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Y'S.

Telegram

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Single Engine Advocates

WELL PLEASED WITH SOPWITH.

(From the Scientific American.)

The Sopwith machine performed well, according to Hawker's story. It covered well over half the distance and was in the air about 13 hours before it was forced to come down because of engine trouble. It appears that the circulation system became choked and the temperature of the water rose to the boiling point. Still, despite the great heat of the cylinders the engine continued to perform without halt until the airman alighted on the water in the path of the "Mary", which picked them up.

Somehow or other the Sopwith's flight, even if unsuccessful, has raised the stock of the single-engine plane to par or better. For it is now generally believed by flying men that Hawker and Grieve would have made the crossing had it not been for the clogging of the circulation system. So those who have been figuring on using single-engine planes are again in high hopes and dreaming of success.

Whatever may happen in the trans-Atlantic flight contest between now and the next few weeks, the fact remains that there is little of commercial value in any of the attempts. The successful crossing of our Navy's NC-4 illustrates better than any other attempt the magnitude of the difficulties. With numerous warships stretched out along the course of the NC machines, and with the very finest equipment possible, the Navy attempt has disclosed that the chances of making the flight are in the proportion of one out of three. True, the Navy's attempt has been seriously crippled by adverse weather conditions; but so has Hawker's, for that matter. Over so wide an expanse as the Atlantic Ocean, there are few days throughout the year when weather conditions are ideal for flight over 1,000 miles. Adverse weather must always be considered in any trans-Atlantic attempt.

Drake's Drum.

(From the Kansas City Star.)

A wave of spiritualism, so a London despatch says, is sweeping over England. Crows push their way into the London hall where meetings are held under the guidance of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Apparently not every seeker gets into communication with the spirit world. But Sir Arthur, who is cautious, announces that no fewer than thirty women have been in direct communication with his son-in-law, who was killed early in the war. Finally, a venerable tradition of the British Navy has been revived and the men on the Royal Oak testify to hearing the triumphant beating of Drake's Drum when the surrendered German fleet sailed into Scapa Flow, evidence of the joy of the Elizabethan sea king. The curious thing about all these manifestations is that none of them bring any message worth while. The recorded communications are commonplace. They tell the enquirer that the lost one is well and happy and that he has his picture taken with a group of friends a few days before his death. That is all. For ages man has turned his ear to catch a message from beyond the grave, and his answer is the rolling of a drum! Or at best a statement of the reassurance as to the happiness of those who have departed. It is natural at a time like this, when hundreds of thousands have been left desolate, that there should be a widespread yearning for communication with the dead. It is easy to understand that of the great company of the anxious there should be men and women who make themselves believe they are receiving the messages for which their spirits long. But the world will continue to wait for spirit communications that will convince by the extraordinary character of what they say. There is no proof and no satisfaction in a spirit world that sends back a great national leader like Drake to beat a drum as an expression of his feelings.

One-Legged Cricketer.

The London News of June 2, said:

A one-legged man batting and fielding will be a decided novelty in county cricket. Yet a player so disabled is to take part in the match between Northamptonshire and Lancashire next Wednesday and Thursday. He is Lieut. A. D. Denton, regularly known as Don Denton, the youngest brother of the Denton twins. When war broke out Don Denton had given promise of eclipsing the cricket prowess of his more famous brothers, but when he lost a leg while fighting with the West Kent Regt. in 1917 his cricketing days seemed to all his friends to be ended. With a true, sporting and fighting spirit, however, he has refused to let his physical infirmity rob him of the joy of cricket. He has been batting in great form, and, except that he has difficulty in running, his artificial leg has not affected his cricket. Lancashire will probably be asked to allow him to have a runner. He will field in the slips. Denton played in one or two matches towards the end of the season of 1914, and his form then suggested that he might develop into an even better cricketer than his twin brothers.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARTER IN COWS.

Blinded by a Cherry.

Pineapples That Poison.

Sixteen years ago a young man was brought into the hospital at Cairns, in Queensland, suffering from a strange paralysis of the optic nerves. In spite of skilled treatment he became blind.

Other cases occurred in the same district, and were traced to the eating of a wild fruit known as the finger cherry, a long, bright red berry, which has nothing in common with our English cherry.

The effects of certain vegetable poisons are at present beyond scientific explanation. The finger cherry is not the only Australian plant which has a baneful effect upon the optic nerves.

