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This lot is a snap for ladies who know and appreciate good value, as we cannot replace these goods at any price to-day. We have also some other Older Values on which you can save money in certain colors of Lustres, Cashmeres, Nun's Veilings and Creppilles, and besides these a lot of Shepherd Checks, at various prices.

Corduroy Velveteens

we have cleaned up in tremendous quantity and have now only left in colors of Cardinal, Violet and Saxe Blue. We carried for some time ago and have now got invoices both from firms in Manchester and London for these goods; and to those of our customers who are awaiting our deliveries, we would say that, barring accidents, we expect to show a full range of colors inside of a fortnight.

Henry Blair

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William Frew

British Airmen Swoop Down on Surprised Enemy.

With the British Armies in France, April 27 (via London).—The German airmen had one of the greatest surprises of their lives late yesterday. The day had been heavily overcast until nearly 6 o'clock in the evening, when the clouds suddenly thinned and the sun broke through.

A few German machines had been sighted well back of their lines during the obscured period, but when the sun shone out several enemy squadrons which had been housed all day came out to stretch their wings in the slanting afternoon's rays. They had scarcely taken the air when the British machines pounced upon them, and in the after-noon fighting that ensued several German machines were seen to crash and eight others to be driven down completely out of control, which are believed to have been destroyed.

Between 6 and 8 o'clock the air was filled with wonderful incidents of dog-fighting. There were running fights and general melees. One distinguished young Britisher who but recently returned to the air after several months of rest deliberately "sat over an enemy aerodrome" and watched six enemy machines leave the ground and begin to climb toward him. He was sitting at 13,000 feet, and calmly remained there until the leader of the challenging planes had attained about 8,000 feet.

A Strange Bird With a Long Tail. In the meantime he had noticed that one of the hostile birds was something of a stranger. It had a very long tail and a very short nose. The Britisher, however, did not stop to worry about it. He dived at the highest of the climbers and gave him two bursts from his machine gun. Down went the German in a crash just outside a bit of wood.

While this little action was going on five other Germans had formed between the British plane and his home line. Firing as he came, the Britisher tried to break through the formation, but failed. Then he turned away as if about to attempt an escape toward the south. All the Germans started in pursuit. One of them soon outdistanced the others and was approaching the Britisher, when the latter whirled about and fired into the German at point-blank range and saw him burst into flame.

Next in line was the long-tailed, short-nosed stranger. "I drove him down, too," said the pilot's report, "but after falling a great distance he flattened out and was apparently all right."

A young khaki-clad pilot was carried far from his own aerodrome, but managed to cross the British line safely just before midnight. His machine was absolutely riddled with bullets, but he was unhurt. Asked to tell about his adventures, the airman merely shrugged his shoulders and said: "I just had a bit of luck, that's all."

This young flier, according to his companions, holds the absolute belief that he will never be killed while flying, and with that fatalistic assurance takes the most desperate chances, the result being that he is rolling up one of the most brilliant records of the war.

Three German Trains Upset.

Not content with felling fifteen hostile machines during their brief flying interval yesterday, the British airmen also downed one observation balloon and sailed forth under the stars last night on a great bombing expedition, during which they upset three German trains bringing troops to the front. Two of the trains were completely derailed and the engine of the third appeared to explode.

One of the British pilots during the raid temporarily lost his bearings. He was fired at from the ground, some of the projectiles being in the nature of greenish-colored rockets. In the glare of these he happily saw a supply depot just beneath him, whereupon he let go one of his bombs and obtained a direct hit, the depot disappearing in a great flame. All the British machines returned safely, despite the darkness of the night.

The German machines recently have taken on variegated hues. Pilots report encountering them in white, brown and red, and sometimes striped almost like zebras.

The Germans have evidently brought more of their best pilots opposite the British front to meet the determined aerial offensive which has been in progress since early in April. Most of the machines met nowadays are handled in a manner far above the German average. It is seldom, however, that the Germans ever attack the British unless they outnumber them at least three to one.

