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Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*

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CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK, CITY.

Copy of Wrapper.

P. E. Island Captain Intrepid Adventurer

(Continued from Page One.)

There is an extract from the report of the Naval Service Department that throws an interesting light on this trip:

"At Baillie Island we had met the little gasoline schooner *Teddy Bear*, going out under sail after pending five years in the Arctic. This vessel, which I had formerly met in Coronation Gulf in 1911, was the first pioneer trading vessel to come east of Cape Parry. The *Teddy Bear* was commanded, engineered and sailed by the young French-Canadian named Joseph F. Bernard, a native of Tignish, Prince Edward Island, who had sailed from Nome in 1909 with one white companion to search for new fields for trapping and trading. His companion had been frozen to death the first winter near Barter Island, Alaska, and in 1910 Capt. Bernard had gone on alone with a few Eskimos for crew and wintered at the Coppermine River. The next year he came out as far as the civilized Eskimo village at Cape St. Barthelemy, where he wintered. Without going home, he turned east again in 1912 and spent one winter in a harbor on the south side of Dolphin and Union Strait, about sixteen miles south of Liston and Sutton islands, and a little west of the Coppermine Bay. In the next winter in Lady Richard Sound, Southwestern Victoria Island, coming out in 1914 after voyaging for five years. His harbor in Dolphin and Union Strait, being the first good harbor for nearly 200 miles east of Pierce Point, was used as a base station for two years, 1914-16. By the Southern party of the Canadian Arctic Expedition and named by us Bernard Harbor, partly in honor of Capt. Bernard's pioneer energy in discovering its suitability and using it as a ship station, and in recognition of his unusual kindness and rectitude as a pioneer of trade in an uncharted and unexplored land."

Icebound for Four Days.

In 1916, after a brief trip South to Canada, and the United States, the Captain returned to Nome, out-fitted the *Teddy Bear* once more and set forth to find the elusive "North West Passage," working eastward from the Pacific—Amundsen, it will be recalled, went through from the Atlantic. Des tiny declared otherwise. From the first, conditions were unfavorable, and for four years he was icebound among the Arctic islands almost directly north of Winnipeg. As a matter of fact, his term could have been shortened by 25 months, but curiosity, though not generally conceded a penal offense, was responsible for his long imprisonment.

"I had heard," he explained, "of a strange tribe of Eskimos that were supposed to live near Cape Krusenstern, and naturally I wanted to find them. Their name was given as Ekaklutomiut, or 'The People Who Lived by Fishing.' The weather was fair and we could see open water ahead so it seemed quite safe to devote a few hours to exploration. This was in mid-summer, mind, just here, and he indicated a spot on the map that was marked 'Taylor Island, Victoria Land—the most northerly part of North America."

"Well, a sudden storm swept us in a few minutes, literally, ice formed in the bay never to break for two years. We were caught and like a modern *Tantalus*, I was frenzied by the sight of open water, less than twenty miles ahead! To make matters worse, there were no Eskimos of a strange tribe nor any other tribe, and I made up my mind very definitely, then and there, that scientific writers should set down only what they know and not what they think. The consequences for trusting readers would be far less disastrous."

"Success means leadership. The leaders have the best. The first in your neighborhood to have a telephone or a twinie binder or a system of running water in both the house and barn was a leader and in most cases he was a success."

where he obtained implements and clothing from the natives. In February, 1920, he met a white man, bound for civilization—the first he had seen for four years, and to him entrusted a letter advising friends at the University of Pennsylvania of his safety. This letter reached the University the following September! It was the first news received from Captain Joe for four years. He had been given up for dead!

On his part, he had received no word from civilization for three years, and then got news two years old.

Collected Birds' Eggs.

In 1920 he came out, without having made the Northwest passage, although he had accomplished more than two-thirds of the journey. But he brought valuable collections which were distributed between the University of Washington, Loyola College, Victoria Memorial Museum and the University of Pennsylvania. Especially noteworthy is Captain Bernard's collection of birds' eggs.

The Knot Sand Piper cannot accurately be said to be a rare bird, but its habits are very little known and its eggs are exceedingly rare. Seldom have they been found, and never brought out at all, save one set each by Perry and McMillan. Captain Joe managed to gather up a considerable number.

