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THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES, WATER ST.
Feb 21, 24

Shenandoah's Polar Flight

A "CINCH," SAYS BARTLETT.
(JOHN T. BRADY in Boston Sunday Post.)

Will the navy dirigible Shenandoah, in the proposed flight over the North Pole next summer, discover a new continent in the Arctic basin?

There is a great unexplored region between Alaska and the Pole, believed by many Arctic explorers to be an island of continental dimensions, the habitat of a lost race of human beings, and prehistoric animals such as the mammoth.

A great colony of Norsemen who had settled in Greenland disappeared from there between 1410 and 1721. The Eskimos say they swarmed northward to a polar-paradise, surrounded by an ice wall, but warned within by hot springs and geysers.

Captain Robert A. Bartlett, commander of Admiral Peary's ship on his successful dash to the pole, in Boston, the other day, admitted the possibility of such a discovery.

"No one can deny the existence of such a land there. Nobody knows what is there, but it's up to Americans to find out, and we have the means at our command to do it in Shenandoah. It would be the most glorious achievement since Columbus discovered America," he says in an exclusive interview for the Sunday Post.

"It will be a cinch for the Shenandoah to fly over the North Pole—a lead-pipe cinch. I tell you, just as I told 'em in Washington the other day," exploded Capt. Bob Bartlett. "It's as simple as a subway trip."

The doughty explorer, who stirred a Congressional committee as no man has since Dawes, by setting loose a flood of picturesque language in "demanding" that the navy be given a chance to "make history" by taking its big dirigible over the roof of the

earth, sat in a quiet corner of the City Club.

The ruddy glow of health was on his cheeks, and the spirit of high adventure in his heart, inspiring him to oratory.

"DON'T FORGET PEARY," HIS SLOGAN.

Blue-eyed, brown-haired, stocky and steel muscled, with the solid jaw and thin lips of a fighter, he talks with an accent which is a mixture of Canadian and Irish, using the unmistakable rough and ready terms of the seafaring man, for such he has been since his boyhood.

Born in Newfoundland, 45 years ago, the eldest of 13 children, he ran away to sea, it is said, because his mother wanted him to be a clergyman.

At 17 he was master of a sailing vessel, and to-day his name and fame are known all over the world, though he shuns publicity, as illustrated by this request:

"Don't talk about me. I'm not looking for any advertising in this thing. But boom the idea of the flight over the Pole. If we don't go through with it this coming summer, some other country is sure to beat us to it and then give us the laugh. They'll say we didn't have the guts to do it. Why, man alive, I'll be a disgrace to the memory of Peary if we sit on our steam radiators, twirling our thumbs, and let some other country accomplish the feat."

I'm determined to refresh your memory about Bartlett, however, so that you may know with what authority he speaks of what is likely to be discovered on such a trip, of what valuable scientific knowledge is to be gained by it, of the dangers to be encountered and the likelihood of its successful accomplishment by the Shenandoah without mishap.

HERO OF TWO RELIEF EXPEDITIONS.

He knows the Arctic by right of conquest, being the veteran of five expeditions, the most famous of which was when he accompanied Peary to within 110 miles of the Pole itself. He first went with Peary in 1897-98, and, what is of next greatest importance after the 1905-9 discovery expedition, is the Canadian Government Arctic expedition under Stefansson, when the ship Karluk was lost off Wrangel Island.

After that disaster Bartlett crossed 500 miles to Siberia with an Eskimo, got relief, returned to the island, and on Sept. 12, 1914, reached Nome, Alaska, with the 14 survivors who had been marooned on Wrangel.

In June, 1917, the American Museum of Natural History started him off on another Garcia mission, this time to rescue Donald MacMillan and his party. One ship, the Denmark, had failed to bring them back the summer before, but Bartlett said he was going to get them, and he did.

That's why this red-blooded, likable adventurer knows what he's talking about when he is talking about the Arctic.

