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The Odyssey of
the PN-9 No. 1

The Odyssey of the PN-9 No. 1, every aviator, will make a new epic of the sea, worthy to go down in the log of the ages. "Men have dared the depths of the deep," one newspaper observes; "here men who dared the depths of both sea and air—survived." Commander John Rodgers and his crew of four failed to complete their flight from San Francisco to Hawaii, but they provided the material for one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of aviation. As the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot remarks: "Forced down within reach of destruction by lack of fuel, the plane drifted helplessly in the lonely waters of the Pacific for nine days, during the last four days of this period the members of the crew were wholly without food. Their supply of water depended upon the few meager drops they could gather in a piece of canvas whenever it rained." According to the Washington Star: "When the plane disappeared, it was hoped that she would be found quickly by the searching flotilla of destroyers and submarines sent at once to the rescue. But as days passed with no trace of the missing aviators, that hope faded. Then suddenly came the radio announcement that Commander Rodgers and his men were found."

Though the giant seaplane failed to reach its destination by air, the flight, thinks the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "was a brilliant achievement, since it established a world's record for a non-stop flight entirely over water." "The experience gained on this unsuccessful attempt can be put to profitable account," believes the Washington Star. Furthermore, adds the New York Times, "Commander Rodgers and his men all came through in a fashion to make the country feel proud of them." The St. Paul Pioneer Press, the Newark News, and other newspapers are reminded of the at-

tempt of Harry Hawker and Commander Grieve to fly from Newfoundland to Ireland in a land plane; of their unfortunate plunge into the Atlantic, and of their return to "civilization" six days later. One recalls the "loss" for six days last year of Lieutenant Locatelli, of the Italian Navy, in Greenland waters, and of Amundsen's more recent disappearance into the Arctic. But more dramatic of any of these, in the opinion of the Newark paper, is the adventure of the PN-9 No. 1. Says the Boston Globe, in a column editorial:

"Consider it. Here was an argument of the air, leaping skyward on August 31, with his comrades in a seaplane from the Golden Gate, to span the blue waters of the greatest ocean on the globe; to traverse without stopping the 2,100 miles between America and Hawaii. 'Hour after hour they thundered on, through day and dark, watching their fuel supply diminish inch by inch in the tanks as the tussle with the elements proceeded.'"

"Below the angry sea crests tattered out into vells of acid under the flails of the wind. And at last, down into this welter of spume and spray, they and their craft were forced to drop, fifty miles from the nearest ship, the radio-sending apparatus wrecked."

"There the giant seaplane bobbed. The second chapter of the grim adventure opened. 'Through the air and over cables orders flashed from Washington to the Orient. Relief ships, destroyers, airplanes, fleet tenders, mine sweepers, submarines began their quest. They combed the sea in vain. The greatest search in naval annals went on, day after day, and apparently failed. Hopes that had been high at first among the searchers began to dwindle.'"

"All the while, through 218 eternal hours, across 400 miles of ocean, this Commander and his crew in their cockle-shell drifted amid the isolation of the Pacific; parceling out their food supply, watching this, too, grow smaller, carrying out a routine to divert their minds from their plight; catching desperately at fortunate showers with improvised cloth basins. Food failed. The water was drunk. Between them and one of the most fearful deaths known to man there remained only their courage and a small still for purifying sea-water, which had been brought along solely because of the insistence of the Commander's mother."

"Helpless, they listened to messages speeding through the air, as the searching craft wore back and forth in this prodigious hunt. They caught from the ether the decision of the pilots in the searching party that the hunt was hopeless and much be given up."

"The days dragged on. And then, like the hero of an impossible melodrama who materializes out of nothing, up came the submarine R-4 from the bowels of the deep to discover that bedraggled, drifting plane and its crew, and to flash the news."

In all this, remarks another Boston paper, The Post:

"Commander John Rodgers, of the PN-9 No. 1 stands out as a great fig-

ure. The others all agree that his able handling of the floating plane, his patience, his courage, and his self-denial were an enormously helpful factor in keeping up their morale and their strength. It is with extreme fitness and swift appreciation of good work that Secretary Wilbur makes him Assistant Chief of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics."

In a statement to The Associated Press, Commander Rodgers said, in part:

"About noon of the second day, September 1, we decided that our gasoline supply would carry us midway between the Aroostook and the Tanager, respectively, the next to the last and the last station ship. I, therefore, decided to land at the Aroostook, which is a fully equipped airplane tender. I started to write a message which would give her some clue to our whereabouts, but just then the gasoline gave out."

"Due to total expenditure of gasoline we could not use radio. I determined our position to be fifty miles north of the Aroostook's station."

"We rigged a radio antenna on the plane and received without much difficulty everything that was in the air. We sailed before the wind, endeavoring to work the plane in toward the Hawaiian Islands, hoping to make Oahu. We made an average of two miles an hour."

"We cut the fabric from the lower wing and rigged a foresail. Weather conditions were moderate, although during the afternoon the seas were high."

"Our only concern was a question of water supply. We knew we could go along without food, of which we had small emergency rations. We were depending on a small water-still for water, which we managed to get going on the sixth day by burning wood from the trailing edges of the lower wings. This enabled us to survive."

"We reached a point about fifteen miles off Nawiliwili and were trying to signal that port when we were sighted by the patrolling submarine ten miles off Nawiliwili, and taken in tow."

"The only miscarriage of the plan was due to our failure to find the Aroostook, the ship we had selected to refuel from, having passed close above all other station ships en route."

