

**Best's Optical Sale**  
 For the next two weeks you can have your eyes tested free by a Registered Optometrist, and have rimless finger piece nose glasses fitted complete for \$2.00.  
 Old folks' spectacles complete for \$1.00.  
 Snow Glasses—Auto Goggles.  
 Satisfaction guaranteed.  
**L. T. Best, Optometrist.**  
**AT BEST'S,**  
 The Popular Drug Store.  
 Open Sundays.

**SEE US WHEN YOU CANNOT SEE**  
**A Paradox? No!**  
 We provide proper glasses through which you can see.  
 Being eyesight specialists we know when eyes are wrong and why glasses are right.  
 See us—we understand our business.  
**KEELEY Jr., M. O. D. O.**  
 OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN  
 228 Princess Street  
 3 doors above the Opera House

Try **Cooke's for Photos**  
 159 Wellington St.  
 Opp. Golden Lion Grocery

**Jenkins 98c Shirt Sale**  
 All Colored Shirts, with stiff cuffs, \$1.25 to \$2.00, for .....98c

**55c Shirt Sale**  
 Cheaper lines, sizes 14 to 16 1-2. Your choice .....55c  
**E. P. Jenkins Clothing Company.**

**HUMORS OF AVIATION**

EPISODES WHICH LIGHTEN THE LIVES OF THE BIRDMEN.

One Enemy Aeroplane Passed Over the British Lines at the Dardanelles and Diving Over a Cliff Made Straight for a Destroyer and Raked It Fore and Aft—The Two Seaplane Officers Who Dived for Each Other.

"HUMORS of War in the Air" is the subject of an interesting article in the London Daily Express by Mr. C. M. Grey, editor of the Aeroplane, in which he narrates an aviator's version of the old farce "Box and Cox" and some incidents of Turkish "check."

"A story that appeared in a Turkish communiqué the other day relating how a Turkish aviator dropped bombs near one of the Allies' cruisers and caused her to change her course, after which he attacked a destroyer with his machine gun," he writes, "is probably something of an exaggeration, but it would be quite a mistake to put it down as an absolute fabrication because people who have returned from the Dardanelles have quite a high opinion of the Turks as fighting men and even respect their aviators. The Turkish communiqué refers to the aviator as a Turk, but the pilots of the Turkish aeroplanes have been German chiefly."

"There is one incident, however, related to me by an officer who has just returned from Gallipoli of which the hero was more likely to have been a Turk than a German, for the German, although he may on occasion fight quite well, does not apparently believe in taking chances purely as a sport. "One night when things were fairly calm both in the air and on the ground the sound of an aeroplane engine was heard approaching the British lines. It drew nearer and nearer, and it was evident from the sound that the aviator was flying very low. Suddenly he appeared over a certain part of the British camp so low that he could have been hit with a revolver if anybody had seen him in time. As he went he dropped several bombs, which did no particular harm. Half a dozen officers rushed out of their tents and began firing at him. The sound of his engine stopped, and his machine was seen to throw up its tail and dive down over the cliff at the edge of the plateau on which the camp stood. "Everybody thought he had been hit and had fallen into the sea or on the sand just over the cliff edge. Much to their surprise, a few seconds afterward his engine was heard running again, and a minute or so later there was a burst of firing a mile or two out at sea.

"Next morning a destroyer came in and said that, hearing the noise of bombs in the camp some of the officers had come up on deck and were looking up at the sky, when suddenly an aeroplane dived over the cliff, flew straight at them almost level with the water, and as it passed they raked them from end to end with a machine gun.

"The seaplane pilots also have their humorous incidents. Some little time ago one of the smaller seaplanes was getting off the water when a wave struck it, and it turned over on one side and dived head first. "As the machine struck the water the passenger was thrown clear, but the pilot, who stuck to his seat, went under with a machine, and was more or less trapped. The passenger naturally came up first, and not seeing the pilot, took a long breath and dived under the wreck to his help. Meantime the pilot, having freed himself from the machine, came up to find himself under one of the wings. He worked along this till he got to the edge and came to the surface apparently just about a second after the passenger had dived. Not seeing the passenger, he also took a deep breath and dived to rescue the passenger.

"By this time the passenger had reached the limit of his diving capacity and came up again for breath after the pilot had again disappeared. After again taking in fresh air he dived for the pilot just as the pilot came to the surface for the second time only to find that his passenger was still apparently in the wreck. In this way each of them dived four or five times until finally one of them came to the conclusion that the other must by this time have been drowned, so he sat on one of the floats to wait mournfully till he was picked up by one of the boats which was coming out from the shore.

