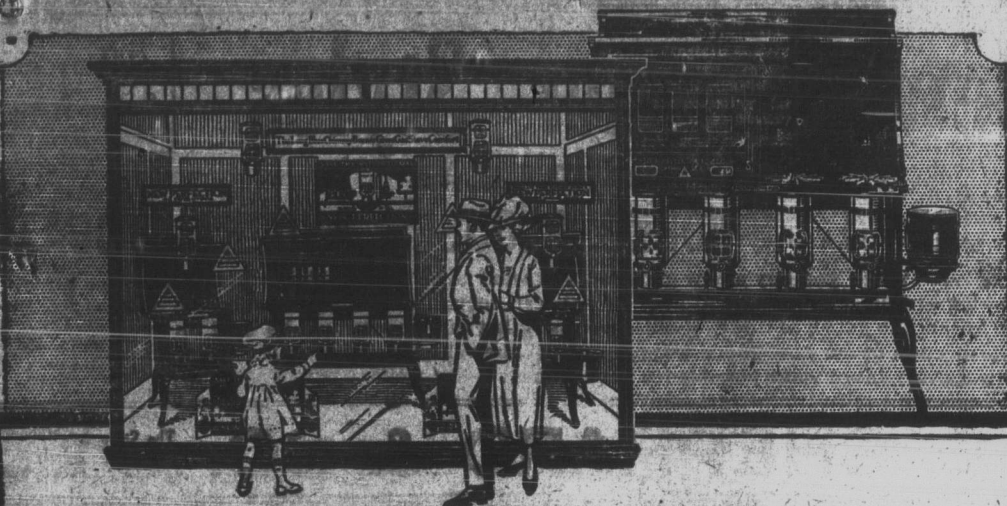


POOR COPY

THE CAMPBELLTON GRAPHIC, CAMPBELLTON, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1918.

PAGE SEVEN



THIS IS NEW PERFECTION OIL COOKSTOVE WEEK—MAY 20th to 25th YOU ARE INVITED

YOUR dealer invites you to see his display of New Perfection Oil Cookstoves this week. He is co-operating with other hardware, furniture and department stores all over Canada to demonstrate to your satisfaction the convenience and economy of cooking on the New Perfection stove.

3,000,000 homes are using New Perfection Oil Cookstoves. That means a saving of millions of tons of coal. It means a saving of time and worry for 3,000,000 housewives. You, too, can banish all drudgery of coal, ashes and kindling from your kitchen. Use the economical New Perfection—the stove that has made kerosene the ideal fuel.

Your dealer will demonstrate this week how the Long Blue Chimney is necessary in correct oil cooking—how it burns up all the fuel cleanly and gives greatest heat.

The New Perfection Oven bakes unusually well—gives you a complete cooking device for year-round service.

The Cabinet adds to the appearance of the stove and is very convenient in many ways.

Look for your dealer's window display this week.

Royalty Coal Oil gives best results.

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES

NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVE

FOR SALE BY

A. E. Alexander & Son, Campbellton, N. B.
Robin, Jones & Whitman, on Gaspé Coast.

WINDING SHEETS OF OIL AND WRECKAGE MARK PLACE WHERE U-BOAT WAS BOMBED.

Submarine Killing By Our Seaplanes!
100 Mile An Hour Dash to Save
a Convoy.

Questing high in the blue on a recent morning, the lookout on one of our patrolling seaplanes picked up, 10 miles away, the smoke of a convoy of merchantmen heading for Old England's shores, laden to their masts with the necessities of life and materials with which to carry on the war. The seaplane was doing a leisurely 60 knots along her beat, but in a moment added to the 60, for eight miles away, and dead in the track of the convoy, a large, black-painted German submarine had come to the surface, and was making at low speed for the approaching tramps. She carried two guns, one forward and one aft of the conning-tower. Swift as light the seaplane dashed for the foe, and dived with the majestic swoop of an eagle at her prey. She was still three miles away when the U-boat got warning of her coming, and the brief minutes that were still left to them of life were minutes crowded with strenuous work and haunting terror for the pirate crew. Hastily the submarine commenced to submerge, but the winged watcher of the waters was quicker than the U-boat, and the conning-tower and both periscopes were above water when the seaplane, as her skipper's log has it, "reached bombing position." Instantly two large bombs were dropped. The first exploded

