

\$10,000

Church,

per 1st.

Very Best.

urch.

A Recipe For Good Huns

stant.

Wine can be made at home. Postage

great many are the col-

Wine can be made at home. Postage

great many are the col-

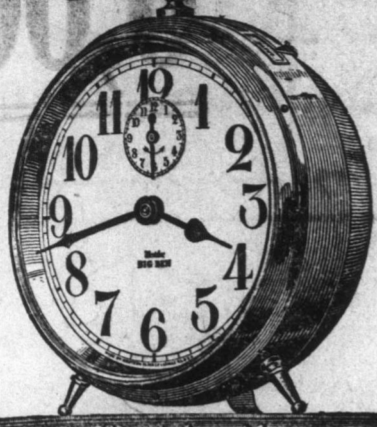
Wine can be made at home. Postage

great many are the col-

Wine can be made at home. Postage

great many are the col-

Big Ben



BIG BEN heads the family of Westclox alarms. He won his success by getting folks up in the world.

Before they let him call you, the Western Clock Co. sees that he runs on time and rings on time. They give him good looks outside to match his good works inside.

Western Clock Co.-makers of Westclox
La Salle, Ill., U. S. A. Factories at Peru, Ill.

ying Con-ventions.

do not doubt the war will teach us to many of our old conventions. It is one of the few outward signs that occasionally remind us that there was such a time when the world at large was a more peaceful place. Is it ever likely to be a more peaceful place?

hideousness of trousers? And the convention of gloves? Shall we give up wearing them at all except in severe weather? The affectation of wearing one glove and dandling the other seems a rather senseless habit.

Air or Rail?

An experienced railwayman, writing in the "Railway Magazine," gives some convincing reasons for his opinion that aerial travel is not likely to take the place of railways in the future.

"The first consideration," he writes, "is speed. For the sake of argument, let us suppose an average of ninety miles an hour, and a passenger-mail (aerial) service from London to Glasgow. The distance, 400 miles, would be covered in four and a half hours. But the passenger would first have to travel at least five miles to an aerodrome on the outskirts of London. For this he would have to allow forty-five minutes. Similarly, forty-five minutes would have to be added at the other end. This would bring the time to six hours. If a thirty-mile wind were blowing behind the machine, the speed would be 120 miles an hour, and the journey time reduced one hour; but if this wind were against the machine, the speed would be sixty miles an hour, and the time increased two hours. On the other hand, if you travel by train, the journey is made in eight hours, with little time added at either end because the stations are centrally located.

"As to comfort, it is doubtful if that of a first class carriage could be equalled on an aeroplane. Then, having a meal, such as you do on a train and thereby saving time, would be out of the question on a heavier-than-air machine. And it is obvious a passenger could not be conveyed by air at anything approaching the first-class railway fare.

"Then, aerial post. I presume something like this would be charged for a letter, which, perhaps would beat the train by two hours, and the time saved by sorting mail en route, as in postal vans, would be lost. If, however, it is to be spent, why not send a telegram?

"In winter there are many days when flying would be impossible. Fog may delay trains, but it prevents flying altogether."

Stafford's Essence of Ginger Wine at Stafford's Drug Stores for 20c. bottle. Postage 5c. extra.-nov25,1f

Forbidding Men to Marry.

(By J. R. Hannan, Hon. Sec. Bank Officers' Guild.)

We have been called the "cuffs and collar brigade." What irony, when the men who handle thousands of pounds behind the bank counter each day find a difficulty in paying their laundry bills! To keep an outwardly respectable appearance is the bank clerk's constant worry, while the dream of a comfortable home of his own must remain a dream, unless he is capable and lucky enough to drop into a managerial position, or he has an independent income which ekes out his inadequate pay sufficiently to satisfy the bank managers that he can afford to keep a wife.

Hopelessly Poor Pay. Many bank clerks never marry because they cannot afford to do so. Usually the bank clerk commences at £50 a year at eighteen years of age, and rises at the rate of £10 a year until he is thirty, when he earns £170 a year.

A bank usually prohibits its employees to marry until they are in receipt of about £175 a year.

Thus, there are two alternatives for the bank clerk who has no sources of income other than his bank pay—enforced celibacy until he is well over thirty years of age, or—if his bank permits it—married life on a hopelessly inadequate income.

