

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Enthusiasm in the Care of the Teeth.

"No, I don't preach dental hygiene in my home," said a mother recently. "There is no necessity for it. I've found a better way. Ribbon Dental Cream has made my children enthusiasts for the tooth-brush habit without any persuasion on my part."

Once taste the delicious flavor of Ribbon Dental Cream and you will realize how easily brushing the teeth may become a treat instead of a duty.

Comes out a Ribbon—Lies flat on the Brush.

This convenient form means economy and ease of handling that both you and your children will appreciate.

Your dealer has Colgate's—or we will send you a generous trial tube for 4 cents in stamps.

COLGATE & CO.

Dept. N. T. Drummond Bldg., Montreal.

Makes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.

Established over a century.

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

LONDON GOSSIP.

LONDON, Nov. 24, 1916.

A SEMI-ROYAL WEDDING.

There will be a muster of Royal guests at the wedding of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia's daughter, Countess Nadezhda Torby, with Prince George of Battenberg, the eldest son of Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg. I understand they will marry early this month, and the bride, the younger of the two charming sisters so well-known in London society, is busy with her trousseau. Prince George of Battenberg, who is thoroughly popular in the Navy, is a grandson of the late Princess Alice of Hesse, and great grandson of Queen Victoria. The elder of his two sisters married King "Tino's" heir, Prince Andrew of Greece, who has lately been visiting his relatives in London. Princess Andrew, whom I have heard described as one of the most beautiful women in Europe, was a special favorite of her Russian cousins, the daughters of the Czar, who assisted at her wedding.

A QUEEN WHO IS SHY.

A friend just back from La Panne tells me that the King and Queen of the Belgians have their thirteenth villa that crowned heads can ever have lived in. The famous La Panne Hospital, belonging to the Queen of the Belgians, is almost entirely provided for by England. The Queen goes in and out continually and without ceremony, but so shy is she that she rarely addresses any of the staff and confines her conversation to wounded patients, with whom she seems at home. King Albert, strange to say, is equally retiring, and when he has to decorate any inmates of the hospital he is described as running upstairs and getting the job over as soon as may be. He is devoted to his army, but is intensely averse to ceremony. In pre-war days at Brussels he caused much alarm amongst the debutantes presented to him by his extreme reserve.

"GREY OF F."

Just as the Prime Minister has come to be familiarly and not irreverently known in Parliamentary circles as the "P.M.," Bonar Law as "Bonar," and Lloyd George as "L.G.," Viscount Grey of Fallodon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, seems destined to be crowned with a similar abbreviation—"Grey of F." I do not know who invented this distinctive label for the Minister, but I rather fancy it emanated from the Foreign Office itself, for a member tells me that all his answers to questions on foreign affairs reach him in envelopes signed in the corner in a neat hand "Grey of F."

AFRICAN LABOR FOR FRANCE.

I hear that arrangements have been made for sending a labour contingent of 10,000 blacks to France. General Botha, it is understood, states that the natives have expressed a desire to be allowed to assist in the war in Europe, and that at the request of the Imperial authorities it has been arranged to send five battalions, each of two thousand, to do dock labour in France. The precise conditions of recruitment have been explained to, and accepted by the natives, who will form a unit under military discipline, but they will not participate in fighting and will be housed in close compounds. Each battalion will be under the direct control of European officers and have a chaplain and medical officers, while a fully-equipped hospital will be provided for the contingent. Privates will be paid the flat rate of £2 a month, two-thirds being deferred.

Children Had Eczema Doctors Failed to Cure.

Two Letters Which Prove the Efficiency of Dr. Chase's Ointment as a Cure for Eczema.

Fortunate are the mothers who know the virtues of Dr. Chase's Ointment, for there is no treatment so suitable for use after the bath to relieve irritation and chafing and to thereby prevent eczema and similar skin diseases.

