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Above and Beneath the Mediterranean

Here is an article of unusual interest narrating the experiences of an American correspondent both above and below the waters of the Mediterranean. The article, abridged here, is by Naboth Hedin, and is reprinted from the Brooklyn Eagle.

Toulon, Sept. 8.

Hydroplanes and submarines are the newest craft in naval warfare, and through the courtesy of the French Marine Department I have had the unusual opportunity of making a plunge under the Mediterranean in a submarine one day and a flight over the same sea in a hydroplane the next. While the hydroplane flight was the more thrilling, the submarine trip was the more interesting, especially as it was the first time a European navy had permitted alien newspaper correspondents to enter one of its submarines. The plunge was made in the light blue clear water off the leading French naval station at Toulon.

Externally a submarine is not beautiful. It may be described as a long, black tank, filled with machinery. Only a small portion of the tank is running along on the surface. What one sees from a distance is only scaffolding, or a raft, placed on its back so as to form a deck, surrounded by an iron railing. In the centre is a little turret, on the roof of which is a lid, and it is through this lid one enters the interior of the boat, just as one would climb through a manhole down into a sewer. There being no stairway or ladder, one climbs down on a series of iron handles, riveted to the interior of the turret. As a passenger boat, the submarine is not adapted to corpulent persons.

HOW IT RUNS.

Having taken a hasty glance at the construction of the boat, it is time to see how it runs. The electric motors are already purring softly, and throughout the entire aisle the members of the crew, alert young fellows, are busy turning valves, switches and wheels, while the officers are watching the dials. Evidently the boat is moving, though there is no way of making sure. In the "control" section the commander now stands on a circular little pedestal, peering through a pair of "opera" glasses, attached to the lower end of the periscope, which at first glance appears to be a slender metal tube, suggesting the piston under a hydraulic elevator. This piston, which is only about two inches in diameter, passes through a water-tight fitting in the ceiling, and then projects into the water above until it reaches the surface. It can be moved up and down, so as to not project too much. The boat can go down about 30 feet and yet be in touch with the world above through the periscope, which is its eye. In its interior are mirrors, which transfer the images on the water down to the "opera' glasses and from them into the commander's eyes. (This long, shiny tube, sliding up and down, suggests a water snake, sticking its head above the water, looking for prey. It is uncanny.)

THROUGH THE PERISCOPE.

"Take a look," says the commander, as he jumps down from the pedestal. I climb up and take a peep. It is amazing. I see the distant shores and the seagoing tug I just left as plainly as though I had stuck my own head above water. The light appears a little bit hazy, otherwise there is no difference. No wonder a submarine can torpedo a big ship while remaining hidden itself.

Still greater surprises are in store. As I jump down from the pedestal I find myself directly under the turret through which I had originally come down. I look up, and, knowing the boat is under water, I exclaim in surprise at seeing daylight filtering in through what I take to be little holes in the sides of the turret.

"Look out, the water will come down on us!" I burst out, pointing to the "holes."

"Those are not 'holes,'" says the ensign. "They are windows. Crawl up and look for yourself."

I remount the iron handles, and, having assumed that Stygian darkness reigned under the surface of the sea, I am amazed to see the most beautiful light come streaming in through those little windows—oval little bits of thick glass, much like the eyes of a dolphin.

Bracing myself against the walls of the turret, I look out. Oh, wonder! What is this? We are moving through a world of sapphire blue of the most exquisite tint. I peer closer to the little window. As I look down, the blue gets darker and darker, and as I look up it gets lighter. I see a light foam swirling about. It must be the surface of the sea. As I look closer I can see the small waves rising, curling and dying. We appear to be about twenty feet below. Perhaps it is more.

Seeing the surface of the sea from below instead of from above is a novel experience. The only similar impression is that of the surface in the fish tanks of an aquarium when looked at through the glass in front. I also now understand better why the fish do not bite at any old hook, bait and sinker let down to them. To be sure, all water is not so transparent as that of the Mediterranean, but it has to be very dirty to be opaque. In the Atlantic, off the coast of France, the submarine crew said it is light green, and in the English Channel it is of a grayish-yellow hue. The Andromache had made the voyage from Brest to Toulon through the Straits of Gibraltar, all alone.

IN THE AIR.

My first air flight took place in a hydroplane off the coast of the French Riviera, near St. Raphael, where the French navy has an excellent aeronautical school, the special object of which is to train men who have already

It was while standing on the deck of a submarine coming into the harbor at Toulon, that I decided to ask for a trip over the Mediterranean as well as under it. The next morning I was less confident, but when the opportunity came during the afternoon I could not resist.

