

MAKES PORT AFTER 30 DAYS AT SEA

MARINE CHASER USES SAILS OF RED CLOTHES

Engines Break Down, Despite Application of Salad Oil and Butter When Oil Gives Out.

How the crew of a submarine chaser rigged up her clothes as sails, their signals of distress failing to bring help after the vessel's engines were disabled and her navigating instruments washed overboard in mid-ocean, and how they plotted the craft, through the open sea for a month until they reached the Azores, is graphically described in the report of Alexis Puhlen, the sailing master in command, which has just been made public by the U. S. Navy Department.

The submarine chaser, which was called No. 28, was American built and one of a group turned over to the French government. Manned by French crews the vessel left the Bermudas on January 7, 1918, and soon struck heavy weather. The tugs and chasers found it hard to keep together. In a terrific storm on Jan. 12 the tug convoy was scattered and No. 28 lost sight of her companions. Heavy seas carried away her life-boats, davits, boxes of coal and gasoline and ventilators. The engine room was flooded, but the crew managed to start one engine and keep the vessel going. When the weather moderated somewhat No. 28 started out in search of her convoy. She then developed engine trouble, and the shortage of lubricating oil became alarming.

Although the crew worked frantically they could not locate the trouble and the engines finally went "dead." Submarine chaser No. 28 was therefore helpless, and although many signals of distress were sent up nobly seemed to reach them.

Reported at the Azores.

When the group of chasers reached the French port, No. 28 was reported missing, and it was generally believed she had been lost. Then on Feb. 18, much to the surprise of both the French and American navy departments, she was reported at the Azores.

The expedients to which the crew of the vessel resorted to in their month at sea are best related in the sailing master's own report:

"The machinists set to work to fix the engines, and on Wednesday, Jan. 16, at midnight, the central engine started up. I set course east. There was nothing in sight. At 3 a. m. we again broke down. At 3.30 a. m. I saw the lights of two steamers to port on the horizon, headed east. I showed red lights at the masthead and signalled to them with the blinker. They did not answer me and continued on their course to the east.

"The boat continued stoned and the machinists kept at the repair of the engine. I kept naming the bilges, where the water reached a height of twenty inches. The boat made a lot of water from the springing of her seams.

"At ten minutes to twelve a. m. I saw the mast of a 'scout boat on the horizon to the northwest. Considering my boat to be in a critical condition by reason of the length of time it had been disabled and the near exhaustion of my lubricative oil, I fired a salvo of six shots and hoisted the signal of distress. I obtained no answer and could see nothing more of them a few minutes later. At noon the central engine started up; course east. Nothing in sight. At one p. m. a new breakdown of the engine. The chief machinist, Fairnour, reported to me that the lubricative oil was all gone. Thereupon I used soap suds and several greasy substances to replace the oil. But these gave bad results.

Buttered the Engines.

"I then gave all the salad oil and butter for the lubrication of the engines. These latter gave very good results, but were not sufficient. There was about five gallons. At twenty minutes to six p. m. the engine started up; course east, nothing in sight.

"At half-past eleven p. m. another and last breakdown of the engine and burning out of the dynamo. The chief machinist reported to me that he would not be able to make the engines run any more. The radio would not work. It was impossible for me to call for help. There was nothing left me aboard but a few pints of salad oil, which I used only for the lubrication of the auxiliary engine with which I pumped bilges when the state of the sea was such that I could not use the hand-billy (hand pump).

"I found myself, therefore, in complete distress, drifting toward the southeast, at the mercy of the winds and sea, with no exact position. I estimated my position at this time as thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes north latitude, and thirty-nine degrees, west longitude (about seven hundred miles from the Azores).

