

BROTHERHOOD OF THE AIR

"HOW THE CHICKENS COME
HOME TO ROOST."

By Mr. William G. Shepherd, in the
Westminster Gazette.

Headquarters of the British Army,
Northern France.

I stood out on the flying field at dusk this evening with a score of General French's young flying men, and "saw the chickens come home to roost."

Of all the tense hours, on the flying grounds, the one hour of twilight and dusk, before nightfall, is the hour that tugs hardest at the nerves of the British flying men. Wherever a flying man may be making tea or coffee in the cafe of some near-by village, reading in his quarters, or engaged in other pastimes that occupy him and his comrades when they are not in the air, you will see a certain nervousness and distraction come over him about sunset. Soon he will stir himself and, whether he walks along the French roads to where his flying grounds are situated, or whether he is lucky enough to get a lift in a passing automobile, you will find him, some time before darkness begins to fall, on his own particular flying field. He is "waiting for the chickens to come home to roost," as he calls it.

I walked out of town early this evening with two flying men who had invited me to watch the evening roosting.

"I've got a couple of pals who've been up in the sky all the afternoon," explained one of the flyers to me. "I want to see whether they've come in or not."

"Yes," assented the other young Englishmen, "there are four fellows from my mess who went out this afternoon, and you rather want to know they're in before dark, don't you see?"

When we got to the field we found thirty or more of the young lthe Britishers who make up General French's flying squad at this particular place in the fighting zone. They stood about in knots, chatting cutting nervously at the grass with their canes, or sitting in the lee of the hangars to protect themselves from the cold fifty-mile-an-hour wind. I noticed that, with all their seeming idleness and preoccupation, their sharp trained glances were raking the evening skies.

"There's —, I think," said one young fellow. I followed his gaze, and what I saw was a dot in the sky no larger than the head of a pin.

"NO. I think that's —," said another youth.

"Right you are," said the first one. "I was mistaken."

How he knew he was mistaken I couldn't understand. Neither could the flying-men explain to me how they had developed the ability to distinguish one aeroplane from another. They have simply developed it, and that's all. The aeroplanes are all as like as two pins; but there's something in the individual flying of a man, or it may be other waves of telepathy that one flyingman in the air can send to a mate on the ground, that help the flyers to tell one speck in the air from another.

The spot grew bigger; suddenly the machine tilted and spiralled down dizzily. Within a minute or two it had alighted and two heavily furred young Britishers climbed from it.

One after another the spots appeared in the sky, were recognized as — or —, the machines alighted, — or — climbed out, and came over to join our group.

"Who isn't in yet?" was always the question they asked. Safe themselves from the battle line, where the daily shrapnel had broken about them, they were as curious and anxious as we for the safe return of the chaps who, as yet, were not lucky enough to be "in" for the evening roosting.

At last all were in but one. A man in an aeroplane must see the grass when he alights; there's a clever little throw of the lever, which he must give at the last moment, that will bring him to earth lightly instead of in a smash.

"He's a young fellow and a new flyer," explained an officer to me, "and I'm rather worried about him. Better get out the flares," he said to an attendant.

The flares are white lights that are placed about the field when a flyer is brought; by them he can trace his way through the night sky to his own flying field, and, with difficulty, can measure his low height from the ground, at that last ticklish moment before landing.

"Suppose the young flyer didn't come back. Where might he be?" "This wasn't any ordinary peace time flying meet; this was war time. He might be a wreck of broken bones and bleeding flesh; men, had been trying to kill him all hunters shooting at a bird; they had hunted him in packs; if he had gone near the

trenches it was certain that a thousand German rifles had potted at him. He might be a prisoner in the German lines, for if his engine had stopped at the wrong time, he had been forced to come down. There were so many places he might be, and so many terrible things might have happened to him that it wasn't to think of it. And yet, there we were waiting for him. I pinched myself to see whether it wasn't all a dream.

We were waiting for a man who might be dead. There were the soldiers setting out the flares and getting ready to light them. No one was speaking now.

"That's him," said an officer. "Yes," answered three or four of the young men, at once.

"Where?" I asked.

"Can't see him yet, but that's his propeller," explained one of my friends.

