

1
2
3
4

BURNERS.



HAT!



NAMA selected

a crowd. at, with fits the

King George V. in favour

HATS

He to say are range

is

son" Hats.

Here and There.

St. Michael's Girls' Guild are holding a Concert in the Basement of the Church on Tuesday evening, July 23rd, at 8 p.m. A splendid programme has been prepared. Ice Cream for sale. Admission 20c.—July 22, 21

BLUE PUTTEE BOY COMING.

Mr. E. R. Bishop, of Mundy Pond, received a message yesterday from his son, 57 Sergt. Alex. Bishop, of the Blue Puttees, stating that he would soon be leaving on a visit for here. Sergt. Bishop has been in the firing line with the Regiment in every action in which they took part.

FOR SALE.—That well built residence owned and at present occupied by R. H. Trapnell on Waterford Bridge road, choice situation; Hot and Cold Water, Hot Water Heating, and all modern conveniences; pretty lawns and hedges, fruit and vegetable gardens, and fine protected tennis court; motor coach house and stable, poultry house with screened run. All well fenced and in perfect order. Apply to H. TRAPNELL, Water Street—113, 114

LEONARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARDEN GET IN COWS.

British "Whippets."

THE DESTROYER TYPE OF TANK.

In a naval sense, the usual "tanks" or landships, whether they be British, French or German, have heretofore been of the battleship type; that is to say, they have been slow-moving, heavily armored and powerfully armed craft, meant rather to stand up and fight to a finish than to dash in and out of a combat and to depend on quickness of movement as the main weapon. But in breaking up and pursuing bands of infantrymen in the open there has been a distinct call for a "destroyer" type of tank—one that could travel at a comparatively high rate of speed and that possessed a higher order of mobility in general.

To the British, the originators of the tank idea, has remained the further honor of developing a tank of the fast, destroyer type. This type, known as the "whippet," has already made its appearance on the battle-field in recent open fighting, and its debut has been crowned with success. The whippet has caterpillar treads of the usual design, arranged on either side of a sort of flat-car body. On the platform of the flat-car is mounted a single turret which houses the crew and the several machine guns with which the whippet is armed. The flat-car body measures 18 feet in length, while the turret is six feet in height. The engine is placed at the rear of the gun turret, in a separate armored housing.

During a recent engagement near Cambrai on the Western front, the German infantry was seen assembling before the British positions. Seven whippets were ordered to disperse the Teutons, and in hardly no time they were upon the foe. Meanwhile the Germans, having the larger, slow-moving British tanks in mind, held their ground with the idea of playing a force machine gun fire and hurling grenades at the advancing foe. But soon the whippets were on top of them, opening a fierce machine gun fire on the gray-clad groups which soon broke and ran, pursued by the fast whippets. It is further reported that the whippets not only kept pace with the fleeing Germans, but in some instances overtook and crushed those who had escaped the machine gun fire. It appears that the whippet tank can readily make 12 miles an hour, and a fully equipped Teuton infantryman can hardly hope to maintain that speed for a prolonged period.—Scientific American.

Bang Goes the World.

IS THE END OF ALL THINGS AT HAND?

Astronomers are pretty well agreed that the end of the world may come quite suddenly—and at any moment. At this very instant there is a new star that may be crashing towards us at a terrific rate.

There are several ways in which the end of the world might conceivably happen. A collision might occur between two of the dead—and there are fore invisible—stars in space. The speed of some of these unseen suns is certainly not less than five hundred miles a second.

Should two such objects, while travelling at this enormous velocity, collide with one another anywhere within a few thousand million miles of us, sufficient heat would be evolved to instantaneously transform our sun and all the planets—including the earth—into incandescent gas.

Some such collision is the most probable explanation of the advent of the new star. Luckily for us, however, the catastrophe occurred at too remote a distance—fifty billion miles away, at least—for us to be directly affected; though if the new live sun, born out of the heat evolved from the clash of the two dead ones, comes careering in our direction, there is no saying what will happen.

The collision which evolved the new star—if that be the real explanation of its origin—must have occurred many centuries ago. How do we know? Because its distance is so inconceivably remote from us that its light, travelling at the rate of 185,000 miles a second, would take some hundreds of years to reach us! So, what we call a "new" star may actually have been born about the time that William the Conqueror landed in England.

