

## The New Arm.

The Aeroplane Is Quickly Proving Itself in Britain's Navy.

To the resourcefulness of the British naval officer there is no end. The hand of four unassuming, fearless, and keen officers who recently showed how the British Navy is studying the science of aerial flight all went out to locate the King's yacht as has been told in recent press despatches and all of them found it after thrusting their craft through dark masses of fog. Each machine was in the air for an hour or more; not one of them had a mishap. This, in summary form, is the story of the work of the airmen, but the performances were so exceptional, and the merit of them so high, that no bald summary should be sufficient reading for patriotic people.

Commander Samson was first on the scene. He piloted the Short hydro-aeroplane, and very few people in the crowd on the Nothe and on Weymouth front knew that he had started on his business.

They might well be excused for believing that even an intrepid naval officer would have hesitated before launching his craft into the misty atmosphere, when a wind which at times had a velocity of from twenty-five to thirty-five miles an hour might have carried him out of his course; and there were no landmarks to guide him. But the naval aviator is made of stern stuff, and long experience of battling with fogs afloat makes him willing to accept risks which would alarm airmen without sea service.

Commander Samson gave the order to "Let go" to his assistants on the quay at the edge of Portland Roads. The hydro-aeroplane slid down the slipway into some broken water, which tested the stability of the floats as well as the skill of the navigator. Over the ruffled surface of the water, for a couple of hundred yards, the float on the tail deeper in the water than the buoyant skimmers beneath the biplanes; and then, at the will of the commander, the strange machine was lifted into space.

The aviator did not steer a direct course for the position in which he assumed the royal yacht to be. He went to the seaward side of the fleet, passing through thick patches of fog on the way. For some eight or nine miles only momentary glimpses of the land were secured, and, while the upper reaches of the air were clear—Commander Samson rose from 1,000 feet in Portland Roads to 1,500 feet in Weymouth Bay—the sea was frequently shut out from view.

From the moment of rising from the water till the royal yacht was sighted through a break in the fog, the hydro-aeroplane had attained a pace of fifty-five miles an hour, the wind, strong and unreliable at times, being of assistance. The fleet knew that Commander Samson intended to go aloft, and, as there are many things to learn in the new science, a fast destroyer was detailed to follow the amphibious craft, to keep her in sight if possible, and to put the navigator to the test of proving his powers of elusiveness. It was a hopeless task for the destroyer.

Although commander and crew did their best there never was the slightest chance of tracking the hydro-aeroplane, which had the wings of the water-carried ship, and rapidly escaped. So when the aerial craft went round the royal yacht, her throbbing engines attracted the attention of everyone on deck, she was alone. Commander Samson encircled the royal yacht and her escort, and then, steering west, his duty well and truly done.

How he got ashore no one on the land can say, for, strain their eyes as they would, the fog defeated them. The fact is, the hydro-aeroplane went up its slipway just after half-past eight, at the moment when the Victoria and Albert was being moored three miles away. She and the officers who directed her proved that if the new arm of the naval service is weak in numbers, those who compose it have no leeway to make up.

## The Woman That is Disliked.

Although all may not be honest enough to admit it, yet there seldom lived a person who did not desire to be well liked. Everyone would like to be popular, but not all are willing to make the necessary effort. Many are too lazy, selfish or indolent. There is not a person living who could not be popular if she but tried.

All of us are acquainted with some

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women who are generally disliked. Sometimes the reason is evident, sometimes it requires a close analysis to reveal it. Perhaps we have some of the same faults but are not willing to admit it.

Amongst these unpopular women is the inquisitive woman who has no real interest in our lives, but is imbued with an over-whelming curiosity which compels her to ask about the most intimate things. Nothing is too sacred for her idle curiosity. You never purchase anything but what she asks you point blank, "Where did you get it? How much did you pay for it?"

She does not hesitate to question you about your family relations. She asks point blank questions about any personal affairs. Nor can you evade an answer, for, if you try to change the subject, she will revert to her question time and again until you finally must answer or offend her by saying that you do not care to tell her.

Another woman who is disliked is the one who is always telling her family troubles. She drags out the family skeleton and parades it before your eyes. She pours her tale of woe into your unwilling ears. She never

WINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GAIN GET IN COWA

is satisfied with her family or her surroundings, and seems to derive pleasure in thrusting her troubles upon her neighbors.

Another unloved woman is the one who has thought for anyone but herself. She never can see but one side of a question and that is her own side. She wants to be the centre of attraction at all times and wants all the sympathy available. She is not willing to share the sympathy or admiration with anyone else. She never can bear to hear anyone else being praised.

Another uncomfortable woman is the one who is over-sensitive. Her friends are almost afraid to talk to her for fear of being misunderstood. She finds a slight where none was intended. A visit with a friend loses its joy in the after-thought, for the things

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that were said in a joke and meant that way, now take on a new meaning and, under the microscope of her sensitive soul, reveal an army of unkind allusions. Every thing is taken as a slight.

These poor unpopular women wonder why they are disliked. Yet, they never try to turn the mirror inward to get the reflection of their own shortcomings—Dr. Edith B. Lowry in Woman's World for August.