"A second or two afterward up came the other officer, also convinced that his friend was dead. Each was naturally surprised at the wonderful capacity of the other for stopping under water till explanations made clear what had happened, after which they both nearly fell into the sea again laughing at one another."

Knowledge is power—and if a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it away from him.

**CATARRH LEADS TO CONSUMPTION**

Catarrh is as much a blood disease as scrofula or rheumatism. It may be relieved, but it cannot be removed by simply local treatment. It causes headache and dizziness, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, affects the voice, deranges the digestion, and breaks down the general health. It weakens the delicate lung tissues and leads to consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla goes to the seat of the trouble, purifies the blood, and is so successful that it is known as the best remedy for catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens and tones the whole system. It builds up. Ask your druggist for Hood's, and insist on having it. There is no real substitute.

**LOYD'S OF LONDON.**

Will Insure Anything Insurable at an Adequate Premium.

"Insured at Lloyd's" is a comfortable line which somehow takes the edge off the horror inspired by reports of disaster at sea. The newspaper reader unconsciously feels that if this mysterious and beneficent power named "Lloyd's" had not been interested matters would have been much worse.

To most people Lloyd's is more or less of a mystery. The majority are of the opinion that in some way it is connected with shipping. To others it is an insurance company which seems to make a specialty of freak insurance, such as guaranteeing the safety of a dancer's foot, the hand of the violinist, the voice of the prima donna, or the decision in a closely contested election. Still others regard Lloyd's as a source of information on all manner of topics; while some think it is a mysterious sort of inspection bureau or a great detective agency.

As a matter of fact Lloyd's is an association of men who will insure anything insurable at an adequate premium. Its affairs are handled in the business man's way of handling affairs, and for a profit always. In operation the procedure at Lloyd's is simplicity itself. We will assume that a manufacturer in this country desires to insure his plant against fire or any other catastrophe. The American insurance company cannot or does not care to assume the entire risk, so it cables to a broker at Lloyd's in London asking him to place say \$50,000. As soon as the latter receives the cable he prepares a form detailing the character of the risk to be assumed. He then presents this in turn to the various other brokers assembled at Lloyd's. Each of these men is equipped with a rubber stamp on which are listed the group of underwriters he represents, and when he receives the form he impresses one of these stamps on the back of it, writing in pencil the amount of the risk he is willing to assume for the underwriter, and signing his initials thereto. On vessels, in the "Lloyd's of London," these amounts rarely exceed \$500 or \$750.

When the full amount of the risk has been subscribed there is called back to the United States what is known as a "binder," following which is a printed binding memorandum indicating that Lloyd's are covering on exactly the same form and under exactly the same conditions as the American insurance company. Should the American company for any reason withdraw the insurance the policy of Lloyd's becomes automatically null and void, as from the "yes" nature of things Lloyd's is unable to inspect the risk, in reality it does not insure the property, but it does insure the integrity of the judgment of the American company in accepting the business, and backs its judgment with good British gold.

From insuring ships the operations of these underwriters came to cover every known hazard. Recently the insurance of an alligator pear tree in California for \$30,000 against fire and frost was thought worthy of mention in a United States Government report. The tree was known to have netted its owner \$3,000 in one year.

**Queered the Queen.**

Many stories have been told of the blunt and truculent manners of Dr. Temple, the famous archbishop of Canterbury. The following is related by Alfred Capper in his book of reminiscences. Mr. Capper vouches for the truth of the story as he heard it related by the servant who stood behind Queen Victoria on the occasion of the incident. Her Majesty sat at dinner, with the archbishop of Canterbury, the gruff and grumpy Dr. Temple, on one side and the amiable Dr. Randall Davidson, who was then bishop of Winchester. Her Majesty turned toward a certain colonial bishop who was seated next to the archbishop of Canterbury and said, "You know, Dr. So-and-so, I can well remember your preaching at Balmoral twenty-two years ago." "The bishop of Winchester then said, "Really, your Majesty, your memory is marvelous, absolutely miraculous!" "Not at all," snarled Dr. Temple in his gruff tones. "I told her Majesty myself before dinner!"

**Training Girl-Hairdressers.**

The girl-hairdresser is not new, but she will be much more in evidence in the future. Recognizing that hairdressing is a very suitable occupation for women, the London Council have instituted several classes where women are now learning the mysteries of curling, crimping, and waving. In the learners' saloon, girls play at "customers" as they are taught shampooing, brushing, simple hairdressing, etc. The saloon is fitted up with all the features of an up-to-date hairdresser's shop, and girls of from fourteen to sixteen are instructed every afternoon at the classes; one of the principal of which is at the Trade School for Girls, Barrett street, Oxford street W. On Tuesdays and Thursdays there are evening classes for women.