Directly on the Conning Tower, and the periscopes were smashed to atoms. The second bomb hit the water 30 feet ahead of the conning-tower and in a direct line with the fore part of the submarine. Circling round to survey her handiwork, the seaplane observed a big disturbance on the surface, the water upheaving with quantities of air rushing up, as if the sea were boiling. Into this turmoil, from a height of a thousand feet, two more bombs were dropped and exploded. The disturbance of the water increased in intensity, wreckage came to the surface, and the circling seaplane having swept the waiting death out of the path of the convoy, wagged her joy stick and proceeded "as required." This is but one of the many splendid achievements of our seaplanes and "Blimps" as the patrolling airships have been nicknamed. Now both seaplanes and "Blimps" are manned by Britain's most splendid boys, and, naturally, these high-spirited youngsters are as full of fun as of daring. As a "Blimp" was leaving an aerodrome on the coast the other morning a seaplane pilot came out to the skipper of the "Blimp," "Whither away old top?" "Oh, down along a bit" as the reply, and as he switched on his engines he heard the pilot retort, "Ah—going to listen to the band." But the "Blimp" soon had her work cut out for her. Just about midway a patch of oil on the water called for close inspection, and the skipper of the airship scanned it carefully as he hung there in the air, waiting for something to happen. Ten minutes of strained watching passed, and then a periscope furtively broke the surface, and, not liking the look of things, immediately vanished. Down went a bomb on to the swirl of the U-boat's dive, and the next thing the skipper of the "Blimp" saw was a trail of oil and bubbles on the surface, showing that the submarine was going ahead slowly whilst submerged. To port and star board of the bubbles more bombs were dropped, and big swirls were noticed in the water. By this time a trawler and a couple of motor craft, coming up like hedges, took a hand in the affair. Depth charges were dropped all round the spot, and the watch was kept up until after dark. Another airship, on another occasion, with the wind getting up to the force of a gale, and thinking of making for home, saw a submarine attacking a steamer. By all the rules of the Air Service, the weather was such that the "Blimp" should have been in her shed, but it was too work to do, and down the wind she flew to the help of the tramp. Down, too, went the U-boat, and following her a couple of bombs, which burst directly upon her. Several huge bubbles, one of tremendous size, came to the surface, the disturbance in the water lasting for five minutes. Whilst this was going on two trawlers, navigating at a rate of 20 knots, came up and dropped depth charges, three of which exploded directly over the target. "Much oil came up," says the official report, which may be taken as the requiem for scores of drowned pirates. The "Blimps" which had so gallantly faced the hazard of the gale—the wind was now blowing "with great force"—returned to her base, there being no indication in the report beyond the statement that "several fittings were carried away" of the perilous journey she had. Here's the story of a hot and recent action in which one of our seaplanes tackled enormous odds, knocking another U-boat off the German Navy list, and got back home safely. She (the seaplane) was on her beat somewhere a few miles off the coast when she sighted a light grey Hun submarine with a mast and a gun on what looked like a raised deck. One of the pirates stood beside the gun, apparently expecting a helpless tramp to emerge from the haze which limited visibility. So intent was he on his murderous job that he neither saw or heard the seaplane, whose intrusion into the affairs of the U-boat was rudely and effectively announced when a bomb exploded directly on her tail. The "plane swung round to have another go at the U-boat, spared time to photograph it. As the camera clicked flashes of gun-fire were observed ahead of the submarine, and then, out of the midst, came three more enemy submarines, escorted by three destroyers. "Must breed 'em round here," muttered the seaplane pilot as he prepared to take them all in. All six enemy ships opened fire on our

