

The Victoria Cross of the Sea.

The Deal lifeboat and its gallant crew have a record of 1,500 lives saved since the crew was organized. In the "home" at Deal, England, three great honor boards stretch from the ceiling to the floor, full of gold-letter memorials of wrecks attended and lives saved.

And these men have another amazing record—the greatest of all such. They can boast and do so proudly, that the Deal boat never once went out to a wreck, however terrible the weather, seas or conditions, and left one soul unsaved who was living when it reached the doomed vessel! Nor has it ever lost a life, either of crew or ship wrecked in its innumerable and splendid efforts to help wrecked ships.

Seventy years of age, bold, energetic and skilful to an amazing degree, fearless of anything that the sea can threaten; ready to go to save perishing seamen at all times; the very picture of the typical British sea-dog, such is Will Adams, of Deal, the coxswain of the life-saving "Charles Dibdin."

Will Adams has a record of saving over 500 lives, and he has recently been up to London to receive at the hands of Lord Burnham and Lord Riddell the greatest of all honors that the Royal National Lifeboat Association can give. As Lord Burnham and others said on that occasion, "The trouble is to find what one can give the Deal coxswain and his men as a fitting reward for their amazing gallantry, labors and success."

Will Adams has just been given a second bar to his "Victoria Cross of the Seas," the special silver medal awarded by the Society for unusual bravery and success in saving life at sea. It may be worth while mentioning how he got the medal itself, as well as the first bar, and now the second bar, thus having won the "V.C." three times, so to speak.

How Medal Was Won.

The medal itself was for saving eleven hands from the *Delaport*, a mine-sweeper, under most trying and dangerous circumstances. It was never expected they could be saved, but Adams and his men vowed to do it or perish. So, as he says, they did it.

A vessel, the *Plave*, was engaged by the French for naval work. She was wrecked on the Goodwins, and the lightships there sent up rockets to tell the lifeboats they were needed. There were raging winds and seas, but off at a moment's notice went the famous "Charles Dibdin," with Adams at the tiller, and heroes at the oars.

What a job they had to get ever near the wreck! When the captain of the vessel yelled that they had no less than ninety-one souls aboard and their ship would sink in a few minutes, brave Will Adams shouted, "We'll take the whole lot of you in one voyage if you'll do as I tell you."

But they didn't obey! They would go their own way, with the result that, as they were launching their own boats, the ropes gave and a vast number of sailors were precipitated into the boiling waters. The guard-ship threw a searchlight on the scene, and so skillfully did Will manage that somehow or other—he says even now he can't explain how they did it—the whole ninety-one were picked up from the awful waves and saved!

Then as to the first bar. It was for the splendid rescue when the *Val Salica*, an Italian ship, went down on the Sands. The seas were mountainous, the weather freezing, and the conditions about as difficult as they could be, seeing that nobody on the wreck spoke a word of English, and none of the lifeboat men knew Italian.

Italian Captain's Tribute.

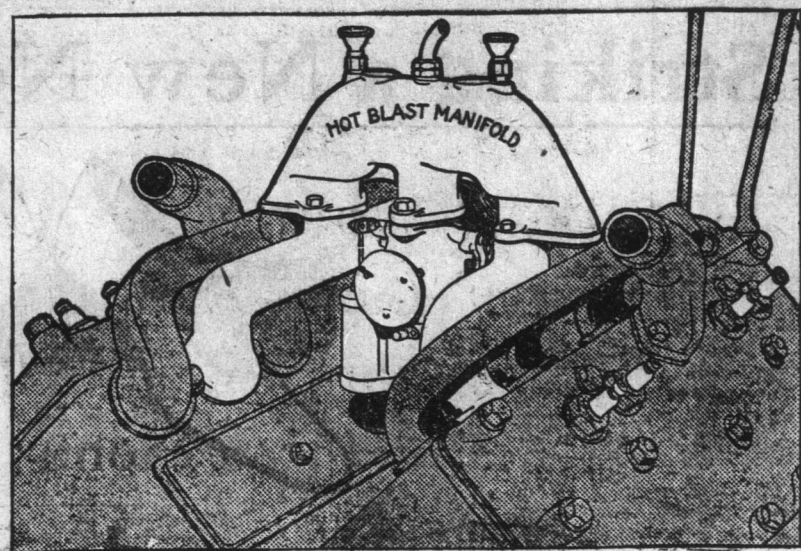
It seemed as if the "Charles Dibdin" would never reach the ship, so adverse were the waves and winds. After the rescue the Italian Captain became enthusiastic as he described the work in his own language. "I thought the lifeboat must go down, not us!" he said. "For, one minute it was on the top of an enormous wave, and the next hidden from sight in a hole that looked miles deep. Yet, now it kept coming nearer all the same, while we cheered and cheered as it watched it—and life!—getting closer to us every minute."

