

"I Avoided an Operation Appendicitis Disappeared"

Mr. James Wells, Udon, Ont., writes—



Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills
GERALD S. DOYLE, DISTRIBUTOR
At all Dealers.

In Adventure in Naval Gunnery in The "Sixties".

By LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

September, 1863. H.M.S. Gibraltar, the last wooden line-of-battle ship of two-deckers, representing the majesty of the British flag in foreign waters, was commissioned for the Mediterranean station. She served for three and a half years. She was a noble-looking vessel, the class of fighting-ship by the naval supremacy of Great Britain had been built up in times of peace, but a mere death-trap for those who fought in her. She was a noble-looking vessel, the class of fighting-ship by the naval supremacy of Great Britain had been built up in times of peace, but a mere death-trap for those who fought in her. She was a noble-looking vessel, the class of fighting-ship by the naval supremacy of Great Britain had been built up in times of peace, but a mere death-trap for those who fought in her.

god, and dust-clouds hung about the face of it for hours after. We youngsters thought it no end of fun. From a scientific point of view, however, there was little to commend the experiment. It was magnificent, but not war—as the French general remarked of the Balaklava charge. It was not even a serious preparation for war, for not one of the forty odd gun-captains who eased off their pieces had the remotest idea where their shot struck. But what I have since chiefly regretted was that there were no eager quartermen handy with carls to convey all this excellent road-material to the highways of the Metropolis, where it was so badly needed. The whole show was just about on a par with the wonderful system of volley-firing, of which infantry officers were so enamoured in the early part of the South African War, by which it was ordained that a soldier must let off his rifle at word of command, whether he caught sight of the enemy or not, trusting to the noise and the whistling of the bullets to put the foe to flight.

On another memorable occasion our gun-practice nearly resulted in a tragedy which would have shocked the world. So serious was the affair that I am doubtful whether the details ought to be divulged even now, after the lapse of nearly sixty years. They have never hitherto appeared in print, and I am adverse to telling tales out of school. But as nearly all the actors in the drama have long passed to the bourne whence return is prohibited, no great harm can result from the disclosure. So here goes, *conte conte*.

It so chanced that we were off the cape called Colonna on British maps, the Sunium of ancient days, whence we viewed, in the year 480 B.C., a spectacle of unparalleled splendour—the passing of Xerxes' vast armada, in stately procession, to meet its doom at Salamis. In later times the cape was the scene of Falconer's Shipwreck, the finest nautical poem in our language; and here, also, Byron narrowly escaped being kidnapped by brigands. Its precipitous cliffs seemed to invite a repetition of our exploit off Salamis. Accordingly the ship was manoeuvred into a suitable position beloved of Nelson, who liked to see the whites of his enemy's eyes before letting drive. A well-defined rock at the base of the cliff was indicated to the gun-captains as the target, and all hands stood at the 'ready' awaiting the bugle-call to 'let drive'.

At this point it must needs be explained that perched on the crest of this noble head-land, as every classical Briton knows, is one of the most celebrated edifices of ancient Greece—the temple of Athena. And although its virgin beauty has been sadly marred by time and the hand of man, certain portions, in the form of graceful columns, still—yes, to this hour, thank goodness!—project their lovely forms against the blue Grecian sky, exciting the admiration of all cultured travellers, and the most fanatical of 'Philhellenists'.

The sight of these exquisite works of art, poised, as it were, between heaven and earth, forms one of the great attractions of modern Greece, drawing admirers from the very ends of the earth to gaze on—aye, and to gloat over—these matchless products of the sculptor's chisel. Even sailor men can scarcely behold this sadly mutilated temple without emotion. For, albeit the statement lacks confirmation in our Admiralty Sailing Directions—and even Falconer omits all allusion to the claim in his poem—those humanists who compile the 'romances' called 'History' assure us that the temple of Salamis heights was raised to the honour and glory of one Poseidon—the 'God who ruled the sea.' But do you suppose any thoroughbred British seaman would recognise this astounding claim? Certainly not, seeing that he invariably swears by Dame Britannia. Be it noted, moreover, that even the old-time worshippers of Poseidon were a bit mixed in their conception of the attributes of this 'God who ruled the sea'—or pretended to. For, while some romances the ocean 'in mortal dread of the terrible God of storms' and sought means of propitiating him other folk tried to worm themselves into his good graces as the promoter of prosperous voyages.

To return to our muttons—or, rather, the target practice. The British blue-jacket—the 'handy-man' of the 'sixties'—being cast in a somewhat different mould of the worshipper of the antique, simply viewed Poseidon's shrine—I regret to state—as an admirable 'cock-shy'. And the 'bump of destruction' being as liberally developed in our brave defenders as among dry hooligans—to 'sink, burn, or destroy' being the motto under which our great sea-chiefdoms of former times fought and thrived—and the above mentioned gems of architecture being exactly in line—though far above the supposed target—was it any wonder that the temptation to 'let drive' at so inviting an 'Aunt Sally' proved irresistible to some of the more eager gunners? And so—albeit that I should be the tale-bearer, and have to confess the evil deed!—after fire had been opened, and several broadsides 'eased off', a sudden friendly rift in the smoke disclosed 32-pounder shot bounding about the base of Athena's time-honoured shrine.