bird just as two other enemies—a couple of seaplanes—arrived to take the barrage put up by the ships, the Hun 'planes had to act as spectators, and our own odds, circled over the crippled U-boat, which was by this time sinking by the stern, the water being up to her conning tower and her nose well out of the water. Another bomb, which exploded 15 feet ahead of the bow of the U-boat, was fired, and the vessel, vibrating violently, sank in a swirl of blackish oil, air bubbles, and wreckage. Our 'plane had no more bombs left, so wirelessly the position of the destroyers, she made for home, to load up again for another strafing cruise. And so these tales of the seaplanes go on, always concluding with grimly terse references to the winding sheets of oil, the certain sign that Death and Destruction have overtaken another pirate ship and its pirate crew. Two men were on the conning-tower of another submarine which, travelling at 14 knots, was sighted by two of our seaplanes, who at once dived to attack. The first 'plane to reach the U-boat dropped a bomb, on the starboard side, and immediately after the explosion the pirate took a list to port, stopped suddenly in her own length and began slowly to sink stern first, the bow rising high in the water. Seaplane the second helped her to sink, a bomb from her bursting on the port side of the conning-tower just as it was disappearing from view. Then came several under water explosions, more bombs were dropped, and nothing could be discovered of the two men who had been on the conning-tower, though the sea was searched for 15 minutes. Another U-boat, which submerged as she spotted a seaplane and two of our aeroplanes, turned upside down and disappeared as two bombs exploded, one on her conning-tower and one beside her. She left behind a huge bubble, with wreckage and large quantities of oil. On a November afternoon not at all a nice day for flying, seaplane X discovered a hostile submarine in the act of diving, and as she spiraled down dropped a couple of bombs, one of which hit the deck fairly amidships. When the smoke cleared away the pilot of the seaplane saw the U-boat sinking with both bow and stern in the air. In a few minutes she had vanished for ever into the depths. One day recently, a U-boat, lying "doggo" under the water to catch an unsuspecting merchantman, caused just a little too much disturbance in the water as she loosed off a torpedo at the steamer. Up aloft the keen eyes of a seaplane pilot spotted the swirl and the track of the torpedo. He planned down like greased lightning, let go a bomb, and had his reward when the tell-tale oil and bubbles came to the surface. The torpedo missed the steamer, which proceeded on her course in safety. This action, from beginning to end, occupied many seconds less than a minute, which fact emphasizes the readiness, resource and alertness of the men of our seaplanes. They have to act on the instant. Two other seaplanes bagged a submarine in about the same length of time—a minute. The first bomb dropped caused the U-boat to list to port and sink by the stern. As she

Save Food

In a time needing food economy many people are not getting all the nourishment they might from their food. It is not how much you eat, but how much you assimilate, that does you good. The addition of a small teaspoonful of Bovril to the diet as a potent tonic before meals leads to more thorough digestion and assimilation and thus saves food, for you need less.

disappeared the second seaplane accelerated her progress with another bomb, which exploded fair and square in the centre of the swirl. Other bombs were dropped to make assurance doubly sure. There are many other similar records to be found in the logs of our seaplanes. Many a good ship has made port in safety their watchfulness and care, their wonderful readiness to take action, and their skill as bomb-droppers. When the tale can be fully told the debt Britain will owe to the seaplane service a branch of the greatest of all services—the Royal Navy—will be a heavy one. God and continued luck to every man and boy in it!

BOOST!

Boost your city, boost your friend; Boost the lodge that you attend, Boost the street on which you're dwelling. Boost the gods that you are selling, Boost the people round about you. They can get along without you, But success will quicker find them. If they know that you're behind them. Boost for every forward movement, Boost for every new improvement, Boost the man for whom you labor, Boost the stranger and the neighbor. Cease to be a chronic knocker, Cease to be a progress blocker, Boost it to the final finish, If you'd make your city better.

—Detroit Free Press.

