

Corn



Blue-jay
The simplest way to end a corn is to eat it. The pain in the stomach is then the corn looses and comes out. Made in clear liquid and in thin plasters. The action is the same.

At your druggist

Aerial Crashes.

By GEORGE STANLEY.

In the early days of flying it used to be said that no aviator could count himself a true aviator until he had been through at least three crashes. Now, with modern machines, such a statement is somewhat sweeping.

Crashes may be divided roughly into two classes—namely, the "business" crash and the "tourist" crash.

Both have their peculiarities. Of the two, the "business" crash offers less chance for a successful recovery. The term "business" crash might be applied to a crash that happens as a machine is in the air, or just on the ground.

This type is the more frequent and more undesirable, for it happens more quickly, there is less time to think, much less time required to avoid them, and the aviator realizes some-thing is wrong: the engine has cut out, he has lost flying speed, the sound of cracking wood—

—hidden hand seizes him and vio-lently he is hurled forward. The next moment he is surrounded by the de-bris of a machine before he was a part of it.

As the aviator falls, the feeling is different. The hidden hand seizes him suddenly, has a firm touch, and the aviator finds himself in the water. His Majesty is being flouted, and has ex-posed himself for such rashness.

At the moment of the crash, the aviator is in a state of complete confusion. With the long distance between things, he begins to get-ting by long-distance crash, the occurrence of a sud-den defect at a high altitude, resulting in an immediate descent, terminating in an unfortunate crash. Here, indeed, is a grand op-portunity for an analytical study of the strange world of the sky.

It is out of its particular orbit, is an aeroplane flying well, or a seaplane flying well.

The engine suddenly cuts out and the aviator stops. With the cessa-tion of the engine's roar, only the five wires through the air are left. If by chance the aviator manages to get the engine started, the engine gives place to the de-ep roar of the engine, and nor-mal and normal feelings are re-ceived. On the other hand, the de-vice cannot be remedied, the engine stalls up and the propeller is as-sailed as the sea beneath, a con-stant of impressions assails aviator. The song of the wires, sharply pitched, shrill tone, comes to play. What do the wires tell? Their falsetto shrieks that all is illusion; the sea be-neath its distant, uninviting as-sault confirms the absence of ground. For a moment the aviator is paralyzed, his senses lulled.

Not for long, though, does the song remain unchallenged; the flick of the inexorable altimeter needle from 20,000 feet to 15,000 feet rouses the aviator from his lethargy. All is not illusion. The seductive song is illusion itself. Flick, flick—the needle has reached 10,000 feet. The solid mass of white castles, with their turreted tops and cavernous abyss, but a moment ago silent majestic witnesses to the song of the wires, throws off its masks and comes up to meet the machine. The warning has been given within the castle, the gates are flung open, and this misty wings stretch out to coil themselves round the machine in a damp-vapoury embrace, and drag it down into the dark dungeons. No top, no bottom, no north, no south. Such relative terms of earth-bound man have no meaning here in cloudland. Motion seems still absent—perhaps, after all, all is il-lusion, as the wires chant? But wait, it is difficult to tell, the needle—the altimeter is working overtime—what Ah, the earth appears again, but at a slant. The machine has side-slipped, emerging from cloud land just in time for the aviator to prevent a vertical nose-dive. The wires, cheated of their dupe, take on a shriller tone and threaten dire vengeance on this stubborn two-legged adventurer who has dared to doubt their song. A slight easing back of the elevator checks the fortissimo; the altimeter needle patiently shows 4,000 feet. The aviator, free from the seemingly solid mass of airy mistiness, now pur-suing its dignified course far above him, is able to get a clear view of the situation. If he be in an aeroplane far out to sea, he will cast an anxious eye in all directions for sight of a friendly ship. There is one a long way off—will those on board see him? Will they be in time to pick him up? Turning the nose of the airplane to-wards the ship, the aviator makes his signal of distress. The difference of atmospheric pressure will have caused an unpleasant prickling in his neck and ears. Still the sea makes no ef-fort to rush closer; its ever-watchful, ever-patting waves can wait for the victim—a splash, a slight distur-bance in the water and all traces of the sacrificial rites will be removed.

As the aviator speeds downwards the convulsions take the form of de-finite, well-regulated wave-crests, and from them he must make up his mind what way the wind is blowing. Un-less he can make a landing head to wind, the machine is almost certain to execute a complete somersault. The altimeter flicks its needle in mute ap-pel for haste, for soon its activities will cease. At long last the sea, dling aside its patience, comes rushing up; the song of the wires is nearing its end. A group of hungry, evil-eyed seagulls, gracefully riding upon the undulating water, watch with fan-guist interest the descent of the very strange winged monster. Will there be any pickings? The cruel hooked beaks quiver; a cold gleam glitters in the watchful eyes as the scavengers of the sea lazily flap up into the air.