Melons Cause Blindness.

Some years ago Mr. W. H. Morrison, a well-known Australian horse-breeder, wrote to the "Sydney Morning Herald" pointing out that numbers of horses were being blinded by eating the wild melon, which is common in many parts of Australia, and which grows in great profusion after the breaking of long drought.

One of the most terrible plants in existence is the *Asclepias gigantea*, which is common in Abyssinia, and grows also in Ceylon. When cut, a milky sap exudes from the stem and leaves, and the least drop of this will cause total blindness if it comes in contact with the eyes.

The Goat Immune.

The asclepias is used largely for firewood, but the men who cut it have to exercise extreme care. If a man accidentally rubs his eye with his hand while engaged in cutting this wood, acute ophthalmia is certain, and the sight of the eye is gone for good. There is no cure. Yet the strangest thing is that goats eat the asclepias without suffering harm.

Goats, too, can eat the Texan loco weed, which kills horses and cattle. This poisonous plant drives horses mad. They run in circles, and sometimes are seized by a sort of mania.

We have plants, even in the British Isles, which are none too safe to meddle with. Reference is not made to the regular poison plants such as hemlock, deadly nightshade, or wild parsnip. There are plants which are popularly supposed to be harmless or even wholesome, yet which have very queer effects on certain individuals.

Don't Mix Them.

Mountain ash for instance. The pretty fruit of this tree is made into jam, jelly, and a sort of spirit. The spirit has the extraordinary power of destroying the memory.

Mixtures of fruits or leaves, each harmless in themselves may have unpleasant consequences. Be careful not to eat spinach and an orange at the same meal. The oxalic acid of the former is freed by the citric acid of the latter and the result is a more or less sharp case of poisoning. Tomato must not be followed by lemon or the result may be the same.

Some fruits are injurious in an unripe condition. The juice of a raw pineapple if injected under the skin is most dangerous.—Tit-Bits.

Listener in Motor.

Speech by Wireless Telegraphy 15 Miles Away.

Marconi's latest wonder is an apparatus which enabled a passenger motor along the peaceful countryside near Colchester to hear every word of a speech by the Mayor of Chelmsford, 15 miles away, whilst the car was moving. It was done by wireless telephony, attached to the car being a small apparatus you could almost carry on your back, and all you had to do was to listen through a "receiver." As a matter of fact the mayor's "audience" was in London—Mr. Godfrey Isaacs and other gentlemen at Marconi House—another 40 or 50 miles away, but the "waves" reached the listener near Colchester just as they did the Strand. For another equally successful test they turned on the gramophone at Chelmsford, and again, while the car was careering along the road, the strains of "The Trumpeter" overtook it, and Peter Dawson's voice could easily be recognised. "The Marconi waves acknowledge no speed limit," said one of the directors. A remarkable wireless device enabled Zeps and U-boats to be located. All you had to do, apparently, was to listen for their wireless from two given "posts" on our coast, and by directional apparatus ascertain the base angles of the triangle. A little geometry told you just where the apex must be—and the rest was left to the Navy or the Air Force.