Their trained ears had caught the hum of the aeroplane engine long before I could hear it. Soon he came into view; it was almost dark and the aeroplane loomed large when I caught the first glimpse of it. It settled down on to the field, two young fellows piled out of it, clumsily, on account of their many clothes, and walked over to us.

"Who isn't in?" asked one of them. "Everybody's here," said the captain.

"Good," said the young fellow, for whom we had all been waiting. Then we all dispersed. Every "chicken" had come home to "roost." "Have you ever waited out there for a fellow who didn't come?" I asked the captain.

"Several times," he said simply. "And the worst of it is," he added in his quiet English way, "is that you never know what became of the man who doesn't come home."

It's the vesper rite of the British Army flying-man to watch the evening sky. He has done his day's work for the great British Field-Marshal; all day he has been that silent man's eye, looking down from the sky; at evening time he looks himself over to see whether he's still alive and well—and then he goes to the little French farmhouse in which he lives with his comrades—with the chaps who may not come back at roosting time tomorrow night—and eats a big dinner, just as if he were only a common human being.—Exchange Telegraph Company's Special.

SHANNONVILLE.

June 30.—Mrs. Pascoe and daughter of Oshawa are visiting Mrs. S. Dies.

Mrs. Roblin of Toronto is visiting her niece Mrs. Geo. Reed.

Mr. and Mrs. Carbut are spending a few days with Rev. and Mrs. Robson.

Mrs. R. Williams of Belleville is spending a few days with friends in the village.

Mr. H. Dextator, our school teacher left for his home in Lindsay to spend the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Jennings and daughter, Ida, are spending their holidays in Toronto.

Mrs. Hicks and children have returned home after spending a few weeks with friends in Bloomfield.

Miss Alga Garrison spent Sunday under the parental roof.

Misses Ina and Reitha McDonald have returned home after spending a week visiting relatives in Tweed.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING TRIUMPH AT PANAMA-PACIFIC EXHIBITION

The Exposition looks as if it had been set down in a wonderful garden that had existed for ages. This vast garden, a triumph itself, stands out like a gay and brilliant feather in the Exposition's cap of beauty. It was brought into being by the labor of a famous genius in the art of landscape gardening, John McLaren, and the beauty of it is on par with the gorgeous picture it frames.