**Half a Crown Ostriches.**

One of the most curious changes brought about by the war is the cheapening of ostriches. The Rev. Percy Bigsell, who has just returned to Sussex after an absence of twelve years in South Africa, says that whereas in time of peace an ostrich costs £150, the birds can now be bought for half a crown apiece.

**Royal Academy and War.**

For the first time since the foundation of the Royal Academy, 144 years ago, the competitions for gold medals have this year been suspended. One hundred and thirty-four painters and sculptors, and seventy-nine architects, have joined the colors abroad.

**STORIES OF THE V. C.**

By Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V. C.

"I was often asked in the early days of the war whether I thought that the men in the ranks were of the same fighting value as those of two generations ago, and invariably answered confidently as follows: 'Yes, just the same at heart, but with better-furnished heads.'"

"The contents of this book" (Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood is referring to the stirring stories told by Sir Ian Hamilton in his "Despatches from the Dardanelles," "clearly attest the accuracy of that opinion." No man to-day has had greater experience of the British soldier than Sir Evelyn Wood, and the stories of the V.C. which he tells in the introduction he has written for this absorbing book, which should be added to the bookshelves of all those who wish to learn of the heroism of the men who fought for the Dardanelles, make thrilling reading.

Sir Evelyn Wood points out the curious fact that sixty years ago a brave officer could think of no better prize for the reward of gallantry than money, and a general about to assault Sebastopol on September 8, 1855, offered £5 for the first man to slide the Great Redan.

"When, in the winter 1854-5," he says, "the institution of the Victoria Cross was first proposed, the Royal Warrant for which was not issued until 1856, nearly all the senior officers disliked the innovation, and our Government, realizing this feeling, hesitated to entrust them with the selection of the recipients of the distinction. In one battalion, the men were instructed to nominate a private soldier. They, as in all good regiments, reflected the views of their officers as regards the innovation, and unanimously elected a comrade who, being trusted for his sobriety and honesty, used to carry down the grog-can at dinner-time to the trenches, and so not only enjoyed a 'soft billet,' but was never under fire except for one hour in twenty-four."

Referring to the V.C.'s of the present war, Sir Evelyn considers that the feat which stands out most was that of Lance-Corporal Albert Jacka, 14th Battalion Australian Imperial Forces. "During the night of May 19-20 he, with four other Australians, was holding a trench which was heavily attacked. The five men accounted for many Turks, but when Jacka's four comrades had been killed or wounded the trench was rushed and occupied by seven Moslems. Lance-Corporal Jacka attacked and killed all seven, five by successive shots from his rifle and two with his bayonet!"

**Tricked the Colonel.**

Some Irishmen are nothing if not ingenious. Here is a good story told of one, a terrible scamp serving in South Africa under Colonel Hamilton-Browne. On discharge he asked for a character and was given one by the colonel so bad as should ordinarily have barred him from employment forever.

Some time later the colonel met him, a most prosperous man and about to embark for the mother country.

"But," said the colonel, "how was it that, reading such a character as I gave you should have been so taken in?" "Read it," the scamp replied. "Never one of them read it and for a very good reason, as not one of them could read a word of English. It was the lion of the union, being for the crown on the top of the official paper that did the trick, and that's what I wanted when I troubled you for a character. So long, colonel. There's the 'all for the shanty' bell ringing, good luck, and many thanks as it though you 'I'm in for a high old time."

**Making Use of Waste.**

What becomes of old sardine boxes, tomato tins, meat tins, fruit tins, and tins of all kinds? In France, nothing is allowed to go to waste, they gather them up and use them—to cut into tin soldiers. In France, too, the old boots and shoes are collected and every part is used over again. The work is mostly done by convicts in prisons. They take the metal from the boxes and cook them; then the boxes are cut out into children's shoes, or, if they are too far gone for that, a peculiar kind of pressed leather is made by some chemical action. The nails are saved and sold, and the scraps go to the farmers to fertilize the soil.

**Sentries Frozen to Their Posts.**

The British troops in the Dardanelles have suffered more from the weather than the enemy, writes a British correspondent. "The terrible cold rains at the end of November flooded the trenches high and, and it was impossible to light fires. There was nothing to eat but cold 'bully' and damp crackers. Then came a piercing frost wind and snow and water froze around the feet, drenched overcoats and converted them into boards. Sentries were frozen dead at their posts. It probably is the worst winter that British troops have faced since the Crimea. The officers were astonished at the uncomplaining endurance of the men."