The aviator, keeping the machine dead into wind, unfastens the safety-belt which stood him in such good stead when passing through the cloudy banks. A slight touch upon the elevator—the waves rush by at the speed of an express train—the tail of the aeroplane falls a little—century of agonised suspense—the last soft note of the song of the wires.

A giant's hand deals a terrific blow on the tail of the machine—a sense of nothing but blue-gray all around, and a burning desire for breath. The aviator has crashed. Its fall, on hitting the water, rebounded, and she nose dived straight into an oncoming wave. The aviator, having released his safety-belt, has been catapulted out of the machine, and presently comes to the surface some twenty feet away from the sinking aeroplane. The case of the seaplane far inland

is a different matter. The aviator is faced with a more serious problem. On his emerging from cloudland he realises that, being unable to glide back to the sea, where he could make a descent in safety, the prospects for him are anything but alluring. Are there any lakes or rivers into which he can land? No. Then he regretfully realises that he must choose his lesser of the evils confronting him. That beautifully flat-looking stretch of grass—will it prove to be full of hummocks, or, perhaps, the side of a hill? At this height the prospect of the land is difficult to appreciate. Looking in the opposite direction, the aviator sees a collection of cab-age-like objects. From their shape, his experience tells him that they are cabbages. Perhaps he would come to less harm if he landed the seaplane on the tops of these trees? Through his mind flash tales of how various conferees of his have suc-cessfully adopted this expedient. He must make up his mind quickly or he will soon be landing in the middle of the busy town beneath. No, that will never do; better that he should crash anywhere else than make the wayfarers below victims of the ac-cident. He cannot hope to repeat the performance of that lucky aviator, in the early days of flying, who flut-tered down into a large back-garden between two rows of house without damaging himself or his machine.

The moment has arrived; now or never must he make his choice—another few seconds and the initiative will be lost. The grassy stretch of the wood? Quick, which? Very well, this grassy stretch. The chance of a branch tearing through the pilot's seat, though unlikely, is rather ter-rifying.

The machine turns into wind and rushes towards the green-ward. The ground hurtles by—steady—a little faster glide—check the forward speed and get the heel of the foot a little lower, still lower. The wires whistle in astonishment at the aviator's skill. That's it, a little slower—the machine, like a nervous, bewildered steed, un-able to fight gravity any longer, trembles uncertainly before the giant's approaching clutch. Crash!—Chambers's Journal.

The lighter side.

Said the maid in the grocery store, "Have you coffee in bean, I implore?" Said the lad who was bright, "Take the stairway, one flight. This is only the first, or ground floor."

Being otherwise engaged many stenographers are giving notice they intend to quit about May 31st.

Dancing records don't stand still.

The old mother who used to cook "poke salad" at this season of the year to keep the children in good health now has daughters who won't raise children.

"A chicken never stops scratching because worms are scarce."

June 11

"It'll pay you to shop on the other side of the street."

A Towel Special

while they last. Fine large Turkish Towels. Good qual-ity. Per Pair **59c**

A MEN'S WEAR SALE

Every article of Men's Wear—Hats, Caps, Shirts, Sox, Collars, Ties, Gloves, Suspenders, Boots and Shoes—Is greatly reduced during this Special Sale for Men

MEN'S SUITS

Splendid quality Plain and Heather Tweeds. American make, in Greys, Browns, Fawn, Navy, Pin Stripe and herring-bone effect. Some with extra Pants. Sizes 34 to 44. Prices **\$17.50 to \$35.00**

MEN'S SUITS

Our Special **12.50 SUIT**
Domestic make. In Tweed and Worsted. Smart styles and shades. Sizes 3 to 7.

BOYS' SUITS

Real hard-wearing Tweeds and Worsted. All colors and sizes. Larger sizes have extra pair Pants. Prices from **\$2.10** up, according to size.

MEN'S SPRING COATS

Very smart styles in fine Tweed. Light and Dark Grey, Green, Fawn, etc. All sizes. From

\$12.00 to \$29.00

ENGLISH - AMERICAN CLOTHING CO'Y

312-314 WATER STREET.

ST. JOHN'S.

"REMEMBER:--Our Store is on the other side of the street."

The Fishermen's Friend!

FISHERMEN! One pair of Smallwood's Hand-made Waterproof Boots will outwear at least three pairs of the Best Rubber Boots on the market to-day!

