

MECCA
 READ THIS REMARKABLE CASE
 and then you try Mecca



Original formulated at our office Toronto, Ont.
 "I had a nasty cold which on my face
 and puffed it with lincos and in other
 ways, and nothing but black blood flowed
 from the wound."
 "After two weeks of suffering and pain,
 I tried Mecca's and in a few days
 and advised me to bathe with hot water
 and poultice with 'MECCA'. I did so
 and in 4 days, it had drawn all the pain
 and inflammation out and worked an
 operation. Yours faithfully, H. P. Higgins."

FOR
 SORES
 AND
 BRUISES

**An American Writer
 at the Seafishery.**

What George Allan England Wrote About
 Our Winter Fishery.

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

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 cheers if you succeed "jers
 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 mark-
 let there. Evolution, stimulated by
 a keen love of praise, has produced
 a specialized type of working ma-
 chine, 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 un-
 speakable 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 hap-
 pened 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—them!" ex-
 claimed 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 art!"

Aft 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—"sir. 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 sir. I knows me own
 feelin's! You slingin', and the work
 in' their heads off! If you sludge you'd
 get mighty few do'lers out o' the bita.
 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'll sludge,
 from now out, and I'll 'amm-r'—ham-
 mer—you! Now get forra!"

Mark you, now. As a result of hav-
 ing 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 sea,
 killed like a madman, towed like a
 horse, scolded like a maniac. I have
 seen him jump from the moving ship
 to slash ice, race over swaying paths,
 catch a seal, kick it on the head, stam-
 it, drag the barehanded amid wild
 cheers and shrieks of joy from the as-
 sembled crew. Jonas became a bright
 particular star. Whether he was re-
 ally "wake" or not didn't matter. He
 made abundantly good. He, too, pas-
 sionately adhered to the gospel of toil,
 submission, the giving of his all for
 a mere nothing—save praise.

Strange, simple-hearted men!
 And yet, under sufficient provoca-
 tion, these simple and kindly men will
 run suddenly amuck and do extraor-
 dinary violent deeds. Little as they
 know of modern labor conditions, as
 much as they denounce strikers, they
 can—if put to it—sarlies with seal
 and vigor. Not very long ago I took
 of them struck for a higher share in
 St. John's, rove a cable to a sealing
 steamer, and with two thousand men
 of 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 unpopu-
 lar views, was chased to his trails, and
 just barely escaped alive. Another
 was hustled to a wharf and given a
 high dive into Old Atlantic. Strangers
 trying to dance with outpost girls usu-
 ally face a fight that ends in a knock-
 out. 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 'trow you an'
 de Maroon 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 swijes, no-
 body-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 fare-ups; and when
 no appeal, no argument, nothing short
 of annihilation will stop them.

The Germans found that out to their
 cost in the Great War. The Blue Put-
 ties, as the Newfoundland Regiment
 were called, raised particular howl
 with the boche. Those regiments in-
 cluded many young sealers, who
 struck cold dread to the German heart.
 The Blue Putties won all kinds of de-
 corations and V.C.'s. The bravest of
 the brave. Their losses were wither-
 ing; but God help the Germans they
 got up against! I think, myself, if a
 regiment entirely composed of seal-
 ers had been turned loose on the Ger-
 man 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 broght
 back their pelts, put up flags on them,
 and waited for some steamer to some
 along to pick up the trip o' fat. They're
 the 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, tire-
 less 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 stringily bold outlook
 on life—an outlook that abames 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 who 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 the others. 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 sev-
 eral others to use it and the results
 have been the same. You are lib-
 erty 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! Circula-
 tion 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 Eng-
 lishman, "I know it's an owl. But
 what the 'ell is it that's 'owling'?"

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

MARKER'S LINDMONT FOR BURNS, ETC.

**Big 10 Days Sale
 20 per cent. off**

Our entire Ladies' stock which
 has newly arrived.

The following goods will be
 on Sale:

**LADIES' and MISSES' COATS
 LADIES' DRESSES
 in Tricotine, Silk, and Taffetas.
 LADIES' COSTUMES Plain and
 with Fur Collars and Cuffs.**

**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.**

This will give you an oppor-
 tunity of getting a **CHEAP DRESS,**
 everything else accordingly.

**Do Not Miss Seeing us
 Before Buying Elsewhere**

Special Attention to Mail Orders.

**I. LEVITZ 252 Water St.
 Opposite Dicks & Co.**

"Sunrise"
 GOLD MEDAL
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 specially made for
 your country by the famous house of

Ex. T. Pink Ltd.
 LONDON, ENGLAND.
 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.

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