



MECCA
READ THIS REMARKABLE CASE
and then you try Mecca

Original testimonial at our office, Toronto, Ont.
"I had a nasty cold, on my nose, and pointed it with lard and to other ways, and nothing but black blood flowed from the wound."
After two weeks of suffering and pain, I tried Mecca and in 4 days, it had drawn all the pus and inflammation out and worked an operation. Yours faithfully, H. P. Himm.

FOR BOILS AND CARUNCLES

An American Writer at the Seafishery.

What George Allan England Wrote About
Our Winter Fishery.

all their religion, as in all their death were comrades. These men are not death; to them it is an everyday thing, not something far and problematical, for every family has met sea losses. Death is no visitor, as with us more sheltered folk. They're not at all afraid of death but death is always there, just in the corner. God is spoken to with fervent familiarity, almost as if he were a well-known neighbor, needed to for the saving of "his" company, while on the boom of "his" ship. There are constant references to home, to family. The seal-gull glances of manhood in the sky, who have never seen any man, whatever, or any sky but a living one. Their religion is absolutely a cri du coeur. These are the men—men! Modern exegesis could it have to do with such things? They know not even its name, and better so, because it seems that without such faith as they have they could not possibly suffer that they have to suffer or do those incredible things they have to do.

had right now I want to hear with me that, rough tumble, though they be these Vikings are clean-shaven men. They look like pirates, the hearts of children, and keep at rescues from foulness and from the name of the Lord in vain. Between the current talk among "bet-ter" men in an average steam-ship's smoking room and the talk of a sealer, the comparison lies to the advantage of the sealer. A good race, an iron-hard race, and clean one!

If labor is to pray, then the sealers are praying all the time. Their standard of value is a man's ability for work. Captains and mates share this alike. Their heart is in the kill, not for money but for prestige. To be high-liner is an ambition of the whole ship, from the lowest. You never saw a rivalry, such consultations reading of code messages, speculation on what other ships are doing, plotting outwit all others as go on aboard. Every batsman wants to drag in the greatest number of tows. Every gun turns to shoot the most seals. You can't imagine the pride they feel in commendation, the misery in disap-approval. To be admired by their fellows is their goal.

The men are unmerciful to a failure, a slacker. They say anyone fails to death if he misses his quarry. It's a case of cheer if you succeed, "jerk" if you fail. Thus is developed that wonderful special sense, or instinct, that enables these supermen to travel where we would perish, to navigate blind, icebound and snow-driven courses, and come back—even after days—exactly to the same market left there. Evolution, stimulated by a keen love of praise, has produced a specialized type of working machine, the sealer. It has made him love exhausting toil, endowed him with super-human powers, given to him work as his gospel.

What supermen, indeed, to battle thus with the North, to endure unspeakable misery with indomitable cheerfulness! Knowing nothing of ease, comfort, good food, books, plays, soft beds, the amenities of modern life, they glorify labor, have but few primitive emotions, live hard and die swiftly, often in the arms of their Great Mother, the sea.

THE DISCIPLINE OF SHAME.
What chance had a weakling among such giants? Let me tell you what happened to one. Of a violent night Cap'n Kean was highly wrath. Reports had come to him of a certain young fellow slinking—loafing.

A master watcher had reported, "Dat feller Jonas, he lay in de bunk playin' cards. He's useless on 'earth. He do not one tap, dat feller."

"He'll get out—fined—then!" exclaimed the cap'n. "If ever a man was cut he'll be. He must be the most useless man who ever burdened this world! Call him out!"

At came the unfortunate Jonas, cringing into the cabin, twisting his cap in both hands.

"You, Jonas," declaimed the cap'n, "you big useless! Why don't you work? Answer me!"

"I be's wake"—weak—"str. Sick."

"Sick, eh? Let me tell you, you'll be cut! The doctor says you're ahl right. I won't kick you or swear at you, but I'll cut you!"