To find the 'coarse fire' was the object of the exercise. I can picture it at this



Perils of a World-Flight.

FOR EVERY DAY'S FLYING IN
TREPID AIRMEN MUST COUNT
ON SPENDING TWO DAYS
IN REPAIRS.

People have flown from England to India, and even from Devon to Australia, but no one has yet managed a flight around the world.

Did it ever occur to you to consider the immense difficulties in the way of such an achievement? If not, it may be worth while to set down a few of them.

In the first place, you must consider the weather, and especially the wind. Since the world's winds are, in the Northern Hemisphere, mostly westerly, the flying men naturally start from west to east.

But in July and August India and its surrounding seas are covered by the storms of wind, rain, and thunder, known as the 'monsoons.' It is therefore necessary to start at such a time as to avoid these storms, which are frequently very severe.

The Foggiest Region on Earth. But as they are, they are not nearly so bad as the typhoons or great circular storms which rage in the China Seas. The typhoon season is September and October, and flying in those months is extremely risky in that part of the globe.

Then there is fog to be thought of, and the Northern Pacific, between Japan and Alaska, is one of the foggiest regions on earth. June is the only month that is tolerably clear.

But why, you will ask, fly so far to the North? I answer that you have no choice. Only once has a plane managed to cross the Atlantic, and the Pacific is far wider than the Atlantic.

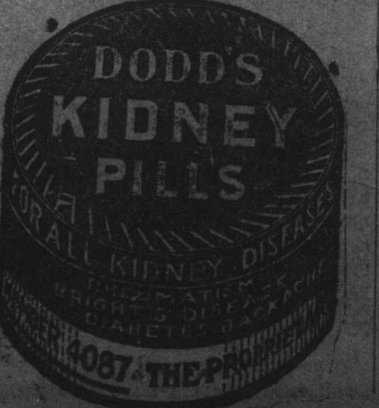
So anyone who intends to fly round the world must follow the land. The plane, when it reaches Hong Kong, goes to the Island of Formosa, where the camphor grows. Thence the route runs to the Liu Kiu Islands, and so to Japan.

From Japan it follows the Kuril Islands to the wild unknown peninsula of Kamchatka, and from that point travels by way of the Commander Group to the Aleutian Islands, and so bridges the gap between Asia and Alaska.

Round the World in 120 Days. Once the flying men reach Alaska, they keep all down the coast to Vancouver, in British Columbia, and then can proceed to cross the American Continent. They come home via Greenland and Iceland.

But the trouble is this: Between Japan and British Columbia there are no shops where you can buy petrol, oil, or stores, so before a flight is attempted depots must be founded all along the lonely chain of uninhabited, fog-bound islands.

This is the work that is now being put in hand by Captain Roger Pocock, who is sailing shortly in the steam



Summer FOOTWEAR Needs

Running Shoes, Sandals and Play Shoes

For BOYS and GIRLS

Running Shoes

In Black, Brown and White.



Boys' Running Shoes—Sizes 3 to 61.15
Boys' Running Shoes—Size 111.00
In Black and Brown Canvas with rubber soles and heels.

Girls' White Canvas Shoes—Sizes 11 to 21.00
Girls' White Canvas Shoes—Sizes 6 to 1090c.
Child's Brown Canvas Shoes—90c.
Men's Canvas Shoes—Black and Brown (7 to 10)1.25
BAREFOOT SANDALS AND PLAY SHOES FOR THE KIDDIES—all sizes.

BAREFOOT SANDALS!



Child's Barefoot Sandals—All leather, Dark Brown; leather sole and heel. Sizes 5 to 8, 1.35; 9 to 11, 1.50; 12 to 3, 1.75.
Child's Brown Lace Sandals—Leather sole and heel. Size 5 to 8, 1.40; 9 to 11, 1.60; 12 to 2, 1.85.
Child's Brown Canvas Lace Sandals—Leather soles and heels 1.20, 1.40, 1.65.

'ATHLETIC SHOES'



Hyke Shu's for Men and Boys

Made in Brown Canvas with rubber sole and heel. The Ideal Boot for holiday wear.
MEN'S, \$2.30; BOYS', \$2.10; YOUTHS', \$1.95

Tennis Shoes

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Men's White Tennis Shoes—Rubber sole and heel. (Regulation style)1.25
Men's White Tennis Boots—Rubber sole and heel. (Regulation style)1.45
Women's White Tennis Shoes—Rubber sole and heel. (Regulation style)1.15
Girls' White Tennis Shoes—Rubber sole and heel1.00
Children's White Tennis Shoes—White sole and heel90c.
Girls' White Tennis Boots—Rubber sole and heel1.20

Men's and Boys' Work Shu's



WORK SHUS FOR MEN AND BOYS—Are made of Brown Canvas uppers, Waterproof Mail Bag Duck, heavy Fibre Thread Soles, full Rubber heel. "A Boot to stand hard wear." Moderately priced.
FOR MEN, BOYS', YOUTHS'.

