

## Cross Channel Flight Now A Short Cut To Business

These Daily Air Routes Are Largely Patronized by Casual Men of Commerce Who Smoke and Snooze Gliding Over the Battle Area Towards London.

(James Gore King in New York Evening Post.)

London, Nov. 18.—Perhaps the most memorable experience to many an irresponsible American adventuring in Europe in these post-war days is that of the commercial airplane trip. Recently I tucked out of Brussels with a valise carefully reduced in weight to the maximum of thirty pounds, and climbed into the big Handley Page machine that was about to make the scheduled afternoon spin over the Channel to London. The whole affair was casual and business-like in the extreme. When we were safely tucked aboard and had started to smoke composedly in comfortably fitted wicker chairs in the cabin, the engines began to roar in confident fashion, and we were off, bumping along the field and gathering speed as we went.

Well, by companion and I had scarcely taken two whiffs from my pipe and from the Havana cigar which he had laboriously smuggled into Europe—when the ground beneath us quietly left us, as we discovered by looking out of the window, and the trip began. For an hour and more we seemed to be drifting slowly along like some heavy-bodied dragon fly. The trim little red-roofed hamlets, with their occasional churches, windmills, and market squares, passed under us one by one in leisurely fashion. Great white ribbons of roads connected them, straight as if chalked with the aid of a Broomfield's footrule. And all the intervals between them were filled with geometrically square fields that looked like patches of velvet, dyed in various shades of green and brown and laid out end to end in the sunshine. Nothing but occasional red-roofed houses broke the marvellous flatness of the country, which seemed to have mapped itself out exactly to scale below us. It was smooth as a giant's bowling green, from Brussels clear northward to the Channel, where the quiet green sea lapped over its edge.

Repairs at Courtal. Near Courtal uneven bursts of additional power and noise told us that the machine was not satisfied with the working of one of its engines. Our shadow, which followed us like an officer's orderly, two paces behind and a little to the left, grew bigger and bigger on the fields beneath as we descended.

We were now quite obviously flitting along at tremendous speed, the treetops flashing past us only a few yards below the window. Our wheels touched ground in a large, open field, and bumped over the hummocks for a hundred yards or so, after which we came to an easy halt. Already peasant children, followed by grown-up women carrying babies, and very old or very young men, had left their red-roofed cottages in the neat little hamlets strewn about us on the flat map of the Low Countries, and were running toward us. Before we were there long some 200 had gathered about us, wide eyed yet very friendly. They helped us turn the machine about by pushing one side of its tail around in a semi-circle, for we had landed facing a small fence, which it would have involved expense for the line to remove.

We sky-passengers talked bad French with the peasants for an hour and more, and the small children, mostly barefoot, but a few wearing their wooden shoes, clustered about us. One little boy had blown off several fingers through touching a small shell. Otherwise there were no signs of war except for the large and obvious gap between old and young in the male population. All seemed cheerful and busy and well nourished, especially the children. It was obvious that these people were not allowing their minds to dwell on their hard times in the immediate past, but using their best energies in plodding cheerfully onward again in the simple round of peace. Another scramble of our engines to start up sufficient speed to rise as we bounced on our wheels across the field; then we whirled off and had soon left the waving figures of these simple, kindly Belgians far below in their own little world as we headed for the Channel.

The Fields of Ruin. Soon the red-roofed cottages below began to be replaced by powdered roofless ruins, filled with white dust. In many cases the houses had literally been levelled with the ground, and the outlines of their naked foundations reminded one of a field of empty mounds from which teeth had been rudely pulled. The whole flat countryside looked as if some scourge had swept over it, as indeed it had, destroying all productivity and life. Field after field looked like plum-pudding, being scarred and pitted over its entire surface by round shellholes of varying sizes. Indeed, the barren, pitted surface of the moon would be more like it. The neatness of these square velvet fields had been totally destroyed. There were no cheerily turning Flemish windmills, though one could see the little loops in the roadways, within which they had stood.

