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WINGED

A Yankee Boy's Aeroplane Experience in Belgium

By GEORGE BRENNAN

When the big universal war broke out in Europe, I, a Hampshire boy living near the Canadian border, concluded that I would like to see some of it. I had listened from my babyhood to my grandfather's stories of the war between the states and the hairbreadth escapes the old gentleman had experienced while serving in a New Hampshire regiment. I was exactly the age my grandfather had been when he enlisted to fight for the Union and was so influenced by the romance of war that I couldn't keep out of the fight in Europe.

I had no preference for either side, but the fact that I could easily enlist on that of the allies and could not very well get to Germany decided me for the former. Crossing the Canadian line, I sought the nearest recruiting station and, being in excellent physical condition, was accepted as a recruit. After a good deal of drilling in Canada and then in England I found myself in Belgium.

By this time it was winter, and the two opposing armies had got into the trench deadlock. Nevertheless there were occasional drives on both sides, and I soon saw all the fighting, or rather, the slaughter, I wanted. I had found my grandfather's descriptions of battles quite exciting. These fights in Belgium appeared rather the marching of men to slaughter, with the idea that the side on which most men were left was the victor. When I saw the enemy advance for an attack it reminded me of wheat falling before a mowing machine.

Not seeing any romance in this kind of warfare, I thought I would like to enter the corps of aviators. Not having been educated to run a flying machine, I could only volunteer to go up with one who had as a fighting man or a bomb dropper. I succeeded in getting myself tried for this service, and it was found that I had the head for it. Not every person can rise to a great height without becoming dizzy, and this of course would render him unavailable for the purpose. The stock of English aeroplanes had been increasing during the autumn of 1914, and experts were wanted to man the new ones and fill the gaps made by those who were killed. So I, having proved my efficiency, was detailed as a bomb dropper.

My first service was with a number of aeroplanes on an expedition to destroy a munitions factory of the Germans within the German lines. There were a dozen machines, each bearing a goodly supply of bombs. The machine on which I served also carried a rapid fire gun.

The expedition started at noon. Our machines had whirled for two hours when we came in sight of the town in which the factory we were to destroy was located. In order to drop bombs with any precision, we must settle down to within a few hundred feet of the object to be destroyed, which would bring us within range of the guns that would be brought to bear upon us. The fleet commander signalled that we would separate and then draw near enough to the town to observe the location of the factory, keeping at a height that would be out of range. Then we were to fly away, returning when night was coming on, make straight for a point just above the works, drop the bombs and get away under cover of the darkness.

Lieutenant Meeker, commanding and guiding the airship on which I served, while I noted the position of the factory. As soon as it was plainly visible I directed his attention to it, that he might be the better able to cover it when the attack was made.

While the plan of attack precluded the possibility of a surprise, it facilitated escape after the bombs had been dropped. But the attacking force could not expect to approach the works in the day without being observed, and a night attack on a particular part of the town would likely fall from inability to locate it in the darkness. There was one weak point in the plan. Twilight lasts longer above than below, and the enemy would have a better view of the aeroplanes than we on the aeroplanes would have of the enemy. But there is a great difference between aeroplanes and a factory covering a large area. The latter would be an extended target, while the aeroplanes would be a small and scattered one. The advantages and disadvantages on each side were about

equal, leaving a marked advantage with the aeroplanes in the matter of escape after the attack.

One or two shots were delivered at those aeroplanes flying nearest to the factory, but they kept so far distant that there was but little danger of their being hit. Having located the point of attack, they flew away, passing out of sight.

At that season of the year the twilight was short, and we returned for the attack soon after the sun had sunk below the horizon. There was a range of high hills to the west of town, and our commander gauged the time for our attack when we would be in their shadow and still at a height of several hundred feet. We approached as rapidly as possible, being scattered, but converging over the factory.

The excitement now became intense. If we accomplished our object and returned to our lines we would be in the limelight as heroes. But we must swoop down to within range of the buildings and were sure to get a volley, for it was not to be expected that the place would be devoid of aeroplane destroying guns. I kept a hand on a bomb, waiting for the moment when we should be in position to drop it. I saw nothing of the other airships, being intent upon my own work, though I was conscious of being a part of a flock of gigantic birds about to make a descent upon their prey. I cannot conceive of a more exhilarating experience. Nevertheless I knew that on my self control would depend the value of my work.

Shots began to be fired at us before we came into position to drop a bomb. Whether any of the missiles were effective I did not know. I suppose I should have been dreading a drop of a thousand feet to earth, but I was so intent on my work that there was no room in my brain for anything else. Then came the supreme moment of dropping the first bomb. As soon as I had rolled it over, without waiting to see if it proved effective, I seized another and another.

There came up from below the sounds of many explosions, mingled with the near singing of bullets about our ears. The attack occupied only a few minutes; then it was every aeroplane for itself. I only knew that the machine on which I served received a shot that put us in the position of a bird with a broken wing. However, we were not so much damaged but that we could limp along. Other machines passed us in their flight, leaving us far behind, we sinking toward the earth.