BROWN CANVAS BOOTS FOR MEN AND BOYS—In Brown, light weight, Rubber sole and heel. For Men, 1.45; for Boys 1.35; for Youths 1.20.

MEN'S AND BOYS' CANVAS "SCOUT" BALS—Light weight with Rubber soles and heels with rubber ankle-guard and rubber facing straps. "Hykeshu" brand. For Men at 2.30; for Boys at 2.10; for Youths at 1.95.

PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.

The Shoe Men

June 8, 1923

After Every Meal

WRIGLEY'S

"A bite to eat—a bit of sweet"

After a substantial meal, the children naturally want to top off with a bit of sweet.

Give them WRIGLEY'S, the great Canadian Sweetmeat.

It combines the enjoyment of sweet with many BENEFITS. It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that lodge in the crevices. It neutralizes the acids of the mouth, soothes the throat, and lastly—

WRIGLEY'S helps the stomach by supplying saliva to aid in digestive work.

Made clean, kept clean, sealed tight in a wax-wrapped package.

The Flavor Lasts

FOR THE CHILDREN



Airplanes at \$500.00 for British Amateurs.

London, May 18. (A.P.)—Airplane flying promises to become as popular in England as bicycling or motorcycling. British manufacturers are now perfecting light models of aircraft that will cost little more than a motorcycle.

They are fitted with small engines of four horse-power and have a speed of 50 miles an hour. They leave the ground with a few yards run and land at less than 25 miles an hour. The dangers are less formidable than those of the big flying machines.

These two flying men hope to complete the whole trip within four months, and when you consider that the distance by this route is 31,000 miles, and that when on a big flight you are generally obliged to spend two out of three days in repairs, you must acknowledge that the time is not an extraordinary long one.

A Farmer's View.

NEW YORK, June 9.—(By Canadian Press)—A local paper recently published a letter it received from a Virginia farmer who translated the cost of construction, at current wages, into food at the price the farmer gets. The gist of the letter follows:—

"It takes 63½ dozen, or 762, eggs to pay a plasterer for one day of eight hours work."

"It takes 17½ bushels of corn, or a year's receipts from half an acre, to pay a bricklayer one day."

"It takes twenty-three chickens weighing three pounds each to pay a painter for one day's work in New York."

"It takes forty-two pounds of butter, or the output from fourteen cows, fed and milked for twenty-four hours, to pay a plumber \$14 a day."

"It takes a hog weighing 175 lbs., representing eight months feeding and care, to pay a carpenter for one day's work."

FREE ADVICE. Kansas City Star.—The Chinese should learn that the only way for pirates to operate respectably is for them to get their friends in office and then form companies to sell supplies to the city or obtain contracts on public works.

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.

NEW TASMANIAN APPLES—In Boxes.

NEW GRASS IRISH BUTTER & VALENCIA ORANGES to arrive by s.s. Sachem Wednesday next.

NOW IN STOCK:

LIBBY'S SAUER KRAUT—Large Cans, 18c.
LIBBY'S WHITE ONIONS.
FINEST CANADIAN BUTTER—50c. lb.
ARMOUR'S OX TONGUE—1½ lb. & 2-lb. Cans
BAKER'S FANCY OX TONGUES—2's Glass.
CAMPBELL'S PORK & BEANS, Tomato Sauce 16c. Can.
CAMPBELL'S SOUPS, 10 varieties—16c. Can.
"PET" EVAPORATED MILK, Baby Size—
Just the thing for picnics & trouters—10c.
BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR—28c. lb.
MORTON'S CORN FLOUR, 1-lb. Pkts.—20c.
AMERICAN CORN FLOUR, 1-lb. Pkts.—15c.
MORTON'S POTATO FLOUR, 1-lb. Pkts.—22c.
NESTLE'S EVAP. MILK, full pound cans—14c.
PINEAPPLE CHUNKS, full 1½ lb. Cans—24c.

C. P. EAGAN,

2 Stores.

Duckworth Street & Queen's Road

place in September over a triangular course of not less than 15 miles, and as the minimum distance which must be flown on the one gallon of gasoline is to be allowed is 50 miles, there will be ample encouragement to produce an economical machine.

Brick's Tasteless at O'Mara's, Water Street. \$1.20 per bottle. June 6.

ST. JOHN'S GROCERY STORES

Spare Ribs . . . 16c. lb.

Pork, Ham Butt. 18c. lb.

Pork, Fat Back .16c. lb.

Jowls, Small . .18c. lb.

Beef, Choice Family, 15c. lb.

Bacon, Good Grade, 40c. lb.

Local Potatoes.

Local Turnips.

Small Onions . . 6c. lb.

Carrots.

Cabbage.

Green Peas.

J. J. ST. JOHN,

Duckworth St. & LeMarchant Road.