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W. G. M. SHEPHERD, Montreal, Sole Agent for Newfoundland.

Rescue of the Tara's Prisoners.

ROMANCE OF THE DESERT.

(From W. T. Massey.)

While on the Western Egyptian front last week, I heard full details of the rescue of the Tara prisoners from four officers engaged in that daring enterprise, in an absolutely unknown country, to succour nearly 100 starving Britons. It will stand as a classic in military annals. In many ways fortune favored us, but it was only by a complete disregard of tremendous difficulties and a display of high qualities of courage and resource that the expedition was successful.

The discovery of the place of concealment was one of the romantic features. When General Lukin re-occupied Sollum he found that the enemy had burnt the camp, and the German-owned munition factory at Bir Waer, six miles south of the port. Ten armoured cars, following up the enemy's tracks, came upon a remarkable road, which, starting in the desert, runs to Tobruk, ninety miles away in Tripoli. According to English notions the road surface was execrable, but the armoured car enthusiasts declare it to be splendid. Over it the motors had a speed of thirty-five miles an hour.

At Aziza, nineteen miles from Bir Waer, the cars suddenly came upon the enemy, and dashed into a Turkish mountain-gun and two machine-guns, killing every gunner by maxim fire. Then, without a halt they charged in line over the boulders, stiff scrub, sandy patches, and all the other traps among the widely-scattered foe, who were taking to their heels at the approach of the magical instruments of

the infidel. The charge continued for seven miles, but the enemy, thrown into the wildest confusion, could not be further chased for fear of a shortage of petrol.

Many of the enemy were killed, and three field-guns, nine machine-guns, hundreds of rifles, spare parts, dynamite, travelling work-shops, and a quarter of a million rounds of rifle ammunition were captured.

Some of the camels, hit by our machine-gun fire, blew to pieces as if struck by a high explosive, and their burst into flames. It was found that the Arabs had loaded them up with bombs and petrol.

Arab's Long Memory.

On returning to Sollum, the Duke of Westminster was informed that a letter had been picked up in the ruins of Bir Waer from Captain Gwatkin Williams to Nuri Bey, complaining that the Tara prisoners were starving and ill, and suggesting that medical comforts should be procured at Sollum. The letter mentioned Bir Hakim as the place of the prisoners' detention. Every prisoner and refugee was interrogated, but none knew Bir Hakim except a man who said he had fed a flock there thirty years ago. Subsequently another man, who had been the prisoners' guard, was discovered, and the Duke asked permission to attempt a rescue. Every man in the batteries sat up all night and next day tuning up the machines. The batteries were reinforced by light cars carrying guns, and all the motor ambulances within travelling range of Sollum were brought in.

By midnight on March 16 there were gathered at the old Turkish fort

on the ridge above Sollum nine armoured Rolls-Royce cars, five touring cars with guns, light cars with supplies, and the ambulances—forty-two motors altogether. No tourist trophy cars were ever more carefully prepared than these.

At three o'clock on St. Patrick's morning the column moved out of the fort across the few miles of trackless desert, until the Tobruk road was picked up. Aziza, the scene of the charge two days before, was reached in darkness, and the force halted for the first rays of the sun to light up the sky behind them. The cars then hummed ahead, gathering pace as the shadows disappeared. At sixty-five miles a small party of Arabs were disarmed, but the men were set free, as there was no room for prisoners.

For miles the tracks of a car had been seen and at eighty-one miles we captured a Wolseley belonging to the Royal Naval Armoured Car Division. The car's engine was in good order, but one of the back wheels was buckled. It had improvised tyres.

A great quantity of sheet rubber has been washed upon this coast, presumably part of the cargo of a torpedoed ship. The Arabs had rolled it up tightly, bound it with camel-hair, and fastened it to the rims with wire. An officer went out a few days later for his car, and found that it had been burnt.

When the column got eighty miles on the Tobruk road the cars changed direction, turning on the desert due south. After fifteen miles rough-and-tumble over desperately rough ground the party began to feel uncertain of success. The two Arab guides were arguing as to whether they were on the right track; the man who had not seen Bir Hakim since his boyhood thought they were wrong. The other Arab would not say much, although circumstances proved him a zealous guide. He thought the pace of the car was greater than it really was, and he expected to arrive sooner.