There was no longer any sign of human beings below us, creeping along mathematically neat furrows behind a plough, or stopping to clinch at the corners of the white-ribbon roads. And running riot across the neat landscape, carving naught for roads or fields or boundaries, were the zigzag outlines of the trenches, two summers of occasional rain, and two winters of sleet and snow. For if nature is quick in destroying the works of man, she is no less so in repairing the marks of his destructiveness, and thus restoring her own equilibrium. Already two seasons of poppies have bloomed in those fast disappearing trenches, and the seemingly complete desolation of this battle-zone of flat Flanders country was modified here and there by hopeful patches of new green foliage.

This streak of war-battered country soon passed from beneath us, and the red-roofed cottages, slowly turning windmills, and neat uniformity of cultivation, stretching mile after mile to the Channel, all but abolished the memory of it. Soon we turned westward and crossed the border into France, finally leaving the land behind us as well as below us, just east of Calais. A great patch of blackened industrial landscapes marked the wide spread suburbs of the town radiating from the mediaeval castellated square at its centre. A glittering network of sewers and canals carved it into pieces on its seaward side. Then we passed over a long, irregular row of cosy fishermen's cottages along the coast, and four successive sandbars on which the quiet gray sea broke occasionally into long rings of white foam, and Europe was left behind.

Over Channel. Twenty-eight minutes sufficed to cross the Channel, and as there was nothing to see below us except the dull gray sea dotted sparsely with tiny fishing smacks, my drowsy companion and I smoked a d talk. Then the yellow-white chalk cliffs of southern England came into view, the smooth green grass creeping out to their very edges to look down at the waves which broke on the chalky beaches below. It was just east of Folkestone. We had soon left the cliffs and the Channel behind and were whirling in powerful but leisurely fashion over the rolling hills and valleys of southern England.

This Kentish country was a strange contrast in many ways to the flat, well-kept checker board of the Low Countries which we had left a bare half

## Are Your Bowels Stagnant? Have You Indigestion?

When a Queerer Will Buy You a  
Guaranteed Remedy, Why  
Not Use It Today?

Many a person carries around in their system a cesspool composed of half digested, putrid, decaying food that the overloaded stomach can't get rid of because of constipation. No wonder that anemia, blood rashes, headaches and rheumatism are so common. No better remedy is known than DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS OF MANDRAKE AND BUTTERNUT. Taken at night, you're well next morning. They finish out the system, sweeten and tone the stomach, improve digestion, filter and purify the blood, restore complexion, clear vision, and robust good health to young and old. To look, feel and always be at your best, use DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS regularly, 25c. per box.

## DO YOUR EARS RING? HAVE YOU CATARRH?

A buzzing noise in the head is the beginning of chronic Catarrh. If not checked the result is deafness. A simple remedy that many physicians advise is to slowly inhale Catarrhazone a few times each day. The soothing vapor of Catarrhazone relieves the Catarrhal condition, and hearing improves at once. Head noises, buzzing ears are relieved. For Catarrhal deafness, throat, nose and lung Catarrh, there is probably no remedy so efficient. The large one dollar outfit lasts two months and is guaranteed. Small size 50c. trial size 25c. Sold everywhere by dealers, or The Catarrhazone Co., Kingston, Ont.

hour before. The fields were of all shapes and sizes, like the pieces in a jigsaw puzzle, and rambling hedge-rows marked their boundaries, and irregular patches of casual woodland were dotted here and there. In further contrast to the trim and logically laid-out Continental country there were many ruins and inexplicable towers and buildings in inaccessible places, such as hill tops and features beside the rivers—survivals of far earlier days. It was easy to pick out the mansions hidden in trees the lillies and the crookedly clustered hamlets in the valleys below them. The whole country was a mass of mossy green in color, which gave one the unmistakable impression of well-seasoned antiquity.

As we approached London cricket matches and games of bowls were in evidence below us, on the grounds of the country houses, tucked beneath trees. The country soon grew vaguely suburban, though there were no such enormous mansions and starting advertising signs. When the closely built houses of the city began to pass, they began suddenly, so that one was able to tell quite accurately where the actual limits of London began. We rose to a height of 4500 feet, as I afterward learned, so as to avoid all chance of defacing buildings or interfering with the street traffic, should anything happen on our way. The streaky black and white look which characterizes the soft stone fronts of most English public buildings seemed to color the whole city, as if a wholesale attempt had been made by the Almighty to wash away its grime with soapy water.

