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GEO. M. BARR.

The Wreck of The "Atlantic."

(By a Staff Reporter of Halifax Mail)

Parrsboro, July 6.—The giant Hanley-Page bi-plane, "Atlantic," originally built to bomb Berlin, lies a total wreck beside a buckwheat patch here; and in a hotel up the street I found her crew of six eating out their stout British hearts in a vain endeavour to keep chagrin and disappointment from breaking through a veneer of typical English reserve and indifference. She is the biggest thing in the way of a bombing airplane ever turned out from a factory—and a bit of oil-fuel, pipe, that could not stand the terrific vibration, was the cause of it all.

The "Atlantic" took off on her thousand-mile flight, from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, to Mineola, New York, shortly after four o'clock on Friday evening. She crashed into a field here at 4.45 on Saturday morning, after cruising the area, at an altitude of 2,000 feet, for three and a half hours, looking for a suitable landing ground.

The machine carried Admiral Mark Keer, who acted as manager and second pilot; Major Brackley, pilot; Major Gran, navigator; Frederick Wyatt, wireless operator, and two mechanics. She measures 126 feet from tip to tip and slightly over 63 feet from nose to tail, has four 350 H.P. 12-cylinder Rolls-Royce engines and a fuel capacity of 2,000 gallons. Loaded she weighs 32,000 lbs.

As before stated, the "Atlantic" was originally designed to bomb Berlin, and was completed in readiness for this work just three days before the signing of the armistice. Had the Germans shown obstinacy at that time, she would have been included in the great bombing fleet being held in reserve by Marshal Foch to bring the Boche to his senses. When the London "Daily Mail" offered its prize for trans-Atlantic flight, the "Atlantic" was the Hanley-Page entry. Since that time she has been under leash at Hr. Grace, awaiting decent weather, which to such a giant was absolutely essential.

Finally, when the R-34 began her trans-Atlantic voyage, and under pressing invitations from the United States, it was decided that the "Atlantic" would set out for New York to be at the demonstration on the landing of the big dirigible.

Where the R-34 is at the hour of this writing has not been learned here. But she passed Parrsboro gallantly at 2.30 on Saturday afternoon, perhaps unaware that her magnificent, heavier-than-air cousin lay a heap of ruins well within her sight.

The "Atlantic" had been making a successful flight for hours, at an average speed of about 90 miles. At 12.30 o'clock midnight, her pilot detected the first trouble in a reduction in speed of the forward star-board engine, which, dropped to 1,600 revolutions a minute.

And right here was recorded a feat that for splendour during has few equals in the history of aeronautics. Major Gran and Engineer Arnold twice crawled out thru a skylight, along the top of the machine, and up to the engines suspended above, in an endeavour to locate the trouble. The fierce heat of the exhaust handicapped their efforts greatly, and it was pitch dark. Had the trouble occurred in daylight Admiral Kerr is certain it could have been remedied. Major Gran and his companion succeeded in ascertaining the cause of the trouble, but they could not locate the seat of it. They felt the drip of oil—and knew what that meant. It meant the oil intended for the crippled engine was running to waste—also it meant that the machine could not continue.

A consultation was held; and the decision was to make a landing. In her crippled state, the great plane could not get up beyond 2,000 feet—and such an altitude would simply mean disaster among fog and mountains. So the cruise for a landing ground began.

All the while, the crippled engine was doing wonderful work, actually keeping up a speed of 1,600 revolutions without a drop of oil. Admiral Kerr was at the pilot's post at the time; and above the roar his companions asked for more speed from that engine. Her mate on the star-board side was doing 1,800, too great a strain. The admiral pointed to his throttle—it was wide open.

For two solid hours, the crippled oil-less engine did its work. Then it "seized"—and the "Atlantic" was left with three. But still she cruised and cruised, circling, doubling back, now over land, now over water, trying to get a signal or sight of what looked like clear, open ground. Had she only known it, at that very time lights of several autos were being directed on the beach, thrown there by motorists who had sighted the plane and were attempting to guide her to safety.

For another hour and a half she cruised on her three working engines. Finally, an open field was sighted, and her nose was pointed to the ground. She came to earth well; but her pilot, Major Brackley, who was then at the helm, was not satis-

fied with the location; and after a short "taxi" he put his machine into the air again.

