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Callahan, Glass & Co., Ltd., Duckworth and Gower Streets.

Serbs, Undaunted by Defeats

WILL FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN.
Heavy Guns Blast Mountains to Bits—
Left Ruins of Belgrade Covered
With Bodies of Their Foes.

(By George Renwick.)
Monastir (by Courier to Saloniki,
Nov. 7, thence by Cable to The London
Daily Chronicle).—I have just returned
here after an exciting and highly
interesting visit to that part of Serbia
north of the wedge of the Bulgarian
invasion.

Owing to the complete interruption
of the usual routes of communication
it has been necessary, in order to de-
spatch this message, to come here by
the only route with the south which
remained open. That route, leading
through Nish, Prishtina, Prisrend,
Eastern Albania, Dibra, and Ochrida,
involved the use of all methods of
travel from an automobile to a native
bullock cart, and the journey included
four days' hard riding on horseback
through mud and across the moun-
tains and torrents of the widest part
of Eastern Albania.

Through more than a fortnight of
difficult and continuous travel the
Serbian military and civil authorities
at all times and places rendered me
every service in their power, and with-
out their ever-ready help, which I
most gratefully acknowledge, I should
still be a prisoner in besieged Serbia.
Looking backward across a fort-
night of varied and memorable ex-
periences, the main impression which
remains fixed and living in my mind
is the superb courage and endurance
of the Serbian Army and Serbian peo-
ple in the dark days of sombre trial
which are there just now and the mag-
nificent human qualities with which
they face death, homelessness, wounds
and hunger, and all the terrible tra-
gedies of war which fortune now is
dealing out to them with such a heavy
hand.

Resolved to Fight to Last Man.
I have seen much of this war in its
various theatres, but nothing quite so

magnificently inspiring as the behav-
ior of the Serbian nation at this great
crisis in its history. One must re-
member that here is a nation which
has been at war practically for three
years, and still its fortitude is some-
thing to marvel at; its heroism still
lives undiminished, and its determina-
tion knows no abatement. Among the
people of all classes there is not the
faintest sign of weariness nor the
least desire to say that sword and
right arm can do no more. No, this
struggle of theirs will go on, if need
be, to the last yard of Serbian soil
and to the last cartridge of the last
Serbian patriot.

In the meantime in the South the
forces of the Allies gather, and in the
North every Serbian heart is stealed
to hold on and endure till the relieving
armies strike and strike home.

Belgrade Bombardment Appalling.

At Belgrade the bombardment com-
menced Oct. 5. From behind Zemlin
batteries of 42 centimeter guns rained
hell on the city, the huge shells throw-
ing up debris to the height of the five-
story houses. Every square yard of
the city was systematically searched
by machine gun fire. When crowds of
refugees were streaming out of the
city German airmen appeared and drop-
ped bombs on them. But there was
no panic.

Until that rain of death and terror
attack after attack on the city itself
was driven back, but at last the en-
emy gained a footing.

Then the most formidable part of
of the Germans' task began. They
had to win the capital street by street.
It is no exaggeration to say they had
to pay a price for every paving stone.
Prisoners have told me it was appal-
ling work. Every street corner seem-
ed to be a citadel. On Oct. 8 the
street fighting continued fiercely, and
before the Germans were masters of
Belgrade and the Danube the city
was a ghastly mass of smoldering
ruins, strewn in the grimmest horror
with a covering of dead.

Here is a little story which shows
the heroic spirit of the Serbian people.
Near Palanka I met a little comitadj
of 15 years who in his street, Emperor
Duschan Street, with five comrades
and a supply of hand grenades, kept
a German company at bay for two
hours. He had three shrapnel wounds
but was smiling and eager to fight
again. His chief promoted him Cor-
poral on the field of battle.

Once in possession of the city the
Germans opened a terrible fire on the
Serbian positions behind it. The lines
of trenches were searched one by one
with a fire of fendish accuracy. Fac-
ing Belgrade and Semendria the river-
bank we offered a long continuing line
of flame, but the capture of the hills
behind the two places named was also
frightfully expensive business. Every
one had to be covered with dead to be
won, and, indeed, after twelve days of
violent onslaught Mackensen had suc-
ceeded in obtaining a little more than
a foothold on the southern side of the
river.