There are scores of men over fifty years of age acting as cashiers in banks, or managers of small country branches, whose salaries do not exceed £250 a year to-day. There are branch managers with twenty-five years' experience today earning but £300 a year. Many are without private means and have families to maintain. In normal times it would be a struggle for a man with this income to keep his head above water and live up to his position. To-day it is a worse struggle even with the bonuses, which, after all, only meet a very small percentage of the extra cost of living.

"Prussism" in Banks. In spite of increase of salary and war bonuses, bank clerks are relatively worse off than before the war, and there is a danger that this may become a permanent condition. That is why they have felt the necessity of forming an organization to protect their interests and, by obtaining better conditions, to remove the marriage handicap.

There was a time when banks controlled the lives of their clerks to such an extent that they had to get the permission of the board to discard the top hat in favour of a straw hat in summer-time, or to change the morning coat for the alpaca coat. It is almost as bad to-day, for in many banks, before a man receives sanction to marry, a guarantee is required that his income will be made up to the necessary figures.

"Buckshee."

To possess something that is "buckshee" is the delight of a soldier's existence. But before explaining its quaint joys, let me give a definition of the phrase.

For every unit in the army there is a definite scale of equipment and accessories, and the "quarter-bloke" is responsible that these stores and articles are on the spot for use when required. A quarterly audit board "vets" in every regiment to check all equipment, and we betide the section that is short of anything! For whenever a deficiency is reported, a court of inquiry (composed of three officers) pulls up its well-tread shins and deliberates on the matter, so as to assign the blame and land the cost of the missing equipment on the unfortunate Tommy who is responsible.

Suppose twelve field telephones have been issued to the Signal Section and one fine day it suddenly dawns on the harassed signal officer that one of them is missing. Then there is weeping and gnashing of teeth, and a flushed gang of signallers are set hurriedly searching for the missing 'phone. The dread of a court of inquiry urges them to further effort.

On active service I have known a telephone go missing. One man was sent to search among the trenches of the battalion on the right, and another man on the left. At nightfall both men returned, grinning. Each bore a telephone!

Then there was joy in the Signal Section, for not only had the lost telephone been replaced, but somebody else's expense—but there was also a spare instrument.

And that was a "buckshee" telephone. It was "surplus to establishment." You may be sure it was hurriedly camouflaged, and hidden away among the signal stores where prying hands from another battalion could not reach it.

Almost instinctively a Tommy delights in collecting these oddments of equipment. He cannot help it. It is in his bones. Moreover, all this "buckshee" bric-a-brac is carefully tended, and kept in flawless condition. Much more pains go in polishing a "buckshee" helio than those better in normal use "on the establishment." No matter how muddy may be the battalion bicycles, you may be sure, if Tommy has acquired—we won't ask how—a "buckshee" bike, it will be a

What Phonograph Shall I Buy?

How many times, when the subject of purchasing a phonograph or talking machine has come up, have you asked yourself this question!

The Edison tone test answers it for you, completely, convincingly.

Over two million music lovers have been present when this test was being made; and they have realized, as you will realize, that the New Edison alone can actually RE-CREATE the human voice and the music of human-played instruments.

It is all-important that you hear

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

because it is the only instrument that RE-CREATES the singer's voice so faithfully that the human ear cannot distinguish the rendition of the artist from that of the New Edison.

The wise way to choose your phonograph is to have the several makes of phonographs and talking machines sent to your home on trial, where you can make direct comparisons among them, and then decide which one you would like to keep—which one you think you would enjoy hearing as much five years from now as you do to-day.

Be your own salesman. Sell a phonograph to yourself. We will gladly send a New Edison to your home for the purpose, without any obligation on your part.

Fred V. Chesman, St. John's, Nfld.

The Greatest Bargains

In Our History.

Our Annual Fall Sale is Now On

We are offering Exceptional Values in

Ladies' Coats and Men's Suits

and will mention the following reductions:

Ladies' Coats at	Men's Suits at
\$9.50; now \$8.00.	\$12.50; now \$10.00.
16.50; now 13.90.	16.50; now 14.00.
21.00; now 18.00.	19.50; now 16.00.
29.50; now 26.00.	25.50; now 23.00.
35.00; now 30.00.	32.00; now 28.00.
40.00; now 34.00.	39.00; now 34.00.

These Ladies' Coats are of the very latest design and up-to-date in style and finish.

Made with Military Collar, Belted and Patch Pockets, and are extra good value at above figures.

The Gent's Suits are of the best material, well finished, and come in Pinch and Plain Backs and Kitchener Styles.

Our Ladies' Costumes are a clearing lot in Serge only, and at prices ranging from \$12.00 to \$25.00.