"Look here," he said, spreading out a map of the polar regions on a little

table that was between us, "note this shaded area lying between Alaska and the North Pole. There is the largest unexplored patch of the earth's surface, estimated to be 1,500,000 square miles in area."

"Just think of it, an area one-third the size of the United States, and scientists believe there is an unknown land there. I'm convinced myself that there is land there, either a continent or a big island. If there is no land there then the water must be very shallow."

"What has led you to form the conclusion?" I interrupted.

"The results of tidal observations," he said. "Dr. Harris, the tidal expert of Washington, long ago, declared that certain data which he had worked out convinced him that there was a large land mass somewhere in the polar basin."

"Further observations were made at Peary at Cape Morris K. Jesup and Cape Bryant on the north Greenland coast, and at Cape Sheridan and Cape Hodge on the Grandland or North Canada coast."

"Further observations were made at Point Barrow, Alaska, and also on the Siberian coast. All these observations have been compiled by the United States Geodetic Survey, and a study of them reveals that the tides at Alaska and Siberia are erratic, and vary a great deal when compared with those of the North Greenland coast, which indicates to me that there is something up there that divides the ocean currents."

"Wouldn't great masses of floating ice do it?" I asked.

"No, the water would flow under the ice cap," he replied. "There must be land somewhere there, or, as I have said, shallow water covering an under-sea plateau or something like that."

MAY BE HOME OF LOST RACE.

"And if there is an extensive area of land there, who can say but that it is inhabited by a strange and unknown race of people?" I asked.

"No one can absolutely deny that it's inhabited by human beings," he said.

"And there may be abundance of big game there; a herd of mammoths, perhaps," I suggested.

"I think quite likely that there may be such big game there as caribou and musk-ox, anyhow," he said. "One man has advanced the theory that there is a great virgin paradise there, a sort of Garden of Eden, made possible by hot springs and geysers. He claims it is the 'geographical mate' of Iceland, on the opposite side of the pole."

"He also pictures this wonderful, surrounded by a barrier of ice, as being inhabited by the descendants of a colony of Vikings that vanished from their settlement in Greenland after the year 1410."

"And in support of that he calls attention to a tradition among the Eskimos that the whites migrated northward to a land of warmth and plenty, but 'evil spirits' prevented them from following."

"Do you agree with that theory?" I asked.

"Well, I hardly believe anything quite so fanciful as a paradise with a tropical climate up there," he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

WEATHER NOT SO BAD AS PICTURED.

"What kind of weather is the Shenandoah likely to run into on the proposed trip?" I asked.

"Not bad at all," he replied quickly. "I've sat in my shirt-tails in an open boat off Alaska during the summer months. The coldest June day recorded at Point Barrow, which is 1117 miles from the Pole, was 12 degrees below zero and the coldest July day was 26 above. The range last June was 28 degrees to 56 above."

"Of course it will naturally be colder toward the Pole, but I do not believe that it will be as low as zero there in July or late June. We have little to worry about so far as the weather is concerned."

"Why, man dear, it's only 2300 miles from Nome to Spitzbergen across the Pole, and the Shenandoah could make that complete trip in 48 hours if necessary."

WOULD MAKE GREAT AVIATION BASE.

"And here's another point, and a good one in favor of the flight, it seems to me. That land which scientists believe to be there may begin only 250 miles from Alaska. Are we going to allow another country to snatch it from under our noses? Can we afford to allow any other country to own that land?"

"If there is land there we should have it for our own protection. It would make a great place for an aviation base in case of war. Submarines could not get up there, because of the ice, but we could send Squadrons of airplanes swooping down on any country in northern Europe or Asia that we happened to be at war with."

Captain Bartlett rose from his chair and stretched. The great outdoors was calling him.

"We are all sitting around in hot-houses so much that our courage is withering, and we are losing our punch," he said. "That's what's the matter with us Americans. We must get out in the bracing air more, and regain our pep, or we'll find ourselves stuck in the mud so far as progress is concerned one of these days."

