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THE NEW IMPORTATIONS for the Coming Season are now on display. An early inspection will assure you of a large and varied selection to choose from.

WE ARE ALSO PREPARED to fill all orders entrusted to us for MILITARY CLOTHING at a reasonable price. We are sole agents for the Crown Tailoring Co. of Toronto, the largest Military Tailoring Co. in Canada.

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AN AMERICAN DESCRIBES HIS FIRST TRIP IN AN AIRPLANE

Had Planned to Take a Bird's Eye View of the German Trenches, But the Engine Went Dead---Pilot was Looking for a Soft Tree on Which to Light When the Engine Woke up.

(Boston Record.)

A French Aviation Station in France. — I had hoped to be able, today, to tell readers of the Boston Evening Record how the German trenches and defensive system look from a French airplane, but—

Our blamed engine went dead on us and we were forced to descend behind the French lines in a series of awful bumps.

It was my first ride in a battleplane. Also, without any reservations, my last.

A certain high officer in aviation had been promising for a long time to take me over the German lines with him.

This morning he said: "Let's go over and see what the Boches are up to."

"Sure," I assented. "Where's your bus?"

"Out on the field behind that last hangar yonder. Tell the men to strap you in the back seat. I'll be along in a few minutes; I've got to get my togs on."

Nothing Doing.

When he appeared I had been buckled and strapped and tied so securely that I couldn't have released myself with a set of burglar tools.

It was a biting-cold morning.

The pilot took his place and the men started turning the propeller.

They twirled and twirled and twirled and then took off their coats and twirled some more, but not a solitary kick of the engine rewarded them for their efforts.

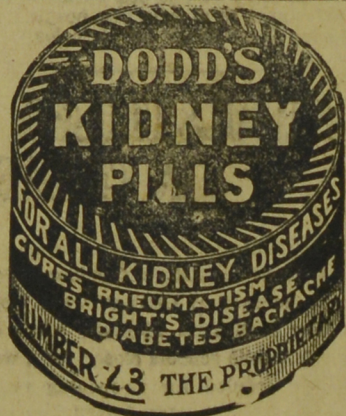
The pilot was profuse with orders and directions. Three or four times one of the mechanics crawled up on top of the engine and hit it with a big hammer.

"This old boat," the pilot turned to me and apologized, "hasn't been acting very well lately. We've been overhauling her and this is her first flight since she came out of the shop. We'll have her going in a jiffy. Don't get impatient."

If a number of my friends hadn't been standing on the sidelines I would have been willing to have called off my part in the flight over the German lines.

Pride Before Fall.

I had never died before and I wasn't particularly keen about risking my neck behind an engine that wasn't city broke and perfectly reliable.



Nuxiated Iron Makes Strong, Vigorous, Iron Men and Beautiful Healthy Rosy Cheeked Women

FORMER HOSPITAL PHYSICIAN AND MEDICAL EXAMINER SAYS THAT IN THREE WEEKS IT VIRTUALLY REVITALIZED HIS WHOLE SYSTEM.

In a recent discourse on the subject of iron deficiency in the blood of American men and women Dr. H. B. Vail, formerly Physician in the Baltimore Hospital, said: "Throughout my experience on Hospital Staffs and as Medical Examiner, I have been astonished at the number of patients who have vainly doctored for various diseases when in reality their delicate, rundown state was simply the result of lack of iron in the blood. Time and again I have prescribed organic iron—Nuxiated Iron—and surprised patients at the rapidity with which the weakness and general debility were replaced by a renewed feeling of strength and vitality. I took Nuxiated Iron myself to build me up after a serious case of nervous exhaustion. The effects were apparent after a few days and within three weeks it had virtually revitalized my whole system and put me in a superb physical condition. It is not surprising that millions of people annually are now taking Nuxiated Iron and physicians everywhere are prescribing it. Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, says: "For want of iron you may be an old man at thirty, dull of intellect, poor in memory, nervous, irritable and all run-down, while at 50 or 60 with plenty of iron in your blood you may still be young in feeling, full of life, your whole being brimming over with energy and vital force." Former Health Commissioner Wm.