Drina Fighting Equally Fierce.

On the Drina front he found his task
equally heavy. Time after time the at-
tacking forces were driven back with
appalling losses. Captain Milan-
manovich, who was wounded in that
region, told me the Germans at times
were staggered by the opposition they
encountered. In the encounter in
which he was wounded the Germans
launched a force of 500 men across
the river. Not a single man of that
body returned alive.

After about ten days of severe fight-
ing Mackensen concentrated his forces
on positions beyond Belgrade and
Semendria, his object evidently being
to drive south from the former place
to Kragevace, important on account
of its arsenal, while the Semendria
army was to ascend the Morava Val-
ley, the historic highway to Europe
by which the Turks invaded Hungary
in their progress to the gates of Vi-
enna. This army was evidently in-
tended to join hands with the Bulgar-
ians and their united forces were to
turn the Serbian right while the Bel-
grade army enveloped the Serbian
left.

Hills Brought to Pieces.

Two heights nearer at hand, Eti-
chaclovac, on my right, and Verbo-
vac, on my left, on both of whom the

Serbs were in position, had been
subjected to perhaps one of the most
appalling deluges of shells of all sizes
that the war has yet seen. An officer
who had clung with his men to Ver-
becac till it was folly to stay longer,
told me the hill and its neighborhood
were simply blown out of existence
in the end. From fair green hills they
were altered to shapeless masses of
iron shrapnel, on which nothing could
live.

The hills in possession of the Ger-
mans, the retreat of the Shoumadia
division and of those to the right and
left became necessary, and on the af-
ternoon of the 19th, I saw this move-
ment carried out with a coolness and
calmness which makes it one of the
finest feats of war.

The men of the Morava, fighting on
and for their own fair, beloved corner
of the earth, were more than magnif-
icent. A long line of victories has
made them a superb fighting force,
but in this steady, stubborn, cool re-
treat they rose superior to all their
splendid battle traditions.

The Germans were throwing out
forces to right and left. Their cavalry
was advancing across the plain and
artillery from the farther side of the
river was searching the woods in
front of the advancing forces. Tall
columns of shell fumes sprang up in
eclectic fashion among trees like
figures on a chess board. Various
sections of the Shoumadia division
moved their guns and thundered in
reply. Slowly, slowly, yard after
yard, the ground was yielded, one sec-
tion after another supporting its
neighbor into safety.

To say that the men of the Morava
were as cool as on parade does not
adequately describe their spirit. They
were infinitely cooler. They were as
gay as on a holiday. They knew they
had done their duty and were doing
it. They knew that as a result they
had so hampered the Germans' ad-
vance that if its progress became no
more rapid the German plan was fol-
lowed, and that at such a rate Mackensen
would take months to carry out his
scheme, and in those months succor
from the south would wreck him.
How steadfastly that Serbian battle
line moved south to its new position.

As I watched the Germans took
Poscharevac, and a cloud of dust far
on the left told of the blowing up by

the Serbs of Lubejevo Bridge. "Now,"
said a Serbian Colonel to me when the
time came to leave my position, "we
shall see Serbian mud do something
more for us."

**HARVEST-HOME AT THE FARM
AND THE TRENCHES.**

The fields gleam gold in sunset rays.
The farmer sits alone,
Lost in the light of other days
And summers that have flown;
A shade o'erclouds the harvest field
And dulls the season's joy;
Scarce reck he of the bounteous
yield
Without his absent boy.

A fresh young voice sounds in his ear
A snatch of merry song—
And surely Rover there must hear
That whistle clear and strong!
But Rover, wistful by the gate,
Still listens for the call;
The well-known step the horses wait
And whinny in their stall.

The mother, in her household round,
Fulfills each tender care,
While off her lips, without a sound,
Repeat his name in prayer.
The children, bringing home the line
Forget their wanted play—
Wondering what means the "fighting
line."

Where Ned has gone to stay.

Far, far away, on alien shores,
A lone young soldier lies,
Where screaming shells and cannon's
roar
Drive slumber from his eyes.

The stars shine dull through murky
air
The deadly bombs dart by
And burning homes, with lurid glare
Redden the eastern sky.