**A Meal in a Moment.**  
 1 Oxo Cube: Hot Water, Biscuits Sustains for hours.  


Probs.: Mostly fair and mild to-day and on Friday.

# Special Friday Bargain Sale!

## Curtaining

450 yards of White and Cream Net Point d'Esprit, Organdy and Lace Curtaining—soiled from dust during alterations—regularly priced from 17c to 45c a yard, in widths varying from 27 to 42 inches wide. **To-morrow 8c**

## Stamped Cushion Tops

125 in Natural Linen Color, in floral designs, also Patriotic Covers—special value at 25c and 35c each. **To-morrow 15c**

## White Nainsook

200 yards fine soft finish imported Nainsook—very special value at 12 1-2c a yard. **To-morrow 10c**

# STEACYS

"The Woman's Store of Kingston."

**Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons**  
 Prepared Especially For This Newspaper by Pictorial Review

**Jumper Frocks In Good Style.**  
 shoulder edge of back on the front, matching single large and small "o" perforations and close with buttons and buttonholes; finish the edges for a closing.  
 To make the waist, first close under-arm and shoulder seams as notched. Turn under front edge of front on slot perforations for an underfacing. Center-front is indicated by large "O" perforations. Pleat lower edges of front and back, bringing "T" to correspond.  
 A pleasing combination of plaid and plain linen fashioned into a jumper frock for girls and juniors.  
 For juniors and girls there are lovely jumper frocks shown for spring wear. This model shows an attractive combination of plaid and plain linen, the skirt and blouse requiring 2 1/2 yards of material and the jumper 2 yards 26-inch linen.  
 The jumper is an ideal model in almost any material to be worn separately with contrasting skirts and gumpies. To make it, first close the under-arm seam as notched. Lap the rounded  
 Pictorial Review Dress No. 6562. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 13, 14 and 15 years. Price, 15 cents.  
 Braiding Design No. 11818. Three different borders in yellow. Transfer pattern, price 15 cents.



**DAVIES' Finest Western BEEF**  
 1,000 lbs. Oven Roasts, **16c Per Pound**  
 The Wm. Davies Co. Ltd., Phone 597.

**The Marrison Studio**  
 "Our BABY PICTURES, like all portraits that we make, are natural in pose, properly lighted and beautifully finished. High class equipment and tireless tact are the reasons for our remarkable success in baby portraiture. Come in some morning and let us get acquainted with the baby."  
 Phone 1515. 99 PRINCESS ST.

**Montgomery Dye Works**  
 For the Best in French Dry Cleaning, Dyeing and Pressing.  
 J. B. HARRIS, Prop., 225 Princess St.

**Fresh Frozen Fish**  
 Halibut, Salmon, Herrings, Small White Fish, Oysters, Haddies, Fillets.  
 J. R. B. Gage, Phone 549 Montreal St.  
 Too many outward gains are obtained at the expense of inward loss. Don't think because a corporation has no soul that it is on its uppers.

**Dinner.**  
 That roast of beef, so fresh and sweet, Although the tenderest of meat, May prove to you like hard concrete— You never know your luck.  
 Think twice before you e'er devour That pudding a la dope with flour, It may lie on your chest an hour— You never know your luck.  
 That tempting pie for which you yearn, May give you such a bilious turn, Then once again you'll sadly learn— You never know your luck.  
 That cup of coffee, strong and hot, May touch you in a tender spot, And cause you to your bed to trot— You never know your luck.  
 But when these trying times prevail, And when your face is looking pale, Perhaps you've had some English sale— But we never know our luck.

**JESUIT QUININE.**  
 Valuable Bark First Used to Cure Countess of Clinchou.  
 The alleged "corner" in quinine and the intervention of the British Government by prohibiting its exportation from this country, recalls the fact that the earliest authenticated use of cinchona or, as it used to be called, Jesuit's bark, was in 1638, when the Countess of Clinchou, the wife of the Governor of Peru, was cured of an attack of fever by its administration. The valuable bark, of which quinine is the principal alkaloid, was therefore named after the distinguished patient, and the knowledge of its properties was disseminated throughout Europe by members of the Jesuit brotherhood. There is, however, another claim as to the origin of the popular name, that the medicinal properties of the bark were discovered by a Jesuit missionary, to whom it was administered for malaria by a South American Indian.