More cruising for a matter of minutes on three engines—and then the final crash. The plane came back over town in a circle, and began her descent to what looked like better landing. She struck the old Parrsboro race track, now owned by Mayor Salter, at a speed of 60 miles an hour and "taxied" some fifty yards, tore thru a wire fence, crushed her right wing against a stunted tree, ripped thru a second wire fence, and finally, doing a half-turn about, drove her nose into the ground and came to a standstill about 150 yards from where she began her "taxi."

And there she rests to-day, with her tail almost straight in the air, her right wing smashed, three of her four wheels twisted out of recognition, her engines badly shaken up, her undergear and fuselage much damaged—wrecked beyond repair.

All of which facts were given to The Evening Mail by the "Atlantic" crew, who will have the genuine sympathy of every good sportsman in their disastrous had luck.

Admiral Kerr, with whom I had an extended interview, is nothing so much as the embodiment of the traditions of the navy. A man of no more words than are necessary, his dispatches, one imagines, must be gems of brevity. He issued to the press Saturday night what he termed an "elaborate" statement. This is the statement:

"Everything went well. Rolls-Royce engines worked splendidly. Marconi wireless installation, sending and receiving and directional, was excellent. Oil pipe to one engine broke. Major Gran and Engineer Arnold twice climbed out into the engine and endeavoured to make repairs. Engine seized and pieces broken metal did some injuries to parts of machine. Made for coast and circled around waiting for dawn. When landed on a race-course, machine crashed as unexpected equality in ground, broke undercarriage, and reduced engine-power prohibited rising again."

"VICE-ADMIRAL KEER."

The "Atlantic" will be dismantled here. Already six men are on their way from Harbor Grace, bringing with them the boxes in which the plane originally was shipped from England. She will be reshipped home in the same manner.

While there are many features of this broken flight that demand prominent mention, none will take supersede over the fact that on the "Atlantic" was being carried out a highly important experiment in wireless telegraphy. For the first time the directional compass was being used on an aeroplane. Directional wireless had been used during the war from land stations, and by this means exact locations of enemy ships were determined, solely thru the picking up of their messages by different stations and arriving at the locations by angle calculation. In the case of the "Atlantic's" experiment the idea was reversed, the plane, navigating by means of locations calculated from messages picked up by her own apparatus. The experiment met with highly satisfactory results.

The plane was also using her wireless freely at the time of her distress; but the crew state that her "C. Q." messages were not answered. During the course of his statements to The Evening Mail, Admiral Kerr was at one point:

"This crash," he said, "was in no way the fault of our engines. I still hold the Rolls-Royce engines to be without equal. They worked splendidly. The very fact that one ran for two hours without oil is the best proof of this. And after that one seized, three did the work of four. This is service only to be expected of an engine manufactured under the most rigid inspection, and in plants where every part that is not perfect is scrapped. The Rolls-Royce is an engine in which I have the most complete faith. Throughout the war and to-day its tremendously high standard is maintained. The cause of the difficulty lay in a leak in the joint of an oil-fuel pipe on the tank side. This is not a portion of the engine and it is not manufactured under Rolls-Royce supervision."

Such unstinted praise as this from any man would be compelling, but from Admiral Kerr, it will be to a Canadian praise indeed. Canadians, and particularly the people of Halifax, had a great admiration for this distinguished seaman years before the flight of the "Atlantic" was dreamed of. But his name will remain with us longest as the sturdy captain of the "Drake." During the war Admiral Kerr, who early took a keen interest in aeronautics, was a member of the Air Council; and it was under his personal direction that the "Atlantic" was designed and built.

Major Brackley, the pilot, is one of the foremost aces of the Royal Air Force. He has repeatedly been decorated for bravery and distinguished conduct.

Major Gran, who with Engineer Arnold, made so splendid an attempt to repair the early damage, came into fame before the war as a member of Capt. Scott's Antarctic expedition. "There is no place Gran won't go, and nothing dangerous he won't do," a companion said of him to-day—and judging from some of the exploits that mark his record, one concludes that there is as much of truth as turn to so complete a sentence of praise.