The desert was now very stony, but the going was fairly hard. A hundred miles went by, and then 105. That was believed to be the limit of the distance, but still there was not the faintest sign of the Tara prisoners' camp. At between 110 and 115 miles nobody spoke, and the silence suggested fears of failure. A mile further on the Arab became animated, on seeing a sort of small mountain.

"Are We Free?"

A halt was called at two o'clock, and the Duke sent forward the armoured cars to attack. They raced up to within 200 yards of the mound, and, as one would expect, the first car was that of Lieutenant William Griggs, the famous jockey, who regards this as the biggest of the classic races in which he has taken part.

Before the relievers the prisoners were standing silhouetted against the sky-line, absolutely motionless and silent as statues, dumb with amazement at the appearance of the strange throbbing feet. At last one man threw off the sack covering him and faintly cheered, and the crowd staggered forward in the rolling gait of starved men, and swarmed round the cars, crying, "Are we free?" They could not be persuaded to leave the cars, and slightly hindered our advance to tackle the guards, all of whom were subsequently killed. One officer declared that the prisoners were so excited that they "jawed like blazes."

Meanwhile the remainder of the column, on seeing the prisoners leave the mound, started a tremendous race to the spot. They ran abreast, caring not for obstacles or punctures, but just tore forward as fast as their engines would propel them, and the air was filled with the cheers of the crews and the noise of the exhausts.

The prisoners' condition was desperate. A heap of white shells showed that snails had been their staple diet. Occasionally they had good flesh, but the amount served out was reduced to the size of a skinned mouse one prisoner said. Some parties had gone out daily to find edible roots. These had been collected from a wide area, and as the captives' strength diminished they made painful journeys with small results. They think that in five days their resources would have ended. Some of them took freely of the bread, milk, jam and tully beef carried in the ambulances, and the cars were slowed down on the homeward journey, Sollum being reached on the following day.

The cars travelled 240 miles. With the rescued prisoners were two mascots of the Armoured Car Division, one being a parrot brought away from Ypres, which cannot speak, but betrays its former home by making a quaint noise like the flight of a shell. A shop's officer and a Greek interpreter missing from the prisoners were found safe. They went under escort to Tobruk for food, the guards telling the Italian authorities that the prisoners were starving and that the English would pay. While food was being procured the Italians received a wireless message announcing the rescue, and the two were immediately released.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIS-TEMPER.

Cure Your Bad Cough by Breathing "Ca- tarrhozone."

You may dislike taking medicine—but coughs are best cured without medicine. The modern treatment is "Catarrhozone"—it isn't a drug—it's a healing vapor full of pine essences and healing balsams. It spreads over the surfaces that are weak and sore from coughing. Every spot that is congested is healed—Irritation is soothed away, phlegm and secretions are cleaned out, and all symptoms of cold and Catarrh are cured. Nothing so quick, so sure, so pleasant as Catarrhozone. Beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhozone. All dealers sell Catarrhozone, large size which lasts two months price \$1.00; small size 50c.; sample size, 25c.

Kite Goes to Baffin's Land.

The S.S. Kite sails this evening for Bay Bulls with a load of timber, etc., for the Newfoundland-American Fish plant now being erected there. After discharging the Kite will go to St. Mary's and bring here some whaling equipment. She will then go to New York where she will be dry docked and overhauled and repaired. She will then be provisioned for a cruise to Baffin's Land, taking on board a party of tourists at the American port.

McMurdo's Store News

Monday, May 22, 1916.
We have several times lately had requests for Dr. Cassell's Tablets recommended as a tonic for the weak and nervous, and reputed to be an excellent thing for this purpose. We would say that we now have a supply which is on sale. Price 50c. a box.

We take orders here for cabbage and cauliflower plants, and (a little later) for celery and other plants, and for annuals. All these are produced at Grove Hill by an experienced gardener, and we sell them at current prices.

A lecture on the war was being given at a finishing school for young ladies, and the lecturer wound up by exhorting his listeners to persuade every able-bodied man they knew to enlist. In the course of his fervent patriotic appeal he thumped the table and exclaimed: "What would be more than a man without a country?" "A country without a man!" promptly piped a particularly pretty flapper in the second row.—Pearson's Magazine.

