

Aerial Accidents.

How They Take Place.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, we are told, a pilot only realizes he is going to crash about five seconds before the actual event.

There are three great causes of crashes—the failure of the engine, the failure of the machine, the failure of the pilot. The first is by far the most frequent, for the human element is always liable to add danger to the safest exploits, and in flying it often causes fatal accidents. It is not so much the physical failure of a man in a fainting fit, or a sudden attack of sickness, as error of judgement and over-confidence that so often causes disaster.

Fatal Confidence.
The largest number of accidents are caused in landing, as it is there that the great skill of flying lies. The pilot has to touch the ground at a speed of forty or fifty miles an hour, and if he does not do it carefully he is liable to have a severe smash.

Again, he may get off the ground and start to turn and climb at the same time, thus losing so much speed that the machine slideslip to the ground. This is one of the commonest of accidents and is very often fatal. The accident may have been caused by a turn a hundred times, but the day comes when he is over-confident or careless and does not allow himself enough speed. Less than a minute after he leaves the ground he lies in a splintered wreck of wood and wire.

Again, an airman may dive very steeply at a great speed and then carelessly pull the stick back with such a jerk that the tail breaks off, and the machine and pilot drop to the ground like a stone. That and similar accidents are cases of man failure, and happen through over-confidence and through putting too much trust in the machine.

Bad Landings.
Engine failure compels the airman to land at once. He has to choose quickly a landing ground, and it very often happens there are no flat fields within gliding distance of the machine, and so it has to be landed on bad ground and is crashed.

The nearer to the earth the machine is when the engine fails the greater is the danger, as the pilot has less choice of landing ground. If the engine stops when the machine is very low, it is possible that it will crash into a house or a tree, thus causing a fatal accident.

Crashes due to machine failure are fortunately rare. Modern machines are very strongly made, and every piece of wood and metal fitting are carefully tested and inspected, and it is very rare for the wings of a machine to give way or for its tail to break off. Aeroplanes are made to withstand three or four times the normal strain of flight, and consequently this last danger, the obvious to the non-flying public, is fortunately the least apparent to those who fly.

A King's Prayer.

At the cross-roads of Oost Capelle were a dozen children—nervous, suspicious little people, lean from semi-starvation, roughened by prolonged exposure. The party walked in single file, not talking, obviously in charge of the eldest girl. Anxious eyes scanned the sky for enemy air-men or falling missiles.

They were scholars from some cellar school, delayed in their homing by the Germans' abendessen—the evening shelling.

Some way behind the children strode a Belgian officer absorbed in identifying the detonation of distant guns. "There is the evening gun!" said Marie, suddenly.

"I am afraid!" "The German bombs!" "Save us!" cried the children.

"Shame to you!" said the girl-guardian of the trembling group. "We must be brave. Let us say our prayer."

They ran and knelt before a shell-smashed Calvary by the roadside. A dozen dark heads bent over as many pairs of small folded hands. Beyond them vast volumes of dust and fumes from titanic battle-fronts hung in silver-grey curtains. Homes pounded to powder, rent earth blown heaven-high, made a stupendous and splendid spectacle in the sunset. The little group, praying beside the ruined shrine, stood out dark before the glory.

A few feet away the Belgian officer watched them wistfully. Alone, without insignia of rank, there was no mistaking Albert of Belgium.

Marie raised her face toward the golden sky.

"We must say the Lord's Prayer," she said. "Our father, who are in Heaven." High voices chorused the next phrases. "Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as—" Then silence. Accusing eyes looked from Marie to the ruined homes and ravished fields.

"And forgive us our trespasses," prayed Marie. Then one voice responded:

"As we forgive them that trespass against us," said Albert the King.

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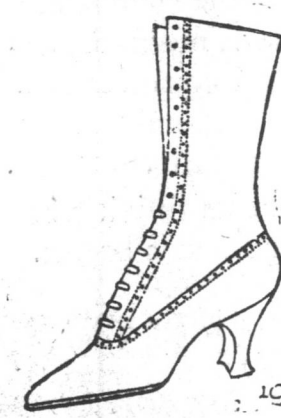
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June 14, 1923

New Relief For Constipation, "LES FRUITS"



Physicians agree that with the modern habits of living, constipation is likely to be always with us. They also agree that the constant use of any drug for the relief of constipation is exceedingly unwise—unwise for two reasons. First, a drug constantly used loses its effect and requires a constantly increased dose. Second, because the constant use of any drug is bad anyway.

