

The Air Mail Must Go Through Despite Wind, Fog or Weather

The Latest Form of Transportation for His Majesties Mail Has Become An Established Fact and a Dependable Service

MUCH TO BE DONE

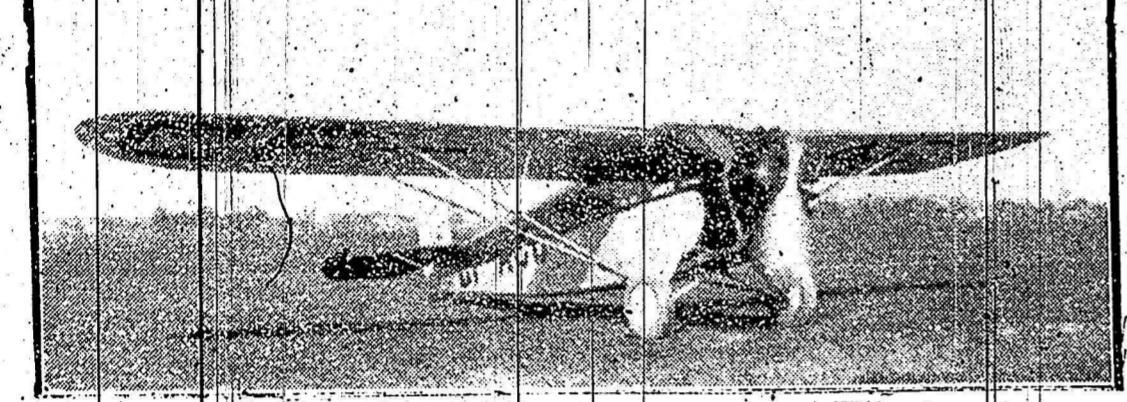
To enable your Editor to give the first-hand information of the progress of the "Air Mail" in Canada, the Canadian Airways Ltd. invited him to travel by air mail plane to Montreal from Toronto and return. The experience was informative, delightful and thrilling in the extreme.

The Canadian Airways Company have been flying the mail route between Toronto and Montreal and Montreal and Rimouski for nearly a year and a half; so what adventure to you the pilots and those concerned with the conduct of the company a matter of mere routine.

Arriving at the Western air port in a drizzle, with fitful

showers and a

A Fairchild's "71"



ONE OF THE GIANT 420 HORSE-POWER CABIN PLANES

These dependable ships carry passengers and mail for months rain or shine without an accident.

strong wind blowing west, we thought but perhaps off. But quietly the staff were about their business, a meccano-tuned horse-power motor till the motor till it was steady and a propeller hardly revved.

"Here's the mail," said the pilot, "get aboard, and those of us—passengers in the big Fairchild six-passenger cabin plane—took our places. The postal messenger approached the cockpit and said, "Shorty!" and our motor roared. In an instant we began to move, and soon after a burst of speed, the plane, far below, had fully over the girders, far below, and we gazed down, gasping for

cold in the cloudy mist—less than twenty minutes from having taken off. "Shorty," the roar increased, while the "air-speed" indicator climbed from 120 to 135 miles per hour.

A THRILLING TIME.

But bad luck lay ahead. Soon a grey wall appeared before us, and then we were enveloped in an impenetrable cloud of fog and rain. Keeping his "crow light" direction by observation and compass bearing, but now we were in a mess for the fog swallowed us just where the iron charged hills of Lepine and Ardington and Frontenac made the compass unreliable. "Shorty" slowed down the plane, and the altitude needle crept lower on the gauge until a bare 200

feet were indicated and we all strained our eyes over the side watching for tree tops. Soon they pierced the fog, but not before we were sailing above them with hardly ten feet to spare. The next few minutes were thrilling in the extreme, as we tore forward at 100 miles an hour with a strong wind behind us, adding many miles more, just brushing the tree tops, but with just sufficient chances to see the ground to give "Shorty" a guide to his general direction.

A MODERN MENACE.

While we were flying so low—and just as the mists were clearing—a horse and buggy came in view on a bush road beneath us. Dobbin, thinking the plan was a death-deceiving demon, no doubt, took to his heels. frantic hands were seen to tug at the lines as, we approached the old top buggy. A white face peered upward and as we got directly overhead Dobbin had had enough. Turning sharply, he careered madly to the right, disappearing from our view in tall timbers. What a tale those folks will have to tell!

WEATHER CLEARS SLIGHTLY.

The weather had now lightened con-

siderably and at 11:23 our pilot pointed south and shouted "Brockville"—one hour and twenty-five minutes after leaving Weston Air Port, and one hour later we made a perfect "three-point" landing in the mud of the Dominion Government air port at St. Hubert about ten miles south of Montreal City.