A lone German pilot, however, took a fatal chance yesterday against a British scout formation which was escorting reconnaissance machines. By clever manoeuvring, at which the hostile airman also was an adept, the British managed to entice him to attack one of their machines from be-

hind. As he did so a second British machine dived at the German's tail and down he went, one of his wings breaking off in the deadly descent.

Lone Airman Attacked by Three.

One of the most thrilling of recent adventures was that of a young naval airman who is now attached to the army service. With several other machines he was escorting some bombing planes over the German lines when seemingly a flock of Germans dashed at them from the clouds. For five minutes there was very hot fighting. In the general melee the naval man selected one particular opponent, and after a brilliant duel he drove him down in flames.

During this fighting the Britisher had become entirely detached from the remainder of the formation. Seeing this three of the hostile machines made for him. He bravely attacked and drove the German leader tumbling out of control, but the other two Germans kept up the battle. In a few minutes, however, one of these suddenly flew away, and the combat again became a duel with the machines wing to wing. Finally the naval flier manoeuvred into a position which gave him the vital opportunity. There was another burst of fire and down crashed the last German machine.

During certain periods of the fighting the two machines were less than fifty feet from the ground. The Britisher managed to struggle back to his lines. Exhausted from the fury of the fighting he let his machine fall in landing. He was unhurt, however. The wings of his plane had been peppered with bullets. The airman had not realized the fact, but during the fighting he had been fired on not alone by his aerial opponents but by German infantry and cavalry as well.

Exploits of the Photographers.

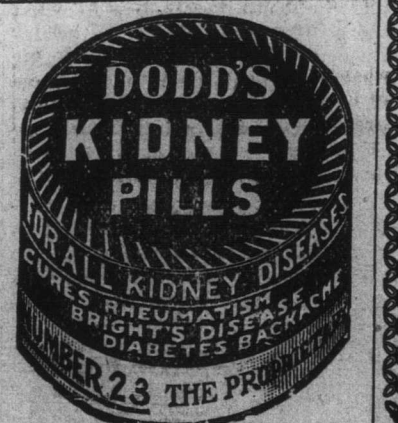
While the fighting scouts ordinarily have the most interesting experiences to relate, the poor, old, hard-working photographing machines also have their desperate moments. One of these recently was attacked by eleven hostile fighting scouts. Nearly all its controls were shot away and the observer, seriously wounded, fell half out of his machine. Although still manoeuvring his machine in an attempt to escape the direct fire of the surrounding Germans, the British pilot grasped the second observer to prevent him from falling out and brought the plane safely down inside his own lines just as it burst into flames. Then, under a heavy shell fire, the pilot carried the observer to safety.

Another photographer aviator brought his machine down under a heavy attack, and, as usual, the German artillery began to shell it. Despite this he managed to remove all his exposed plates and scamper away just before a heavy shell tore the plane to bits. The rescued plates proved most valuable.

Further details have been learned of the experience of two British airmen who were forced to bring down their machines just in front of the German lines south of Lens. In saving the guns from the wrecked planes they set up a little fortress in No Man's Land, and fought successfully for their lives. When they landed they did not know precisely what their position was, for in these days of semi-open warfare the lines are apt to change overnight. They had a feeling that their surroundings were decidedly hostile, and that "digging in" might prove the better part of valor.

Wrenching a light automatic gun from the machine they sought the quickest shelter near by—a bit of sunken road. Hardly had they reached it, when a patrol of eight very hostile Germans appeared. The airmen opened fire, and the gray-clad warriors ducked to cover. The pilot and observer remained thus entrenched until late in the afternoon, with shells whistling over them from both directions. Toward dusk they sallied out and, fortunately, fell into the hands of a Canadian advanced patrol and were able to give valuable information regarding enemy positions.

The sky has been obscured to-day from early dawn, but the British airmen, revelling in the fighting spirit of their great offensive, have been seen far over the German lines, "trying to stir up more trouble," as one of them put it.



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