Geel! That thero stuff (Nuxiated Iron) acts like magic. It certainly puts the ginger of youth into a man.

R. Kerr, of the City of Chicago, says: "I am well past my three-score years and want to say that I believe my own great physical activity is due largely to my personal use of Nuxiated Iron, and if my endorsement shall induce anaemic, nervous, run-down men and women to take Nuxiated Iron, and receive the wonderful tonic benefits which I have received, I shall feel greatly gratified that I have made an exception to my life-long rule in recommending it. From my own experience with Nuxiated Iron I feel that it is such a valuable remedy that it should be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country."

Nuxiated Iron, recommended above by Drs. Vail and Sullivan and Former Health Commissioner Kerr, is for sale by Arthur J. Ryan, George Y. Dibblee, Chas. A. Burchill and all good druggists on an absolute guarantee of success and satisfaction or your money refunded.

But overwhelming pride usually goes before a fall out of an airplane, so I stuck in.

After about an hour's hard work on the part of the mechanics and helpers the motor started and ran like a top—for about 15 seconds. Then it stopped. Three times it acted that way. The fourth time it didn't stop, but it proceeded to kick and sputter and back and fill and to act in a very disagreeable manner.

"Only wants warming up a little," the pilot shouted back to me.

Five minutes of this and she suddenly began running like velvet.

I saw the pilot wave the men out of the way and

We were off!

For awhile we sailed along in glorious style. The old engine appeared to be in dead earnest and was hitting on all cylinders as any good airplane engine should.

Leaning over the side, I began getting real enjoyment out of watching the farms and woods and roads and rivers rapidly drifting out from under us.

For German Trenches.

At one time a thin thread appeared to be dragging itself along a winding road far ahead of us. The pilot swooped down toward it and I discovered it was a French supply train on its way to the front. We hovered over it at a height of about 150 feet.

The truck drivers waved and shouted to us and in reply I dropped overboard a copy of a month-old American newspaper which I happened to have in my overcoat pocket.

Here we turned sharply and, at right angles to the road, made off in a direct line for the German trenches.

We were over a thick woods when the engine, without the slightest advance notice, went stone dead—not a kick nor a pant nor a chug.

Having unlimited confidence in my pilot, who has an international reputation as a flier, a little matter like a dead engine didn't, at the time, impress me as being of particular consequence.

I'd often heard of pilots "gliding" to earth after shutting off their engines and I supposed that was what my pilot was proposing to do.

But suddenly I felt the machine tip so abruptly to one side and dive that my stomach went weak and I felt as though a fast elevator had let go for a few floors.

Safety First Best.

However—and this, from my own standpoint, is a very important feature of the story—just as the tree tops appeared to be coming up to meet us, that wonderful old engine decided to go to work again and, with

a resumption of deafening reports the machine, like a giant bird, soared out beyond the forest and over a long level field.

We quickly landed while the landing was good, and as we unfastened ourselves and crawled out of our seats the pilot had this apology:

"That was a mighty bumpy landing I just made; sorry if I jolted you up some. But she's working something awful this morning. When she went dead on us over those woods back there I thought it was all off with us and I began picking out a soft tree to fall in."

I felt like pinching myself to see if I was all present.

"Never mind about the bumps, friend," I said. "The thing I like most about this whole business is that I'm still alive."

SLOW WORK.

"How's your boy Josh doing in the army?"

"First rate," replied Farmer Hickory, "although his mother is a little disappointed. She speaks about the slowness of Josh's promotion every time she sees in the paper that the same old general is still holding his job."

TO SUFFER FROM HEADACHES Makes Life Miserable.

