

Explorers Perish in the Far North.

THREE DEAD, FOUR MISSING AND
PROBABLY DEAD. — DOGGED
LUCK WINS THE DAY.

London, June 14.—In a Daily Mail special despatch from Tromsø, a harrowing story is told by the survivors of the luckless Schroeder-Stranz Arctic expedition, three members of which are dead, and four missing. They say that from the outset friction was rife in the expedition, and still continues between the survivors.

Their ship, the Herzog Ernest, which was well provided with food, was frozen in at Treuburg Bay, Spitzbergen, in August, 1912. They held a council and unanimously decided to leave her, and on September 23 all quitted her. But after a short march the Norwegian members of the expedition returned. The German members of the expedition pushed on for Polheim on Mossel Bay, but found the travelling difficult because of the snow and fog.

The Germans broke up into two detachments, Dr. Detters and Dr. Mosers determined to make for Advent Bay, while the others decided to return to the ship. Nothing more was heard of the two doctors. Both of them must be dead. Capt. Ritscher, leading the other party, with Dr. Ruediger, Parren, Rave, Eberhardt, Sterneson and Ravold and one dog, finally decided to make for Advent Bay. They marched five days and reached a hut, where they shot four reindeer. They rested for three days. Here, Dr. Ruediger, who was suffering from frostbite, had to be left with Rave, while the others pushed ahead to obtain medical aid. Rave gave the only sleeping bag remaining to Dr. Ruediger and made another of salted reindeer skins. For seven weeks Ruediger and Rave waited with neither aid nor news. Their food dwindled until they had only one meal a day of wildweed, oats and salt meat. Their last shirt was used in making bandages. At last they abandoned all hope of relief and were forced to make a last effort to reach the ship. Dr. Ruediger's foot was so frostbitten that it was crumbling away bit by bit. Although his own fingers were frostbitten and caused him great agony, Rave made a wonderful mechanical boot for him with fragments of leather and cloth from his pocket and the wood of a ski.

Grimly Determined.

With this Dr. Ruediger could just totter along. For food Rave made a cake of scrapings from barrels of spoiled flour and dried meat. Their only protection from the cold was the sleeping bag. They travelled four hours at a time, and then rested. Gradually as their food was consumed, and they were in darkness starving and crippled, but their only chance was to march on and reach Polheim or die. By their grim determination they gained that place on November 27. There they found some mouldy biscuits. Of these Rave made soup, and after they had rested for three days and had recovered some degree of strength, they decided to accomplish the last stretch and get to the ship in a final dash. Rave carried Ruediger along, and they succeeded in gaining the vessel on December 12. Rave behaved splendidly. He amputated the forepart of Dr. Ruediger's left foot and the first joint of his fourth fingers.

Meantime, Captain Ritscher and his party marched on for eight days, arriving at an old trapper's hut. They stayed there five days, making sledges and then struck inland, but were driven back by furious blizzards and compelled to wait until they had the light of the moon. Such terrible weather prevailed they were still further delayed another month. They started once more and gained the head of Westford. Here Eberhardt was so exhausted that he declared he would rather return to the ship than continue the journey. After a consultation Sterneson and Ravold decided to return with Eberhardt. Capt. Ritscher and dog struggled on in the blind weather, living in the open with no shelter, and their rations only a handful of barley a day for a week.

After that they had no food. They gained Thordest none the less and tried to make for the observatory, but could not reach it. Suffering from weakness, exhausted, and starving, Captain Ritscher and the dog leaped upon a sheet of young ice floating in the water. Captain Ritscher fell through it twice and his right hand and both feet were frozen, yet this condition, with desperate determination, he crossed the new ice and reached the Arctic company's houses at Advent Bay. He was delirious and fainted.

Horrible Condition.

The company's officials say they saw two objects, which they took for polar bears, approaching. It proved

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

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to be Capt. Ritscher and the dog. They were white with frost and snow. Capt. Ritscher accomplished the last stages of the journey on his hands and knees.

The company's doctor examined Capt. Ritscher, and, amputated the toes of his right foot, the big toe of his left foot and the little finger of his right hand.

The last act of this Arctic tragedy is shrouded in mystery. On December 19, Sterneson, Ravold and Eberhardt had started back for the ship,

leaving Ruediger and Rave. The marching was difficult and the weather fearful. Eberhardt complained of pains in his head, yet the three crossed Widge Bay to Salmon Lake in the cold weather, and struck inland. On the march Eberhardt disappeared.

According to Ravold, Eberhardt said in English: "I cannot move." Sterneson replied, in English, "Eberhardt, you know you must do all you can to reach the hut on Mossel Bay. It is not far now. We have no sleeping bag, and cannot stop here." Eber-

hardt answered, "I will do my best." They all kept together for an hour, and then Sterneson and Ravold reached the top of a hill. When they looked back Eberhardt was gone.

Baked apples with figs or dates in the holes with chopped figs or dates packed tightly, sprinkle with powdered sugar and baste often with butter and lemon juice and hot water.