Not knowing much about an aeroplane myself, I relied upon Lieutenant Meeker entirely. He could do nothing to help matters, for it was the fan of the propeller that was damaged, and there was no way to fix it. He could only put on all the force there was in the engine and guide the machine over such territory as would be best to fall on in case there came a sudden collapse. Unfortunately, beneath us were leafless trees whose branches seemed to be ready to receive us on their sharp points like bristling bayonets. In looking down at them I felt more fear than at any time of the flight, for I was unoccupied.

It was soon very evident that we would never get our machine back to our lines, and since we must come to earth in an enemy's country, if our machinery did not give out so as to drop us suddenly to death, we would doubtless be made prisoners, which I dreaded more than almost any other calamity.

By skillful management the lieutenant kept us aloft till it was quite dark and we had reached a point not many miles from our lines. Then we came to earth in a field covered with snow. Looking back through what remained of the twilight, I saw what looked like a bird coming through the air. I knew it for an aeroplane and supposed that it belonged to the enemy, for doubtless all our machines that had not been captured had gone on ahead. Quite likely those in the coming aeroplane had seen us go down and would pounce upon us.

The lieutenant and I consulted hurriedly how we might escape capture. We had our side arms and could fight, but within the enemy's lines such a course was not advisable. There were doubtless German troops about us, but if we could conceal ourselves we might eventually get within our lines. We felt sure we were in Belgium and would therefore have what assistance the citizens we might fall in with could give us.

It occurred to me to go as far as possible from our wrecked aeroplane and burrow in the snow, but the lieutenant suggested that if the tracks would conduct those looking for us to our hiding place. Hearing the jingle of sleigh bells, we moved in that direction, expecting at least to find a road. We found one and a house on it. Entering, we asked the persons there if they were Belgians, and when they replied affirmatively we told them we were of the British aviator corps and asked them if they would help us.

Meanwhile the aeroplane we had seen came up and hovered over our wrecked machine, but it was now too

A LIFETIME OF SICKNESS

Worn Out, Thin and Miserable Until She Took "Fruit-a-lives"

PALMERSTON, June 20th, 1914.

"Stomach Trouble and Distressing Headaches nearly drove me wild. Some time ago, I got a box of 'Fruit-a-lives,' your famous fruit medicine, and they completely relieved me. To-day I am feeling fine and a physician, meeting me on the street, asked the reason for my improved appearance. I said, 'I am taking Fruit-a-lives.' He said, 'If Fruit-a-lives make you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can.'"

Mrs. H. S. WILLIAMS.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

dark for those in it to hunt for us to advantage. Our host told us that the road led to our lines and the snow on it was so hardened that we would make no tracks. The German rear was about ten miles away and if we could pass it we might emerge among our own troops.

We resolved to undertake it. Leaving the house, we had not gone far before we heard some one asking for us in German. Fortunately we made no sound on the packed snow and moved on as fast as our legs would carry us. We ran the greater part of the night and toward morning climbed a hill, from which we looked down on to the trenches, which we recognized by the desultory firing that marked the line.

We were perfectly safe where we were, but it would be impossible to pass that line and get behind our trenches. Toward noon we saw aeroplanes rising from the British region and came toward us as if reconnoitering. They were looking for such machines of our expedition as had been wrecked. Nearer they came, and the hill we were on being several hundred feet high, when they reached it one of them flew near enough for us to attract its attention. It alighted in a clearing, took us aboard and returned with us to the other side of the line of trenches.

Poor Humanity.
"Success in aeronautics, as in most things," said a prominent aeronaut, "is achieved by patience and faith in oneself. Pessimists, like my friend's new gardener on Long Island, would not accomplish much in work like mine. This man was raking leaves off the lawn one fall day when a neighbor passing by inquired of him:

"Where's the gardener who used to work here?"
"Dead, sir," was the reply.
"Dead," said the astonished neighbor. Then, musing, he added, "Joined the great majority, eh?"
"Oh, sir," the gardener interrupted in a shocked voice, "I wouldn't like to say that. He was a good enough man as far as I know."—Lippincott's.

Storks in Holland.
Nowhere else in the world does the stork stand in higher regard than among the people of western Holland. Nothing is regarded as more indicative of good fortune to come than for a pair of storks to build their nest in the chimney of a humble cottage. However humble that cottage may be, the occupant feels that the stork's nest promises many blessings in the future. The farmers erect long poles with a box at the top in their fields, feeling that if the birds build their nests there both the quality and the quantity of their crops are assured.

False Logic.
"Women are all alike," declared the disappointed suitor bitterly.
"Oh, I don't know," responded the maiden airily. "You must not draw general conclusions from the fact that all the women you have known managed to get on to your curves."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Good Guess.
Redd—Been out in your new automobile? Greene—Yes. Had trouble going out. We stopped several times, but coming back we didn't make a stop.
"I see; you were towed home."—Yonkers Statesman.