Mrs. W. L. Barnes, Timmins, Ont., writes:—"I want to tell you about the case of my little boy, who had baby eczema when he was three months old. It started on the top of his head, on his forehead and around his ears. The doctors failed to do him any good, so I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment on the recommendation of a friend, and in a month's time the child was entirely free of this disagreeable skin disease. He is now four years old, and has never had any further trouble from ailments of this kind. I also have great faith in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and believe that it cannot be beaten as a restorative for pale, nervous women."

Mrs. George McNair, River Charles, writes:—"We use Dr. Chase's Ointment in our home, and would not burn for anything better for cuts, burns and bruises. A few years ago a friend of mine, whose baby was terribly afflicted with eczema had her child treated by their own family physician, but the little one got no better. They tried several remedies, but they all proved useless in this case. Upon the advice of a neighbor they got Dr. Chase's Ointment, and before the first box was used the child was completely cured. I can also recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to suffering friends who I know will be glad to learn of something to relieve their nervous trouble. You have my permission to use this letter for the benefit of others."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

and paid to the natives on their return.

WINTER WEAR IN THE TRENCHES.

Considerable quantities of woollen clothing are being taken over from factories and ware-houses for military account, in addition to those turned out week by week under long forward contracts. There need be no anxiety as to the adequacy of the supplies that will be available for winter wear in the trenches and elsewhere. Some of the types of clothing which met with some demand a twelve month ago were found by experience to be capable of improvement, and others were found to be of dubious value as "comforts." The bearing of these transactions upon the general market cannot, however, be overlooked, as they mean a necessary increase in cost of woollen fabrics when the present stocks are depleted. For some time manufacturers have endeavoured to steady the prices, knowing that they had reached an economic maximum, but week by week they have lengthened the time demanded for the execution of contracts. The explanation is that owing to the shortage of labor it takes longer to get goods through the mill, but does not cost appreciably more.

THE FRENCH AT VERDUN.

"If this pile were a little higher, father, Verdun would be in sight," was the text under Raemaekers' terrible cartoon of Verdun which he drew this summer. The Kaiser and his son were standing on tip-toe on the top of a awful pile of dead German soldiers. The pile is higher yet to-day, but Verdun is further out of sight from the German camp—indeed at one part it is back to the situation in February. The enthusiasm for the French aroused in London, particularly amongst those best qualified to judge the conditions, is higher than I have ever seen it. We should be used to surprises of the kind. The bound forward of the French on the first day of the combined action on the Somme and the number of prisoners that were captured astonished everyone. Now, in addition to their great deeds on the Somme, there comes this sudden and splendidly conducted offensive at Verdun. The point which strikes many people is that, beyond the military importance of the blow, there is something in the deed characteristically and ironically French. You see it to-day in the faces of Frenchmen when they speak of Douaumont. There is a smile along with the fire of their satisfaction. At a high moment of German pride the French army has done the one thing that would most wound it. The failure of the attack on Verdun, so tremendously launched, so enthusiastically recorded, so closely bound up with the prestige of the dynasty, is the one thing the Germans would most gladly forget. Here, at the moment of the Dobruja victory, "Verdun" is heard all over the world again, and the fort of Douaumont, which was to the Germans the chief evidence to which they could point as proof of their eight months' offensive, has fallen in a day.

THE HUMP IN PICCADILLY.

One would think that the sight of a camel walking down Piccadilly would make anybody stare, but the curious thing was that when this theatrical property took its constitutional past the clubs this morning many people walked by without noticing it. Those who did stopped to gaze, and soldiers from Egypt greeted it as an old friend. The camel—very beautiful, brown and furry, with one upright hump and one that sagged over as if it had been punctured—walked with a lofty mien, thrusting its long lower lip out contemptuously at all the noisy buses and motor-lorries, not in the least perturbed by any of them, though they crowded it unpleasantly. It gave the small boy who led it very little trouble till it came to the island of the Wellington statue, where it insisted on resting in the shade of the trees while it thoughtfully manured its fore feet. A few steps further on the policeman in charge of Hyde Park Corner sprang to attention bristling with horror at the camel's evident intention of entering the Park. "We don't allow them in Hyde Park," said the inspector firmly, adding, "Not that we are often asked for leave in respect of camels." The creature, baffled, turned from the green glimpses of the Park to the gates of Constitution Hill. "That's another place camels may not go to," said the inspector; "he must keep to Piccadilly." And sadly the camel wandered again past the clubs.

