen snow, which the sea would break up. Would the team ahead come back and look for them? There was only one chance in a thousand they would be seen.

The doctor cut down his long boots and made a kind of jacket to shield him from the rising wind. He saw that he must have the skins of some of the dogs if he was to live out the night without freezing.

He envied the dead beasts, now beyond their troubles; by night they were ten miles on their seaward voyage, driven by a west wind, the doc-

tor clothed in three dog skins. The carcasses of the dogs made a wind-screen. At intervals he removed his clothes, and wrung them out in the wind, and stuffed oakum in his boots. As it happened, he had rigged himself in old football clothes.

He cuddled close to the biggest dog, drew the dog skins over him, and tried to sleep. He awoke at midnight shivering, the wind rising, and still bearing them steadily to sea. Then following a clam, and from the frozen legs of the dead dogs he made a kind of flagstaff with his shirt as signal flag, and for hours he waved the extemporised flag without a sensation of fear.

How the Rescue Was Made. An attempt to get some sort of light failed. By and by came the glitter of an oar. He had been observed. This was a rescue party, and as it drew near someone shouted "Don't get excited. Keep on the pan where you are."

The doctor, remarks, that they were more excited than himself, "and had they only known, as I did, the sensations of a bath in the icy water, without a chance of drying one's self afterwards, they would not have expected me to wish to follow the example of the Apostle Peter."

Not a word was spoken as the first man grasped his hand, from the rescuing party. Some hot tea was welcome, the dogs were hoisted on board, and the difficult return journey was made through floating ice. He was taken like a log to St. Anthony, his feet being so frozen that he could not walk. He was kept in bed for a time, with frozen hands and feet, but eventually recovered. In the hall of the hospital there is a frozen tablet with the inscription:

"To the memory of
Three Noble Dogs,
MOODY, WATCH, SPY,
Whose lives were given
For mine on the ice,
April 21st, 1908."

Personal.

Rev. C. H. Johnson and family returned to Berwick after spending two months in St. John's, Nfld., where Mr. Johnson supplied the Congregational Church for 3 Sundays. This church, expecting a prominent pastor, wrote Rev. Mr. Wright (Presbyterian) of Waterville, formerly of Nfld. to supply for two months till he would come from England. He could not go, but suggested to Mr. Johnson that he should go, and through the great kindness of Rev. A. Hocking, on his circuit, he was able to take the trip and what was practically his first vacation, which they all greatly enjoyed.—The Wesleyan.

Mainly About People.

The Rev. J. L. Reed, an aged minister of Sonora, Ky., says that during his forty-seven years' service as a pastor, he has never been paid more than \$350 in any one year, but he says he has been instrumental in saving 12,000 souls and has never been in debt.

William Agnew Barrett tells this story on himself. He induced Charles Hanson Towne, the author, to listen while he read a poem, and on looking up from his manuscript found he had read the gentleman to sleep. That very same poem ranks among the literary gems of the day.

It would require a show-down between W. Averell Harriman, son of the late Edward H. Harriman, and Junius Spencer Morgan, son of J. Pierpont Morgan, to ascertain which pays the larger income tax. Both were equally studious boys in their college days. Both are now in the first ranks of business.

The new head of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, William Martin Williams, may well declare that there is a "destiny that shapes our ends." He was solicitor of the Agricultural Department and when Senator Martin of Virginia died and Secretary Glass became Senator and the treasury portfolio fell to the Secretary of Agriculture Houston, then it was that Mr. Williams received recognition of his abilities.

When Dom. Miguel, the Duke of Braganza recently renounced his aspirations to the throne of Portugal in favor of his younger son, Prince Duarte, who is favored by Integralists and Legitimists, he destroyed all hope of sitting on the throne that may have been entertained by Anita Stewart of New York, since she married the elder son of Miguel.