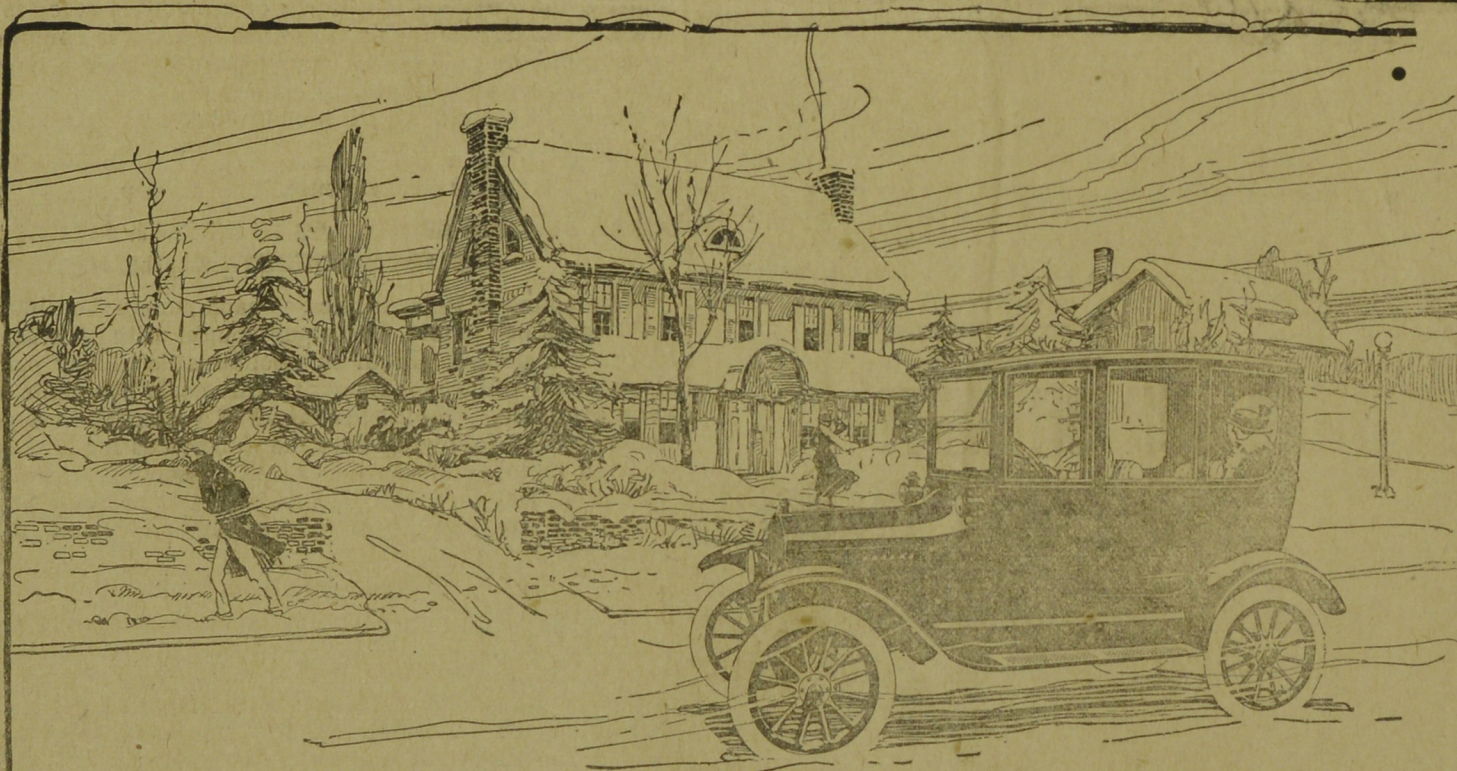
Headache seems to be habitual with many people. Some are seldom if ever free from it, suffering continually with the dull throbbings, the intense pain, sometimes in one part, sometimes in another, and then over the whole head, varying in its severity by the cause which brings it on.

The varieties of headache most common are sick or bilious headache, nervous headache, headache from constipation, debility or indigestion and periodical and spasmodic headache, and undoubtedly the cause must be removed before permanent relief can be had.

Burdock Blood Bitters, that has been on the market for over 40 years, removes the cause of the headache, and not only does this but also restores the entire system to healthy action and buoyant vigor.

Miss Emily Smith, 204 Bellwoods Ave., Toronto, Ont., writes: "I cannot speak too highly of Burdock Blood Bitters. For two years I was greatly troubled with violent headaches, particularly in the morning. I tried everything to cure me until a friend recommended B.B.B. I tried it and now I am completely cured."

Manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



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