

NOTICE!

TO MACHINE BARREL FACTORIES AND MASTER COOPERS.

All Scotch Herring Barrels made from this date shall be hooped with six iron hoops, viz:

- End Hoops 2 inches wide, 16" gauge.
- Bilge Hoops 1½ inches wide, 16" gauge.
- Quarter Hoops 1¼ inches wide, 16" gauge.

Quarter hoops to be 3 inches from end when driven. Bilge hoops to be 10 inches from end when driven. No second-hand hoops, except Galvanized, will be allowed.

All Norwegian Barrels to be hooped with six iron hoops, viz:

- End Hoops 1¾ inches wide
- Bilge Hoops 1½ inches wide
- Quarter Hoops 1¼ inches wide

Quarter hoops to be 2½ inches from end when driven.

Bilge hoops to be 9 inches from end when driven. Stocks of Barrels already made, and wooden hoops or band may be used in place of above, upon first obtaining permission from

THE HERRING FISHERIES BOARD.

aug 18, 1919

New Openings

Gent's Furnishings.

Men's Tweed Caps, in Smart Makes.

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HENRY BLAIR.

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Asphalt Rubber Roofings outwear Felt & require no attention after once laid. Every roll supplied with cement and nails.

GEO. M. BARR.

Forty Years in The Public Service-- The Evening Telegram

The Cohort of the Damned.

"Wild" French Airmen to Patrol Algeria.

By DOUGLAS REID IN POPULAR MAGAZINE.

Now that the war is done, secrets will out. Behind the censorship have lain great stories; terrors; weird, bizarre truths that may now do no harm by the telling. One of these has to do with a strange and romantic group of men, "The Cohort of the Damned," who lived in glory and tragedy, destined to fight and die as shunned heroes.

They are the victims of "The Machine," just as human flesh is often fated to be overpowered by its own creations of iron and fire. They are the French airmen whose temperaments led them to a fevered, passionate love of flying, so strong that they forgot duty, discipline, routine, and became mentally unbound on their hobby—airplaning. Under the strain of war in the clouds they lost poise, "went wild," and strove to fly and fight continually.

Sky war, although allowing the individual fighter more freedom, more of the duelist's choice of "where and when," was successful for large bodies of men only when standardized, ordered, and systematized. In the early days when Garros and Pegoud soared up to fight the first German fliers, armed only with rifles, the airmen's duties were simple. All he had to do was scout through the air, see what he could see, and return when he pleased. But as aerial observation became more and more useful; as the opposing armies learned how valuable was a system of "eyes in the clouds," the air services of the antagonists became disciplined. Men went up with definite orders as to what to look for and when to return.

Bombing was developed, and specific rules were needed for the guiding of groups of airplanes to an objective. But until the summer of 1916 no attempt was made to make rules for the "sole men," the fliers who in scout planes, attacked whom they chose when they chose, fighting lone battles.

Then the German air forces began what the British and French sky men called "foul tactics." Boelke and Von Richthofen, the leading Hun ace, began to appear over the lines leading flocks of airplanes, ten to fifty fully painted planes all flying in formation—a definite unit. Against these groups, called "circuses" because of their motley coloring and their habit of circling about one of their number who did "stunts" in the centre of the ring, the solitary allied fliers went up singly to do battle. The result was obviously fatal. The Germans "mobbed" them to death. Only after months of steady losses, did the allies force their airmen to drop this gallant but suicidal point of honor, and to form similar squadrons of equal force to do battle with the organized Hun.

As soon as the French began to send up these circuses they discovered trouble. A certain number of the airmen refused to fly in formation. Either from impatience or a mistaken sense of the dramatic, they would break away from the squadron, disregard the orders of the flight commander, and dart away erratically to do battle on their own account. Others, seized with a strange eccentricity, would persist in doing stunts in formation, causing accidents from collisions, breaking up the carefully planned battle line and ruining the attack of the squadron. Punishment for these irresponsible fliers did not cure them. So the French air service set psychologists and trained nerve specialists to study the offenders.

These scientists discovered that the insubordinates were slightly unbalanced mentally, that their daily labors under extreme nerve tension and constant excitement had carried them beyond complete sanity. Slavish and monotonous employment in desperate air fights, the daily absorption in this strange new occupation, had combined, with the peculiar effect of swiftly changing air pressure on their nerves, to make them abnormally reckless.