FISHERMEN! Buy Smallwood's Leather Boots. They wear longer and are more healthy than Rubber Footwear. Leather Boots are warmer and more comfortable to walk in than Rubber Boots.



Tongue Boot. Wellington Boot. High 3/4 Boot.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

FISHERMEN! Save your money by buying Smallwood's Hand-made Tongue Boots, Wellington Boots, High and Low 3/4 Boots. These Boots are made out of all Solid Leather.

Men and Boys all Leather Laced Pegged BOOTS

FISHERMEN! Don't put your money in cheap boots. Buy Smallwood's Solid Leather Laced Boots. Double wear in each pair.

Men's Laced Pegged Boots. Only \$3.90

Boys' Laced Pegged Boots. Only \$3.10

Boys Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Youths' Laced Pegged Boots. Only \$2.60

MINERS' BOOTS! Special for Miners. Only \$4.00 the pair. These Boots being made of all Leather will outwear the cheap imported Boot, besides being much more easily repaired.

F. SMALLWOOD The Home of GOOD SHOES
218 and 220 Water Street

Gigantic "Pious Frauds" in the States.

Mr. Benjamin Purnell, the long-haired, bearded "king" of the House of David—a religious colony established some twenty years ago at Benton Harbor, Michigan—has been adjudged a "pious fraud" by the United States District Court.

An action for damages which resulted in this finding was brought against the "king" by Mr. John W. Hansell, formerly a farmer, of Nashville, Tennessee, who with his wife and family joined the colony in 1912 and labored in it without wages until the "monarch" ejected them last autumn on charges of inciting disaffection among their co-believers. The court awarded Mr. Hansell \$3,000.

Evidence was given of the practice of "group marriages" among young men and women of the colony. Brides drew husbands by lottery.

Girl of Sixteen Strangled.

But a more sinister aspect of the trial relates to the burial of colonists who died. Colonists were taught that if they obeyed the injunctions of their "king" they would achieve immortality. When death occurred it was ascribed to the fact that "our brother has sinned," and the death chamber was immediately abandoned to the undertaker and, on the authority of a certificate signed by an aged, col-onist who had a doctor's degree, the corpse was placed in a box and then thrown into a pit without ceremony or witness.

A gravedigger confessed to the authorities that in the summer of 1921 he buried a coffin supposed to contain the body of a woman of 68. As he pushed it into the grave its top was shattered and he saw the body of a girl of sixteen, who appeared to have been strangled. An order for the exhumation of the body was issued.

Mr. Purnell has been missing since Christmas.

Scotch Woman's Story.

The House of David owns extensive properties in Michigan. It has conducted a large business in agricultural produce, and its baseball team and brass band are known throughout the State.

Mrs. Margaret Bryson, a native of Scotland, was one of the chief witnesses. She said that she joined the religious colony at its English headquarters in Romford-road, London, in 1915.

She was visited in Scotland by an emissary of the House of David, who warned her that he was the last of the messengers by God to gather in the elect. He exhorted her immediately to come to London, which she did.

There she was informed that London would be destroyed by a flood in sixty days, and the only way to save her life was to take refuge in the "ark," which was at Benton Harbor, in Michigan, and she at once went to this ark.



Come and see THE NEW CORONA

COMPARE this new portable type writer with any other writing machine:

1. **Completeness:** It is really an office typewriter in portable form.

2. **Convenience:** Weighs less than 7 pounds. Fold it up, take it with you, typewrite anywhere.

3. **Durability:** Half a million in use; more than all other portables combined—sixteen years of satisfactory service.

4. **Speed:** Has the Standard Portable Keyboard—simplest and easiest to learn for amateurs or touch-system operators.

DICKS & CO., LIMITED.

THE BEST RETURNS

Can be secured by using Ammonium Sulphate

It is the best fertilizer ex-tant for hayfield or garden.

By its use large crops are assured.

Sold in large or small quantities by

ST. JOHN'S GAS LIGHT COMPANY.

Enquiries solicited. Phone 81, Gas Works.

N. B.—Orders taken at Calver's, Duckworth Street, King's Beach.

may 7, 14

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR RHEUMATISM AND PAINS.

Spring-Time Pictures

"In the Spring a Modern Young Man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of" all the snapshots he means to take on fine days, of the country putting on her Spring Gown, of the "New Baby," of the many temptations Spring offers the camera lover.

THE KODAK STORE carries full equipment for beginner or expert. All grades and sizes of Cameras, Tripods, Cases, Roll Films, Film Packs, Plates, everything. All you want in one store at one counter.

TOOTON'S

The Kodak Store—Water Street, St. John's. 'PHONE 131.