In a Honolulu dispatch to the New York Times we are told that:

"Even before he undertook the Hawaiian flight, Commander Rodgers was regarded as one of the best and most intrepid flyers in the Naval Air Service. Beyond that he was regarded as a topnotcher in seamanship and navigation, with the Navy spirit bred in the bone, having come from a family that had distinguished itself in naval annals. With Commander Rodgers were Lieut. Byron J. Connell, of Pittsburgh, assistant pilot; Skiles N. Pope, of Jackson, Tennessee, aviation pilot; William H. Bowlin, of Richmond, Indiana, aviation chief machinist's mate; and Otis G. Stantz, of Terre Haute, Indiana, chief radio operator. All the men agree that the expert navigation of Commander Rodgers had been an important factor in saving their lives."

"When picked up, the seaplane, which left San Pablo Bay, California, August 31, on a scheduled non-stop flight to Pearl Harbor, Island of Oahu, was drifting westward about two knots an hour. Members of the crew said that if the submarine R-4 had not sighted the plane, they should have continued to drift to Kauai."



"I BEGAN TO EAT Fleischmann's Yeast to overcome constipation. My improvement was steady and permanent. To make a long story short: I am fighting fit in every way. Overwork does not bother me. My endurance is there. I eat and sleep like a he-man. The remarkable improvement in my health is a matter of record based on a physician's examination. Constipation? Banished forever. Fresh air, exercise and a few cakes of yeast a day did it."

Walt Marsh, Belleville, Ill.

A Story Told by Thousands



"ABOUT THREE YEARS AGO I was very 'run down' and didn't have enough energy to do anything. The doctor said my system lacked vitamins. Finally, I discovered I was getting boils. I was bedridden just thirty days, when my physician insisted on my taking Fleischmann's Yeast. After a time the doctor noticed a change; the boils stopped appearing, my appetite was better, I became more cheerful, and was able to get about. I have never had a recurrence of the boils, and I am in excellent health. I still keep on taking Fleischmann's Yeast."

Mrs. Mildred Mosher, Beltsco, L. I.

How they corrected their ills—
regained the vitality of youth—
through one simple fresh food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for health. The Fleischmann Company, 201 Duckworth Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating it today.

Fleischmann's Yeast is prepared for market in Newfoundland.

"ABOUT EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO I was a complete wreck. Could not eat or sleep, was anemic and my color had faded to a sickly green. My friends began to exchange pitying glances and one day an old lady insisted on giving me her seat. That was the crowning humiliation. . . . I decided to give yeast a trial. I started eating three cakes daily. In about six weeks found I could eat a real meal once more; in two months my natural color began to return. I kept on and now, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, I am a well woman."

Mrs. F. R. Connor, Florence, Ky.



"ON SEPTEMBER 12, 1924, I responded to the call of the War Department and found I was one of the many unfit, physically. At dinner I nibbled at my food, was nervous and irritated. When in other cities officiating at football games I was ashamed to take a shower in the same room with other officials because my back was broken out. My skin was scaly, I was not well; besides, I lacked optimism. Then I started using Fleischmann's Yeast. The results were remarkable. My appetite became normal, all traces of eruptions on my back disappeared, and I feel like a new man. It is a pleasure now to associate with other men in the locker room or club."

Coach William B. Morgan, Senior High School, Sauk Centre, Minn.



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Some day
you'll try
a tin of
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Hotel Name Suggested

Editor Evening Telegram.
Dear Sir,—I have noticed from time to time in your esteemed journal letters suggesting a name for the new Hotel. I do not know whether this is by request of the Hotel Company or not, but as the letters have been received and published, I presume that a name for the Hotel has not yet been decided upon. Consequently may I be permitted to suggest to the Hotel Company to name their new building the Avalon Hotel.

It seems to me to call the new hotel the Royal Newfoundland would mean that their would be only one hotel in Newfoundland, and from what is expected of the tourist traffic in the future, we will have to have several such buildings. Consequently we will have to have several names as you would not be able to call all of them Royal Newfoundland Hotels. Trusting this suggestion will meet with the approval of the Hotel Company, I remain.

Yours truly,

AVALONIA.
St. John's, Oct. 2, 1925.

Things to Remember

Mildew can be removed from leather by rubbing vasoline well in, and leaving for a time before rubbing off.

To dry a damp cupboard or pantry put a box of quicklime into it, and in

a few days the moisture will be absorbed.

A teaspoonful of kitchen salt and half a pint of ox-gall in a pail of hot water is a cleaver and restorer of a faded carpet. Brush of beat it well first; the solution will remove grease-

spots and dirt, and restore the color.

NEW HOME OF
MURPHY'S
GOOD THINGS.

We have taken over that large store

349 WATER STREET (Opp. the Post Office)

and lately occupied by John Anderson.

This new store is now open for business. We will move from our old place 317 Water Street, October 15th, meantime both stores are going now.

PHIL MURPHY,

317 & 349 WATER STREET.

(Opp. the Post Office.)

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life and a dull one—
With 'NUGGET' a long
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There's a
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every shoe
made

Fill a burnt saucepan with salt and water, and leave it until next day; bring slowly to boiling point, and the removal of the burnt particles is an easy matter then. Don't use soda.

A casserole will stand much more heat set on a kitchen range than on a gas stove, therefore when using it on the latter put an asbestos mat under it to prevent cracking.

For a good Tonic try BRICK'S TASTELESS, price \$1.20.

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