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FLYING 7,000 FEET IN THE AIR BRITISH AND FRENCH "TERRORS OF THE AIR" FIGHT TO A FINISH

British Strategy Was Best and After a Sharp Battle Hun Plane Was Dashed to Earth—It Went Clean Through Roof of Dug Out and Was Buried Many Feet in Ground

LONDON, Feb. 19.—A remarkable description of a battle in midair between an officer of the Royal British Flying Corps and a German airman, I remember doing was looking at my watch—12.45. The incident over, contained in the following letter written by the British aviator to the Times.

"Yesterday being the first fine day, I had instructions to go up in an F.E. with 'P.' as observer, to take some photographs over —. It was about the most unpleasant job going, as the numerous woods about there are absolutely bristling with 'Archies' of no mean prowess, as I can testify, having had, perforce, to sample some of their wares on many a reconnaissance of late.

"It took us roughly an hour to get up to 9,000 feet, which time we spent between — and — climbing, climbing and climbing still. The air was pretty full of machines, it being the first fine day for some considerable time. We saw no Huns, though we afterwards heard that there were three hanging about behind their lines, and worrying a number of our fellows doing photograph. Twenty to 12 found us east of —, not far short of 10,000 feet up, and distinctly chilly.

Strategy in Air Battle.
"A biplane and a monoplane appeared east of us, the biplane leading, with ample evidence of being in a hurry, with the monoplane—which appeared to be one of our Morans type—overhauling it hands over fists. We were about 2,500 feet above the 'buses,' and when within about a mile I got a glimpse of the monoplane's top wing. Black crosses on a white base. Good enough!"

"Down went the F.E.'s nose almost vertically; 2,000 feet we came down while the air speed indicator went up to 100 m. p. h. and then stuck—not having been designed for the purpose of exceeding recognized limits. I expected the F.E. to fold up under the strain any moment, but she stood it like a rock! By this time the other two machines were almost vertically below us—the Hun had caught up the biplane and was emptying his gun into it at 50 yards' range. It subsequently transpired that just at this moment he had put three bullets in the observer's arm and one through the main petrol tank, with the result that the precious fluid was pouring all over the pilot and fuselage.

"I started pulling the F.E. out of her nose dive about 2,000 feet above the Hun, as too sudden a shock would inevitably have crumpled her up. The consequence was that we found ourselves above and behind the unfortunate Teuton, and within 20 yards of him. To my mind, he never saw us until we opened fire. Twenty rounds of lead were planted into the back of his neck, though they apparently did not hit him. He then turned his attention to us, turning left-handed and passing directly below us. This necessitated our getting on to a perpendicular bank and doing a complete circuit to see where he'd go to. The little beggar was describing circuits round us while we did a sort of 'inner circle,' conducted, of course, with a perpendicular bank, but, owing to the fact that our speed was so great and that we were doing complete turns in about twice the length of our machines, the centrifugal force was so great 'P.' couldn't hold the machine gun on its mounting it swung down, and, though the whole gun only weighs 28 pounds, he could not pull it up square.

"Things being at the moment distinctly unsatisfactory we weren't sorry to see the Hun head for home. After him we went, both diving lustily, while 'P.' more familiarly known as 'Pongo,' gave him the rest of the drum—another 28 rounds.

Quicker Than "Archie."
"I was beginning to get a little anxious, as we were getting very low and expecting 'Archie' to get us any minute, when we got him. A lucky shot found its billet, and the pilot was no more. The evolutions that machine described falling 7,000 feet with no man at the wheel, were extraordinary, viewed from above—first wheels up, then right way again, a loop, several cartwheels, a nose dive, more loops, and several turns onto and off its back, sideways, until it was lost to sight almost on the ground. Good enough!"

"By this time another F.E., a British scout, and two Q. C.'s had arrived, but—fortunately for me—too late to claim a share in the finale. The next morning I remember doing was looking at my watch—12.45. The incident over, started climbing again, as those infernal photographs had to be done. At this point the engine began to have a say in the matter, and one cylinder decided to strike. So homeward we wended our weary way. Quite an ovation on landing—the only person who wasn't chering was the unfortunate observer of the Q. C., who entered into the commencement of the scrap. The satisfaction of knowing that the Johnny who'd pushed three holes into his right arm—considerately avoiding to touch the bone—had been properly 'strafed,' didn't bear any weight.

"The Major was delighted as it was the first machine of this type to show up in this quarter. A number of Fokkers, as the German Moranes are called, have been giving our machines a lot of trouble down south, and it is rather thought that this one may have been a picked pilot sent up to put some more heart into the other machines working in this sector of front. For his first appearance he had certainly done remarkably well, driving off three of our machines and wounding an observer. For speed and climb he left our machines absolutely, so he was well out of the way.

"I must say that he was the first German we have run across who put up anything like a real decent show, and our jubilation is tinged with regret at the loss of a very gallant fellow. So much for the episode itself.

"We got back satisfactorily to a late lunch, and soon after having entered up our report as to whether or not the machine was worth salvaging, were granted permission to go up to the wreckage. X and I with a flight sergeant from my flight and a mechanic set out about 4 by car. . . . A walk of 500 yards brought us up to a line of trenches and dugout about 100 yards from the German trenches, though screened from those nearest us by a slight rise in between. That we were in unpleasant proximity was soon apparent, as the 'phew! phew!' of the bullets came with most disturbing regularity. All the time star shell magnesium flares went up and made you stand still as a rock, as the least movement would give one away. But by now we had reached the wreckage.