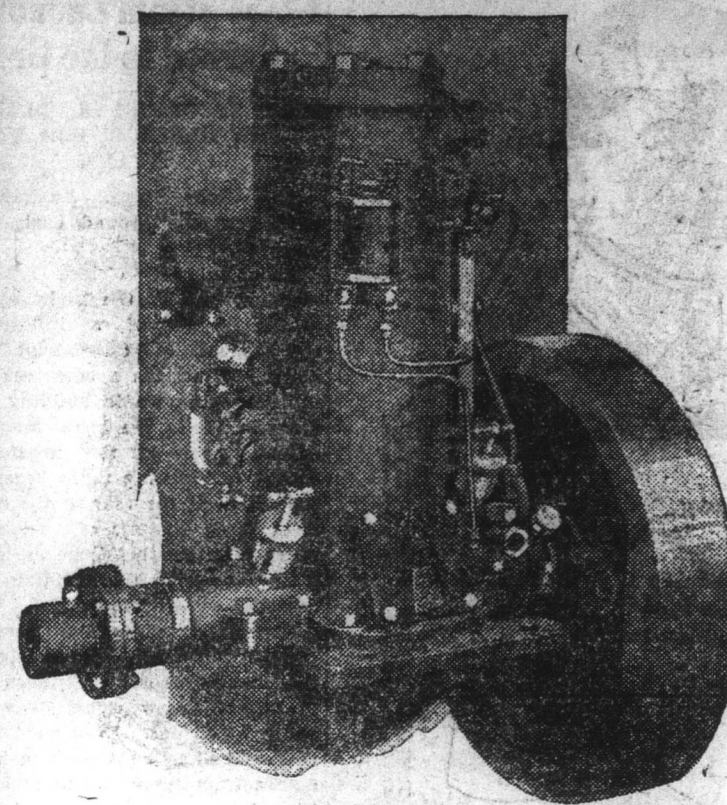
World's Biggest Flagstaff

The flagstaff, measuring 215 feet in height, which is to be erected shortly in New Gardens, is almost, though not quite, the biggest thing of its kind.

The tallest flagstaff stands in San Francisco, where it was a feature of the Exposition in that city four years ago.

It stands 222 feet above the ground, and was floated down the Pacific from Astoria, Oregon, whose citizens presented it to the Exposition.

It carries at its summit a Stars and Stripes, 1,038 square feet in area—the biggest flag ever flown.



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JONES SAID: "I don't think I'll buy a Raincoat just yet. Guess I'll cut down expenses. Anyway, we won't have very much wet weather, and if we do I'll stick it out, anyhow. I'll wait till next year."

AND JONES WAITED—

Till next morning a rainstorm, running contrary to the predictions of the weather prophet, stuck him up half-way to the office.

"Bother!" said Jones, when he hid in a door—and a dog bit his leg.

"Bother!" said Jones, when he found the tram full.

And "Gee! I'm sick," said Jones, when he reached home with a head like a raging furnace—and next morning found him propped up with influenza for a bed-fellow.

It took three weeks before Jones said, shakily, I'm well."

And when the Doctor's bill came in, Jones said: "Oh, goodness! SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS!—plus three weeks' wages—plus—? and the total sent a cold shiver down his back.

NEXT DAY JONES SPORTED A
BURBERRY.

Smyth's
ESTABLISHED 1875

Members of the "Church Triumphant."

Nine Chaplains lost their lives at the Battle of Jutland, it was stated, at the unveiling in Portsmouth Naval Barracks Church of a memorial window to the Rev. G. H. Hewitson, who was killed in the "Bulwark" explosion.

She Guessed It.

Miss Sottleigh (watching revolving lights of the lighthouse)—How patient sailors are! Coast Guard—How, indeed? Miss Sottleigh—They must be. The wind has blown out the light six times and they still keep lighting it again.—Marine News.

Abbey's
EFFERVESCENT SALT
Regulates the Stomach

The Old Consular Service

(From the London Chronicle.)

We are hearing a good deal of hard words expressed against the old Consular service. Perhaps most of them are justifiable, but, when all is said, it has one or two good episodes to its credit. We recall the case of an Englishman in Havana years ago, who was accused without any real evidence of a murder he had merely witnessed. The English Consul, hearing he was to be shot, went down in full uniform to protest. The commander of the firing party refused to listen.

"I may at least shake hands with my compatriot," said the Consul. Permission was given, he walked up, whipped a Union Jack out of his pocket, draped the man in it, and then said, "Now shoot if you dare."

There was a reprieve, and evidence soon demonstrated the man's innocence.

ENQUIRY BEGINS.—The enquiry in connection with the fire which gutted the March Building last week began yesterday afternoon, when the evidence of Messrs. C. L. March, Long, Pender, and McDonald was taken.

The Cryptic Cable.

(From the London Chronicle.)

For smartness the following will be very hard to beat. A well-known personage in Devonshire has just received a cable from his soldier son in Mesopotamia, which contained only three words: "Two John Twelves."

At first the receiver was baffled by the mysterious message, but after much puzzling the meaning dawned upon him. Taking down his Bible he turned up the Second Epistle of St. John and read the twelfth verse, which runs as follows:—"Having many things to write to you I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face that our joy may be full."

His son was on his way home!

The Kaiser's Yacht.

A rather shabby, dilapidated-looking yacht, flying the Armistice flag, has arrived at Tilbury Dock, having been towed up the River Thames by three tugs. She is the ex-Kaiser's yacht Meteor.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES Diphtheria.