"Get into the togs," said the amiable commandment of the school, and out of a basket brought on the beach by an attendant I was dressed in a pair of leather trousers, a sweater, a canvas jacket, a wooden hood, a leather helmet, sheepskin-lined gloves and a pair of goggles, all of which was put on the outside of my ordinary clothes. I then felt more qualified to dive than to fly. A pair of waterproof boots would have completed the costume admirably. By the time I was ready I felt like a cross between a trained bear and a rag doll.

The hydroplanes had been launched while I dressed, and a small motorboat acted as a tender. When I was once on board it ran in front of the "hydro" and took it in tow, while I made the transfer.

The sea was pitchy and it was not without difficulty that I made the leap from the power boat to the hydroplane, handicapped as I was in my unaccustomed trappings. I started for the seat next to the pilot, but he motioned me to a circular hole in the prow.

A sailor comes across from the motor-boat, starts the two-winged propeller in back, setting the engine off, "crack-crack-crack," and leaps over my head, back to the power boat, which is already moving forward fast, towing the "hydro." The rope holding the two together is then released, the motorboat veers off sharply to the left, and ahead rushes the hydroplane toward the open sea.

So far it is very pleasant. The engines crackle more and more violently, enough to burst my ear drums had I not, as protection, the wooden hood and the leather helmet. The slender-winged boat glides over the water faster and faster. I look steadily ahead. I feel no temptation to look back. We cut the waves diagonally, and then at right angles. The foam flies about us. The engine in back becomes more and more vociferous, until the strokes of its cylinders become one continuous roar. We cut through the water with a zip.

IN THE HANDS OF A GIANT.

We sail out over the Mediterranean, always going up, up, up, as well as forward. We seem lifted into the sky by the hands of a giant. I feel small and insignificant, being in the grip of such a force. I now understand why it makes so little difference whether an aviator is big or little. This energy hoists us like cotton puffs. I feel very light, and the pit in which I sit seems to become bigger and bigger. I am not dizzy, I feel rather comfortable, though no doubt I would be happier with a belt around me, if only for a reassuring moral effect. As the machine is absolutely steady, I do not even need to hold on to the edges of the pit any longer. There is but one motion. It is forward, and the wind driving against us, is forcing me against the back of my seat. The floor underneath me feels as solid as though founded on bedrock. There is no wavering.

But here we turn. The boat tips ever so slightly, but fearing it may suddenly tip over a great deal more, I once more grip the edges of the deck with my sheepskin gloved hands. I hold tight. My heart jumps, and my breath comes short. But nothing happens. The curve is made. I relax, and look about.

We have turned toward the land. I see under us the limestone colored town of Saint Raphael, its gardens in bloom. In the outskirts of the town I see dark green groves of orange trees, surrounding red-roofed villas; here and there a naked rock, and further from the shore the fresh plowed earth of the vineyards, the market gardens and still higher up toward the mountain range that protects this strip of paradise by the sea several dark green groups of long-needled scrub pine, with here and there a graceful parasol pine, suggesting Japan.

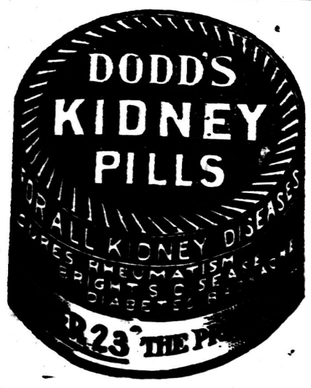
Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—Theodore Dorais, a customer of mine, was completely cured of rheumatism after five years of suffering, by the judicious use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

The above facts can be verified by writing to him, to the parish priest or any of his neighbors.

A. COTE, Merchant.

St. Isidore, Que., May 12th, ,98.



Anent Autumn Colors.

There is Pekin blue.
And bracken brown.
Not to mention Mohawk red.
And duck blue is another shade.
Cuban brown is still another newcomer.
Autumn greens are still called Russian and myrtle.

STRONG PEOPLE NEEDED

The need for people to be healthy is urgent. Those whom illness has put outside the ranks of robust men and women feel their position keenly. They are handicapped in every walk of life and weak men and nerve-worn women need more earnestly than ever to put their health right and become active and strong. Many who began "patching" months ago are ill now as on the day they began vainly tinkering with common drugs. Every ailing man and woman should remember that the ills of debility, nerve exhaustion, indigestion, sleeplessness, neuralgia and depression come from a faulty blood supply. Worry, over-work or other causes have impoverished the blood and left the life-stream impure. The nerves thereby are starving and the whole system is languishing for new blood. In this condition many thousands have won back strong nerves and new health and strength through the rich blood Dr. Williams Pink Pills actually makes. In a weak or bloodless condition it is not only a waste of time and money, but also a further menace to your health to tinker with common drugs. Follow the example of so many thousands by giving Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, and they will transform you into healthy active men and women.