New Flier's Last Plunge.
"As far as I gathered, viewed from the ground, the fall was full of excitement and our troops for four miles along the lines had stood up and cheered to a man for several minutes on end. In fact, a few had said to the officer in command of the battalion—so he told us—that they all felt 'P.' was worth four days' discomfort to see it come down 7,000 feet, as the engine was going all the time, and it only took 35 seconds to drop the best part of two miles. You can imagine the pace it was going when it hit the ground. Finishing its descent in a nose dive, as I said, with its engine going, it first struck the top of a dug-out. It would seem that fellows watching its descent and seeing its course to be headed toward them had taken refuge in the dug-out. The roof was built of trunks of trees of reassuring dimensions, covered with three feet of earth.

"The impact was so great that owing to the weight of the engine it had gone slap through the roof and buried its nose into the bottom of the dug-out, leaving a portion of its tail outside, but the rest, so telescoped as to occupy not more than a cubic yard, remembering the fact that this type of machine has an all steel frame and that behind the pilot's seat there is nothing of weight, it helps to emphasize at what colossal speed he must have been travelling. The four occupants of the dugout were all wounded as a result, but none seriously.

"Of what we saw in the dugout, ten feet by twelve, by the light of an electric torch through the smoke, the time being midnight, and shells going off all round, I shall never forget as long as I live.

"As mementos of a very gruesome occasion, I have got two decoration ribbons which the observer was wearing, though no medals were found; one of the ribbons is that of the Iron Cross. I have also a magneto from that engine, and a pistol for firing colored flares to range their anti-aircraft batteries on our machines, a portion

Says Americans Are Eager Fight for Canada

VANCOUVER, B.C. Feb. 19.—"You Canadians should not be sharp in your criticism of old Uncle Sam in his attitude in connection with the scrap across the pond. It must be remembered that there are two or three hundred Americans who have joined the Western Irish Battalion and we are only too glad to do our part to whip the Germans."

The speaker was Private Seymour, who wears on his hat the badge of the 121st Battalion, Western Irish.

"I received my honorable discharge from the 106th Company of the United States Coast Artillery at Fort Wayne, Wash., some months ago.

"When we received our discharges—thirty-eight of us—the Colonel of our regiment said—'boys, if you have nothing else to do, or have made no definite plans for future, do me a favor and go and fight for Canada. We loved the old Colonel and many of us gave the matter serious thought. The result was that to-day thirty-two of that thirty-eight are wearing khaki and ready to do or die, if necessary for Canada. And there are many more, who are strong for our brothers. Your battles are our battles and we will go through thick and thin to beat the Germans."

Attorney General Was Arrested

Sir F. E. Smith's Visit to Winston Churchill Got Him Into Trouble

LONDON, Feb. 19.—London gossip is busying itself with the story of Sir Frederick E. Smith's misadventures in France in the course of the trip which the Attorney-General took in company with Andrew Bonar Law, David Lloyd George and others. When the members of the party had accomplished the special business which took them to Paris, Sir Frederick conceived the idea of paying a visit to his friend Winston Spencer Churchill, who is doing duty as major of his regiment at the front. Borrowing a fast motorcar, Sir Frederick was speedily in touch with Mr. Churchill, with whom he had a talk lasting so long that it was impossible for the Attorney-General to return to Paris the same day. He, accordingly, took a room in a certain village and retired to rest.

He was rudely awakened by a military police officer who requested to see his permit to be within the military lines. Sir Frederick had omitted to provide himself with a military pass, and though the Colonel's uniform, which he had worn on leaving Paris, had got him into the lines, the fact that he was Attorney-General and Cabinet Minister was not sufficient to make his stay there altogether pleasant. As a matter of fact, he was put under arrest by the Provost Marshal.

Sir Frederick told the officer that he was a Cabinet Minister and also held the military rank of Colonel.

"Am I speaking to a soldier or a civilian?" asked the Provost Marshal. Sir Frederick's knowledge of both civil and military law led him to select the quality of civilian as the best issue out of his dilemma, and, according to the authorities here, he was well advised in doing so.

A good deal of telegraph was done before the Attorney-General was allowed to return to Paris, and there is a story that before he was allowed to go the British commander-in-chief read him a lesson his carelessness.

Van Horn Found Sane by Physicians

BOSTON, Feb. 19.—It was learned to-day that Werner Van Horn, an officer of the German Landwehr, who is accused of having attempted to wreck a railroad bridge across the international boundary at Vanceboro, Maine, has been declared sane by three physicians who recently examined him. Van Horn is in the East Cambridge jail.

The examination was made at the request of the federal district attorney's office after the latter had reported that Van Horn had shown nervous symptoms. According to a statement issued by Van Horn's counsel to-night the physicians agreed that they found no indication of insanity in the prisoner and it is understood that a report to that effect has been made by the district attorney to the Department of Justice in Washington.

of the fabric and plane, though the crosses from the wings had already been collared—and a few regimental buttons from his tunic, which we shared out to the mechanic and sergeant, with us."

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"	"	\$1.10.	"	76c.
"	"	\$1.20.	"	88c.
"	"	\$1.30.	"	96c.
"	"	\$1.50.	"	\$1.18.

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