We are showing a full line of Ladies' and Gent's Boots and Shoes, Sweater Coats and Jerseys, Blouses and Skirts, Men's Shirts and Pants, all at specially marked down prices.

Make your purchases early, you will then have a much larger selection to choose from.

English & Am. Clothing Co.,

312 Water Street.

My First Trial Flight.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

(By Capt. B. C. Hicks, in Tit-Bits.)

It was more by good luck than good management that my first flight was not almost my last, for I met with the worst accident I ever had on the very second day I went up on my own account.

That was, also, the day I got my pilot's certificate. It occurred at Fley in the year 1911.

When I speak of my first flight, I mean the first time I went up actually on my own account as a pilot, not as a passenger.

I set out for my first independent attempt on a Blackburn monoplane. It was an untried machine, and I was, also, an untried airman; we were a nice couple, my machine and I. Anyhow, I started off quite cheerfully; and when, at length, I got the engine going—and in those days starting troubles were the rule—it was by no means easy to rise. I had not the least idea what was going to happen—and perhaps that was just as well!

A Bad Crash.

For some time the machine only hopped along the ground; then, to my joy, the hops steadily grew longer and higher. At last I was clearing a couple of miles at each hop, and I got up to about 300 feet above the ground; then I was well satisfied with my performance.

During the afternoon I went up again; and this time I succeeded in making both right and left full turns. This was enough for me, as that was the test for the pilot's certificate; so I wired to York, and asked for Aero Club officials to be sent to witness my flights on the following day.

The next day was a wonderful one, from every point of view. The weather was perfect for flying. The Aero Club judges arrived in good time, and I made an early start on my monoplane. I completed a cross-country flight of sixteen miles without mishap, and I climbed up to 1,400 feet above the earth, and all this was done without a hitch. It was not until I was making the last turn of the "eight" test—which was an obligatory part of the test for the certificate—that I had had luck.

Touch Wood!

Just as I was coming round the propeller caught the shaft, which snapped and came hurtling through the air at a terrific speed. The machine was left in an almost vertical position; and after a bad side-slip it came down to earth with a crash. Luckily for me, I was only about 50 feet from the ground; but even so, I was very fortunate to escape with my life—or, at least, without a permanent injury.

The monoplane was completely wrecked, needless to say; and some of the spectators had a very narrow escape, for the machine was entirely out of control. But the pilot's certificate had been secured, and that was the main thing.

I sustained a slight concussion, and my leg was rather badly lacerated. But I made a very rapid recovery, and in about five weeks I was able to walk quite well. I am thankful that my nerve was not shattered—though I admit that for a time I was pretty well shaken. That, I think, is all that I can say about my first flight; but it is strange that I have never had such a serious accident as that first one, although I have often been in very great danger. But let me touch wood at once, for I am very superstitious!

er was perfect for flying. The Aero Club judges arrived in good time, and I made an early start on my monoplane. I completed a cross-country flight of sixteen miles without mishap, and I climbed up to 1,400 feet above the earth, and all this was done without a hitch. It was not until I was making the last turn of the "eight" test—which was an obligatory part of the test for the certificate—that I had had luck.

Touch Wood!

Just as I was coming round the propeller caught the shaft, which snapped and came hurtling through the air at a terrific speed. The machine was left in an almost vertical position; and after a bad side-slip it came down to earth with a crash. Luckily for me, I was only about 50 feet from the ground; but even so, I was very fortunate to escape with my life—or, at least, without a permanent injury.

The monoplane was completely wrecked, needless to say; and some of the spectators had a very narrow escape, for the machine was entirely out of control. But the pilot's certificate had been secured, and that was the main thing.

I sustained a slight concussion, and my leg was rather badly lacerated. But I made a very rapid recovery, and in about five weeks I was able to walk quite well. I am thankful that my nerve was not shattered—though I admit that for a time I was pretty well shaken. That, I think, is all that I can say about my first flight; but it is strange that I have never had such a serious accident as that first one, although I have often been in very great danger. But let me touch wood at once, for I am very superstitious!

When storing cutlery, wipe the blades lightly with a little vasoline. Before using, wash in soda water and clean in the usual way.

For Twenty-five Years

The QUALITY of This Tea Has "LOOMED UP" Conspicuously Above a Hundred IMITATORS.

"SALADA"

The Tea with a Reputation

Refuse Substitutes

Sealed Packets Only. Black, Green or Mixed.

WHOLESALE AGENTS ST. JOHN'S

BAIRD & CO.