DAY WITH THE FLYERS.

Our trip down had been thrilling, high-speed, and groping for our location in the fog, but the interesting part was to come. Due to an accident to the port tender we had several hours with the men who pilot the planes. The stories they told and the account of the trip home and the reason every reader must develop interest in flying will be told in these columns next week.

The Color Bar

"Le Devor (Ind.): In the days when Theodore Roosevelt was at the White House in Washington, he provoked a regular campaign against himself, because he had officially received at the presidential residence a negro well-known to the enlightened world of the day, Roeder T. Washington, president of the Tuskegee Institute, founded to spread technical instruction among the millions of coloured people of the United States. Now, in the Southern States, there is an attempt to start a new campaign of the same kind against the latest occupant of the White House, Mrs. Hoover, in her capacity as wife of the President, who is the secretary of the Seaman's Union, have been classed as the most ardent supporters of Socialism. During recent months, however, they have developed a better understanding of both sides in industrial disputes."

One of the most fiery supporters of communistic doctrines in Australia has reversed his views and now is declaring in her lectures that Socialism is based upon "an economic fallacy." She is Mrs. Tom Walsh, who before her marriage was Miss Ada Pankhurst, leader of the woman suffrage movement in England in 1913.

Both Mrs. Walsh and her husband, who is the secretary of the Seaman's Union, have been classed as the most ardent supporters of Socialism. During recent months, however, they have developed a better understanding of both sides in industrial disputes."

Reparations

Chicago Tribune: On the whole, the recent Paris Conference cannot be considered a triumph of American financial diplomacy. The settlement was arrived at partly at the expense of the American people. It is said the cost is a small one in exchange for world financial stability from which the United States will benefit. Possibly this is the fact, but it is significant that America has not been wholly lacking in prosperity in recent years without an international bank and a reparations settlement to contribute to our well-being.

The chances seem good for Lloyd George's holding the balance of power in the new House of Commons.

And how that man can balance

the budget last night.

New York Times.

In Soerabaya

Soerabaya lies along and about the Kali Mas (River of Gold), it rambles in pleasant streets with shaded canal banks, parks and lawns, and runs off into comfortable suburbs ad distant mountain tops seen through clouds. The Europeans in white clothes play only a small part. The natives (or Madurese), the Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, catching your eye with the color of their sarongs, scarfs and head-gear. These are of every color under the sun—orange, gold, bronze, magenta, carmine, flame-red, bright green, amethyst, violet, purple, with every shade of each mixed in and woven through. These are the half tones must be reckoned with.

Little horses no larger than a Mexican burro go dashing about with two-wheeled carts—the sado or cab of the people—with silver-mounted harnesses, plumed heads, and sometimes jingling silver bells. Hugo carts with two enormous wheels, and hump-backed bullocks, with their ibons between their horns, bright-colored automobiles, army trucks, trams, bicycles, are everywhere. In