"The Machine" was too much for their strength of mind. At approximately the same time the British Royal Flying Corps began to study its own men of this type. It followed the practice of discharging such "unmanageables" from the service, sending them into the infantry or upon destroyers, as in the Grand Fleet. Its technical name for them was "wild men."

filling it entirely with these untrustworthy pilots; placed it apart from all organized squadrons; forbade its members to approach the regular branches of the service; isolated it entirely at a point near the front-line trenches; furnished it with the best equipment, and turned it free to fight at its own sweet will.

Lonely and tragic, this band fought for the rest of the war. Its members dying rapidly out of the air, but a constant flood of new fliers coming to take their place, as the nerves of pilots here and there among the disciplined squadrons gave way and made their owners fit only for this reckless company.

The execution these half-mad men of the "Damned" wrought in German ranks was astounding, but no records could be kept of the number they shot down, on account of their lack of organization and the irresponsibility of their testimony. Captured Germans, however, are known to have reported that their own fliers swore ferociously and wrote their wills when ordered to occupy that part of the line opposite the "Cohort."

The statement is made that France at one time had three of these strange groups, but there is definite information only upon the one and original band. This, on one occasion, had over 100 members, but the figure is not of great value, since the lifetime of the fliers was particularly short.

In the last year of the war, too, the number which the government was forced to consign to this isolation grew less and less, due to the greater knowledge of fliers' air temperament obtained by the special corps of scientific men attached to the hangars. Psychologists learned how to treat the dementia when it made its first appearance, and it was found that frequent vacations spent far in the south of France, in complete rest, would, in the majority of cases, allay the nerve strain and keep the men tractable and efficient.

"The Cohort of the Damned" at present, it is understood, is to be kept in service after the mustering out of the other French forces. It is deemed impossible to return the men to civil life, as their hunger for excitement and craving for thrill would immediately cause them to be disturbers of the peace. Still "wild men," peaceful pursuits would have no avenue for their satisfaction, and they would become criminals from sheer force of nerve-strain, or at the least they would be speed-crazy chauffeurs.

Consequently the French army will send them across into Algeria to be used in policing the desert wastes, holding the native tribes in check. One of them, using an airplane to traverse the parched and dangerous deserts, will be worth more than a regiment of cavalry, the branch that garrisoned the province before the war.

France has the tenderest affection for these unfortunate heroes, and has decorated them with all the honors given more sane fliers. It will maintain luxurious quarters for them in their African exile, it is said, and will grant them large increases in pay over the regular branches of military service.

In succeeding years, the French people, with their love of the picturesque and tragic in literature, will write much of this terrible and beautiful "Cohort."

Coat dresses of serge, are practical and smart.

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Queer Restaurants.

By WARD MUIR, in Daily Mail.
Some years ago a friend took me to the Japanese restaurant in Carnaby-street. We drank inebriably delicate tea. Then our meal was brought. Its first course consisted of lobster fried in batter, accompanied by some tiny bowls containing salads of such artistic hue and arranged so like exotic posies of blossoms that it seemed a shame to thrust a fork into them.

As a fact my friend used chopsticks. I have never mastered these implements. Whenever I revisit the Japanese restaurant, or go to the Chinese ones which are beginning to be so familiar a feature of London, it astonishes me that any human being is sufficiently adroit to fish up a grain of rice between two pencils held in the fingers of one hand.

I remember that, emerging from the Japanese restaurant, we noticed a Serbian restaurant. And I thereupon made a vow to visit all the queerer foreign restaurants of the metropolis.

But I have never fulfilled that vow; because the choice of foreign restaurants is too large. It is, in effect, endless. London, viewed in the light of its restaurants, reveals itself as by far the most cosmopolitan city in Europe—possibly in the world.

Of course we all know the Italian, French, Belgian, and Swiss restaurants in Soho and in the Tottenham Court-road quarter—and perhaps some explorers may have shuddered on noticing in Charlotte-street, a Dutch shop which announces that it sells "Horse Meat for Human Consumption." But how many Londoners have tried the Greek restaurants? I know of two, one in Windmill-street and one in Beak-street. There are also two Indian restaurants—in Rupert-street and Lisle-street—where you can scorch your palate excruciatingly but exquisitely on chutneys, curries, kababs, bormas, and pulaos. (But unless you are a retired Anglo-Indian you will have to ask the waitress's advice when you are presented with the bill of fare.)

