Mrs. Housewife—

If you want to make your home baking a pleasing success, buy your Flour and other ingredients from us. You will not be disappointed, as we stock the best and our prices are always right!

Native Flour in 14-lb. Sacks.
Swansdown (S.R. Flour)
Corn, Potato and Rice Flour.
Buckwheat Flour, 3-lb. Pkts.
Graham Flour, 5-lb. Sacks.

Royal Baking Powder.
Fresh Eggs, 45c. Dozen.
Greek Sultanas.
Glaced Cherries.
Angelica.
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june12,14,16

Bartlett to Drift 3 Years in Arctic.

EXPLORER WHO AIDED PEARY PLANS SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO SEEK DATA.

Sea and Air Currents to be Observed in Interest of Shipping.

Capt. Robert A. Bartlett is a man with one ambition in life. He has come to New York to raise money for a scientific expedition that will leave Labrador in Behring Strait an drift through the Arctic Sea for 3 years, to measure the flow of sea and air currents, dredge the bottom of the ocean for flora and fauna and chart the floor of that vast unknown sea.

Bartlett knows the North by right of conquest. He is the veteran of five expeditions, the most famous of which was Peary's successful dash when he accompanied the explorer to within 400 miles of the goal. On his return civilization the discoverer said, Bartlett is the most self-reliant man that ever lived. He is utterly without fear and can face more danger without batting an eyelash and endure more petty annoyances without losing control than any one I know."

He has just come out of Newfoundland, where he spent the worst winter of his sixty-two years seal hunting. He sailed under his father, who is 72, on a trip March 1 into the heaviest ice storms and gales that part of the world has known since 1870 and is now planning the earliest possible return. Yesterday completed a week of visit in New York and the call of the north is ringing in his ears.

Carry Crew of Nine.

In talking of his plans yesterday he said: "I want a small ship and a crew of about nine men who will also be scientific experts to carry out this work. We will take a radio along and report each day to the world the progress we have made." He paused a moment and there was a deep note in his voice when he said, "I'd rather command that ship than be master of the Leviathan." And he meant it. It would be the crowning achievement of his life, giving him a place beside the men who have made arctic history. Bartlett wants to spend those three years in the frozen seas more than anything in the world and there are few living men more fitted for the undertaking. The Captain is above all else unobtrusive. He hates publicity.

He has the solid jaw and thin mouth of a born fighter, a short nose and brown eyes, bright and clear as a child's. The face builds up from the jaw. He is a little above medium height, heavily muscled and inexhaustible.

"I don't expect to discover gold silver or anything of the sort. This expedition will be the means of adding data which the world has been waiting for a long time. The weather along the Atlantic coast, in my opinion is regulated by the ice cap. Last winter was the worst in years. The winds were northwest and the ice and had diverted the Gulf Stream, forcing it eastward. The chill you felt the last month was partially due to this. There ought to be more radio stations in the arctic to broadcast the weather conditions that influence our shipping and fishing.

"My plans are based on an experiment made in 1897 by Admiral Melville, who set a number of buoys afloat in Behring Straits. In seven years a number of these were picked up between Spitzbergen and Iceland. I do not believe that the current flows across the pole. One of our objects will be to determine that movement. By using our engines when the opportunity offers we can cover the same distance that the buoys took in about three years, and over that time we can make a more comprehensive survey of meteorogical conditions. We'll dredge the bottom to determine the life in that sea and take soundings."

Veteran of the Arctic Seas.

When asked about his experiences last winter he said, "The ice was so bad that the mail boats couldn't get through and the people along the Newfoundland coast nearly starved to death. We took a moving picture camera along and, although I got a lot of good pictures, it was impossible to make a complete set showing all the details of seal hunting."

Bartlett became the master of a sealer when he was 17 and now holds both American and English master's tickets. Born in Newfoundland in 1875, he became an American citizen fifteen years ago. His first Arctic expedition was in 1897-8 with Peary to Cape D'Urville and what is of next greatest importance after the 1905-9 discovery expedition with him is the Canadian Government Arctic Expedition under Stefansson, when the ship Karluk was lost off Wrangel Island Bartlett crossed 500 miles of ice to Siberia with an Esquimo, got relief and returned to the island and on September 12, 1914, reached Nome, Alaska, with the fourteen survivors who had spent the winter there. He has received many medals, including the Hubbard gold medal of the National Geograpnic Society.