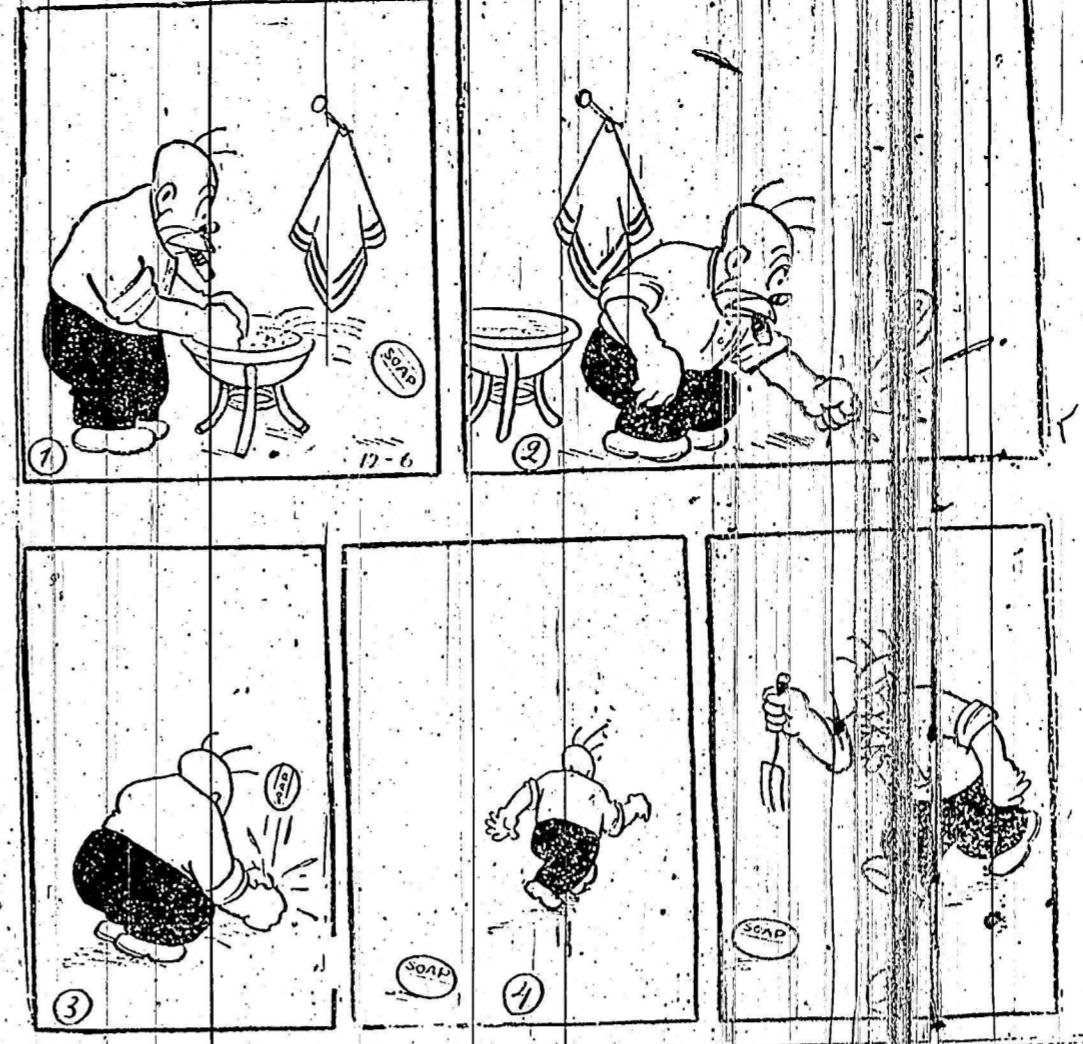
front are water-carriers, pole-bearers carrying everything from feather dusters and mats to a street restaurant, hundreds of women carrying produce on their heads, other hundreds carrying children on their hips, and still other hundreds carrying nothing at all but a gaily colored Chinese umbrella, men lugging along sheep and goats by the ears, squabbling groups with birds in cages, unto hawkers of brass, rugs, linen, old hats, lamp shades.

The background of this moving scene is quite an colorful. The houses are white or yellow with red tile roofs, the asphalt streets, even in the shopping section, are often tree-bordered, and in the residence section there are parkways of bushes and flowers in the centre of the avenues.

The bridges are occasionally adorned with square gate-post, Chinese lanterns for the electric lights, and gay colors along the footways. The river boats have high prows and poops like Viking ships, with bamboo-thatched cabins, and again gay colors fore and aft.

The river banks are like lawns, and are bordered by such trees as the poinciana regia, with its lace-like leaves and brilliant geranium-red flowers. The waving casuarina, tall palms, spreading banyans and samanea huge

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES By O. Jacobson



Wild Mustard

Forage Grass for Salt Lands Discovered in South Africa

Find Resulted From Experiments in Orange Free State Botanical Reserve for Reclamation of Sterile Land

Another Plant

of all kinds are in the following

London.—A discovery of a wild grass, known as "midas-like torch," grain fields, corn fields, lush meadows, sloping pastures, grassy groves, creek banks, even flowing water that looks as if it were molten, rippling gold, all bear that transmuting touch into gold.

As a warm zephyr passes over the summer meadows, it carries enough of the earth gold to cover all the fields to the horizon. The gold bears gracefully in sweeping curve, and reveals a wave of jade green, spily, charming in slenderness and delicate curves. Here is wild mustard or charlock, called weed on the western prairies, called weed everywhere. It grows, but possessing an innate beauty in its individual and collective growth that bears detailed observa-

tion. The experiment was carried out on the Fauresmith Botanical Reserve, in the Orange Free State, and its publication in the Bulletin of the Royal Botanical Gardens, Kew, Surrey.

The first stage in the reclamation of the land which had at one time been under cultivation but had gradually become sterile, owing to the appearance of "hardin," a white salt of indifference, was to broadcast seeds of a number of well-known "halophiles" over the whole area. Care was taken to preserve the ground from being trampled on or grazed.

The results were highly satisfac-

tory, it so highly

that "the grass was left, only the best left."

It is known South African

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MUTT AND JEFF—Bankers Are Like That.