In view of the recent excitement over the Luxor excavations, it seems that some of the things he wanted to explore the oil fields along the Alaskan coast. Later in that same year he started from Nome for the Siberian coast with a cargo of freight, consisting of twenty tons of sugar, milk, and various other supplies that included a ton of provisions for a member of his party who intended to land in Siberia and trap all winter.

Driven Upon the Beach.

On leaving Nome, heavy storms drove the *Teddy Bear* towards East Cape. She took shelter in Putin Bay waiting for fairer weather. But the following day the wind swung to the opposite quarter and drove the helpless vessel upon the beach. The bottom was badly torn, the keel was smashed and other injuries sustained. However, it is in times of adversity that a man's resourcefulness is shown. With nothing but the wood from an old dog sled, butts of rusty iron, whale ribs found on the beach, and the covering of an old cotton mattress, the crew repaired the ship and launched her, but the weather conditions had become so violent that trying to make the passage would have been the epitome of foolhardiness and so, at the Captain's suggestion, they reluctantly resigned themselves to winter's imprisonment. The storm had effectually melted the sugar and it was not possible to salvage the salty ice water. The milk, though he had blushed to offer it, and the rest of the provisions had either been damaged or washed overboard. The ton belonging to Leo Krusenstern was commandeered to augment the ship's scant larder and prospects for a cheerful and cozy winter were anything but bright. They were very dark indeed, in the unheated, unlighted cabin. There was no fuel to burn on the barrow coast, and for cooking, a feeble flame was propped from moss that had been torn from a deserted hut and soaked in kerosene. Finally, a trip was made to Emma Town, twenty miles distant, and this was productive of not of clothing or food, of which the men stood in badly in need, but of a few deerskins and a small coal stove that proved to be useful for drying their mittens.

"To relieve the tedium of the long days, the crew found pumping the ship chief form of recreation. Three or four hours of this exercise was necessary each day to keep the vessel afloat. The crew, of course, there was the mending of their clothes!

All Hands Safe.

On July fourth of the following spring, 1922—it is interesting to hear Captain Joe refer to what we term summer, as "spring"—the *Teddy Bear* limped back to Nome under her own sail. Her engine was disabled and she bore many another scar to tell the story of her battle with the ice. But she made port with all hands safe on board, and Captain Bernard was not a little surprised to find that obituaries, in which he and the ship shared the honors of the title role, had been extensively circulated in the United States and Canada. For many weeks he was referred to as the "lost captain of the *Teddy Bear*!"

What is he like—this remarkable man from Tignish, who has made such incalculable contributions to science? He is, at first glance, anything but striking. A small man, clean-shaven, quietly dressed, whose avocation might be anything of a harmless, clerical nature. He is not so swarthy as many of his race, and is not weather-beaten as might be expected in one who has withstood such constant exposure. He seems to lack the fire generally associated with Frenchmen. Yet when he speaks, there is a quality in his low voice that provokes instant interest and command of attention. He smiles readily and is entirely and absolutely free from any suggestion of posturing or swank. His eyes are blue, clear and large. In them burns the inextinguishable light one finds in the eyes of men who love the sea. Captain Bernard lifts his voice in a constant plea for education. It is only through this means, he asserts, that the waste of many years can be repaired, and that Canada's neglect of the Eskimos can be explained.

Eskimos a Sturdy Race.

There are now but 1,200 in the country, and they are a necessary economic factor in the development of the North Land. He draws an interesting contrast between the natives of the Siberian and Alaskan coast. The former are the unhappy victims, not of traders, but of Japanese men-of-war, who distribute vodka and other forms of vice with prodigal generosity. There are virtually no missions and no schools, and the Chukchees have fallen into a pitiable state of physical and spiritual degradation. In twelve years, Captain Bernard says, the change in them is almost incredible. On the other hand, the Alaskan Eskimos have travelled steadily upwards. They are a fine, sturdy race, responding readily to the advances of the missionaries. To this work and the splendid cooperation of the Alaskan Bureau of Education he attributes their want of exception they are intelligent, alert and eager to learn.

The Chukchees have everything in their favor. Their natural resources far exceed those of their western neighbors and they should, by natural law, be a superior race. But they are immeasurably inferior, due, Captain Bernard insists, to their lack of protection and education.

They show how anxious our Eskimos are to learn.