When cleaning steel knives use a cork for rubbing the scouring powder on the knives. This is much more effective than a piece of cloth.

FOR SALE.—One Evinrude Detachable Rowboat Motor. Absolutely new. Never out of box. For lake, river or sea. A snap. \$60.00. Cost \$85.00. Apply this office.—may10,eod,tf

T. J. Edens

By s.s. Stephano, Thursday, May 11th:
New York Chicken.
New York Corned Beef.
Bananas.
10 brls. Wine Sap Apples.
10 boxes Wine Sap Apples.
California Oranges.
California Lemons.
Celery.
Tomatoes.
Grape Fruit.
Cucumbers.
Rhubarb.
20 crates New Cabbage.
30 crates Bermuda Onions.

TEAS!

Have advanced about 7c. per lb. We are still selling
BULLDOG45c. lb.
DANAWALL50c. lb.
Quality as usual.

100 bags Scotch Potatoes.
50 bags Local White Potatoes.
Currants, cleaned, 1 lb. ctn. 12c.
Evaporated Milk, 16 oz. tins, 12c.
Onions, Red5c. lb.
Rolled Oats4c. lb.
Canadian Oatmeal4c. lb.
Rice, Rangoon, 60c. stone; 5c. lb.

100 Barrels VICTOR FLOUR.

Fidcliv Hams and Bacon.
Irish Bacon (Boneless).
English Cheddar Cheese.
SPECIAL.
6 cases Fresh Country Eggs,
30c. doz.

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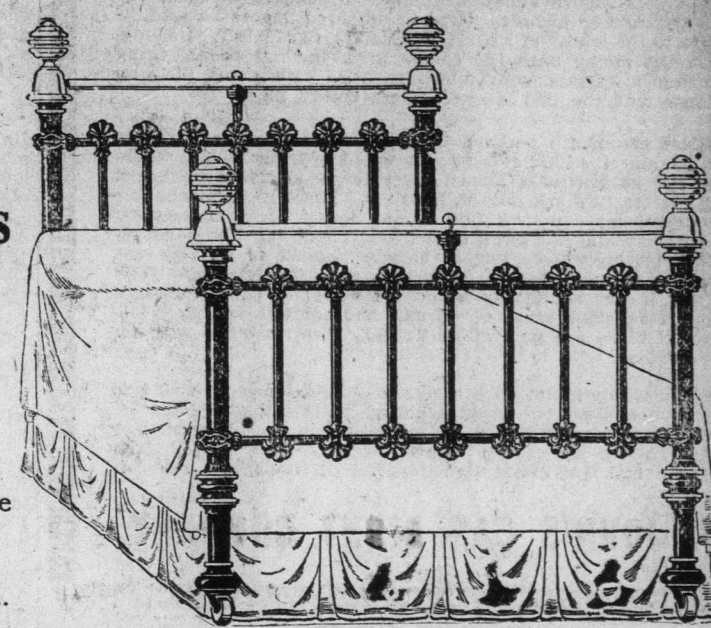
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Bedsteads,
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THE Heatless TROUSER PRESS The Very Latest Thing.



"Always Creased"

PANTS CREASED WHILE YOU SLEEP WHILE YOU TRAVEL

Another shipment just to hand and going out fast. The users of these already sold declare they could not do without one now.

It's simplicity itself. You just lay trousers out flat, close the Press as you would a book.

And the Press does the rest.

Does not shine your trousers as the iron does. The crease is equal to the work of any first-class tailor. Hangs up in wardrobe or folds away in suit case or trunk.

Price: 50c. each.

Same as sold in New York.
POSTAGE 11c. EXTRA.

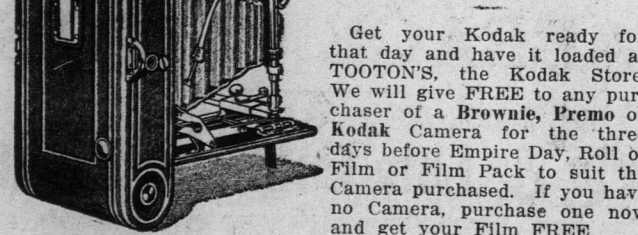
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We are showing to-day Men's Tan Button and Tan Blucher Boots for \$5.00 and \$5.50.
Worth \$6.00 and \$7.00.
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