So the cry is constantly going up from the constipated, "What can we do?" It will be interesting to a great many to know that an answer has been found in the re-discovery of a method which was used with great success by our Forefathers, and in Arabia far back in the twelfth century. The food is called "Les Fruits" because it is composed entirely of figs, dates, prunes, raisins and the leaves of each with the substitution of the Alexandria leaf for the raisin leaf. The taste is pleasant, if not to say delicious, and the effect is exceedingly satisfactory. Try it and be convinced.

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Still Abhorrent.

(New York Tribune.)
Thought of Germany as a member of the league properly is highly offensive. The smell of blood is still on her hands. The smoke hardly has blown

away from the towns she has burned. To sit down with such a nation when there is no pretence of repentance is profoundly abhorrent. It seems a mockery of the peace and to compromise honor. So emotions arise against what looks like a betrayal.

A Sea Romance in Court.

(From the New York World.)

The acquittal of the Pedersens, father and son, in Federal Court, ends one of the most thrilling sea stories New York has listened to in many a day. It is, in fact, two sea stories at variance. The prosecution's story was of the tyranny of a cruel captain and a Dutch mate, beating and abusing their crew until one of them jumped overboard. As he grasped the log-line, repenting his suicidal act, the captain it was said, refused to put the ship about to save him. This follows good Clark Russell lines, but the captain does not look like that kind of a man; he had character witnesses and there was a defence. It was that the Pedersens

had a touch crew to handle. Here were the familiar characters: "The sea-lawyer," the man who "makes his mark" to a lie; the bully, and, besides them, a less hackneyed figure in tales of the sea, the I. W. W. man, the political agitator. As for putting about in a heavy sea, grizzled captains swore that it couldn't be done; it would have taken the sticks out of her, or something like that. Nor could the man have lived to be picked up. The jury accepted this view of the case. So, lying at the world's great gateway between sea and land, New York gets an occasional revealing glimpse of the grim adventures lives men live who carry the commerce that makes the city great. The fiction, conning such tales of struggle, goes to school to fact.

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



World's Largest City.

According to statistics published in the United States, New York is bigger in population than London by a quarter of a million, the figures for 1919 being 8,045,000 in New York against London's 7,787,326.

For many years before the war the area and population of New York was steadily increasing and the margin between the size of the two communities growing less and less until, in 1917, New York gained the lead.

The land area of Greater London is 693 square miles, while Greater New York covers 690 square miles, of which, however, ninety-five square miles is uninhabited marsh land. Like London, the population of the business capital of the New World is densest at the centre, where there are 106,000 people to the square mile compared with London's 30,000.

It should be noted that New York's claim to be the greatest community on earth is based on estimated figures, which in view of the fluctuations of the war may be found to be quite inaccurate when the next census is taken.

Indeed, if a census were taken now, it is probable that the population of Greater London has been inflated by the war to an extent far greater than is generally supposed, and when more houses are available the number of people living in the Metropolitan area is certain to increase still more.

What He Called Her.

"What is her name?" asked the mistress of your new Chinese cook. "My name is Wang Hank Ko," was the reply.

"Oh, well, as I shall not be able to remember that I shall call you John," remarked the lady.

"Velly good, ma'am," acquiesced the Chinaman. "And what is your name, ma'am?"

"My name is Mrs. Swankton de Vere."

"Me no remember that," quoth the Chinaman. "Me call you Sally."

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To the King.

JUNE 3rd, 1919.

How well to wear the monarch's crown
 Through stress and strife you've proved
 That earthquake which five thrones
 Threw down
 Still leaveth yours unmoved.

True Kingly genius how define?
 Perchance this tells it best:
 The typic chief in whom doth shine
 The people's self exprest.

No thing of skill or conscious aim;
 Unsought in him it lies
 Whose heart beats with their heart
 The same,
 Whose eyes see through their eyes.

But this you've stood the crucial test,
 No need of studied tact,
 Ten million Britons, at their best,
 Are seen in you compact.