"Real, True Joy."

What One Officer Found at the Front.

An officer serving in France writes: "After a nice little rest we are going up again. So here's to our jolly good luck. Don't worry about me going up the line again, as I am looking forward to it, and have a splendid sleep. You can have no idea how I love my men. My whole life at present is in two little wood huts. Two splendid sergeants who can stand under shell fire just like waiting in a queue at the pit, early doors. They're for the most part miners from "North" as they

THE WIFE HE LEFT BEHIND HIM

Pursues her daily round of Domestic Duties

The homes of our Gallant Soldiers & Sailors are not neglected in times of war. The Motto of Sweethearts and Wives is

"CLEANLINESS AS USUAL" with SUNLIGHT SOAP.

We see to it that their hardships are not of a physical nature, for the guaranteed purity of SUNLIGHT SOAP ensures REST AND COMFORT for all who use it.

£1,000 Guarantee of Purity on every bar



The Name Lever on soap is a guarantee of Purity & Excellence
Lever Brothers Limited Port Sunlight.

say, but all just like babies—you almost have to dress them and feed them, and that's where the fun comes in, and that's where the friendship springs up. The whole thing is discipline, the real, true stuff. Not bully stuff. When I say "Shun!" I mean "Shun!" and by H—if any man talks or moves a hair, he gets it—not too. Yet I wouldn't let the men go about with a pair of worn boots for all the world. And they know it and appreciate it. Feed, clothe, and look after a man, find him a place to rest his head, look after his ailments, find out his peculiarities, his weaknesses, his strong points, praise him when he tries, show him you know your job, trust him, treat him like a man, and behave like a gentleman yourself, and any man will follow you to hell. I've twice been there and seen it. Somehow or other I don't think any one of No. — section would leave their officer, their very own officer in a fix.

Now from this perhaps you will be able to see the real joy there is in life out here—real, true joy. It fascinates me to play of the strings of these fellows' hearts just as a musician plays on a harp. It won't stand rough handling—neither will they. If not kept up to the mark, it gets out of tune—so do they. I frequently played on it answers to the will of the player, and new and better notes are struck—the same applies here. I'll always write and tell you about my section, as long as I can keep it. Through this you will see how I am. A happy section means I'm O. K., and living and enjoying life. Perfectly content.

Good night to both of you. May God bring us all three safely together again—not too soon; the idea of passing No. — to another officer would be far too hard, and yet I would love to be back again in dear old —. While there's a war on there's one place for you. You know where that place is. It's among men, men who are making history as history was never made before.

Before I was under fire I was afraid, terribly afraid. I thought I should run, but now all that fear is gone, and in its place has sprung an easy self-confidence based absolutely on a Higher help, which help I have prayed

for as I never prayed in my life; so when at church pray for my men, their trust in me, my own power over them, rather than for my own personal safety.—Montreal Daily Star.

Salves Can't Cure Eczema.

In regard to skin diseases, medical authorities are now agreed on this: Don't imprison the disease germs in your skin by the use of greasy salves, and thus encourage them to multiply. A true cure of all eczematous diseases can be brought about only by using the healing agents in the form of a liquid.

WASH THE GERMS OUT.

The D. D. D. Prescription is a new skin discovery which is becoming famous throughout Newfoundland and Canada. It is a simple wash, compounded as a scientific antiseptic remedy for Eczema, Bad Leg, Ulcers, Sores, Pimples and all skin eruptions. This wash penetrates to the disease germs and destroys them, then soothes and heals the skin as nothing else has ever done.

Don't delay—this wash will cure. Get a bottle of D. D. D. Prescription to-day. Sold everywhere. Recommended by T. McMurdo & Co., A. W. Kennedy, M. Connors, Peter O'Mara.