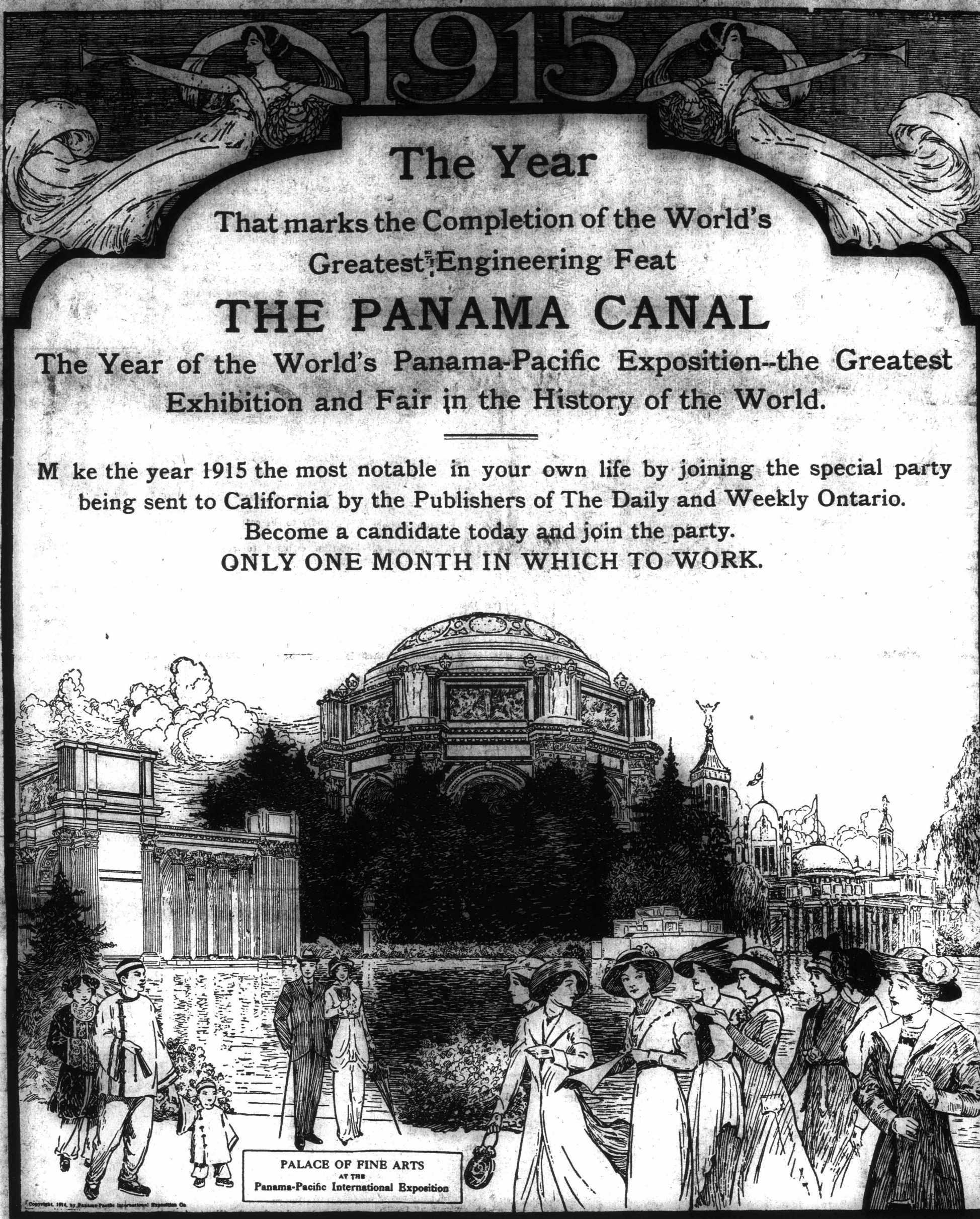
The fact that the Exposition opens and closes in midwinter presented the first great problem to the gardeners. It was solved by the use of evergreen trees throughout the entire area. Great trees were chosen, varying in height from thirty to fifty feet, so that they might not be dwarfed by the height of the buildings. More than 500 trees and plants of this size were trained and transplanted. Beside that task the job of moving Birnam's wood was child's play.

The gardens necessarily had to be a blaze of color at the opening, as they will be at the end, of the Exposition. For this reason the most scientific degree of planting was used in the utilization of hundreds of thousands of flower bulbs.

Among the great trees that line the avenues the Monterey cypress predominates. These high and graceful trees are everywhere supported by tall fir and pines. Between noble rows of them hedging the avenues banks of low growing umbrella trees, which have been trained for this purpose for years, form a shelter for the most gorgeous profusion of flowers and fern. The south fronts of every building will be a veritable blaze of color, pansies, azaleas, peonies, lilies, tulips, poppies and hyacinths, to mention only a few of the long list.

In the South Gardens alone more than 600,000 flowering plants have been set out and most of these will be in full bloom this month. The entire landscape gardening scheme conforms in the most wonderful way with the color scheme of the Exposition. A striking example of this blending of plant life with architecture and color is found in the Court of Four Seasons where huge masses of gray foliage accentuate the soft color scheme of the court.

There is scarcely a square foot of the ground between the Exposition buildings, not given up to roadways, that the landscape gardener has not painted deftly with nature's own colors.



PALACE OF FINE ARTS
AT THE
Panama-Pacific International Exposition

PRIZE LIST READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

Canadian National Exhibition adds
New Classes for Live Stock and
Poultry—First Egg Exhibit.

The undeniable economic truth that agriculture is the factor that must be counted upon to restore the financial and commercial equilibrium of Canada has appealed so strongly to the directors of the Canadian National Exhibition, that never before has such attention been paid to the farming, live-stock, poultry and allied branches of the Big Fair than in the case this year.

Instead of curtailing and retrenching in the prize list, as might reasonably be expected in this year of stress, the Canadian National Exhibition has taken just the opposite course and has increased the money and prizes with the kind co-operation of the Dominion Government, which has contributed \$5,000 to be partly distributed over the regular prize list and partly spread over new classes that have been added at the suggestion of the Department of Agriculture.