"I remained in this condition until the eighteenth of Feb. without getting help of any kind. I ordered a jury lug rig to be got up, pumping the bilge all the time, putting out and taking in a sea anchor when I thought it well to use it, sparing the drinking water as much as possible, rationing the crew to the lowest possible amount, in view of the probability of

C. P. R. OFFICIAL HONORED

LIFE appointment of Lt. Col. G. McLaren Brown as Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire is the result of the very fine service rendered by the European Manager of the C. P. R. to the British Government, for whom he acted as Assistant Director of Transport during the last three years of the war.

"G. McLaren" is his popular name, both in Canada and the Old Country. He is the son of Adam Brown of Hamilton, Ontario, and was born in 1858. In 1887 he was appointed agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Vancouver, and noted five years later to be Asst. General Passenger Agent, Western Division, and subsequently became in turn Executive Agent, Superintendent of Hotels, and Dining and Sleeping Car Dept., and General Passenger Agent C. P. R. Atlantic Steamship Lines. In 1908 he was appointed General European Traffic Agent, and in 1910 General European Manager, with head offices at 62-5 Charing Cross, London, S.W.



Sir George McLaren Brown.

Col. George McLaren Brown, says a friend writing in the *Montreal Gazette*, is one of those rare men whose friendships are equal to the number of their acquaintances. To all in that wide circle the announcement of the new honor which has been conferred upon him comes as pleasant and very welcome news. It is a recognition of qualities and services which they all know him to possess and to have rendered. The reputation which he enjoyed in Canada, not alone in the railway world, has been enhanced in proportion to his larger opportunities as European Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway in London, and the value of his service in the organization and direction of troop transportation during the war can hardly be overstated. It was as successful as it was energetic, and although given with no other thought than that of duty, was none the less deserving of recognition now accorded. It was but one, if the chief of his war activities, which were in fact as varied as were the demands upon his help and counsel. In all this McLaren Brown has been true in both impulse and action to the stock of which he comes. Similar impulses, finding similar expression having regard to place and circumstances, have characterized the long and honorable career of Adam Brown, his father, now and for many years post-master at Hamilton. Active and successful in commercial life, a pioneer in railway development, and one of the fathers of the National Policy, Adam Brown at ninety-six, is still young in spirit, giving largely of his time and substance in philanthropy, and to the support of war relief organizations. As is the father, so is the son, strong in his undertakings and, withal a thoughtful, kindly gentleman.

ORIGIN OF ARMY CUSTOMS

Some of Them Date Back to Ancient Roman Days.

Puttantly detaching from his hat brim an imaginary bug, the soldier stood at attention. It is the salute—the "snappy" salute now deemed most correct and expressive of soldierly alertness.

This particular kind of salute is rather new. Formerly the proper method in all armies was to raise the flattened hand to the hat or cap with palm to the front. Sharp and quick, of course, but a different kind of motion.

It had a meaning. By origin this salute dated back to very early times, when assassinations were frequent. It signified that the hand, with palm outward, concealed no dagger or other weapon.

The salute with the sword dates back to the Crusades, when, as a sign of obedient acceptance of orders, that weapon was lifted so that the hilt (forming with the blade a cross might be kissed. Thus the good knight pledged himself to duty, with God as his witness.

Military customs are perpetuated through habit of discipline, and so have a tendency to survive long after their origin has been forgotten. At the funeral of an officer (if in a mounted branch of the service) his horse, saddled and fully equipped, is led behind the vehicle (usually an artillery caisson) that bears the coffin. His army boots are in that struts, his hand held to the front to show that his long march is ended.

Three volleys are fired over his grave. Why? Because the ancient Romans threw earth three times upon the coffin of a fighting man at the burial service, crying him three times by name as they did so.

The sounding of "fans"—ordinarily meaning "Lights out!"—is, on the other hand, relatively modern. As marking the end of the funeral ceremony, it has a striking and beautiful symbolic significance.

Hurrah! How's This

Cincinnati authority says corns dry up and lift out with fingers.

Hospital records show that every time you cut a corn you invite lock-jaw or blood poison, which is needless, says a Cincinnati authority, who tells you that a quarter ounce of a drug called freezone can be obtained at little cost from the drug store but is sufficient to rid one's feet of every hard or soft corn or callus.

