

The Quick Way to Stop a Cough

This home-made syrup does the work in a hurry. Easily prepared, and saves about \$2.

You might be surprised to know that the best thing you can use for a severe cough, is a remedy which is easily prepared at home in just a few moments. It's cheap, but for prompt results it beats anything else you've tried. Usually stops the ordinary cough or chest cold in 24 hours. Tastes pleasant, too—children like it—and it is pure and good.

Four 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) in a 16-oz bottle; then fill it up with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. Thus you make 16 ounces—a family supply—but costing no more than a small bottle of ready-made cough syrup.

And as a cough medicine, there is really nothing better to be had at any price. It goes right to the spot and gives quick, lasting relief. It promptly heals the inflamed membranes that line the throat and air passages, stops the annoying throat ticks, loosens the phlegm, and soon your cough stops entirely. Splendid for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, famous for its healing effect on the membranes. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

My Job--After The War.

THE SENTENCE OF THE SEAMEN.

(By J. HAVELLOCK WILSON, C.B.E., Secretary of the National Seamen's Union.)

I see a tremendous amount of work awaiting us after the war. I venture to predict now that our Seamen's Union will be bigger, more powerful, more effective than ever; and that the sailors and firemen and dock workers will have more friends still as the result of their magnificent work for Britain during the great crisis.

There are undoubtedly far better times coming for Jack Tar than he has ever hitherto known.

One of my first peace-time duties in the two great Unions to which I have the honour to be secretary, will be to see that after the war Germany is made to pay the full penalty for her savagery on the sea. The sentence at present amounts to five years and eight months of boycott, during which the 250,000 men in connection with our Unions will absolutely refuse to sail in a ship which has Germans working on in any capacity, or to load or unload any such vessel, or to take any British ship into a German port or bring one out in the way of commerce.

I may add that the seamen of our Allies are with us in this, that we have tremendous power in these matters, and that we shall carry out this boycott whatever Governments may do, unless Germany gives full reparation and compensation in other ways to be agreed on.

Then, again, after the war we shall be busy in fitting out completely our three splendid "Homes" for the use and enjoyment of aged and convalescent sailors.

Then, too, our powerful Unions are already making such changes in the ordinary sailor's and worker's life aboard ship (in conjunction, I am delighted to say, with the Shipowners' Federation) that the future of Jack in that way will be such as might well make Captain Marryat, Clark Russell and other men who described the bad old days so strikingly, turn in their graves!

The owners and our Unions are working splendidly together, with one sole desire to-day—to improve the lot of the seamen in every possible way. Wages have, of course, risen very much during the past two years, and though they will fall somewhat after peace comes, it is certain that they will never again get so wretchedly low and poor as they once were. So the sailor can congratulate himself on that, anyhow.

Then his food, his quarters, his freedom, his general environment will be immensely improved as the result of regular conferences between the members of the National Maritime Board.

The improvement in the lot of sailors and apprentices on board ship, of those who take up any section of a seaman's life will be the constant after-war study of the various folk engaged in helping forward our mercantile marine. With a great army of 250,000 seamen, etc., such as we possess

seas-to-day, all pledged to help and stand by one another for the benefit of the seamen, we feel that we can effect almost any reform we deem desirable with respect to life on board or at the docks.

I am certain that the general public also will immensely benefit through all these things done, or intended to be done; through the agency of the Seamen's Unions and the valued co-operation of the shipowners. For, with all seamen more happy and contented, strikes, disputes, and differences will collapse or be adjusted without friction, and sea traffic will grow in enormous volume each year.

Britain's part in her mercantile marine has been glorious. But her future promises to eclipse it!—T.H.Bits.

WAR CRITICS.

War critics write their daily screeds reviewing all the mighty deeds which change the nature of the map, or there where all the armies scrap. They called it a mile chase the Taut until the latter make prisoners split their boots, of countless Hunns, and capture 40,000 guns. "Let us beware," the critics say, "of getting too almighty gay. 'Tis true we've made a killing now—that even Wilhelm must allow—but when arrives to-morrow's dawn, the ground we've gained may all be gone." Expect the worst, that is the plan, that's followed by the prudent man. These critics are the cautious boys; when I would make a joyful noise, and shoot off fireworks, tons and tons, because we've spoiled a lot of Hunns, they say, "That is no way to act; you ought to show more sense and tact. You ought to shake your head and sigh, when optimists go whooping by, and tell them how we'll have to tread the weary road that lies ahead. Instead of which, you old fat clown, you take your brush and paint the town. It is a time to weep and wall, and ride gay people on a rail. Just wait until the news is bad, and then cavort around, my lad. Then you may whoop and make things whizz, and fill yourself with bottled fizz."