Mr. Wyatt, the wireless operator, ranks high in the Marconi service. During the war he served with the Intelligence branch of the army. His selection as a member of the "Atlantic's" crew is in itself unstinted praise; while the honor of being the first to carry out directional navigation experiments from an airplane will give his name high place in the field of wireless telegraphy.

That none of the crew of the "Atlantic" were injured seems incredible to those who appreciate the circumstances under which they crashed. Major Brackley's escape was marvellous. He was thrown forward when the plane struck; his seat doubled up—and how he came through without a scratch no one, much less himself, can understand. Admiral Kerr and Major Gran were also in the nose of the plane at the time. Major Gran managed to extricate himself and jump clear before the crash came. Mr. Wyatt and the two mechanics were behind the tanks, and as was the case with their companion, escaped without the slightest injury.

Locally, the affair has created tremendous interest; and the greatest number of motor cars possibly ever congregated in this province are in and about this town to-day. To say that all roads lead to Parrsboro would be a trite expression, but an apt one. Go where one will, and there are automobiles in their hundreds, not to mention horse vehicles, bicycles and seemingly everything on wheels that will carry sightseers. The hotels are packed to capacity, and accommodation simply cannot be had at any price.

But it is worth a very great deal of discomfort and inconvenience to be here. The details of the event are discussed most thoroughly. Every man, woman and child seems to have his or her own private opinion. One townsman, more observant than the rest, noted that the first thing the admiral did at the hotel after his arrival was to settle down with a novel! But this gesture, or lack of gesture, was apparently only camouflage—because the distinguished guest displayed agitation in his ability to eat any breakfast beyond a bit of cake.

Most of those who came sight-seeing wisely brought their own eatables. Many might have come away with the knowledge that in the hotel here are a number of thermos bottles salvaged from the wreck—and filled with steaming cocoa, just as it came off the fire in Newfoundland.

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Our Baseball Column.

PLAGIARISED AND OTHERWISE.



An umpire's life is just one sweet and long And mild and calm celestial song. No matter what decision he may make, He always seems to get himself in wrong.

LOVE SONNETS OF A BALL PLAY-ER.

I ain't no bush, nor no boob. You bet I ain't no yannigan—I am a vet of six years' service. I would like to see the guy that's fit to grab my goat off me—but I seen HER, and sure as you are born, she got my goat and broke off every horn! My heart just fluttered—then I looked her way, fumbled one ball and booted two away!

I struck out twice, and yet I wasn't mad, for I could see her sweet face looking sad. Yep, she was sorry for me—and, you know, pity's next thing to love—now, ain't it so? I got it fixed! I'm going to meet her—well, I ain't headed for no padded cell! But, say, I'm nervous—say, it seems to me that in her league I bat one thirty three!

I've met HER! Uh! huh! And I dropped my hat just as I'd let go of a broken bat. My fingers wasn't mates. My face just burnt like summer heat, and then—I wish I weren't so soft tall. You see, I wish my head was lower set, so every word she said would be right in my ear. Say, I can lick the bush-league mutt that said I made him sick!

And then, last night I called. Say I can talk mosta the time, and never pull a balk—but when I got inside, and we were set to spill some chatter—aw, I couldn't get my thinker working. "Uh, huh," "Yep," and "No" made up my act, and now and then, "So-so." And when she dimpled, yes, and when she spoke, a frog climbed up my neck and made me croak!

Then come her brother—he clumb up my chair and run his little fingers through my hair. "Pa says his head is solid bone," squeals he—"I won't get down! Aw, lemme feel and see!" I got my voice together—language come—"Here, son, 's a quarter—go and buy some gum!"

Aw, say—if her hand could be wandering there, and 'twas her fingers trallin' through my hair.

The Teachers' Part.

Editor Evening Telegram.
Dear Sir,—Kindly allow me space in your valuable paper to make a few remarks on education. The educational status of Newfoundland has been improved, but most remains to be done. In many of the outports to-day, education is neglected and defects are legion.

The teachers of Terra Nova can help to overcome many of these defects, if they only persevere. I know many teachers are taking a part in the improvement of education, while others seem to be careless about it. Teachers of Newfoundland have a great responsibility put upon them, and that is "the making" of the men and women of to-morrow.