"I be's wake str. I knows me own feeling!" You slinkin', and the work in' their heads off! If you slinkage you'll get mighty few do'ers out to the bite. This is enough to make a saint swear! It's got to be put a stop too. I'd fix you if I had any guts! You slinkage, from now out, and I'll 'amm-r'—hammer—you! Now get forrard!"

Mark you, now. As a result of having been shamed before others, this man Jonas became the most reckless daredevil of the lot. From that day on he took wild chances on the ice, killed like a madman, towed like a horse, sculled like a maniac. I have seen him leap from the moving ship to clutch ice, race over swaying paths, catch a seal, kick it on the head, stomp it, drag him barehanded amid wild cheers and shrieks of joy from the assembled crew. Jonas became a bright particular star. Whether he was really "wake" or not didn't matter. He made abundantly good. He, too, passionately adhered to the gospel of toil, submission, the giving of his all for a man's jobbing—save praise.

Strange, simple-hearted men! And yet, under sufficient provocation, these simple and kindly men will run suddenly amuck and do extraordinary violent deeds. Little as they know of modern labor conditions, as much as they denounce strikers, they can—if put to it—scuffle with seal and vigor. Not very long ago a mob of them struck for a higher share in St. John's, rove a cable to a sealing steamer, and with two thousand men on the cable held her from sailing. They probably would have pulled the ship right up into the town if some-body aboard hadn't chopped the cable and let the ship escape.

Political opponents are sometimes liable to rough handling in the out-ports. One candidate, voicing unpopular views, was chased to his train, and just barely escaped alive. Another was hustled to a wharf and given a high dive into Old Atlantic. Strangers trying to dance with outport girls usually face a fight that ends in a knockout. And even mutiny isn't unknown. As witness this:

Last spring the Diana got jammed in the ice and broke her propeller. She began to leak. The leak wasn't serious, but the men grew ugly. They were missing their spring. After a while they hauled up the side sticks and piled their gaffs in a heap on the deck, the formal signs of going manna—which is, to say, mutinying.

THE BLUE PUTTIES IN THE WAR.
"Send out an S O S!" they com-manded the captain. "Us wants to be took ashore."

"Never!" replied the captain. "You send dat wireless in one hour," they retorted, "or us'll throw you an' de Marconi man overboard!"

The S O S went.

The Sagona bucked the ice, reath-ed the Diana, took the men and their chests off. The Diana was still afloat and could have easily been kept by a small engine-room crew; could have been towed to port after the ice had broken. But no; the sealers put the torch to her, burned her and sank her with four thousand seals aboard. If dey couldn't have dem swines, nobody else should. Strange men!

Their temper, when it shows, seems like the tantrums of a usually placid child. Primitive natures are liable to such emotional flare-ups; and when the sealers run amuck, I'm told that no appeal, no argument, nothing short of cannibalism will stop them.

The Germans found that out to their cost in the Great War. The Blue Putties, as the Newfoundland Regiment was called, raised particular howl with the boche. Those regiments included many young sealers, who struck cold dread to the German heart. The Blue Putties won all kinds of decorations and V.C.'s. The bravest of the brave. Their losses were withering; but God help the Germans they got up against! I think, myself, if a regiment entirely composed of sealers had been turned loose on the German Army with gaff, towline and sculping knife, they would not only



ZEST!
REGAL
FREE RUNNING
Table Salt
THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

have licked the huns, but also brought back their pelts, put up flags on them, and waited for some steamer to come along to pick up the trip o' fat. They're great boys, these sealers.

Vikings of the North indeed! Yes, that is what I call them. It's a title of admiration, of homage. I never saw such absolutely brave men in all my life, such hardy, hospitable, forth-right, kindly, daring, unbeatable, tireless and wonderful he-men. Shy as children, till you come to know them, you presently discover they have big hearts, warm affections, deep piety, a frank and strikingly bold outlook on life—an outlook that shames all petty and cowardly conventions.

Splendid types of manhood, these, the northernmost fringe of English-speaking people in this hemisphere. Honest to a fault, trustworthy—until aroused, and then look out!—loyal unto death to a friend, but terrible to a foe, these supermen sail frozen seas less for gain than for the sheer joy of the hunt, the battle with the ice, frost, blizzard, everything the Arctic solitudes have to give.