You Are Deceived?

Have you been led to believe that the knife is the only cure for piles? If so, it is unfortunate, for many thousands are being cured by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Sometimes after operations have failed and often when doctors have said that an operation was the only hope. It won't cost you much to try this treatment in your own home. It is sure to relieve and usually effects complete cure.

With the Lad In France.

Thinking of him all the days—Dreaming of the night; We know that morning greets him, While stars makes up his night; And it isn't for his letters—When on written words we glance—But how may we be here at home, Yet with the lad, in France?

It's Love's way, my dearie, All other ways above; All lands are Love's lands, When Love holds hands to love!

Thinking of him all the days—White Summer nights a story, And when dread winter rounds the ways, Storms like the guns are! With him in the trenches, And where the lines advance; The home-place—the home-place, Yet, with the lad, in France!

It's Love's way, my dearie, All other ways above; All lands are Love's lands, When Love holds hands to love!

By Frank L. Stanton, in the Atlantic Constitution.

The panel veil is a long rectangle to be thrown over the head before donning the hat.



The success of Dent's Gloves is in their being beautifully made and finished.

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Mangin

Mangin is the tiger among French generals. Even in appearance he has something of the air of the great jungle cat. His expression is grimly feline. A square-jawed man with a narrow line of dark moustache, thin, firm-set lips and black, bristling hair trimmed like a brush. To tell the truth he has rather a forbidding, not to say ferocious, appearance; and there is a look in his eye which shows you that he is humorously aware of it. He is not vain. After Mangin had retaken Douaumont Fort at Verdun in November, 1916—a job that required all the jungle qualities any general might possess—Lucien Jonas was in his dug-out on day painting his portrait. Mangin went quietly on with his work until the artist had blocked in the rude outlines of the general's stern, square features. "Let me see that," he demanded suddenly. "Ah, that's perfect," he remarked. "You can leave it like that. If you finish it you will only flatter me."

But it is not chiefly of his appearance that one thinks in saying that he is a tiger among generals. Mangin has also the intellectual qualities of craft and stealth and merciless logic necessary in dealing with the German hyaena. He is sharp in both and claw and there is no single command—the Boches hate so much as they hate him.

Charles Mangin is what the French Army calls an "African." When war broke out in 1914 he had nearly 30 years of desert campaigning behind him. He was in all France's Sudan, Congo, East African and Moroccan "scrapes," and was wounded five times. Three years in Tonkin formed the only variety in his military career after he sailed for Dakar as a green subaltern.

The general was born 52 years ago in Lorraine. His father was a civil engineer, but the Mangins are essentially a fighting breed. One of his soldierly uncles was a general in 1870. Two of his brothers, both young men, were killed in France's Colonial wars. The third, an African missionary, threw off the robe of the "White Monks" in 1914 and came back to France as sergeant of Senegalese sharpshooters!

When Mangin was in Africa he wrote a book called "Black Powder," which had much to do with France's African army. Mangin saw that a country like France, with a falling population, was doomed in a struggle with Germany unless it made good use of its Colonial reserves; so the divisions of "Sidis" and "Ramboules"—the French soldiers' nicknames for Arab and negro troops—sprang into being, and under Mangin's command have done much of the most brilliant attacking work in the present war.

General Mangin possesses a vein of sardonic humor. When in the autumn of 1916 he had helped to undo in a few days the work for which the Crown Prince during eight months had sacrificed the flower of the Kaiser's Army at Verdun, Germany launched a peace offensive. Reviewing his men one day Mangin eyed them over and remarked with a grim smile, "Ah, you're the sort of peace ambassadors the Republic wants."

And Mangin is the kind of general the Allies want. The French public knows it, and when his portrait appears on the cinema screen no soldier is cheered more loudly.—Daily Mail.

Sun Burned Skin

You want a healthy summer tan. But sometimes you get it too quickly and then there is a few days of suffering.

The application of Dr. Chase's Ointment takes out the stinging and burning and leaves the skin delightfully soft and smooth.

Because it is equally effective in relieving stings of insects and Ivy poisoning as well as chafing and skin irritations it is invaluable in the summer camp.