You simply apply a few drops of freezone on a tender, aching corn and soreness is instantly relieved. Shortly the entire corn can be lifted out, root and all, without pain.

This drug is sticky but dries at once and is claimed to just shrivel up any corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin.

If your wife wears high heels she will be glad to know of this.

"Some people are always too busy to do anything but talk about how busy they are."—The Gentle Cynic.

The Latest Designs



Every little girl longs for the low-waisted French dress, and this design should satisfy the most fastidious desire—McCall Pattern No. 8746, Girl's Convertible Dress. In 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years. Price, 20 cents. Transfer Design No. 829. Price, 15 cents.



To wear a sleeveless overdress is to be well dressed. This one is a clever adaptation and the darning-stitch is an attractive finish around the bottom of the overdress. McCall Eastern No. 8710, Ladies' Dress. In 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Price, 25 cents. Transfer Design No. 944. Price, 20 cents. These patterns may be obtained from your local McCall dealer or from the McCall Co., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Ont.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

A Winter Evening on the Farm.

Out of the west one level ray—Leaps before the close of day—And bathes the hills in rosy stains—And glids the burnished weather vane;

Then all at once the red sun drops—Behind the keen-edged mountain tops—And purple shadows swarm the hill—In silent companies. But still—Against the sunset's fading walls—One gaunt and rigid oak tree sprays—Lisschapeen, weather-beaten, curved—In ebony, and reaches starved—Old frozen fingers up to hold—The last dim shred of dwindling gold.

While the day crumbles in the west—The farmyard slowly sinks to rest—Deep in the barn a lantern lights—The farmer as he puts to rights—Showing the gleam of milking pails—Old harness, rows of swinging tails—And felloes buried deep in straw;

And in the loft's capacious maw—Brown tods of hay, like unkempt hair—Pulled loose and hanging in the air—In finds the blade of an old axe—Far in a corner, gleams through cracks—And makes a cobweb by its side—A thing of wonderment and pride.

At last the farmer's task is done—An hour behind the setting sun—He lifts the light down from the peg—and takes it with him; leg and leg—Lit by the swinging lantern, throw—Enormous shadows on the snow—He stamps his feet, looks round once more—Then stoutly slams the farmhouse door.

And now, unless a shingle snaps—With cold, or icy finger taps—Against his window, silence falls—Cattle are quiet in the stalls—The fox has left his rock lair—And timid rabbits sniff the air—The crow, perched in the frozen oak—Ruffles his feathers for a cloak.

Then, after the last sound of day—Sifting from very far away—Without a breath, without a sound—Mysteriously comes the snow—Soft benediction of the snow.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Canada collects a revenue of about \$6,000,000 every year from her forests. Of this sum, the forests of British Columbia contribute one-third.

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The Brunswick

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FILE IN THIS COUPON

THE MUSICAL MERCHANDISE SALES CO. Toronto

Without obligation send me, free of charge, your booklet explaining principles of the "Ultona." Name Street or R.R. Town Prov.

"ORIGINALS" GET STAR

Those Who Served in Opening Stages of War.

When you see anyone wearing a bronze star with no clasp, but with a red, white and blue ribbon, you will know that he was one of the first to volunteer. The star will denote that he or she (for nurses are included) actually served in "a theatre of war" between Aug. 5, 1914, and Dec. 31, 1915.

The Australian Government issued a decoration on its own account called the Gallipoli Medal, which they regarded as equal to the Mons star.

Two Aspects.

Two soldiers were conversing. One asked the other what made him enlist. "Why, I had no wife and children—no one but myself to think of; and, besides, I like war. But how came you to join the army?" "Well, you see, I had a wife, and I joined the army because I like peace."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

The profit and pleasure to be derived from the use of horses depends upon how much they have been trained. Every colt should be trained before he is put to work on the farm.

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