His father, Capt. William Bartlett, still is master of a sealing ship with a crew of 170 men. It is said that his world famous son always complies when he is asked to sign on for a voyage such as the last. A patriarchal system still exists in Newfoundland. But Capt. Bob, since he has no sons to carry on the "cause," as Arctic explorers call their work, feels personally obligated. He says the younger generation in the place of his birth is growing up with luxurious ideas and turn to the cities. "As for me," he concluded, "I was bred to the sea, brought up on it and been with it as far back as I can remember."

Little Boy Peddle Not Found.

Up to 1 p.m. to day the police have not been able to find any trace of the little boy, Billy Peddle, who strayed from his home, Rossiter's Lane, on Sunday last. Yesterday evening the police dredged a portion of the river near the Gas House and made a search of the waterfront, near the dock premises, but without result. It is believed that the boy was drowned in the river near where he was reported to be seen playing and that his body has been carried by the tide out into the harbor.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Gibbon's Only Love Affair.

FAMOUS HISTORIAN'S POMPOUS LETTERS.

If he had possessed greater enterprise and a warmer heart, Edward Gibbon, the author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" (which Silas Wegg read assiduously to Mr. Boffin), might have married the beautiful lady who was afterwards Mme. Necker, the mother of the famous French writer, Mme. de Stael, whom Napoleon hated.

Daughter of a Minister.

Gibbon was born in 1737. He was a sickly boy, and Westminster School was too much for him; but, after two years' work with private tutors, he went to Oxford, where he was converted to Roman Catholicism. When he heard the news his father was furious and promptly informed the College authorities, and Gibbon was expelled, no Roman Catholic being allowed in the eighteenth century to be an Oxford under-graduate. For punishment and repentance his father sent him to Lausanne, where he learned to speak French with a fluent accuracy rare in an Englishman. At Lausanne, too, he was cured of Roman Catholicism, and fell in love with Mlle. Curchod, the daughter of a Protestant minister at Cransier, or, as Gibbon always called it, Cransy. Once more his father interfered and declined to consent to his son's marriage with a foreigner. Gibbon says that he resisted his father's wishes for two whole hours, a characteristic confession from an essentially cold-hearted man.

"I Saw and Loved."

Mlle. Curchod eventually married Jacques Necker, the famous Finance Minister of Louis XVI., who endeavoured to stave off the Revolution, and after it had occurred retired to Coppet in Switzerland, where many letters from Gibbon to Mme. Necker were discovered a few years ago. In his Memoirs Gibbon described the lady when he first met her:—

I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice, and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment. The personal attractions of Mademoiselle Susan Curchod were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was respectable. . . . I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manner; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance.

Mlle. Curchod did not suffer from excessive modesty. She wrote the following description of herself:—

A face exhibiting youth and gaiety; hair and complexion of a blonde, animated by blue, laughing, bright, and soft eyes; a small, but neat-shaped nose; a curling lip, whose smile accompanies that of the eyes with something of grace; a large and well-proportioned figure; but wanting in that enchanting elegance which augments its value, a rustic air in the deportment, and a certain brusqueness of movement, which contrasts prodigiously with a sweet voice and modest physiognomy. Such is the sketch of a picture which you may perhaps think to be too flattering.

"The Finest Soul I Know."

Here is a pompous letter written by Gibbon from Lausanne:—

I have always esteemed you highly, but the happy week which I spent at Cressier has given you a prominence in my mind which you had not before. I then saw all the treasures of the finest soul I know. The intellect and the passions are always on a level, and are proofs of a mind contented with itself. There is dignity even in its banter, and charms even in its seriousness. I saw you doing and saying the greatest things without being more aware of it than was necessary to enable you to do it intelligently. One sees plainly enough that your dominant passion is the liveliest tenderness towards the best of parents. It breaks out everywhere; and shows to all who come near you how susceptible your heart is of the noblest feelings.

Every time this thought occurs to me it carries me far beyond the objects which first gave rise to it. I am at this moment reflecting upon the happiness of a man who, the possessor of a similar heart, finds you sensible to his tenderness, who can tell you a thousand times a day how much he loves you, and who never ceases to do it but in ceasing to live. I then built up schemes of happiness, fanciful perhaps, but which I would not exchange for anything that average mortals esteem greatest and most.

"I Do Not Despair."

