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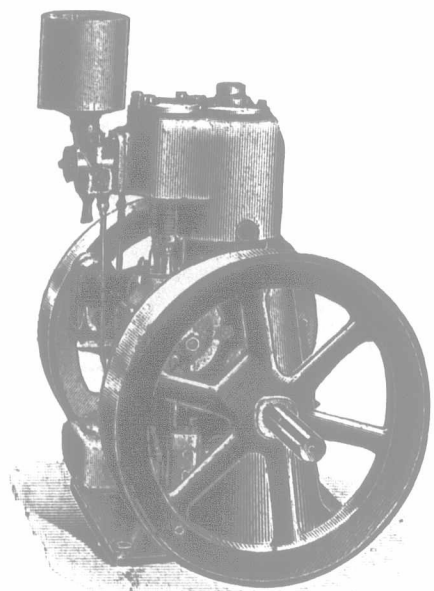
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hot, with creamy sauce, made as follows: Boil one cup sugar and one-half cup water until it makes a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Then pour the syrup in a fine stream on to the beaten white of an egg, and beat until very cold. Last of all, fold in one cup double cream beaten stiff and flavored with vanilla. This is a Boston Cooking School recipe.

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In a Runaway Airship.

Ordinarily, nobody would take George M. Gay for a tamer of wild balloons. He is twenty years old, weighs 119 pounds, and has a build that is anything but athletic. But as runty little men are sometimes known to thrash professional heavy-weight pugilists in rough-and-tumble fights, so do persons of slight physique perform wonderful feats in moments of great peril—and Gay happens to be listed in the class since an unexpected adventure he had the evening of July 5th with a rudderless dirigible. Gay, a Norwalk (Ohio) boy, went to Edgewater, just across North River from New York City, to learn aviation under Frank Goodale, who for two or three years has been making flights from an amusement park atop the Palisades. He was helping Goodale install an engine in an old aircraft when the inflated gas-bag pulled loose from its moorings, carrying Gay with it. Goodale, who knows a whole lot about dirigibles, thought Gay's chances of getting back to earth alive were about one to a hundred; but the boy is back on the Palisades, where a reporter for the New York World got the story of the flight in the form of an interview. Gay did not seem to think there was anything remarkable about his adventure except the fact, that he lived through it, and in order to get from him the particulars the reporter had to ask a good many leading questions, but in the end the two of them made a lovely narrative of it. Here it is:

'Y' can take it from me, that being a travelling companion for a runaway balloon once is enough. When she isn't taking a peep at Mars or jumping over steamboats, she's trying to feed you with hydrogen gas—which is not to be confused in any way with laughing-gas.

You hug her and she sighs a gassy sigh. You let go and she turns a somersault. Then you get mad and she flops around your neck. And while you're hanging on by your ear trying to persuade her to behave, she flirts with some passing breeze, whirls around a few hundred times in a minute, coughs a little hydrogen cough and stands on her head.

It's nothing at all for her to jump a couple of thousand of feet into the air and shake herself—and incidentally you. And all the time your arms are around her neck and you're hugging her like she was your best girl 'stead of an ornery runaway balloon with no more sense than to start for foreign parts without an engine or rudder, and without even stopping to say good-by.

Gee! There was nothing interesting about that trip. The balloon just ran away and turned somersaults and jumped 10,000 feet in the air and dived into Long Island Sound about fifteen times with me hanging on to her—and that's all there was to it—except that hydrogen gas is good for a headache. I've got one yet.

Yes, I did nearly fall off a couple of times when she turned bottom-side-up, and it really did whirl around so fast now and then that I was dizzy, and breathing the gas made me sick. And, yes, I let go of her two miles out in Long Island Sound, and I'm not much of a swimmer. But it wasn't exciting—it was just bothersome to think that I was going to lose a \$1,500 balloon and couldn't make a regular flight again for quite a while.

Oh, yes, I nearly drowned. But, as I didn't, I can't see how you can get a story from that. Of course if that motor-boat hadn't been quite so fast they'd 'a' been dragging for me to-day. But they aren't. So what's in it?

Well, if people are such chumps that they're interested in balloons, I'll tell you all about it.

Between six and seven o'clock Saturday night we were seeing if the balloon

would carry a 65-pound engine. While we were ballasting it off four or five or six fellows were hanging on to it. We'd take off a bit of ballast and then let it float for a minute or two.

Well, it was floating like that when along comes a gust of wind and bing! away she goes over the cliff. Now there's a cascade of air pouring over that cliff into the river, and the old balloon shot right down those air rapids toward the house-tops and standpipes that's the top of the town of Edgewater.

I wasn't keen on landing in a chimney, so I tossed over a bag of ballast weighing about twenty pounds. Nothing doing. So I threw over two more as quickly as I could.

You know the cool air near the river condenses the gas. Aviators say water draws a balloon. Well, the water drew me all right, so I crossed the river between 100 and 50 feet up.

And, say! If you've ever ridden on a merry-go-round you may realize something of what was happening to me. The cigar-shaped bag whirled around like a top. It spun and spun until I thought my head would split. At the same time the cordage that supports the bamboo framework was popping for all the world like a bunch of toy firecrackers. I just grabbed the neck of the bag and hung on."

Gay says as he passed over Harlem he seemed to be in a mountain of warm air, which affected the gas so that before he had crossed the northern end of Manhattan, the balloon climbed to an altitude of something like 10,000, according to Gay, Goodale, watching from the Palisades, guesses the height to be 8,000 feet. The story goes on:

Up that high there was no whirling, so I decided to let some gas out and get nearer earth. To do that, I had to open the neck of the bag and then crawl to one end of the framework so as to point the neck upward and give the gas a change. I did that, and just when I'd got the framework tilted straight up and down, the darn thing turned a somersault and left me hanging on the underside of the framework.

I was mad. It made me madder when we dropt like a brick to within a short distance of the ground over a golf course. They tell me it was on City Island. Anyhow, there I was hanging by my teeth and trying to shinny back to the middle of the framework, and there was those boob golfers laughing and cheering. They thought I was doing circus stunts for their benefit.

At last I got back to the middle of the framework hugged the neck, and hung on. Well, that was fine, especially as it was raining all this time and I was soaked to the skin. Added to which fact, so much gas had escaped that the folds of the bag hung around me like a wet jellyfish.

And did you ever by any chance smell hydrogen gas? Well, that's what I was breathing. I was living on it. My face was right plumb in the neck of the bag. It made me sick—sick and lonesome.

Every now and then I'd let go of the neck and then, bing! over the framework would go and I'd hang by my teeth. Most of the supporting strands at one end had busted, and when that old bag would kick up like a frisky nag and leap a couple of hundred feet or so into the air, me hanging by the bottom-side of the framework, it must've been a great spectacle. Anyhow, everybody that saw me cheered their heads off.

I'd yell for help and they'd cheer. I'll bet I've got a great rep as an aerial acrobatist up around City Island.

Then suddenly I saw a lighthouse (Execution Light) dead ahead. The balloon shied about a hundred feet and we rushed by it at that distance. I was 200 feet up now, and could see people playing golf on the grounds of Castle-gould beneath. Again I yelled for help, and all they did was wave and cheer.

The old balloon was ripping things up right then. She kyooted 200 yards over the Sound and shot-the-chutes into the water, going about fifty miles an hour. I must've gone under ten feet.

Then she bounced up again, jumped about an eighth of a mile, and dove in to the water—me with her, of course. At a conservative estimate she jumped fifteen times in the two miles that I