## Another War Coming On Bronchitis!

The campaign last year against Bronchitis has been so successful that the public is fully determined to renew hostilities against this formidable foe this winter. People are taking more action armed with the world's mightiest and most destructive weapon—Buckley's Bronchitis Mixture. The germs of bronchitis, colds, etc., are driven out of their strongly entrenched position, and thousands of victims are relieved in a most miraculous manner. It is positively wonderful the way this remedy does its work. The demand for it is phenomenal—over 6,000 bottles being sold in thirty days in Ottawa last winter.

Buckley's Mixture is not a syrup, but a scientific mixture guaranteed to relieve the worst case of bronchitis, cough, colds, hoarseness, asthma, grippe, influenza, etc. Join in this fight for humanity. Don't hesitate. Buy a bottle to-day. 75c. at any drug store. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied. Accept no substitutes.

For sale at all Drug Stores or by mail from W. K. BUCKLEY, LIMITED, 143 MUTUAL STREET, TORONTO.

## Whizz a minute and walk a Mile

That's tobogganing—a swift slide down hill, and a long walk up hill. A cold is generally like that—it comes quickly and easily, but it is a hard uphill pull to get back to normal health.

## SHARP'S BALSAM

of Rheumatoid and Ankle Seed assures a rapid recovery from colds, coughs, and other bronchial and pulmonary affections. It has been the most popular and reliable cold remedy in the Maritime Provinces for the last 70 years.

25c. buys a bottle of this insurance against colds, at any drug or general store. The Canadian Drug Co., Limited, ST. JOHN, N. B.

## FREE OF TERRIBLE KIDNEY TROUBLE

After Three Years of Suffering,  
"FRUIT-A-LIVES" Brought Relief



MADAME HORMIDAS FOISY, 624 Champlain St., Montreal. "For three years, I was ill and exhausted and I suffered constantly from Kidney Trouble and Liver Disease. My health was miserable and nothing in the way of medicine did me any good. Then I started to use 'Fruit-a-lives' and the effect was remarkable. I began to improve immediately and this wonderful fruit medicine entirely restored me to health. All the old pains, headaches, indigestion and constipation were relieved and once more I was well. To all who suffer from Indigestion, Constipation, Rheumatic Pains or great Fatigue, I advise the use of 'Fruit-a-lives'."

Madame HORMIDAS FOISY, 60c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

en. The Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey stood out clearly above the low level of the other buildings in Whitehall. One could almost tell the time from Big Ben. The four main bridges, Westminster, Waterloo, Blackfriars, and the Tower, were easily recognizable as they spanned the muddy finding Thames.

## ASTHMA CHRONIC BRONCHITIS AND CATARRH.

Conquered by the World's Only Two-Bottle Remedy. Don't suffer for months longer. Send to-day—32 day treatment guaranteed. Trial size, ten cents to cover postage.

W. K. Buckley, Mfg. Chemist, 142 Mutual St., Toronto.

Al's new knife cut his finger. Just like a carefree boy! Yes, but the cut had to be healed quickly and cleanly so his father suggested

## Mentholum

And Mentholum did it—healed the cut gently and prevented infection by its antiseptic action.

All well in a few days

Mentholum soothes nervous headache, heals burns, bruises.

Mentholum is sold everywhere in 25c. and 50c. jars.

The Mentholum Co., Bridgeport, Ont., Buffalo, N.Y., London, Eng.

"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"



Luxuriant Glossy Locks through the use of

## Canadian Booster Hair Tonic and Dandruff Remedy

Not only banishes the worst cases of dandruff or other scalp trouble, but promotes growth and adds lustre. "Booster" is guaranteed. From your druggist or order by mail from Canadian Booster Co., 3 Windsor, Canada.

Any first-class Tonsorial Parlor will be glad to apply "BOOSTER" Hair Tonic and supply retail bottles on request.