Another Oldest Woman

Supposed Prehistoric Remains.

The skull and other remains of a woman believed to be of great antiquity, have been unearthed by some workmen excavating for clay in the "Fiction" yards of the London Brick Company at Peterborough. The bones were found in the superficial gravel and are in a good state of preservation. They were huddled together in the posture peculiar to burials of the Neolithic period, (Stone Age) and local paleontologists believe that they may equal in age the skull of the primitive woman which was discovered last autumn in a pit at Pitt-down Common, Sussex, and which evoked so much interest in the scientific world.

The skull is small, the occipital angle (back part of the head) is acute and the thigh bones are large. The top of the skull is fractured.

The place of the discovery is near the site of the prehistoric river which once flowed over England from the

Greenland glaciers, and the remains may have been brought down by the ice. There is not a trace of the smaller bones, though most of the teeth are still in the skull.

The discovery was reported formally to the police, but the local superintendent facetiously stated that he had no desire to inquire into the death of Adam's aunt. The skull is in the possession of the manager of the company.—Daily Mail.

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MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

Cast Off.

Cast off, strong ship, cast off—
The waves toss, created manes,
The tide draws taut the chains,
Which bind thee to the quay,
The compass points thy way,
Across the sea's deep breast,
Cast off, nor pause to rest;
Thy timbers may not fail,
Wide, white and strong each sail—
Thou'rt staunch, O ship, cast off

Cast off, what though thy goal
Is hid beyond the roll
Of Ocean's restless surge?
What though the gray skies merge
In gray mist on the sea?
The wind of heaven free
Is thine, O Ship, thy power,
Spread sail, though 'twould may lower
Be sky or wave unknd,
Behind thee in thw find!

Cast off O Soul, cast off—
Thy life is full of pain
Thy blue is hid in rain,
Thy timid heart fast elings
To near, familiar things,
What though thou canst not see
What God would have of thee
Forecast each distant hour?
Behind thee is His power—
In Him thou'rt strong! Cast off!
C. DuFay Robertson.

Bishop As "Healer"

BISHOP OF LONDON RECENTLY
MADE A REMARKABLE CURE.

His Lordship was summoned to the
Bedside of a Girl of Fifteen Suffering
from Nervous Breakdown—
Prayed for Her and Anointed Her
Head With Oil After Which She
Dropped off into a Sound Sleep.

His Lordship the Bishop of London recently effected a marvelous cure in the case of a fifteen-year-old girl suffering from a nervous breakdown. When his lordship reached the sick chamber in response to the mother's request, he found that the little one had been raving and shrieking in delirium all the afternoon and it seemed unlikely that he would be able to pray for her without frightening her. As he stepped to the bedside however an extraordinary thing happened. "Do you know me dear?" he said. "Yes," said the child, as she slipped her hand into that of the bishop. What followed is thus described by his lordship: "She had not slept for a long time. With the mother and the nurses I knelt at the bed. We had two prayers then I anointed her on the forehead with oil, prayed for a blessing on it, placed my hand upon her head and gave her the blessing, and at that moment she sank back into a deep sleep and slept for hours during the night, and, thank God, if it is His good pleasure, she is now on the high way to recovery. I knew personally evening that Jesus was with us, and I could not help thinking it was very much like the raising of Jairus daughter over again."

City of Queer Trades.

England's Birmingham Can Furnish
Almost Anything.

It is extremely doubtful if there is another city in the world in which so many out-of-the-way trades are followed as in Birmingham, England. For years it has been proudly boasted that the city is capable of supplying anything one may want from a pin to a steam engine. For example, it has been the principle source of the world's supply of Jew's-harps for the last sixty years.

Another survival is the trade of gold beating, which it is claimed is one of the oldest in the city. The work is done entirely by hand, and the customary sign to the outside public of the existence of the shop is the picture of a gilded arm bearing a hammer poised for a blow. The leaf is hammered out in small home workshops from 24 carat gold, costing \$21 per ounce.

The city has probably a larger share than any other centre in the equipment of policemen. In regard to police whistles it is known that one Birmingham firm just outside the jewelry quarter has equipped more police forces in all parts of the world than any firm elsewhere. Great quantities are sent to South America, India, Canada and the colonies. Handcuffs, manacles and other instruments of detention have for many years been a specialty of Birmingham manufacture.

The manufacture of artificial eyes is distinctly a Birmingham industry and it has been brought to great perfection. A stock of 5,000 eyes is regularly kept by the most important firm in the industry. One family has been engaged in this art for generations. Eyes are sent to all parts of the world, and British hospitals are especially good customers. Generally a patient can be equipped for about a couple of guineas. An enormous business, too, is done in human hair and one firm alone imports annually many thousands of pounds worth of hair from France, Spain, Germany, Russia, Brittany and China, a considerable trade being done in the importation of Chinese hair for the manufacture of watch chains and bracelets.

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