Gibbon obviously expected trouble from his father. In a letter dated February 9th, 758, he writes:—

The condition which the noblest principle made you exact, and which the tenderest motive led me to accept with pleasure, to take up my residence in this country—will with difficulty be listened to by my father, whose paternal love and whose ambition for his son will be equally shocked by it. Still, I do not yet despair of convincing him. Love will make me eloquent.

He will desire my happiness; and if he does, he will not seek to separate me from you. My philosophy, or, rather, my temperament, makes me indifferent to riches. Honour is nothing to one who is not ambitious. If I know myself, I have never yet felt the attacks of this fatal passion. The love of study was my only passion until you made me feel that the heart has its needs as well as the mind, and that they consist in a reciprocal love. I learned to love, and you have not forbidden me to hope. What happier lot could I have than to see the time arrive when I can tell you, each instant, how much I love you, and to hear you say sometimes that I do not love an ingrate?

Gibbon returned to England in 1758 but love did not make him sufficiently eloquent to persuade his father to consent to his marriage, and he soon agreed to give up the idea. He wrote:

Mademoiselle.—I cannot begin! and yet I must. I take up my pen. I put it down and take it up again. You perceive from this beginning what I am going to say. Spare me the rest. Yes, mademoiselle, I must renounce all thought of you for ever. The decree is issued; my heart groans under it. But before my duty everything else must be silent. . . .

Adieu, mademoiselle. I shall always remember Mlle. Curchod as the noblest and most charming of women. May she never altogether forget a man who did not deserve the despair to which he is a victim.

Mlle. Curchod was broken-hearted. A friend entreated Rousseau to use his influence with Gibbon on her behalf, but the philosopher replied. "Mr. Gibbon is no man for me. I cannot think him well adapted to Mademoiselle Curchod." Gibbon himself wrote in reply to an appeal from Mlle. Curchod:—

Mademoiselle,—Must you still continue to offer me happiness which reason compels me to renounce? I have lost your affection, though your friendship remains to me, and, it does me too much honour for me to hesitate. I accept it, mademoiselle, as a precious exchange for mine, which is most perfectly yours, and as a treasure whose value I know too well ever to lose it. But this correspondence, mademoiselle, I feel its attractions, but, at the same time, I perceive all its dangers. I know it, as regards myself, and I fear for both of us. Pray, let silence protect me. Excuse my fears, mademoiselle; they are founded on esteem.

At Voltaire's House.

The pair met again at Coltaire's house at Ferney, and after the meeting Mlle. Curchod wrote:—

I do not now threaten you with the anger of Heaven—an expression which escaped me impulsively, but, without having the gift of prophecy, I can assure you that you will one day regret the irreparable loss you have suffered in alienating for ever the too tender and the too open heart of S. C.

Mlle. Curchod married Necker in 1764, and she met Gibbon once again in Paris in 1765. She wrote to a friend:—

I do not know whether I told you that I have seen Gibbon. I cannot express the pleasure it gave me, not that I have any remains of sentiment for a man whom I believe to be unworthy of it, but my feminine vanity never had a more complete and honourable tirumph. He stayed two week in Paris. I had him ever day at my house. He had become gentle, submissive, and decent even to prudery. Continual witness of my husband's tenderness, of his talent and his devotion, a zealous admirer of wealth, he caused me to notice for the first time that which surrounds me, and which, if it had impressed me at all, had impressed me only disagreeably.

"Dearest Moments of my Youth."

Gibbon himself was annoyed as the coolness with which he was received, complaining that it made "an old lover of mighty little consequence." Almost twenty years later they again started a correspondence, and in sending Mme. Necker the second and third volumes of his history, Gibbon said:—

I am sufficiently punished by the reflection that my conduct may have laid open to a reproach which my heart alone can contradict. No, madame, I shall never forget the dearest moments of my youth, and its pure and indelible memory is now lost in the truest and most unalterable friendship.

In 1787 Gibbon made his permanent home in Switzerland, and met Mme. Necker very frequently. In his lonely old age he once more thought of marriage, and there is a story that he not only proposed to Mme. Necker, but also to Lady Elizabeth Foster, who was staying at Lausanne. When he got down on his knees to make his offer to this second lady and was rejected, he was so fat and infirm that he had to be helped up to his feet by the servants.—John o' London's Weekly.

A SONG OF SPRING.

Rejoice, rejoice, ye sons of men!
Brightly shines the sun again.

Ye who live south of the Green,
Quickly now your windows screen.

The furnace, clean, do not forget,
Or, winter comes, you will regret.

For coal do not suffer agin,
Have you the dough? then fill your bin.