## Queer Schools.

There is in St. Petersburg an institution wherein young men are trained for service as police. The course of instruction provided is supplemental to the teaching afforded by the municipal authorities. Special study is given by pupils to the tools of various kinds employed by professional thieves. There is a class devoted solely to the study of forgery, with particular reference to the falsifying of signatures and visas on passports, a most important consideration in the performance of the duties of a Russian policeman.

A school for croupiers is conducted at Monte Carlo. During the summer months, in the club-room of the Tir-aux Pigeons and the Salle d'Esclime,

in the Casino building, aspirants for the office of croupier learn the operation of gambling tables. Each pupil must from time to time, while others are impersonating players and making their respective wagers, conduct the game and learn how instantly to calculate and to pay out the winning stakes.

Generally, it is said, there are about sixty or seventy pupils in this school, and a six months' course is deemed sufficient to turn out finished croupiers.

Brussels has a school for the instruction of grave-diggers. This gruesome institution was founded by the directors of the Evere Cemetery. All candidates for appointment as sextons throughout Belgium must pass an examination at this school before they can obtain employment as grave-diggers.

There is only one good and safe rule; a girl should not allow a man to kiss her or even to hold her hand unless they are engaged, and have the fullest intentions of marrying each other.

## The Really Nice Girl.

Looked at from the lowest level, it is good tactics for a girl to be reserved with a man. If he knows he can kiss her without being engaged to her, his respect for her falls.

A man likes best what he has to work to win; he doesn't want a woman to come even half way when he is wooing her; the more difficult the chase, the more he values her.

But carrying out a line of conduct from prudential motives in order to make oneself more valuable in a man's eyes should not be enough for the really nice girl. She must guard her body, because it is the temple of her mind and her character. To yield herself in the very slightest way to a man she is not going to marry is unworthy of her mind and character. Her own mind, her own character, are

to be her long companions; they will be closer to her always than husband or children, parents or friends. To get the highest and best out of life she should refine, purify and develop these companions.—Maude Radford Warren in Woman's World for August.

## Flying at 110 Miles an Hour.

The World's Youngest Aviator.

"M. Hanriot, may I introduce you to the Tit-Bits representative, who wants to know something about your flying feats?" And the next moment the writer was shaking hands with the world's youngest aviator, Marcel Hanriot, known to his intimates as "Young Marcy," who, although only eighteen years of age, and has competed with such kings of the air as Latham, Chavez, and Vedriennes.

The introduction was brought about at Brooklands by a mutual friend, and it was indeed difficult to imagine as one chatted with this jovial, boyish-looking native of "La Bele France," full of fun and enthusiasm, that it was the same Hanriot whose aerial travels have extended through France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Turkey, Austria, Belgium and Southern Russia.

## Fascination of Aviation.

"I am delighted to meet you," he said. "Would you like to go for a flight? No? You would rather talk? Ah," he continued, laughingly, "I am afraid I am a better flyer than talker. My forte seems to be aviation, and I really think the love of flying must have been born in me, so naturally did I take to it."

"It happened in this way. I had been studying at Chalais College to become an engineer, and at Christmas-time in 1909 went home to Rheims and found that my father had completed his famous monoplane, which is now included in both the French and Italian aerial fleets of warships. Needless to say, I was intensely interested, and, boy-like, of course, wanted to make a flight; but my father absolutely refused to allow me to do this."

## A Foolish Feat.

"A few weeks later I did a very foolish thing. I persuaded one of my father's mechanics to help me to get one of the monoplanes out of the hangar, which I mounted, and this made my initial flight. Luckily, I met with no accident. My father, learning of the affair, made me promise never to attempt another flight until I was more experienced; but, seeing that my heart was set upon becoming an aviator, he promised to have me properly trained, and, ultimately, to my great joy, I secured my pilot's certificate."

Since that time Hanriot has taken prizes for splendid flights at meetings held at Rouen, Caen, Rheims, Lanark, Baie de la Seine, Dijon, Amsterdam, Chalons, and Lyons. He obtained his military brevet in three trials in April last at Rheims, at an altitude of 1,500 metres, the speed attained being seventy-five miles an hour. It might be mentioned, however, that Hanriot has attained the enormous speed of 110 miles an hour on one of his father's monoplanes, and although he has made as many as twenty-seven flights in one week, he has never yet met with the slightest accident.

## His Lucky Mascot.

Perhaps it is because he always wears an amulet, given to him by a gipsy-woman whom he met at the Lanark meeting in 1910. This woman, having seen him flying for the first time, was lost in admiration at Marcel's daring and prowess, and insisted on examining his hand. She would take no fee, and gave him an amulet to wear, extracting from him the promise that he would never fly without it.

"And I never have," said Marcel. "Last September, however, I nearly came to grief. I was flying through Southern France, trying to establish a long-distance record, when suddenly, while the machine was at a great height, my petrol ran short. As I realized this I noticed below a beautiful patch of green land, near a beautiful old building. I volplaned down to earth, but, to my embarrassment, found I had landed in the grounds of a nunnery. The young lady pupils in the convent, and the nuns as well, could not restrain their curiosity, and flocked round the uncanny-looking monoplane, asking all kinds of questions, and men from the neighboring village were permitted to enter the convent grounds in order to fill up my tanks with petrol."

*John Collins*

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