GREAT MEN AND TRUE, IN MANY WAYS THE FINEST BREED IN THE WHOLE ROUND. WORLD INDEED THEY ARE THESE VIKINGS OF THE NORTH—"GENTLEMEN UN- AFRAID!"

—THE END.
**First Doctors—
Then a Skin Specialist—
Then a Bottle of D.D.D.**

I will consider it a favor if you will allow me to add my testimony to the many hundreds you no doubt have in praise of the great results effected by the D.D.D. Prescription. I was a sufferer for two years with eczema on the legs and ankles. I tried three or four different doctors and none of them did me any good. I got first of trying their remedies. I then went to a skin specialist but he was no better than they. I was reading the Sunday paper and happened to see your ad. I am very glad that I did. I secured a trial bottle of D.D.D. and it did me so much good that I sent for a dollar bottle, also a cake of soap. That is all I used, and I am perfectly well. I have advised several others to use it and the results have been the same. You are at liberty to use my name for I consider D.D.D. the best remedy in use.

J. W. CORNS,
33 Melbourne Ave., Toronto, Ont., Can.

Anyone suffering from skin trouble—mild or severe—should investigate at once the merits of D.D.D. Try it to-day. Your money back unless the first bottle relieves you. Ask your druggist.

D.D.D.
The Lotion for Skin Disease

Beaver Chips.

(From the Beaver.)
The Judge—So your name's Joshua, eh? You're not the Joshua that com-manded the sun to stand still, are you? Eben Holden—Lor', no, Judge. Ah'm de man dat made de moonshine!

SWEET DREAMS.
Sambo—Say, Rastus, somethin' funny happened to me last night.
Rastus—Dat so?
Sambo—Yes, last night I dreamed I was eatin' shredded wheat; an' when I woke up, half my mattress was gone.

GAME TO THE LAST.
An editor was dying, but when the doctor bent over, placed his ear on his breast and said, "Poor man! Circulation almost gone!" the dying editor shouted: "You're a liar! We have the largest circulation in the country!"

OUTRAGEOUS.
A cockney and his American friend were walking down the street of an American town one night when an owl set up his ancient "W-h-o! W-h-o! W-h-o!" The Englishman asked, "What is that?"
"Oh, that's an owl," answered the American, casually.
"Well," stormed the insulted Englishman, "I know it's an owl. But what the 'ell is it that's 'owling'?"

NOT ASLEEP.
On the corner of a block in Philadelphia there is a restaurant with the famous sign: "Never Closed." On the other corner a drug store displays its motto: "Open all Night."
Between the two Wu Ting Lung has his modest laundry. Not to be outdone by the Yankees, he has hung out an electric sign that can be read for a block or more. It reads:
"Me Wakes Too."

McKee's Lintment for Burns, Etc.

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BLOUSES in Tricolette, Crepe de Chine, Georgette and Canton Crepe.

SPORT SWEATERS and Slip-ons; also a nice line of Ladies' Hats.

All the above goods have just arrived and are priced very low.

Our Dresses running from 7.90 up on which we allow you 20 per cent.

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JAMS & MARMALADE

ALL over the world it is known that the best preserves are English Jams and Marmalade. The finest English Jams and Marmalade are "Sunrise"; these little stories tell how they are made and why they are so good.

FIRST of all, and most highly important, only the best and freshest fruit is bought. All the counties in Great Britain, and orange groves in Spain, where the finest fruits are grown, are visited by the buyers who make careful selection, and the gathering and packing is carried out under watchful supervision so that the fruit arrives undamaged at the factory.

THAT is the first step in the progress to perfection, and "Sunrise" Jams which you will find in your stores are exactly made for your country by the famous house of

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And MESSRS. BAIRD & CO., P. O. Box 157, St. John's, Newfound-land, are the resident wholesale agents.

"Atlas" Confectionery is also made in the same wonderful factory.



Little Miss Sunrise shows you the Orchard.