Armageddon and---

The British have fought over the Plain of Ebedraelon and the field of Megiddo, and who knows but that the Scriptural prophecy of the last great fight has been fulfilled before our very eyes? The campaign of General Allenby has been one of the swiftest and most decisive in all history, resulting in apparently the complete collapse of the whole Turkish power in Palestine, and in fact in all Syria. More than 60,000 prisoners, practically all the artillery and stores, apparently the entire material outfit have been taken, while probably the enemy dead is numbered by tens of thousands. Meeting with no resistance, with hundreds of Turks being added every day to the roll of prisoners, the British army is now sweeping the country clear. The Holy Land from Dan to Beersheba as well as all the surrounding country which was once included in the empire of David of Israel is now a British conquest. Jerusalem, the city most blessed with hallowed associations, has for some time enjoyed the safety of our rule. Bethlehem, where He was born, and Nazareth, where He lived, know what blessings follow the presence of the Red Cross Banner. Further afield, Damascus, the oldest continuously inhabited city in the world, has fallen

Outflanking By Tank

(A. L. In London Daily Mail.)

Slowly and clumsily the tank kept doggedly on towards its objective, which was behind the hill. Anti-tank guns were busy, angry machine-gun bullets spat about her; but the nerve of the German was not shaken, and their aim was true.

Everything was noisy, for the big attack had begun, and both sides were using every piece of artillery they possessed. Now and then you would see little crowds of men swarming out of a hidden strong point and scurrying to the rear; or, sometimes, holding their hands high above their heads and faltering forward to meet the oncoming enemy.

The bombardment had been terrific. The moral of the boche had vanished completely. As soon as a tank seemed to be making for any particular defence work the garrison chose discretion as the better part of valor, and inconspicuously surrendered. The tank went on serenely, as it were unconsciously, a solemn, grotesque, terrifying juggernaut, taking trenches in its stride, and crumpling walls and trees before it. Some times a dead man lay in its path. The tank went on.

Away somewhere to the right, not very far off, there barked a German battery, trying vainly to stem the steady, merciless advance of the infantry that followed the line of tanks. The tank section commander, out in front of his three machines, could not see it; but he could form a fairly good guess as to its position. He made a signal and the tank edged in to the right.

The shell vapour lay over the ground as thickly as a smoke screen. You could not see a hundred yards in front of you. The tank found a strong point in a small chalk pit, and scurped it, indolently, as one might kick a piece of orange peel out of one's path.

The section commander could still hear that battery pounding away, and he knew he was getting nearer. Then, quite suddenly, it seemed to him that the pounding had shifted to his rear. In a few moments he knew for certain what had happened. The tank had outflanked the battery and was working behind it.

He gave another signal and the uncouth landship swung round.

Just then the smoke lifted a little and he saw the Germans. Also, they saw the tank; but a moment too late. The machine guns were stuttering away, those of the German gunners who were not killed ran wildly away from the terrible thing in the smoke, and another enemy battery was out of action—out of action and in our hands, the guns uninjured and the ammunition ready stacked. And our advancing infantry sent a dozen German boys shouting madly of a new English attack from their own headquarters.

The tank swung round again—and went on.

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We must fight this war through. We must fight it through to a peace, the

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to British arms, so that now both in Mesopotamia and in Syria our forces are standing as conquerors on the very birthplace of history. And throughout the countless ages that have elapsed they are the first conquerors that have not sought these lands to murder and oppress the people, to destroy their cities, to plunder and lay waste. Our khaki clad battalions have come to drive away the oppressor, to bring freedom and peace, to establish order, that the land may bloom and prosper once more, so that "every man can rest under his own vine and fig tree." We have fought on Armageddon and conquered. Our men have beaten the Turks where Barak defeated the Canaanites of old, where Sisera and his host perished and Gideon smote the Midianites hip and thigh. The more spiritually minded might imagine they can hear the triumphant song of the Deborah, or in ghostly vision see the mighty Saul transfixed with his own sword. But most of all, it is to be hoped that our heroes as they march over or encamp upon these fields will think of Him whose feet trod these scenes nearly two thousand years ago and whose life and death made possible the civilization which they bring hither. The Holy places are all in British hands.—Acadian Recorder.

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Wild Scotch Cured Herring.

Since there have been no additions to the stocks of Newfoundland Scotch cured herring held in New York, and demand has been confined to the few jobbers who are replenishing their holdings, there is little change in the situation. Importers, however, not exhibiting any anxiety over present dullness, most holders being content to wait for the further development of the market and prices. While there were some of this variety of herring sold at the quoted prices, it may be that the quality of this fish was such as to warrant no higher prices were paid. The fact is that there is considerable of the recently cured herring of this cure which arrived in a poor condition. Stocks in New York sufficient to meet the Metropolitan demand, and there will be to the present St. John's lots available these, it is expected that their prices and that they be reached to supply in the Fishing Case.

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