To prop their thrones let others bring
 White careful arts they can
 The buttress sure of George, the King,
 Is George, the Englishman.
 R. M. E., in the Westminster Gazette.

The Promised Spoils.

When tempted men and women are tempted to feel sad over the terms of peace offered to Germany, it would be a spiritual and mental gain for them to think over what the German has done and what he intended to do if he proved the conqueror. One of the most enlightening statements in this regard has been made by August Thyssen, one of Germany's greatest steel manufacturers who was present at a number of conferences preceding the war, where the Kaiser made eloquent speeches and individual offers as well. Mr. Thyssen was personally offered a free grant of 30,000 acres in Australia, and also a loan of 150,000 pounds to develop business. Several other firms were promised great concessions in India. This conquest of India seemed to be a subject over which the Kaiser would always en- thusiastic, and in the course of a speech he exclaimed: "India is occupied by the British and in a manner governed by them, but it is by no means completely governed by them. We shall conquer it, and the vast resources that the British permit to be taken by Indian princes will, after our conquest, flow in a golden stream into the Fatherland. In all the richest lands of the earth, the German flag will float over every other flag." There was many other things said by the Emperor in 1912, proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that the war was deliberately planned and prepared for that far back.

Forewarned, Forearmed

Two friends, a Londoner and a Scotsman, happened to be lunching together recently in a certain restaurant. The latter, true to his natural habit, kept turning round to see that his hat and coat remained still on the peg where he had left them. "You are a suspicious chap," said his friend at last. "Who do you think is going to walk in here and steal our coats?" "Can't say," replied Scotty, "but I'll take good care nobody gets mine; yours went ten minutes ago."

Editorial Brieflets.

It's a hard bed, Heine, but who made it?—Cleveland Press.
 The bump in bumper wheat crop seems to be for the consumer of bread.—Detroit News.

The Germans seem to be stuck on President Wilson's fourteen points.—Long Island City Star.
 We shall soon see whether marriage or drink is the cause of the divorce evil.—Salt Lake Herald.

The luxury tax on soft drinks adds the "kick."—Long Island City Star.
 The Prussian premier complains that it is a muffled-still peace. Isn't that what Prussia started out to get?—Cleveland Press.

Britannia may glory in being mistress of the seas, but Columbia is proud to be sole proprietor of the N. C. B.—Arkansas Gazette.

"Bet-a-Bug-a-Better Men" is the fitting slogan that has been given Boy Scout week. Also, it can be turned around.—Detroit News.

Some of Mr. Wilson's friends are wont to wonder anxiously whether he doesn't know enough to come in out of the wet.—Philadelphia North American.

A United States Marine, twenty-two years old, holds the record for being the best shot with the rifle. A man somewhat older, who looks down a barrel of steel and provides what is put over the kitchen range, holds the record for being oftenest hit.—Detroit News.

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Side T by Ruth C



A TYPICAL PROBLEM
 A letter friend of mine wishes me to answer a question which seems to me is of general interest because it is typical of a problem many people have to face.

She is a woman of over fifty. Her married daughter, who lives in a town several hundred miles away, wishes her to give up her home and come to live near her. She loves the daughter deeply and wants to go and yet she hesitates. She has lived in her present home forty years! She has many dear old friends and several relatives nearby and she loves her church work. Do I think she will be happy to go?

If she had asked me that ten years ago I think I should have said at once, "Don't your daughter and her children mean more to you than all your friends and relatives, and can't you work in some other church?"

To-day I am not so sure. And one reason is that I happen to know of two somewhat similar cases.

She Fairly Worshipped Her Daughter

In the first case the woman was a widow with one daughter whom she worshipped. The mother lived in Virginia. The daughter after her marriage went to New York to live and wished her mother to come and live near her, which the mother finally decided to do. She gave up her little home, and took a small apartment in New York. When she got there she found that her daughter was wrapped up in her husband and had many social and other duties and could not be with her as much as she had pictured. And when she was alone she was so lonely and so wild with homesickness that she simply couldn't stand it. Fortunately her daughter brought back her old home and sent her back there.

But They Were Town Bred People.

The other case is of a man and wife whose daughter had married