Then came the "third service" bar, really the second bar on the medal. The "Togo," of Estonia, last November was cast on the Goodwins and became a wreck. The *Charles Dibdin* went to the rescue, and Adams, with his men, after a terrible voyage to reach the doomed vessel, found her sailors crying for help. But, owing to the awful waves and terrible darkness, no attempt at rescue could be made till daylight. Then the shipwrecked men got on board in a most exhausted state, but Adams and two of the lifeboat's crew were badly hurt by the heavy seas throwing them against the bottom of the boat whilst engaged in their noble work.

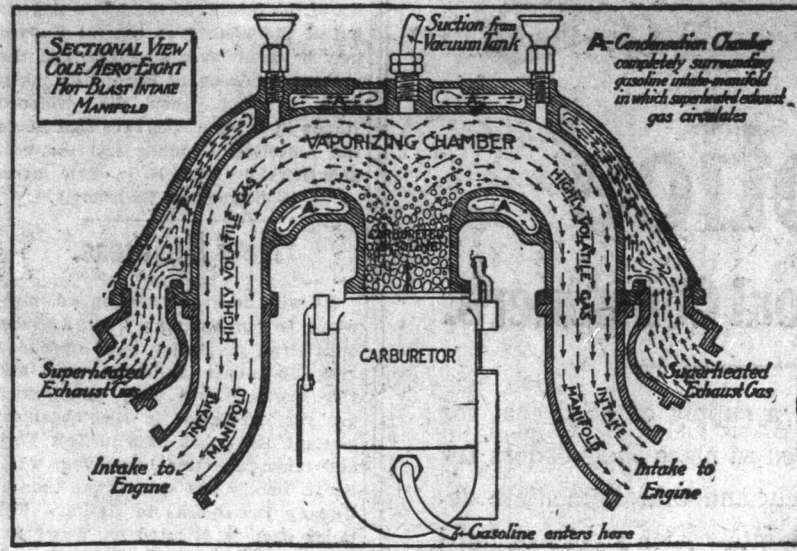
So extremely bad were the conditions attending this rescue that the Royal National Lifeboat Association decided that nothing less than an extra bar could possibly be awarded the famous cox for his great work that night.

It is rumored that the Society did consider having a gold medal specially struck for Adams, the greatest of living lifeboat men, who may yet receive the honor if he lives a little longer.

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Stronger Than Gibraltar

No doubt the best known fortress in the world is the Rock of Gibraltar, but perhaps the strangest and strongest is away in the heart of Ceylon. It is known as the Lion's Rock, or Sigiriya. It rises its five hundred odd feet of granite in the midst of a vast jungle-covered plain, where now only tigers and elephants roam. Its shape is like a domed pillar. The sides are nearly perpendicular and in all but one place the top actually overhangs the walls. Standing in the heart of a flat plain. It is a natural wonder, and remarkably suited to form a fortress.

In the fifth century Ceylon was the home of a great nation, made up of people from India who came some eleven hundred years before. In the fifth century a prince named Kasapa killed his father and assumed the throne, and would have killed his elder and only brother, Moggallana, had not Moggallana escaped to the court of an Indian king.