The additional classes are for five animals in horses, cattle, sheep and swine. In the horse class there are six of these new sections; cattle, six; swine, five; and sheep, nine.

To make matters even more attractive, a gold medal will be awarded by the Canadian National Exhibition to the breeder of animals winning a sweepstakes. This is in addition to the medal and other prizes that go to the exhibitor.

Another entirely new departure is the egg exhibit. There will be seventeen sections in this added exhibit, twelve open to producers only and the remaining five devoted to the commercial classes and open to all.

Still another change from the old order of things will be found in the poultry prize list. Hitherto only the fanciers have been catered to, but this year classes have been opened for utility breeds, and it is expected that the entry list will be very large. Pense in each case are to consist of 1 male and 3 females of the same breed.

Grain growers will also find some changes that will be of interest. The most important is the addition of field grain. There will be 21 sections for this class.

Presentation and Address at Halloway

On Monday evening, June 21st, the friends of Miss Flossie Wright assembled at her home, and our pastor, Rev. W. Jones, read the following address:

Dear Miss Wright,—
Just to address to you a few friendly words of greeting, not because such a course is customary but because there are thoughts of appreciation lying deep in our affection and enriched by our sincere respect for your thoughts that will not be quiet.

"As you can see we are a representative crowd from among your many friends in the church, Epworth League, Sunday School, Choir and Women's Missionary Society.

We remind ourselves that this is the first month of summer, the month of roses, and therefore an opportune time to gather at your happy home.

"We have come not only to express to you our appreciation for all that you have done for us, but also to place upon your brow the wreath of our love and admiration.

"We have greatly enjoyed your happy and cheerful disposition and your genial and true friendship has ever scattered sunshine in all our gatherings, your worth companionship and fidelity to the highest good has both helped and inspired us all.

"Then to speak of the many honors that you have received from time to time by the kindness of your friends is but another evidence of the fact that you have ever stood high in the good graces of your friends. But why multiply words?

"We think of you as an efficient member of our choir, as an untiring and successful Ex-President of our Epworth League, as an honored and capable president of our Women's Missionary Society and as a true and faithful co-worker in everything that tends to the social intellectual moral and spiritual uplift of the community.

"Believing, therefore, that our motive is worthy and that our justification is ample we ask you to accept this little gift from our hands, hoping that it may interpret to you in language quite understandable our feelings of love and appreciation.

Signed on behalf of your many friends.
Miss Wright was presented with a beautiful parlor clock, one-half-dozen silver knives and forks, and a cut glass jar in honor of her approaching marriage.

Miss Wright made a suitable reply, after which all joined in singing, "For She's a Jolly Good Girlie."

The ladies served lunch.

HALLOWAY.

June 30.—R. N. Bird occupied the pulpit here last Sunday afternoon and delivered a fine sermon on "Conscience."

Miss Ethel Hough spent the latter part of last week visiting in Belleville. A number of our young folks attended the Garden Party at the Presbyterian church in Foxboro last Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Tuft and little son visited the latter's parents last Sunday.

Mrs. Salisbury of Moira spent a few days last week visiting her son, Mr. Arthur Salisbury.

Several from this locality attended the "Decorations of Odd-Fellows" given in Stirling on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Kelly and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Townsend motored to Kingston one day recently.

Miss Willanna Clark has returned to her home at Odessa, after spending a couple of weeks at the home of Mr. Sydney Bird.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Bird spent Sunday at his brother's, Seymour Rose.

Boys you will find most of our young ladies laboring in the strawberry fields these days.

Mr. Charlie Abram had the misfortune to lose a horse the other day.

Mrs. J. Finley and daughter Lillie of Tweed, motored to Mr. T. J. Kelly's last Thursday, returning home on Friday.

Miss Flossie Rose has been visiting at her grandfather's in Belleville for a week or so.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson spent last Sunday visiting friends at Foxboro.

A number of our citizens attended the Sidney Baptist church last Sunday evening.

Rev. Mr. Boulteel of Roslin took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. John Lowery last Friday.

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