Knew Him.
"Well, how about that little bill?"
"But I told you to call at 4 o'clock, and it is only 3 now."
"I know it; I wanted to catch you in."—Houston Post.

Hopeless Case.
"Pessimistic, is he?"
"To the ultimate limit. He couldn't even imagine a castle in the air without a mortgage on it."—Judge.

THREE INQUISITIVE SCOTS.

And How They Happened to Originate the Jute Industry.

James Logie, who is supposed to know more about jute than any one else in America, tells in a very interesting way how jute came to be known to Europe and the west:

"In 1840, on a Saturday afternoon, three Dundee flax spinners were walking to their beautiful residences in Broughty Ferry, about four miles east of Dundee, on the banks of the Tay, and as usual strolled along the docks. At that time there were several Clipper line sailing vessels trading with Dundee in Indian products, principally grain, linseed, etc., and on this particular Saturday one of these vessels was discharging her miscellaneous cargo, and these canny Scots observed a fibre in some quantity on the dock and made inquiry as to what it was.

"They were told it was some Indian product that had been obtained in Bengal, and was suitable for the damage of ships. They examined the fibre a little more carefully and all thought it would be possible to spin the fibre on their flax machinery. The result was that Monday morning they made a bee line for the agents of the ship and asked what they were going to do with this waste material.

"They got the reply, 'We propose dumping it into the river,' and when they expressed a wish to experiment with it they were told they could cart it away from the dock and were welcome to it if they paid the cartage. Thus the jute industry started—for the fibre turned out to be nothing less than what we know commercially today as 'jute.'—Exchange.

SUBMARINE TACTICS.

Locating the Enemy, Getting the Range and Making an Attack.

How does a submarine attack? How does it locate the vessel it wishes to torpedo and how does it proceed about the business of sending such vessel to the bottom? Here is the way the commander of Uncle Sam's submarine flotilla tells it:

"A submarine will come to the surface at 5,000 or 6,000 yards from the vessel it is attacking—far enough so the enemy is not supposed to see the periscope. It stays up long enough to get the enemy's course, then goes down and sets its course to intercept the enemy's ship.

"The vessel must be coming more or less toward the submarine, otherwise the submarine, with its low submerged speed, cannot catch it.

"The officers of the submarine will know the revolutions of the approaching ship and will use the gyrocompass with which to work out its exact position. They will know just when to come up to be within range.

"When the submarine comes up it will show the periscope as little as possible, take quick aim and fire its first torpedo. If it wants to remain there out of curiosity to see if it can. But if it does not it goes right down again.

"It stays a short time under water, turns the cap bringing new torpedoes up into the tubes and then comes up for a second shot if necessary."—Pittsburgh Press.

Proverbial Philosophy.
I don't know, writes a correspondent, whether the absurdity of some of our proverbs when used as a means of comparison occurs to people when they quote them. For instance, "As drunk as a lord." Any one who looks into a metropolitan police court when the night charges are being dealt with will see that intemperance is not the exclusive privilege of peers of the realm. "As deaf as Queen Anne." Why Queen Anne? Why not Queen Elizabeth or Queen Bonadine? "As deaf as a post." A post is devoid of all the five senses, not hearing only. "As cheap as dirt." What is the exact market value of dirt? It is not mentioned in any tradesman's catalogue. "As poor as a church mouse." Who knows that ecclesiastical mice are less well off than their secular brethren?—London Standard.

See Line.
A soldier on guard was questioned as to his knowledge of his duties.
"You know your duty here, do you, sentinel?"
"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, suppose they should open on you with shells and musketry, what would you do?"
"Form a line, sir."
"What! One man form a line?"
"Yes, sir; form a bee line for camp, sir."—New York American.

In Doubt.
"Will you love me forever and a day?" sighed the newly betrothed heiress.
"It all depends," replied the scion of an ancient but impoverished family. "Do you think your money will last that long?"—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

No one need endure the agony of corns with Holloway's Corn Cure at hand to remove them.

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Interesting News Items

London, Ont., Nov. 11.—William Bishop, aged seventy-eight, postmaster at the village of Komoka, ten miles west of here, dropped dead on Tuesday night while sorting mail.

Kingston, Ont., Nov. 11.—The city council last night passed a resolution asking the Ontario Legislature to increase the statute labor tax in cities, towns and villages from \$1 to \$5, so that young men who are not connected with the military service and who are escaping contribution to patriotic purposes will be made to give more.

Brockville, Nov. 11.—Francis McManus, in his hundred and third year, died at his residence in Maitland, five miles east of here, this morning. He was born in Ireland, had resided at Maitland several years, and for sixty years was a member of the Masonic fraternity. Two sons and two daughters survive. He was ill one week.

If Miller's Worm Powders needed the support of testimonials they could be got by the thousands from mothers who know the great virtue of this excellent medicine. But the powders will speak for themselves and in such a way that there can be no question of them. They act speedily and thoroughly, and the child to whom they are administered will show improvement from the first dose.