The capital of the kingdom, which was noted for its magnificence, was at Anuradhapura. Kasapa was much afraid his brother would return with an army from India and revenge himself and take the throne which was rightfully his. So Kasapa bethought himself of the wonderful rock of Sigiriya. But the rock was so sheer that, while its top would make the strongest fortress in the world, there was no way to scale it. Still, Kasapa was determined. So he called the most skillful engineers in the kingdom in counsel. They set to work with thousands of slaves to assist them. They cut into this great pile of granite a winding stairway up the face of the rock, and laid a floorway of solid brickwork covered with limestone slabs. The stairway or causeway was further protected by a wall some nine feet high and four feet thick.

Around the rock this wonderful causeway wound. At the northeast side and about two-thirds of the way up as a further protection an enormous brick lion was built through which the passage led. Between the paws of the lion huge and magnificent gates of iron were hung. Beyond this the way led to a point so steep that steps of stone were cut for the last part of the ascent. At the foot of these steps another set of gates were hung.

The causeway once completed, building material was carried to the top. Here a unique city sprang up, peopled by courtiers, priests and scholars, who surrounded the court of the king. Kasapa's palace was on the highest point of the western summit. An extremely ingenious plan made it possible for this queer city always to have a supply of water, for from all the roofs the drain pipes ran into a great reservoir. Several years' supply of food was always kept on hand. So popular did it become that houses were actually built on great timbers overlooking the rounding face. If a person absent merrily stepped out his back door he dropped five hundred feet.

On the top of this impregnable fortress Kasapa and his court lived for twenty years.

Now took place the strongest part of Kasapa's strange history. For twenty years he had lived in an impregnable fortress; had come there chiefly to be ready and protected against his revengeful brother's coming. On the rock's top was water and food to last a siege of years, and

half a dozen men could hold back a million. Yet instead of staying upon the rock, Kasapa, believing his troops were strong enough to win the battle, marched down into the plain below the rock and gave battle. It was a memorable encounter. But Moggallana had good fortune on his side.

Kasapa's fighting elephants, several score in number, took fright and stampeded, breaking up the whole army line. According to the legend the animals' fright was caused by the appearance of two supernatural strangers of great size, mounted on white horses, who suddenly appeared from nowhere and with flaming swords began fighting for Moggallana. But realizing his defeat Kasapa rather than be taken prisoner, fell on his sword.

So Moggallana took the kingdom that was rightfully his. The great rock fortress was deserted. The kingdom a few years later began to waste.

JUST RECEIVED:

Two Thousand Bottles of Brick's Tasteless Cod Liver Oil.

Brick's Tasteless contains all the virtue of Cod Liver Oil without the nauseous grease. It will promptly relieve chronic bronchitis and all pulmonary affections, croup, hoarseness, nervous disorders due to or maintained by an exhausted condition of the system, hysteria, nervous dyspepsia, flatulent dyspepsia, anaemia, night sweat, the prostration following fevers, diphtheria, tonsillitis, etc., etc., and general debility for constitutional weakness of any age of life.

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,
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Sir Philip Sassoon is a young Englishman of whom much is heard nowadays. The London Daily Mail says: "Sir Philip Sassoon, third baronet, and owner of Belcaire, is one of the lucky young men of the day. Great wealth and many friends were bequeathed to him by his grandfather, the Bombay merchant prince, and his father, Sir Edward Sassoon, known universally as the 'friend of King Edward.' At 24 he inherited a seat in parliament. At 27 he became private secretary to Sir Douglas Haig—a very efficient secretary, speaking nine languages. At 31 he is private secretary to the prime minister and in the running for cabinet honors and a probable peerage."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDEUFF.

RED CROSS LINE!

The S. S. ROSALIND will sail from St. John's at one o'clock sharp on Saturday, July 24th. All passengers for New York MUST see the Doctor in person in the ship's saloon one hour before sailing. Passengers will please have their baggage checked before embarking. Passports are not necessary for British subjects or U. S. citizens for either Halifax or New York. No freight will be accepted after 11 a.m. Saturday. For passage fares, freight rates, etc., apply to

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July 13, 1920.

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