At a Spanish restaurant in Dean-street I have had excellent repasts. The menu offers Extremeses (hors d'oeuvres), Sopas, Pastas, Huevas, Pescado (fish), Platos del dia (dishes of the day), Legumbres, and Quesos (cheese). These viands sound more romantic in Spanish than in French, but, to be candid, taste much the same.

Somewhere in the city there's an Albanian restaurant which I confess I have not yet visited; and farther east a Limehouse-caseway, there is a cluster of Chinese eating-houses. They are worth a visit, though the ones in the West End are, as far as I can judge, just as "genuine"—if you yearn to know, say, what squid tastes like with a garnishing of pine-apple.

Near Regent-street there is a Salonica restaurant, and in Great Windmill-street there is a Russian bar. Just behind the Lyric Theatre there is an Oriental cafe which is the chief London rendezvous of Armenians. You can get a cup of real Egyptian-style coffee here, and—for the sum of one shilling—hire and smoke a narghile.

And when you have sampled all these places you will only have begun to touch the fringe of a curious and interesting subject. But it is possible that you will have arrived at a quite ferocious longing for an English grilled chop and a pint of English beer.

American Millionaires.

Now a British Subject as Result of Great War.

It will be remembered that during the early days of the Great War, several prominent citizens of the United States became British subjects to show their disapproval of the attitude of their native country in remaining neutral and prosperous while other nations were fighting the battle of democracy. Probably the best known of the men who declared in this practical manner their admiration for the stand taken by Great Britain against the Germans was Henry James, the famous novelist who has since died, but there were many others as well. One influential American who took a similar step was Charles Garland, a young millionaire. He did not come out with a written declaration of his views, as did Henry James, but he showed how he felt regarding the war in a very practical manner. Early in the struggle, Charles Garland, who was a good horseman, having always had plenty of leisure for riding, entered the British cavalry. He served with distinction throughout the struggle, and was honorably discharged at the end when he decided to go back into civilian life. It is evident that Mr. Garland found the British officers very congenial company, as he has decided to remain in England and has secured a beautiful home in Warwick. He became a naturalized Britisher, and at the request of the discharged soldiers he has taken charge of the affairs of these men in his own neighborhood. He looks forward also to entering public life, and will probably be a candidate for the House of Commons in the next British election, with a soldiers' backing. In short, the former American millionaire is now every inch a British subject.

MID-SUMMER OFFERINGS.

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We have made very generous reductions on our entire stock of Ladies' Straw Hats. Prices from 50c. each upwards.

Boys' Straw Man-o'-War Hats from . . . 20c. ea. Children's White and Coloured Cotton Hats at 29c. each.

Ladies' Coloured Muslin Dresses.

These are all American made and offering at specially reduced prices from \$4.00 and \$4.50 each upwards.

A specially Cheap Lot of Dresses we show in Ladies' and Misses' Cotton Serge Dresses at \$6.50 each.

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Ladies' White Silk Blouses at \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00 each.

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We show very best values in Ladies' Muslin and Cotton Blouses of all kinds.

Ladies' Mercerised Coat Sweaters.

Mostly rose trimmed white. Extra special value at \$7.90 each.

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Good values at 30c. and 35c. pair.

Children's Cotton Hose in White, Tan and Black.

All sizes from 5 inch to 9½ inch, only 26c. to 35c. pair, according to size.

We show a good selection of Children's Cotton and Silk Socks.

HENRY BLAIR

Good-Bye to Mary Pickford.

After nine more pictures Mary Pickford, the Canadian moving picture actress, says she is going to take her sunshine and curls into retirement. If the report of her newest price per picture—\$250,000—may be assumed to be authentic, Miss Pickford, or "Little Mary," as she is known by millions, will take \$2,250,000 into more or less retirement with her, not counting those dollars which already have been salted.

Yet the Pickfordian sunshine and the Pickfordian curls have contributed so much to contemporary life that Canadians in general and young Canadians in particular would gladly bequeath to "Little Mary" all the dollars in the land, something that under present conditions would take her still several more years to get.

The latest move of Miss Pickford is a pictorial amalgamation with Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin and D. W. Griffith. This "Big Four" is to produce and distribute under their own auspices, having become tired of splitting their profits with erstwhile glove salesmen and corset makers.

Speaking of the plans of her daughter the other day, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford said:

"It will take months to complete the pictures contracted for on the part of Mary, and then she is going to settle down to enjoy life, as I have entertained her for a long time to do."

Once upon a time there was another lady who said she was going to retire. Her name was Mme. Patti.

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