The refrigerator, too——
Will it last the summer through?

That new baby—O, wow, wow!
Better buy the carriage now.

TO-DAY'S MESSAGES.

TO GUARD AGAINST FIRES.

FREDERICTON, N.B., June 12.

Federal authorities have been appealed to, to send a detail of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to Northern New Brunswick in an effort to stop the setting of fires along the inter-provincial boundary of New-Brunswick and Quebec, by settlers.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

NEWCASTLE, N.B., June 12.

The Presbyterian Church and Manse, Orange Hall and twenty other buildings were destroyed by a fire which swept the settlement of Redbank on the Miramichi River yesterday.

FLOODS TOLL.

KANSAS CITY, June 12.

Seven dead and many reported missing, thousands homeless and property loss exceeding five million dollars is the known toll of floods which have sent virtually every stream in Kansas and Northern Oklahoma to the highest stage in years.

CHINESE BANDITS RELEASE CAPTIVES.

TZAOSCHUANG, June 12.

Eight captives, the last of the foreigners kidnapped by Chinese bandits and who were held up on the See-Sang Peking express, near Suchow on May sixth and held in the mountain retreat of the outlaws since then, were released to-day.

CASUALTIES IN RUHR.

ROCKLIN CHAUZN, June 12.

A French sentry was killed near the railroad station here to-day and authorities have declared martial law throughout the district of Dusseldorf. Six Germans were killed and three wounded by soldiers in Dortmund on Sunday night, says the official bulletin issued at French headquarters, to-day. The statement said that a French patrol was threatened by civilians in the street during evening. In spite of regulations for the latter to be out, they refused to disperse.

SOVIET NOTE ACCUSES SWISS.

BERNE, June 12.

The Swiss Government yesterday made public a note from Soviet Russia, dated June 8th, charging Switzerland with moral complicity in the recent assassination at Lausanne of the Soviet envoy Vorovsky. The publication of the note was sanctioned, according to Swiss Government, in order to inform the citizens of Switzerland and the people of the world, of the Russian attitude, but any reply it holds would be incompatible with Swiss dignity.

MORROCOANS HEAVY LOSS.

LONDON, June 12.

A despatch from Tangier to the Daily Express, stated that rifle tribesmen have captured Spanish advance position at Tizziazza. A previous despatch from Madrid announced that seven thousand Morrocoans has been routed by Spanish forces with heavy loss and that all was quiet along the Tizzazza front.

A Delight

That millions have discovered
Whiter, cleaner, safer teeth

Look about you—note the prettier teeth you see. Note how people smile to show them.

Think what added beauty those pearly teeth have brought.

Millions now clean teeth in a new way. You will use it when you know. This is to offer a ten-day test so you may find it out.

That dingy film

Teeth are coated with a dingy film — that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film. That's why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That's why tooth troubles were almost universal.

Germs breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, now so alarmingly common.

Film coats left

Old brushing methods left much film intact. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it.

So dental science sought for film combatants, and eventually found two. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. Those two great film destroyers were embodied in it.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. Now it has come into world-wide use, largely by dental advice.

Other effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Those are vital tooth protectors. Soapy tooth pastes weaken them. That's one reason why they failed. Pepsodent multiplies their power.

Watch the change

The way to know is to make this test. Judge by what you see and feel. It will be a revelation.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then you will realize how important this is to the people in your home. Cut out coupon now.

No Cost
This test is free
See coupon

Avoid Harmful Grit
Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent MARK TRADE
The New-Day Dentifrice
A scientific tooth paste based on modern research, free from harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 1119
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. N-IX, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chi.,
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to
.....
.....
Only one tube to a family.

An Ill-Fated Empress.

The aged ex-Empress of Russia, who has been on a visit to her sister, Queen Alexandra, in London, after an absence of three years, is, perhaps, the most pathetic of any living figure at the present time.

The revolution in Russia and the subsequent brutal massacre of the late Czar and Czaritza and their young family aimed a blow at her, from which she has never completely rallied. Few would now recognize in her the bright and vivacious second daughter of King Christian IX. of Denmark, whose beauty and charm fifty years ago took every European capital by storm.

Her life has always been filled with a mixture of romance and tragedy. Married at the early age of nineteen to the subsequent Emperor Alexandra III. of Russia, she had previously been bethored to his older brother, Nicholas, who died of consumption shortly before the date fixed for their marriage.