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Just Folks. By EDGAR A GUEST

THE COMMON TIES.

This old world, and I've been round it North and south and east and west. Seems to me, for so I've found it. Mighty fine and mighty blest. Everywhere you'll find a steepie. Symbolizing faithful people.

Most folks, when you learn about 'em. Think and act just like your own. Though as strangers you may doubt 'em. Temperate or tropic zone. They're just like your friends and neighbours.

Riches, poverty and sadness. Pride and humbleness are there. There's the self-same smile of gladness. Self-same sorrow everywhere. Strange the country you are treading? Laughter rings at every wedding.

Find the mother with her baby. Just the same as every mother. Distant though the country may be. Mothers are just like each other. And the little ones in Norway. Act like those around your doorway.

Custom's but an outer raiment. Life goes on from day to day. Sin demands its cruel payment. Wheresoever you may stray. Honor, virtue, faith and pity. Dwell in every town and city.

What we think is fair they treasure. What we mourn they also mourn. Brothers all of grief and pleasure. Wheresoever men are born. People everywhere you find them. Have these common ties to bind them.

Treasures From Waste

In a lecture at King's College, London, M. W. T. Gordon made the suggestion that pearl shell mining in Birmingham might be highly profitable, and this little story is the result of the fact that industrial England is strewn with golden rubbish heaps.

The rapid progress of science and invention constantly reveals new methods of putting to profitable use material which until recently was regarded as useless waste, and the result is that vast dumps which have merely disfigured the landscape are being eagerly bought up and worked.

The pearl shell to which Mr. Gordon referred consists of shells of the pearl oyster, from each of which in old days only one button could be cut. To-day every atom of the beautiful iridescent material is valuable.

At various places on the East Coast lie vast piles of ordinary limpet shells. There is one at West Mersey, which contains hundreds of tons. Recently the value of these shells as poultry grit has been realized, and two years ago a shell crushing factory was erected where these shells are being ground into grit.

At St. Helens, in Lancashire, the waste from the plate-glass works used to accumulate in mountains. The dump of one firm alone weighed more than one and a half million tons. Some time ago it was found that this material, which consists of sand, glass and dust, and iron, could be converted into excellent bricks, so here again is a new industry out of waste.

A dreadful epidemic in the Arctic region at St. John's was a monstrous heap of refuse, clay and stones, taken from the old Wheal Trenwith copper mine and thrown aside as worthless. Incidentally, the dump quite spoiled an otherwise desirable building site.

Then came the discovery of radium, per mine and thrown aside as worthless. Incidentally, the dump quite spoiled an otherwise desirable building site.

Coal tar, cotton-seed, sawdust, soap waste, old bones—these and hundreds of other "waste" products are now no longer waste, but, on the contrary, sources of wealth.

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Woman Contractor

TAKES LARGE CONTRACTS FOR JOBS.

OAKLAND, Cal., Feb. 22.—Mrs. O'Brien does work almost entirely unique for a woman. She is a contractor who bids on large jobs, and recently she has completed several such projects.

Mrs. O'Brien has just built the new road on the boulevard between the Skyline, New York, and the United States veterans' hospital at Livermore, Cal.

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Why should you use Pet Milk?

PET MILK satisfies, in every detail, the highest standards of modern hygiene. Pet is pure cow's milk concentrated and sterilized. Nothing is added, nothing removed except water. Pet is sealed in air-tight containers. It reaches you absolutely clean, fresh and wholesome. Remarkably rich, it meets perfectly every cream need as well as every milk need. With one part of water added, Pet costs less than ordinary milk; undiluted, much less than ordinary cream. You can have Pet Milk always at hand for your daily requirements and for emergencies. Order it regularly from your dealer. Send today for the free Pet Recipe Book. Pet Milk Company (Originators of the Evaporated Milk Industry) General Offices, St. Louis.

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