The Empire to-day does not depend upon her great statesmen and heroes for her safety in the future, but upon the children of to-day; and it is the teacher who has to develop their characters in the right way. Let every teacher of every denomination think about these things. Many of our teachers have to go in small outports where the lack of education is very marked; but they should not be dissatisfied with their position, but take an active part in the work, and take as their motto, "What is worth doing, is worth doing well." Teachers should use their influence, and people will then respect them and look upon them as their instructors. Teachers should be teachers outside the school door as well as inside, by showing good examples, etc.

Many of our teachers are too willing to stay in the lowest grades. This ought not to be, because the

smallest settlements need good teachers, as well as the populous ones. What is the use for a teacher who has no ambition and is satisfied to remain at the lowest step, to go to a settlement, where education is dull? Let every man and woman in the teaching profession, consider the question: "Am I a teacher in name or in deed?" Actions speak louder than words.

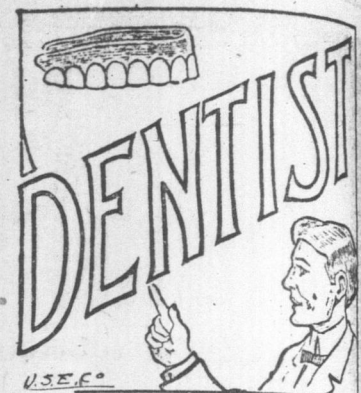
Our brother soldiers did their duty; let teachers then do theirs; by doing our best in school, showing good examples, encouraging the people in education, by holding meetings and lectures, etc., and by uniting the home and school together.

Thanking you for space, Mr. Editor, I remain,
Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM H. COLLINS,
C. of E. Teacher.
St. John's, July 12, 1919.

For Stewards' Dependents.

Seven hundred and fifty dollars have been collected from the passengers of the Granparian for the dependents of the two stewards who were killed at the time the liner struck the iceberg. This amount will be increased by other donations as well as whist drives to be held on board. The promoter of this fund is Lieut. G. K. Spruit who spent 30 months in France. He is also connected with to-day's sports in aid of the same fund.

A FACT.—The moon was actually seen by some people last night. Jupiter Pivius must really have been lax to allow such a sight.



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M. S. POWER, D.D.S.

(Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College, Garrettsville Hospital of Oral Surgery, and Philadelphia General Hospital.)

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(Opp. M. Chaplin.)

Jan 15, 1919.

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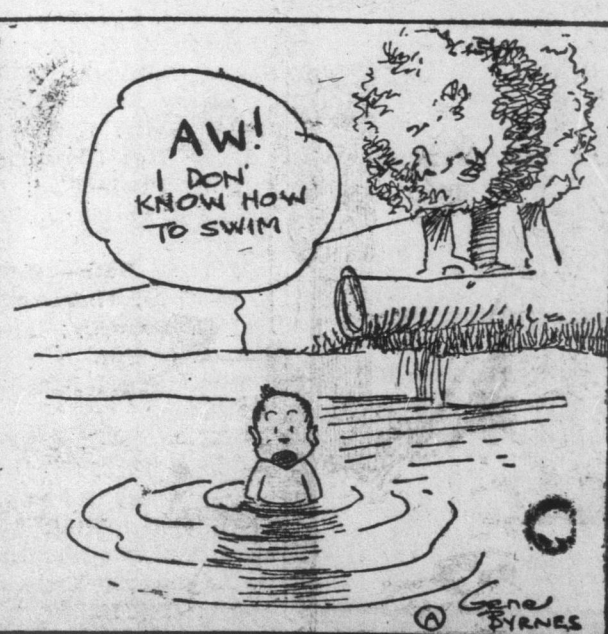
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"Reg'lar Fellers"

STRICTLY WITHIN THE LAW.

By Gene Byrnes

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St. John's Municipal Council.

Notice To Householders!

After the 12th inst., the Sanitary Employees will not call on Saturday Nights to remove Night Soil.
Householders are therefore notified not to place any receptacles on the streets on the nights stated.

By order,
JOHN L. SLATTERY,
Secretary-Treasurer.
JULY 11, 1919.
MINARD'S LINIMENT CURE
COLDS, Etc.