If this new star comes anywhere near the earth, all would be up with mankind, for the oceans of the world might seethe over the earth in waves of molten lava.

Another way the end may come was foretold by a certain learned astronomer shortly before the war. He claimed to have discovered that the world had "jumped its orbit," so to speak, and had started to wobble around in space like an intoxicated man. This irregularity will shortly cause our summers to become rapidly hotter, and our winters to

grow colder and colder. So that within thirty or forty years at the outside, according to his calculations, the entire human race will be alternately frozen and fried to death.

Such speculations as the above may seem fanciful, but they are not so really. Not far from us, as astronomers compute distances, are the "Leonids," a loose agglomeration of countless myriads of meteors. At intervals our earth's path cuts their orbit; then we get a fine display of what we call "shooting stars." The "Leonids," scientists tell us, are merely the disintegrated debris of a world, destroyed by a collision such as may some day similarly affect our own world.

Awful Moments in Mid-air!

THRILLING AND UNEXPECTED EXPERIENCES.

There may have been a more thrilling air adventure than the following but, if so, it has not been recorded. A British airman was, on May 10th, 1915, up alone in a single seater machine.

Sighting a German aeroplane, he went in pursuit. Then the unexpected happened. While trying to reload his machine gun he lost control of his steering gear. His aeroplane, taking the bit in its teeth, as it were, turned upside down. The belt around the airman's waist happened to be loose, and the jerk of the machine when it turned completely over almost threw the pilot out; he only saved himself by clutching the rear centre strut. His belt had by then slipped down round his legs.

Thus he hung, head downwards, as the aeroplane whirled down, spinning round the while like a falling leaf, from a height of 8,000 feet, to about 2,500 feet. Making frantic efforts to free his legs from the belt, the pilot at last managed to disengage himself and reach the control lever—with his feet! By a miracle he succeeded in the bit in its teeth, as it were, turned over with dreadful slowness, completely looping the loop, whereupon the airman slid back into his seat. He had been within a three seconds' journey of death.

Can any predicament more awful be imagined than for a man, flying alone amid the clouds, suddenly to realize that the earth may not be beneath his feet?

This sometimes happens; the following instance is typical (writes Mr. Leonard Crocombe in the July "Wide World Magazine"). A British pilot was flying at about 7,000 feet, enveloped in thick clouds, when, in a moment of agonized suspense, he realized that he had no sense of position. With nothing to guide him, entangled in an impenetrable white fog, he literally did not know whether the earth was below or above him—whether, in fact, he was flying upside down or with his planes tilted at some perilous acute angle to the left or right.

This agony of suspense was mercifully brief; but it was succeeded by a shock calculated to unnerve anyone less up to concert pitch than a fighting airman, for suddenly he emerged from the cloud bank—and at that moment the world seemed to rise up to him. He was hurtling earthwards at a ghastly pace! So terrific was the pressure on his plane that he only managed to right his machine when within a few feet of the ground.

A British machine was reconnoitering high over the German lines. Suddenly a shell burst near it, killing the pilot and severely damaging the aeroplane, which nose-dived 6,000 feet. During that terrific fall the observer, who was uninjured, succeeded in slipping from his seat to that of his comrade; he then unclasped the dead pilot's hands, sat upon his knees, and in that appalling position, righted the hurtling aeroplane and contrived to turn its plunge to death into a safe glide just as it reached to within a few feet of the ground.

A piece of bursting shrapnel severed one of the control wires of a French bombing aeroplane that was soaring over the Bulgarian lines in the Doiran district one September day in 1916; the machine immediately started to dive to earth in a giddy spiral. When within 300 feet of the ground, however, the observer actually hoisted himself on to the upper plane. There, lying on the canvas, he restored the balance of the machine by moving the plane by hand. The motor controls being undamaged, as soon as the machine's equilibrium was restored the pilot was able to reach his lines. The observer meanwhile remained perched on the top of the upper plane.

Fads and Fashions.

Hats display rolled britches. Double sleeves are very smart. Pin tucks adorn all smart blouses. Skirts are slit, revealing slips of satin. Waistcoats are embroidered in beads. The beaded bag continues in high favor.

Boleros are liked for afternoon gowns. The charm of the true tailor made is perennial.