Rheumatic Pains. Are relieved in a few days by taking 30 drops of Mother Seigel's Syrup after meals and on retiring. It dissolves the time and acid, accumulates in the muscles and joints so these deposits can be expelled, thus relieving pain and soreness. Seigel's Syrup, also known as "Extract of Roots," contains no dope or other strong drugs to kill or mask the pain of rheumatism or lumbago. It moves the cause, 50c. a bottle at druggists.

## Finally, when we had spun over a large corner of the city and reached the suburbs again, we spiralled down in leisurely fashion, the map of outstretched country seeming to have gone perfectly crazy as it tossed and twisted outside our steady window.

Pilot's Wife Meets Him.

Our pilot had slipped on a civilian hat and overcoat and came and said goodbye to us before he joined his wife in a motor and drove away. What a life for a woman! Meeting her husband after watching him land from the trans-Channel airplane every other day of her life! We had landed at about 7.45, after three hours and twenty-five minutes in the air. The landing place was Cricklewood Field, Croydon, and the custom formalities quickly over, my companion and I were escorted to a waiting motor, which landed us at our London hotel with all our baggage just twenty minutes after we had landed in England.

## PHOEBE HANAFORD, PIONEER SUFFRAGIST, IS PENNILESS.

Women's Press Club to Give a Benefit for Her at Waldorf on December 28.

The Reverend Phoebe Hanaford, pioneer woman minister and comrade of Lucretia Mott and Susan B. Anthony in the early days of the suffrage movement, is penniless at the age of ninety-three.

The Women's Press Club has undertaken to raise a fund to supply the aged woman with physical comforts for the winter, and for this purpose will hold a benefit at the Waldorf-Astoria on December 28.

The facts of Mrs. Hanaford's needs were revealed to members of the club recently by Mrs. Harriet Holy Day, its president.

After a lifetime spent in working for the woman movement, in writing and lecturing on subjects then far from popular or remunerative, Mrs. Hanaford is now entirely dependent upon the charity of her granddaughters, and her husband in Rochester, N. Y.

The young couple are said to be devoted to Mrs. Hanaford, but they have

## CURED HIS PILES

Now 88 Years Old but Works at Trade of Blacksmith and Feet Younger

The oldest active blacksmith in Michigan is still pounding his anvil in the town of Homer—thanks to my internal method for treating piles.



Mr. Jacob Lyon, Homer, Mich. I wish that you could hear him tell of his many experiences with ointments, salves, dilators, etc., before he tried my method. Here is a letter just received from him:

Mr. E. R. Page, Marshall, Mich. Dear Sir: I want you to know what your treatment has done for me. I had suffered with piles for many years and used suppositories and all kinds of treatments, but never got relief until I tried yours. Am now completely cured. Although I am 88 years old, and the oldest active blacksmith in Michigan, I feel years younger since the piles have left me. I will surely recommend it to all I know who suffer this way. You can use my letter any way you wish and I hope it will lead others to try this wonderful remedy.

Yours truly, J. L. LYON.

There are thousands of afflicted people suffering with piles who have never yet tried the one sensible way of treating them.

Don't be cut. Don't waste money on foolish salves, ointments, dilators, etc., but send today for a Free Trial of my internal method for the healing of Piles. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is occasional or permanent—you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter what your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon—but do this now—TODAY.

Free Pile Remedy E. R. Page, 756D Page Building, Marshall, Mich. Please send free trial of my Method for

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## How Can We Do It?

WE couldn't if we were trying to make a profit.

Because every Suit or Overcoat was made for someone else and has been either returned to us or uncalled-for.

Therefore during this great sale we intend to dispose of every new fall and winter garment at not less than wholesale but a less than actual cost of materials alone.

Any Uncalled-For Suit or O'Coat

Your Choice

One Price ONLY

All Blue Serge Suits Included—Values Up to \$45

Many men are quietly buying 2 or 3 Suits and a couple of Overcoats for next year's wear at this below-cost price.

Odd Coats \$5.95 Your Choice

Odd Vests \$1.50 Your Choice

Odd Pants \$3.95 Your Choice

These Prices are Less than the Cost of Material alone

English & Scott Woollen Co.

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Out-of-Town Men You will save many dollars attending our Uncalled-For Sale.