Virginia Woolf, whose writings have made her famous, is the daughter of Sir Leslie Stevens and the god-daughter of James Russell Lowell. Her father was her instructor. She has this advantage over other authors that her work is printed in her own private press in her home by her husband and herself.

George de Hedberg, one of the trusted generals of the murdered Czar of Russia, is now a mechanic in a New York city garage, and his wife, Baroness Taube, former companion of the Imperial princess, is now "plain" Mrs. Hedberg, of New York. The Reds took their beautiful home and confiscated their wealth and would have taken their lives if they had not escaped.

MRS. M. C. CROWLEY, of Los Angeles, who says Tanlac completely restored her health after everything else, even a change of climate, failed to help her in the least.



"I came to Los Angeles trying to regain my health, but I didn't get any better, even in this wonderful climate, until I began taking Tanlac," said Mrs. M. C. Crowley, who lives at 1041 South Hill St., Los Angeles, the other day.

"I was so weak and broken down that I was hardly able to get about at all. I suffered terribly after my meals on account of my food souring and gas forming on my stomach, and I would feel so tight that I could hardly get a good breath. My appetite left me and I was so nervous that I couldn't stand the least noise and I never knew what it was to get a good night's sleep."

"I tried dieting for more than two years, but that didn't help me any, for I was continually getting worse all the time and actually lost twenty-five pounds in weight."

"All the different treatments and medicines I took failed to do me the least bit of good, and I finally came to the conclusion that my condition would never be any better."

"I know from my personal experience with it that Tanlac is a good medicine, for as soon as I began taking it, I began to improve. Why, it is perfectly wonderful the way I have gained in strength, weight and every other way, and I now feel like a different woman entirely."

"I have a fine appetite and my nerves are in such perfect condition that I sleep soundly every night. I never suffer from sour stomach and gas forming after meals and, in fact, all my troubles have just gradually disappeared since taking Tanlac."

"I feel so thankful over my improvement that I am glad to have the opportunity to recommend Tanlac to everybody."

Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors, in Paradise by Mrs. Martin F. Byrne, in Upper Gullies by Heber Andrews, in Portland by C. C. Haines, in St. Joseph, Salmonier, by Mrs. J. Gush, in M. town by Exploits Valley Royal Stores, Ltd., in Flat Island by William Samson, in Jamestown by Christopher Haines, and in Lewisporte by Uriah Freake.—adv.

**Stumble Made
a New Dish.**

"Pie a la mode" is always listed those days on the menu cards of all well regulated restaurants, says the New York Sun. Lined up with all the other desserts, it is a sort of pie de resistance, so to speak.

In other words, pie a la mode is not only a triangle of your favorite brand, but it carries as a sort of extra baggage a more or less sizable wad of ice-cream on its top. Thus the resistance.

Picologists who have been trying to ascertain where this quaint dish originated say the nearest they can come to the latitude and longitude is Mascatoine, Ia. This now famous double dessert is said to have been first used at a hotel in Mascatoine, where as a rule the travelling men used to eat three kinds of dessert after each meal. According to the investigators, the new dessert originated to the following manner:

A waitress at the hotel had asked one of the drummers what he would have for dessert, and the drummer said he would have some apple pie, ice-cream and rice pudding. The waitress was bringing in the order when she tripped over another drummer's foot and the dishes got somewhat shaken up.

When waitress and dishes regained their equilibrium she found that the vanilla ice-cream had jumped up and landed right on top of the apple pie. The waitress being peevish, placed the combination dish in front of the drummer. The pudding was unplaced, but the pie and ice-cream combination made such a hit that it was a regular dish at the hotel after that.

It was not called pie a la mode, however, according to the best information available, until it reached cosmopolitan New York and the linguistic menu cards.



SALE!

GIRLS' COATS

GIRLS' WOOL SETS
LADIES' SKIRTS

LADIES' COATS

LADIES' FUR COLLARS
LADIES' SWEATERS

AND ALL GENERAL DRY GOODS.

MILLEY'S GREAT CASH SALE!