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Worth Knowing.

To cut hard-boiled eggs in smooth slices, dip the knife in water.

After cleaning brass or copper with salt and vinegar, rub with olive oil, and the metal will not tarnish for a long time.

Window glass should not be cleansed with soap, as this treatment renders the glass cloudy. A little borax or household ammonia may be added to warm water.

Soap jelly is made by shaving a bar of soap and letting it simmer in boiling water till it becomes thick like jelly. A teaspoonful of borax will soften it.

When the nickel chafing dish becomes dull, wipe it off with a soft cloth moistened with ammonia, and then polish with another soft rag.

Fat is easily clarified if a few pieces of raw potato are added to it and then it is heated slowly in the oven on top of the stove. When it ceases to bubble, strain through cheesecloth and let it stand till firm. Keep in a cool place.

Salt will remove a fresh ink stain from a carpet.

Foreign bodies in the eye, if they have not penetrated any part of the eyeball, are best removed by pulling the lid away from the eyeball with the finger, so that the tears will flow and wash the particle away. Never rub the eye. When the eyeball is penetrated you cannot see an oculist too quickly.

Japanned tea trays should not be washed in hot water. If greasy, a little flour rubbed on them will give them a new look; if they are scratched, rub with a little olive oil.

Wigg—That's a fine girl you introduced me to this morning. I should like to see more of her. Wagg—You're on; come down to the beach this afternoon about 3 o'clock; her bathing suit is a wonder.

Clear Your Complexion While You Sleep

On retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and *hot* water, using plenty of Soap and continue bathing a few minutes with Soap. Rinse with tepid water. The cleansing, soothing influence of this treatment on the pores extends through the night. It may be repeated on rising.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address postcard: "Cuticura, Dept. N, Boston, U.S.A." Sold throughout the world.

HEAT OF THE SUN.

Its Source of Supply is a Puzzling Problem to Science.

Probably the most puzzling problem we have in connection with the sun is to account for its tremendous output of heat, which we are told has varied no more than a few tenths of a degree in 50,000,000 years, the period generally given by geologists for the duration of life upon the earth.

If we accept the theory most generally advanced in the past that the sun was formerly a vast nebula extending at least as far as the planet Neptune and that its heat was maintained by slow contractions, computation shows us that only 25,000,000 times the present output would be maintained from this source—that is, if the heat were supplied by contraction alone it would have lasted only half as long as life has been known to exist upon the earth.

This is plainly impossible, and though contraction undoubtedly supplies part of the solar heat, there must be some other source of supply as well. The discovery of radio-activity in recent years may have much to do with explaining this mystery.

It is interesting to consider that if the sun were composed of coal and its heat were kept up by the process of combustion, more than at ton of coal would be required per square foot of surface per hour to supply the present output of heat. The sun would be entirely burned up in 5,000 years if made of coal.—New York Sun.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Worth Knowing.

To freshen salt fish, put in an earthen or granite pan, skin side up. Never put salted fish in tin.

A good furniture polish is made by taking equal parts of linseed oil, turpentine and vinegar and placing in a large mouthed bottle. Shake the bottle well each time you use it.

Arnica is always good for a bruised knee or a pounded thumb. Keep a bottle handy.

The juice of a lemon stirred thick with sugar and honey is excellent for hoarseness.

Barolyptol, ammonia or salt and water will ease mosquito bites.

To remove spots from wash goods rub them with the yolk of an egg before washing.

Rub the nickel stove trimmings and the plated handles and hinges of doors with kerosene and whiting and polish with a dry cloth.

When making ginger cookies use cold coffee if milk is scarce.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Household Helps.

When frying doughnuts or oysters in deep fat, drop a pared potato into the fat to keep it from burning.

Try fastening a piece of cloth around the neck of the sewing machine for pins. It can be made removable, and is more handy than a pincushion.

To keep curtains from blowing, cover small tailor's weights with goods of the color of the cutains, and sew to the lower corners.

Save the 25-pound flour sacks, wash them then, rip them open and hem again These make good dish towels, as they are soft and of convenient size.