"The natives in the vicinity of the Mackenzie Delta—excellent trappers they are, and thrifty—can for the most part read and write, although they have no schools. They have learned from one another by word of mouth, and will do anything to get anything to induce the occasional white man who visits the district to teach them the rudiments of education. There was a chap who felt so interested in his native servant that he devoted an hour each day to teaching him to read, using as a text book 'Alice in Wonderland!'"

These Mackenzie Delta Eskimos, by the way, are prosperous, and an annual income of \$7,000 by no means extraordinary. Many of the native own typewriters which are a decided vogue, whether they are operated or not!

"The government should help them."

"No one needs education more. The missions have done something. It is true, but work of this sort should not be haphazard and left to anyone who can. It should be the duty of the Canadian Government to look after these neglected people."

With the modesty that is so typical of the man, he deprecates his own achievements because he lacks "education," as he translates the term. As nearly as I could judge, he means a "flu" and correctness of speech. "I have three languages," he told me, "French, English and Eskimo, and can speak none of them well!"

He shook his head, unconvinced, when I remarked that knowledge is better than education, and that he knew more than many a superior university don, with a tall of alphabetical humbergery hanging on his name.

Just here it may be pointed out that the scientific mind is not the most fertile field for the average interviewer. Far from luxuriating in that of the promoter, or the inventor, or the movie star, for these subjects are not restrained by a slavish subservience to the truth. I asked Captain Joe for the name of the Eskimo Madonna whose photograph he showed me. He didn't know it.

"Make one up," I urged, with a view to illustrating the typical nomenclature rather than actually identifying the subject of the picture.

The Captain was courteously reproachful.

"I don't see any more reason to fake a woman's name," he objected, "than to fake the name of a bird or flower. All that I can say is that she is a Nome Eskimo woman," he said. "That's true."

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A Trying Experience.

Of his adventures, his battles with storm, ice, privation—death in many a disguise, no fake could equal the genuine. There was an interesting example of his quick-wittedness and ingenuity connected with a trading trip to Siberia several years ago. He was bound for Kaluitschen Bay and trying to reach the spot in advance of possible competitors, "for," he said naively, "the first fellow on the ice was 'Ving' all round him, he always managed to push the obedient little *Teddy Bear* through some sort of a channel."

"It was like going through a canal," he said, "whose walls were anywhere from six to ten feet high. Tough sea ice, you understand. Suddenly I saw the lead closing, and I knew that if the walls ever came together, there wouldn't be much left of the ship. We drew her alongside of the starboard ice and worked like demons for perhaps half an hour, chipping the top of the wall, so that for the length of the *Teddy Bear* we had a beveled edge, one that slanted away from us. Understand? Not a second too soon did we finish our job, for the lead closed, and when the port wall squeezed

Serve Raisin Food Raisin Week —April 23 to 29

Eat More Wheat

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TASTE a luscious raisin bread that they are making for you in sanitary modern ovens, in scientific ways.

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Count the raisins—at least eight delicious fruit-meats in each slice.

We've arranged with bakers in almost every town and city to bake this full-fruited raisin bread.

When bakers bake bread like it, there's no need to bake at home. You'll say so when you taste it. Try it now. Made with Sun-Maid Raisins.

Just phone a grocer or neighborhood bake shop to send a loaf today. Learn how convenient to get good raisin bread.

Use Sun-Maid Raisins also in your puddings, cakes and cookies—for raisins are both good and good for you.

You may be offered other brands that you know less well than Sun-Maids, but the kind you want is the kind you know is good. Insist, therefore, on Sun-Maid brand. They cost no more than ordinary raisins.

Mail coupon for free book of tested Sun-Maid recipes.

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Sun-Maid Raisins are grown and packed in California by Sun-Maid Raisin Growers, a cooperative organization comprising 14,000 grower members.

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Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

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COLD STORAGE

Applications for Cold Storage space for eggs for the season, May 1st to November 15th next, will be received by this Company up to and including Monday, April 30th prox.

Space will be allotted proportionately should applications total more than space available.

All space reserved must be paid for whether used or not.

Applications should be in sealed envelopes, marked plainly on outside, "Application Egg Storage." (Signed)

The Island Cold Storage Co., Ltd.