Ladies' Coats

The newest styles. Tremendous reductions. Coat worth \$28.00 now \$15.00.

Ladies' Skirts

In Navy Serge for\$2.35
In Navy Cloth for\$3.60
In Covert Cloth for\$4.50
Large assortment Plaids, Stripes, etc.

FUR COLLARS from \$4.00 up.
If you need Furs, get our prices before you buy.

Girls' Coats

Worth \$16.00, now\$10.00
Worth \$13.00, now\$ 8.25
Worth \$ 7.00, now\$ 3.00

Ladies' Sweaters

in pure wool; all the newest shades for \$6.00.

Wool Sets for Girls

Worth \$1.70 for\$1.45
Worth \$1.40 for\$1.15
Worth \$2.20 for\$1.76

COME AND BE CONVINCED.

MILLEY'S

nov12,21

Witchcraft Still Lives.

The following story I was told in one of the smaller of the Channel Islands this summer, the accuracy of which is vouched for by the medical practitioner concerned, says a correspondent. A man was very perturbed with the condition of his wife who was lying dangerously ill. He consulted a witch doctor, who advised him to perform the following test which would indicate to him whether or not his wife would recover. A circle was to be formed of mercury poured on the ground. In the middle of the circle dragon's blood (resin ob-

tained from Daemonorops draco) was to be placed and fired. The direction in which the smoke travelled would indicate whether the lady would recover. The experiment was undertaken, and from the direction in which the smoke blew, death was predicted. Apparently the experimenter was not astute enough to ensure the smoke blowing at a recovery angle. Be that as it may, the witch doctor was again visited, and she explained that the patient was under the influence of the evil eye. To remove the spell the husband was directed to open his front door at midnight, watch the house, that the person would be the culprit, and the spell

would only be removed by drawing his blood. The witch doctor's directions were again observed, and as ill luck would have it, a harmless but very garrulous little man, not remarkable for his intelligence, was discovered passing. The victim was inveigled into the house, where, despite his spirited but unavailing protests, his throat was deliberately cut. Happily, the unfortunate man made his escape, reported the event to the authorities, and was saved by the skill of my informant. The husband was sentenced, I believe, to one month's imprisonment.

**The Road—In New Overland 4 Motor Car on Three-Point Cantilever Spring Suspension**

YOU expect a bad road to ride as it looks. It did, until the introduction of the Springbase of the Overland 4 Motor Car.

The Overland 4 does not change the road, but it does change the manner in which you ride on it. It gives you comfort instead of discomfort. It gives you a smooth, sailing sensation instead of bouncing and swaying.

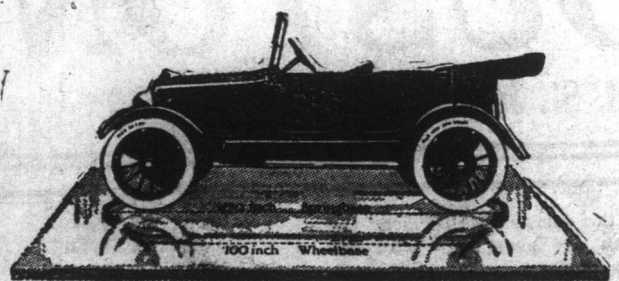
The Diagonal attachment of Three-Point Cantilever Spring Suspension at the ends of a 130-inch (3.3m) Springbase gives long wheelbase road steadiness. Yet the Overland 4 retains all the advantages—lightness, economy, and ease of handling, of 100-inch (2.54 m) wheelbase.

This means an altogether new standard of riding comfort, a noteworthy reduction in the wear and tear which lessens the efficiency of the car. The new springs give longer life to every part and thus minimize upkeep and replacement costs.

Tires wear longer because cushioned against hammering blows. Light weight means marked economy in petrol, oil and running expense.

Overland 4's equipment is complete from Auto-Lite Starting and Lighting to Demountable Rims.

Come in and see this remarkable car!



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