Yet, 'mid the dull, resounding boom,
'Mid clamor and alarm,
He sees the light of harvest-home
Enfold the distant farm;
He sees his father, in his place,
Guiding the faithful team;
He sees his mother's gladdened face
Raised from her endless seam.

He sees the orchard's fruitage fair,
He hears the apples fall;
He sees old Rover waiting there
To answer to his call.
How real it was, short months before
And now—how far it seems,
Like some bright tale of fairy lore
That fed his childish dreams.

Yet close is One, whose love unknown
Can bless him here as there
With light and peace—enough alone—
For all who seek a share.
This faith he knows his mother's joy,
His father's strength and stay;
Blest heirloom for the absent boy—
That light to guide his way.

His heart is set to stand or fall
For home and freedom dear,
And now he hears the distant call
That tells of "action" near.
The dawn draws nigh, the stars grow
dim.
The bugle sounds "Advance!"
What next? Ah, who can tell for him
Who fights—somewhere in France?

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"No one can measure your 'Nerve
Force' as it leaves you."
"Prescription A" will increase your
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Nerve Force is the very motive pow-
er of the body as petrol is of the en-
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other causes—you are like a motor car
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sooner or later.

Now Prescription "A" not only re-
stores lost Nerve Force but actually
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Try it. You will really be astonished
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Price: Trial Size, 25 cts.; postage,
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Cures.

nov.4,15

The Tomato.

There is no doubt that the tomato
is indigenous to America. Exactly
where it originated is a mooted ques-
tion. The name seems to be of Aztec
origin, given by some as "tomatl" and
by others as "xitomate." The word
still exists in names of Mexican towns,
such as Tomatlan, Tomatepec, etc.
Humboldt states that the plant was
cultivated for its fruit by the Mexican
natives long before the Spanish con-
quest, while Alphonse de Candolle, in
his "Origin of Cultivated Plants," ar-
rives at the conclusion that the plant
and its culture for edible purposes
originated in Peru, and thence spread
to other sections of the Americas. At
any rate, it had been known and cul-
tivated extensively in these countries
for centuries before the Columbian
discovery, and there is little doubt
that many of the plants seen and de-
scribed by the European invaders as
wild species were really cultivated
varieties originated by the Indians by
crossing of selected species. Botani-

cally the common tomato belongs to
the order Solanaceae and the genus
Lycopersium, the species which is
usually cultivated for food purposes
being named esculentum. The desig-
nation of the genus, derived from Ly-
kos, a wolf, and persica, a peach, had
its origin in the supposed ophrodial-
cal qualities and in the real beauty of
the fruit of the vegetable.—Bulletin of
the Pan-American Union (Washing-
ton, U.S.A.).

In Milady's Boudoir.

ATTRACTIVE HANDS.

Attractive hands almost any wo-
man may own if she is willing to give
to those members a certain amount of
time and thought. Time, because no
hand will present the well groomed
and cared for appearance that good
form demands if treated only to a cas-
ual soap and water washing several
times a day with an accompanying
hasty use of a nail stick; and thought
because more than mere time must
be given to the subject if one is to
make the very most of ones hands.

Cultivate the habit of whisking the
orange stick about whenever its
point has been used, to push back the
cuticle about the edge of the nail with
always be in evidence, and the nails
will maintain their proper shape.

Then you will have to spend a fra-
gile half hour pushing back the harden-
ed cuticle, and perhaps acquire a sore
finger into the bargain, when you are
suddenly invited at short notice to go
somewhere.

Never clip the nails into shape un-
less you want them to become thick
and coarse at the edges. Clipped
nails also break off more readily, es-
pecially in cold weather. Every wo-
man should have a pair of curved
manicure scissors on her dresser but
they should be put to use seldom, and
then only for clipping a hang nail,
or for cutting off the ends or sides of
an overlong nail.

The dainty shaping should be done
carefully with the nail file and the
nails may be pointed or rounded as
the shape of the fingers and the gen-
eral shape of the hand suggest. Very
thin, tapering fingers look unless
anly like talons when the nails are
too long and too sharply pointed.
Pointed nails also emphasize the
thickness of naturally thick and stub-
by fingers.



RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"