LOCOMOTIVE'S RECORD JUMP

Locomotives that draw other trains do not look like other locomotives. They have been known to travel extraordinary distances at an amazing performance.

A few years ago at one of the bridges which are across the waters of some of the moving spans swung open when the other approaching goods train passed over safely. Its speed carrying it across the flimsy bridge just as it is going fast enough, may pass over the thinnest ice without breaking it.

Success means leadership. The leaders have the best. The first in your neighborhood to have a telephone or a twinie binder or a system of running water in both the house and barn was a leader and in most cases he was a success.

Caldwells Laxative Works Fine on Old People

ANY FAMILY MAY TRY IT FREE

Thousands of parents are asking themselves, "Where can I find a trustworthy laxative that anyone in the family can use when constipated?" Sure you can by using *Caldwells Laxative Syrup*. Write me where to send it. Address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 23 Caldwell Building, Toronto, Ont. Do it now!

you, and their reaction tends to make you more constipated than before.

Now try the milder method. Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin does not lose its good effect with repeated use, and increased doses are unnecessary. Mrs. Ellen Laird of Pictou, N. S. who is 87, keeps herself in good health with it, and Mr. Chas. N. Nicholas of Winnipeg, Man., finds it both helpful and beneficial, and everything that can be desired from a laxative standpoint.

Use Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin yourself the next time you suffer from constipation, biliousness, headache, sleeplessness, indigestion, piles or night cramps.

Many thousands of elderly people use nothing else, and it costs them less than a cent a dose. Druggists have sold it successfully for 30 years, and it is the most widely bought, family laxative in the world.

DR. CALDWELL'S LAXATIVE SYRUP PEPSIN

The family remedy

Snow Every Week of the Year.

Snow fell every week of the year 1918. This summer of 1919 was a little milder, there were patches of inland lakes shimmering between the stark rock ridges, and the face of the tundra took on a gray-green hue. But still the ice gripped the poor little *Teddy Bear* in its relentless clasp, while the provisions disappeared with alarming rapidity. There was not even any oil for fuel, and almost none for light. The party built igloos on the shore, finding a snowhouse warmer and less damp than the ship's cabin!

"What did they do—those poor men, during the eternal night of that second winter?"

"Oh, we mended our clothes, and usually managed to get out three or four times each week," said the Captain. "Then we looked at our traps, set within a radius of six miles or so. It wasn't often that we found anything, but we looked."

"What did you expect to find?"

"Foxes—Arctic foxes. They live on mice or gophers that exist somehow, under the snow!"

"The privations of that winter can better be imagined than described. Fortunately, there was enough food and bannock formed the chief article of diet for the party, relieved occasionally by an owl, a ptarmigan, or even more rarely a seal."

In April, 1919, he managed to cross Victoria Strait, to King William Land and Aedidae Peninsula.

GIN PILLS

GIN PILLS FOR THE KIDNEYS

THE WORLD'S BEST REMEDY FOR THE KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES

All Favorites Were Defeated

LONDON, April 26.—Favorites fared badly today in the City and Suburban handicap, one of the principal spring handicaps and the feature of the closing day of the spring meet at Epsom, when R.B. Davidson's four year old chestnut colt, Dry Toast, by Cicero out of Dinner, vaulted at 20 to 1 against, won from a field of thirteen. Anthony de Rothschild's five year old colt Roman Fiddle, quoted at ten to one against, finished second beaten by a neck, with Mrs. Bendir's four year old colt Conductor who started second favorite, at 100 to 14 against, in third place, beaten by a length. J. P. Horning's Copyright, the favorite, at 7 to 2 against, finished fourth.

HALIFAX GIRL IN A BIGAMY CASE

MONTREAL, April 26.—Judges Enright today committed Thomas Rodney to appear on May 7 for voluntary statement on a charge of bigamy. Mabel Wilkey, of La Prairie, Que., charged Rodney with having married her, while he was still married to Blanche Brownell of Halifax, N. S. The woman who claim to be Rodney's first wife appeared against him today, bringing to court her four year old child, whom she declared to have been born of the marriage. She said that she had married Rodney when only fourteen years of age. She is now twenty years of age. Apparently, the Eskimos must benefit by this condition where previously they suffered.

Every day of your life you can have a good loaf of Bread if you bake with

REGAL FLOUR