Dolly Varden hats are weighted by organdie hems. Black and white flowers trim an afternoon frock.

YOU HAVE

4

MORE DAYS

To Decide and Time is Precious.

THE VICTORY LOAN

CLOSES ON SATURDAY.

Are You a Subscriber?

If Not Get Your Application in TO-DAY!

JOIN IN THE BIG OFFENSIVE

which is now on.

Strike for Liberty

Through The

VICTORY LOAN.

The Ballad of The Colors.

Red is the color of courage rare,
White is the symbol of purity,
And blue is the breath of the higher air.

Where men may meet their dream,
And be
The valorous knights of chivalry.
As they dart and wheel through the cloudy rack,
But—whether in trench or sky or sea—
Only the Hun flies flag of black.

When, in response to the trumpet's blast,
The French leap forth, with that gallantry
Which knows no thought but to do and dare,
To set their soil forever free,
Above their heads, triumphantly,
The Tricolor is floating back—
Blue, white, and red, its panoply,
Only the Hun flaunts flag of black.

When the sons of Britain fare
To the fields of Picardy,
Their colors mingle there
In the blood brothers,
To attack
Beneath the colors three—
Only the Hun flaunts flag of black.

Princes, who fight for Liberty
And seek not helpless lands to sack,
Ye wear the badge of unity—
Only the Hun flaunts flag of black.
—Reginald McIntosh Cleveland, in New York Times.

A Further Advance in Mechanical Surgery.

By F. Honore.

M. Painleve and Professor Quenu recently presented before the Academy of Sciences of Paris an apparatus developed by Drs. Heitz-Boyer for the reduction of fractures in a manner which constitutes a brand new surgical technique. The device is based upon the simplest of mechanical and geometric principles, and makes it possible to rest a broken bone with mathematical precision, regardless of the personal skill of the operator.

At present, in reducing a fracture, a forceps is used shaped in general terms like a compass; and it is in this that the two ends of the broken bone are gripped. In addition to blocking access to the point of junction, this forceps is not even the ideal instrument for bringing together and matching up the two broken ends, which are frequently much displaced by muscular distention.

To remedy this state of affairs the inventors employ a forceps of which each arm consists of two rods sliding freely upon one another in the lengthwise direction, and locking at the operator's pleasure. Each arm is terminated by a bit constructed so as to grasp a bone readily; and the arms are joined by a movable bar so built that both the distance and the angle between them can be varied at will. This supporting bar furnishes the fulcrum necessary to transform each arm into a lever—in each case the short end being that between the bar and the bit, the long end the part above the point of attachment of the bar. The two lever segments thus defined are normally, on each bar, in the ratio of five to one, though this can be changed by moving the point of attachment of the cross-bar.

Consequently, when the operating surgeon applies an effort of, say, 30 kilograms, a force of 150 kilograms is developed at the point of application of the bit to the bone. It is accordingly a simple matter to bring the bars gradually into exact parallelism, and thus bring the two ends of the broken limb gradually into a proper fit. At the proper instant the whole system is made rigid by tightening the screws at the various joints. We then have the fractured bone held securely in place by elements which have contact with it only at considerable distance from the fracture itself. The latter is then entirely unobstructed, and a permanent splint of the appropriate kind can be easily and quickly applied.—Scientific American.

Calendar of Romance.

JAN-ice was quite pale and ill. Naught availed the doctor's skill.

FEB-ritage was tried, and it Didn't seem to help a bit.

MAR-ried she was not. But know Julian Clyde was her best bud.

APR-icots and melons sweet Were the sole things she could eat.

MAY-be, if I had more wealth, Clyde thought, she'd get back to health.

JUN-keing they could not go. Both their hearts were filled with woe.

JUL-ian swore and Janice wept As their spirits lower crept.

AUG-mentation of his kale Clyde essayed, to no avail.

SEP-aration was their fate, And their dole was deep and great.

OCT-ogonarian uncle died, Leaving all his wealth to Clyde!

NOV-els never have detailed Rapture such as then prevailed.

DEC-laration followed soon; And they will be wed in June.

Knowing readers fully appreciate our advertisements. Have you seen our Hair Brush, worth 45c., our price, 15c. W. R. GOOBIE is just opp. Post Office—11724