There is a very beautiful picture of her in the Royal Gallery at Windsor Castle, painted about this time, in which she is shown as a bright-faced young girl, with a mass of dark, curling hair and wonderful eyes of the deepest blue. Traces of her former beauty are still to be seen in her face, and she retains almost the whole of that grace of carriage that for many years distinguished her among all the reigning beauties of Europe.

The ex-Empress is cast in quite a different mould from Queen Alexandra and the remark so often, and probably correctly, attributed to their father, King Christian, that 'Dagmar ought to have been a boy," has a great deal of truth in it, since there is something of a masculine note in both her words and her actions. During the whole of the reign of Alexandra III. she wielded a power at the Russian Court that was little understood at the time but is becoming better and more generally known now. It may be said that she guided every action of her husband and controlled the destinies of Russia.

Differed on Almost Every Point.

She and her daughter-in-law, the ill-starred late Czaritza, differed on almost every possible point, and failed upon almost every possible occasion to see things from the same angle. The ex-Empress almost instinctively distrusted the pro-German atmosphere with which the younger Empress surrounded herself, and sought to combat this by every means in her power.

The late Czar was swayed between his mother and wife like the reed in the wind, when on many occasions it was essential that he should take a firm hand. Notably was this in the case of the outbreak of the war between Russia and Japan. The Empress Marie saw nothing but evil from this, and her counsels were on the side of peace. The late Czaritza, however, spurred on, as is now recognized, from Berlin, cried for war, and her influence ultimately turned the scale.

Since the day when the ex-Empress was rescued from her summer home in the Crimea by a British warship and safely transported to England, despite the demands of the revolutionaries for her surrender and return to them, she has lived in almost complete retirement and has busied herself with good works. Her name is almost worshipped in her native city of Copenhagen, where she now has her home, while she still possesses many devoted friends in England, all of whom delight to welcome her in their midst.

Frail in physique and broken in heart and spirit as she is at the present time, she still retains that charm of manner and gentleness of demeanor that endeared her to all with whom it was brought into contact in the past.

Proletarian.

The word proletarian comes from the Latin word proles (offspring), and 2,000 years ago was used by the Romans to designate the less substantial and useful members of society, those who had nothing except their children to offer to the support of the states. The word also has taken on other shades of meaning until it has come to be applied to a member of the community who has no other capital than the strength of his hands; the laborer or workingman who lives, as it were, from hand to mouth, and who has no reserve to support him in time of need.

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We Have
Special Fertilizers
For Potatoes,
Turnips,
Cabbage, etc.
Also Fertilizer
For Lawns and
Flowerplots.

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Bird Saved Lost Battalion.

And for that Reason "President Wilson" Has Been Cited for the D.S.C.

The carrier pigeon that saved the "Lost Battalion" was a visitor here the other day with the third assistant secretary of war.

This winged messenger, named President Wilson, is the sole survivor of a basket of signal corps pigeons that attempted to carry messages from the "Lost Battalion" to headquarters. For this service the war department has cited it for the Distinguished Service Cross. In action it had its left leg shot away.

The official citation of President Wilson follows:

"'During the operation of the tanks in the St. Mihiel offensive, one big blue bird, known to his trainer as President Wilson, working from the tanks, carried messages of importance with such rapidity of flight as to call forth commendations from the signal officer of the first corps. Transferred to the Meuse-Argonne sector, with station at Cuisy, President Wilson again proved his mettle. It was on the morning of November 5, the big blue, with his left leg shot off, arrived at his loft. His flight, the second on this front, was made in 21 minutes, over a distance of 20 kilometrees. Particularly creditable was the performance of President Wilson because of the fact that he homed in a heavy rain and fog. A powerful bird, of wonderful vitality, the big blue recovered quickly, and to-day graces the Hall of Honor of the American pigeon service. President Wilson is officially designated as U.S.A., 18, 16374, b.c."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mushrooms at Versailles

Because huge mushrooms of the poisonous type known as Phellium cryptarium have elected to grow on the large wooden beams of the Versailles Chateau it is reported that the building is in danger and immediate repairs must be made if one wing is to be saved. Henceforth all windows are to be kept open for three hours daily in an attempt to exterminate the mushrooms, which, it is said, spread with great rapidity and eat their way right through the woodwork. Phellium cryptarium mushrooms, which hate fresh air and sunlight, were recently discovered in an abandoned school house in Etampes where they caused the building to collapse.

MINARD'S LINIMENT, LUMBERMAN'S FRIEND.