THE "PARTICULAR" MAN.
Our idea of being particular is when a man straightens his necktie out when he goes to the telephone to talk with a woman.

Agreed.

Collector—I've called three times for this bill already. I can't keep coming around here.
Debtor—I'm gratified to hear it.

Basic Facts About Belting

AND PARTICULARLY

Dunlop "Gibraltar RedSpecial" Frictioned-Surface Transmission Belting

A Worthy Product

Years of careful study of the high-power belt problem have enabled Dunlop Laboratory experts to create "Gibraltar RedSpecial" Belting, the original Red Face Rubber Belting of Canada—a product worthy of the Dunlop name and of the quarter-century record of success back of them.

"Gibraltar RedSpecial" Virtues Are Real

Dunlop "Gibraltar RedSpecial" Belting is today widely used in a multitude of ways in the many varied industries in this country. It owes its success, not to any illogical deductions or fantastic analyses, but to the simplest cause—cause and effect.

Permanent Elasticity Means "Life" in Belting

In producing this new, this original, this master, and best, our object has been to have the friction of rubber between the plies such as will retain its life indefinitely, and to have a quality of rubber with long "fingers," and not a quality of rubber the elasticity of which has been sacrificed to obtain the so-called high-pulling test.

That "Friction Pull"

When you are told that such-and-such a belt has a "friction pull" of abnormal proportions, do not imagine that you are getting a quality fiction. What you have to secure in a belt is a friction pull of elasticity. There must be between the plies of such only a certain class of rubber to give uniform strength and pliability.

To obtain high figures, such as referred to above, in belt friction you have to take away from the elasticity of the friction; hence, there is a happy medium, and this medium we have obtained through our laboratory experts. It ensures for you a belt, the friction of which will hold the plies together and will be sufficiently elastic in its properties to allow for the give and take necessary in sounding the pulleys.

Universal Recognition of "Gibraltar RedSpecial"

To cite the names of users of this famous, and frictioned-surface belt would necessitate the use of much space. We have on file recommendations from almost every type of industry requiring "Gibraltar RedSpecial" Belting in widths varying from 1½" to 48". These testimonials are available for your perusal at any time.

The Original "Red"

"Gibraltar RedSpecial" as noted previously, is the Original Red Rubber Belt—like most things that are original, its success is of the kind that endures.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER GOODS CO. LIMITED

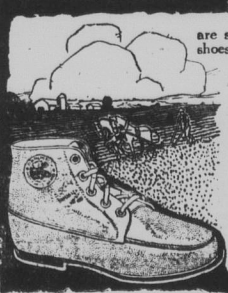
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High-grade Tires for Automobiles, Motor Trucks, Buses, Motorcycles, etc.; Frictioned Rubber Belting, Packing, Fire Hose and General Hoses, Drains, Belts, etc.; and all other rubber goods.

Palmer's Summer Packs

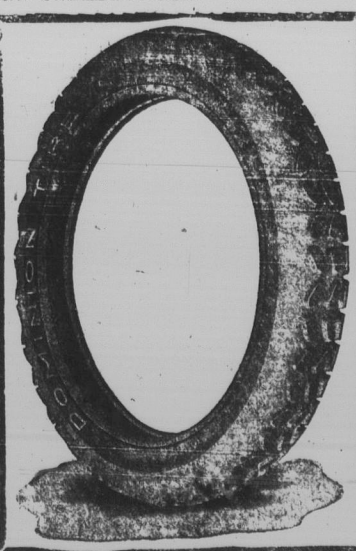


are sometimes called plough shoes or harrow shoes because they are especially designed for wear in the ploughing and harvesting seasons.

You will not be troubled with tired, aching feet after doing a hard day's work in Palmer's Summer Packs, because they are light in weight, durable, roomy, comfortable and waterproof.

Ask your dealer for a pair of these "Moose Head Brand" shown above is stamped on every pair.

JOHN PALMER CO., LTD.
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