If bottles of medicine are to be carried when traveling, dip the tops in melted paraffin to prevent leaking. Do not cork too tightly, or the cork will "work up."

When baking a juicy pie, have ready a strip of muslin about an inch wide, dampen it slightly and press part of it along the edge of the pie and the other side on the pie tin. This helps to keep in the juice.

"THAT'S THE POLISH"

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SHOE POLISHES

10¢ -BLACK-WHITE-TAN- 10¢

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Hamilton, Can.

The Maple.

Oh, tenderly deepen the woodland glooms,
And merrily sway the beeches;
Breathe delicately the willow blooms,
And the pines rehearse new speeches;
The elems toss high till they brush the sky,
Pale catkins the yellow birch launches
But the tree I love all the greenwood above
Is the maple of sunny branches.

Let who will sing of the hawthorn in spring,
Or the late-leaved linden in summer;
There's a word may be for the locust tree,
That delicate, strange newcomer:
But the maple it glows with the tint of the rose
When pale are the spring-time regions,
And its towers of flame from afar proclaim
The advance of winter's legions.

And a greener shade there never was Made
Than its summer canopy sifted,
And many a day as beneath it I lay
Has my memory backward drifted
To a pleasant lane I may walk not again,
Leading over a fresh, green hill,
Where a maple stood just clear of the wood—
And oh, to be near it still!

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

OTHERS' AFFAIRS.

Unless You Have Real Tact Don't Try to Be Third Party.

Have you a reputation of being a third party where two persons are vainly trying to manage their own affairs? It is only the most tactful sort of persons who can successfully play the role of third party without doing more harm than good.

Don't try to fix things up between quarreling lovers unless you are absolutely sure that you can trust your tact and intuition to do the right and only thing. Don't intervene in the affairs of a newly-established household. Let the young people work things out for themselves. Don't try to bring up other people's children. They won't thank you. Nobody thanks the meddler, no matter how well intentioned she may be.

Now, to the humane soul who hates to see things go wrong when a word or two will apparently set them right, this withholding of interest seems most selfish. But it really isn't. It is the most considerate thing you can do sometimes to shut your eyes and let things take their natural course. They will right themselves in time, and you will not jeopardize your friendship by good-natured meddling.

It is better to stand aside than to get mixed up as a third party in other people's troubles. Nobody loves a meddler.—Pittsburg Press.

LET a woman ease your suffering. I want you to write, and let me tell you of my simple method of home treatment, send you ten days' free trial, postpaid, and put you in touch with women in Canada who will gladly tell what my method has done for them.

If you are troubled with weak, tired feelings, headache, backache, bearing down sensations, bladder weakness, constipation, catarrhal conditions, pain in the sides, regularly or irregularly, bloating, sense of falling or misplacement of internal organs, nervousness, desire to cry, palpitation, hot flashes, dark rings under the eyes, or a loss of interest in life, write to me to-day. Address: Mrs. M. Summers, Box 8 Windsor, Ont.

A MESSAGE TO WOMEN!!

Why Red Cross Workers Go Insane.

Dressy Old Lady—No, dearie, I've not begun knitting for the soldiers yet, but I may in the fall. Wool work is kinder sticky for warm weather."

Chairman of Down-State Auxiliary—"I don't approve of making socks. We should leave something for the government to do!"

Pompous Gentleman (bearing sample of khaki yarn)—Kindly match this accurately. My little girl needs more for her sweater." R. C. W. (in apologetic tones)—We're so sorry, we're out of just that shade, but she can piece it out with this. The soldiers won't mind a bit." P. G. (haughtily)—The soldiers may not be particular, but my daughter is The sweater is for herself!"

Austere Husband (buying wool for wife)—My wife would never consent to knit on Sundays. She wasn't brought up that way. Besides, we always motor to the country for a picnic on Sundays.

Beautiful Blonde (clad in harmony with her knee-high white kid boots)—I might be willing to knit you a scarf, but my daughter is. The sweater is the yarn.

Ample Lady (aglow with benevolence)—No, I'm not doing any of this sort of work. You see, I've done my bit for the war. (Dramatic pause). I gave $5 to the Red Cross war fund.

At closing time woman bursts in with huge package of yarn. "I want to return all this light gray yarn, because the papers say you don't want any more socks." (Entire corps of workers faint, and the first aid is summoned.) —Chicago Tribune.

Uncalled for Courtesy.