An Absent-Minded Peer

Among the many excellent stories which Mr. Leslie Ward, the famous cartoonist "Spy," tells in his Reminiscences, published by Chatto and Windus, are one or two concerning the absent-mindedness of Lord Crewe's father, the post-peer, better known as Monkton-Milnes.

"I remember," says "Spy," "the eccentric Lord coming into the club one evening looking tired and hungry. On the mantelpiece a white paper gleamed. It was a list of the Derby Lottery. Something stirred in his mind, which was far away on other subjects bent, and reminded him that he was hungry. He scanned the Lottery

List . . . and at last he was heard to murmur in dissatisfied tones: "Walter, I don't see anything to eat here."

On another occasion, after a careful scrutiny of the actual menu, he ordered a herring:

Monkton-Milnes used to dine at the Athenaeum, and usually at the same table. Another member came rushing in one day to obtain a place for himself. But every seat was occupied save that reserved for Lord Crewe. "Tell him when he comes," said the would-be diner to the waiter as he sat down, "that he's dined!" It is to be supposed the waiter found the deception worth while, for when Lord Crewe arrived he was met with surprise and quiet expostulation. "You dined an hour ago, my lord," said the unscrupulous servant. "So I did," murmured the poor victim, as he retraced his steps.—Tit-Bits.

Penalty of a Rime.

Caustic Collingborne Paid for His Taunt at Richard III.

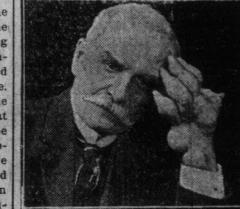
Did you ever hear of a spring poet who came to his death because of a rime? Doubtless many spring poets have merited the same fate, but in our day justice tarries and the world suffers in silence.

It was not thus when Richard III., last of the Plantagenets, ruled England. In the main the people who did not agree with the Duke of Gloucester were wise enough to keep their opinions to themselves, but William Collingborne thought to stretch poetic license to make it cover an attack on his majesty at a time when the murder of the two princes in the Tower ought to have taught prudence.

The king was under the sway of a beautiful and clever woman, Mrs. Lovell, who was thought to dictate much of his policy, which was hopelessly bad. Now, Collingborne had recourse to the fact that the wolf dog was called a "love," and so he penned the famous rime: "The rat, the cat and love, our dog, rule all England under the hog." As a result, England was decidedly "on the hog."

Did the rime escape the eagle eye of Gloucester? Well, if it did it was not overlooked by the lady. That was a year before the famous battle of Bosworth, when the Earl of Richmond came to the rescue of his suffering people. Richard had put down Buckingham's rebellion, and all the traitors had paid the price with their heads, so another head more or less did not matter. Collingborne was

summoned into court, given a perfunctory trial and sent to the block. However, there is no evidence that he was punished for writing atrocious poetry.



GIVE ME A CHANCE TO Cure Your RHEUMATISM FREE

Mr. Delano took his own medicine. It cured his rheumatism after he had suffered tortures for thirty-six years. He spent thousands of dollars before he discovered the remedy that cured him, but I will give you the benefit of his experience for nothing.

If you suffer from rheumatism let me send you a package of this remedy absolutely free. Don't send any money. I want to give it to you. I want you to see for yourself what it will do. The picture shows how rheumatism twists and distorts the bones. Maybe you are suffering the same way. Don't. You don't need to. I have the remedy that I believe will cure you and it's yours for the asking. Write me to-day. F. H. Delano, 808 Delano Bldg., Syracuse, New York, and I will send you a free package the very day I get your letter.

AT THE CRESCENT.

The Crescent Picture Palace presents Plump and Runt in a slashing Vito Comedy: "One Too Many" to-day. Violet Smith, Jack Mulhall and Charles Perley in "Celeste," a two reel Biograph drama of love and mystery. Lillian Gish in "During the Round Up," a western cowboy drama, and Vitaphone Topical Life and Training in the U.S. Navy. Professor McCarthy plays a new and class musical programme. Douglas F. Stewart sings a new novelty song. See this big show at the Crescent to-day.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"