The Vicomte Toussaint was formerly a colonel in the French army and mayor of Toulouse. He was a brave man and a dashing officer. During one of the hottest engagements of a terrible year of war, noticing that his troops were bending forward under a galling fire to escape the bullets of the enemy while he alone maintained an erect position, he exclaimed, "Since when, I should like to know, has so much politeness been shown to the enemy?" The sarcasm took instantaneous effect, for the soldiers rushed forward and carried everything before them.

ISSUE NO. 42, 1917

HELP WANTED.

WANTED — PROBATIONERS TO train for nurses. Apply, Wellandra Hospital, St. Catharines, Ont.

GRANITE CUTTERS AND LETTERers wanted; fare advanced. Write, Geo. M. Paul, Sarnia, Ont.

MEN WANTED FOR TANNERIES AT Acton, on Grand Trunk, 35 miles from Toronto, mechanical and laboring work at good wages; healthy thriving town; excellent school; cheap house rent and living. Apply Beadmore & Co., 37 Front street east, Toronto.

HANDY MEN WANTED, ACCUSTOMed to grinding. Steady work, good wages. Apply at once. Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Limited, Royce and Lansdowne avenues, Toronto, Ont.

FIRST CLASS WATCHMAKER wanted. Highest wages. Steady employment. Smiths, Jewelers, Napanee, Ont.

WANTED BY J.W. HEWETSON SHOE Co., Brampton, Ont. men experienced in manufacturing shoes, good opening, will guarantee steady employment and highest wages to Shoe Cutters and experienced operators on Consolidated Lasting Machine.

WANTED-GLOVE OPERATORS, WAX thread, union special and 44-11 machines. The Craig, Cowan Co., Ltd. 154 Pearl St. Toronto Ont.

FOR SALE.

FORD STREAMLINE HOODS—COVers the brass radiator; eliminates the bunty appearance; write for circular. Burrowes Mfg. Co., Toronto.

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REMIT ON DOMINION EXPRESS Money order. If lost or stolen, you get your money back.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell one of the best selling articles on the market; something new; write at once. Donland Specialty Co., Toronto, Ont.

FARMS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—TWO ONE-HUNDRED acre farms, Wellington county, Peel township; no better soil; good buildings and shade trees; flowing spring on each lot; if you want a farm look this over; will stand inspection; immediate possession given; price and terms right; will meet you at Gladstone or Drayton station; phone in house; rural mail at gate. Walter Barkwill, R. R. No. 2 Drayton, Ont.

OUR UNPAID LABORERS.

Birds Do Great Work, Yet We Do Not Properly Protect Them.

One form of national waste which is far more serious than the American people realize is a result of the deplorable neglect to conserve bird life in this heedless and ungrateful country.

Ornithologists and other intelligent observers of nature who have made a study of the subject say with the sanction of crop experts that insects destroy one-tenth of the products of agriculture in the United States. More than 100,000 kinds of insects have been enumerated in the fields, orchards, meadows, pastures, vineyards, gardens and woods of this chief agricultural country of the world. A very large proportion of these insects are injurious to crops. Birds are the insects' worst enemies.

Nearly all birds destroy insect life. The federal department of agriculture has examined the stomachs of forty kinds of birds to determine accurately what they consume. It was found that among the birds which most effectively aid the farmers are phoebes, kingbirds, catbirds, swallows, brown thrashers, rose breasted grosbeaks, house wrens, viroes, native sparrows, cuckoos, orioles, warblers, shore larks, loggerhead crow, and the crow blackbird, which have rested under suspicion so long, do more good than harm to the farmers.—Chicago News.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Animals Attack the Lungs.

Watch any flesh-eating animal when it is attacking its prey, or watch two animals having a fight to the death. You will notice one remarkable fact, and that is that they strike for the lungs. Most people, of course, are well aware wher their own lungs are, but they haven't the slightest idea about any other lungs. Animals instinctively know, however, the position of the lungs of almost every other animal. When a tiger or a lion attacks a man it does its best to get just below the shoulder blades. If it strikes without warning, you will always find that it powerful paws have torn right through to the lungs. A cat has just the same instinct. Watch it stalk a sparrow and you will see how cleverly it manoeuvres so as to get behind the unfortunate bird and pounce on its back, where the lungs are.—London Graphic.

White of an Egg.

The white of an egg is made up of cells filled with albumen. By beating the white these cells are ruptured and oxygen from the air is inclosed, which gives the white and light appearance of beaten eggs. The white of a stale egg will not inclose as much oxygen, will not be as light and as easily digested as that of the fresh egg and is, of course, less valuable. The importance of beating the egg in cold, pure air is readily seen.—Exchange.

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