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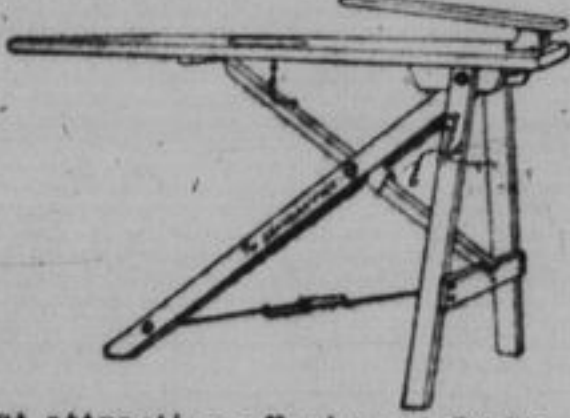
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No housewife should be without one of these convenient FOLDING IRONING BOARDS. They are strongly made of fine grained white wood with hard-wood frame and when set up are unusually rigid and sturdy. Easy to fold up and put in a small space when not in use. A most attractive offering at \$4.20. Each complete with sleeve board. Regular price of this board is \$5.75.



Lemmon & Sons

187 PRINCESS STREET



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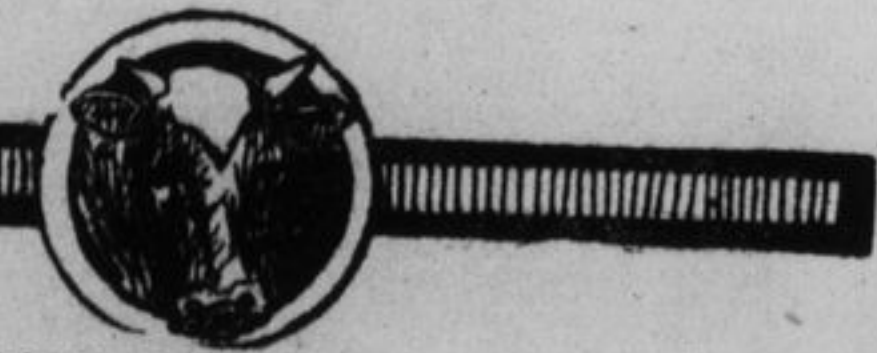
For the larger children, too, the wise mother insists upon pasteurized milk from Price's Dairy.

Milk from Price's Dairy is SAFE milk.

Hundreds of healthy, thriving, growing, happy babies get their dinners from Price's Dairy every day.

Your doctor will recommend this modern, sanitary dairy. He'll tell you, too, that growing children need plenty of good milk.

PRICE'S DAIRY



A Delightful Afternoon Repast

While little Bobbie is down the street getting a cone filled with MASOUD'S ICE CREAM—his mother is delighting her guest with a dish of the same delicious confection.

Served with tea it makes a wonderfully cooling treat, and it's rich, fresh taste surpasses any of the other foods.

Geo. Masoud

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There is still an opportunity of securing one of the bargains placed on sale by us to make room for incoming stock.

HEINTZMAN & CO.

Upright Piano with beautiful, modern, mahogany case, ivory keys and as good as new.

\$550

REIMER

Upright Piano, walnut case of great attractiveness, ivory keys, fully guaranteed, 7 1-3 octaves. A Special.

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HOOD

Square Piano, in excellent condition, walnut case. Perfect tone.

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LINDSAY'S

C.W. LINDSAY, LIMITED.

Sole Agents in Kingston for Weber Pianos 121 PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON

SEEKS LOST TREASURE ON BOTTOM OF OCEAN

Capt. Leavitt Expects to Haul Up Fifteen Millions This Summer.

By Captain Benjamin F. Leavitt. (Backed by a big syndicate, Captain Leavitt, an American known as the world's most daring diver, is now on his way to British territorial waters to begin his task of hunting in the deep for the millions sunk during the war in the Lusitania and other ships. In this article he tells his story.)

- Here are some of the sunken treasure ships:
Lusitania sunk in 1915 with \$7,500,000 worth of gold and jewelry; ship and cargo worth \$18,000,000.
Arabic sunk in 1915 with \$6,250,000 in gold.
Yasaka Maru, sunk in Mediterranean last December with \$15,750,000.
Oceana, sunk in 1912 with \$5,600,000.
Merida, sunk off Cape Charles in 1911 with \$1,625,000 in silver bars and \$125,000 in cash and jewelry.
Geelong, sunk in Mediterranean with \$5,000,000 in jewels belonging to the Maharajah of Kaparhala.
Ancona, sunk with \$2,500,000 cargo.
General Grant, sunk off Auckland Islands in 1866 with \$18,000,000 in gold bars and bullion.
Lizard, sunk off Cornwall with gold estimated at \$90,000,000.

Before September of this year I hope to dig at least \$15,000,000 out of the bed of the sea off the Irish coast. This represents roughly the amount that went down with the Lusitania and the Arabic, but that will only be the beginning of my task, for at the present time there repose on the bed of the ocean vast treasures beside which the fabled treasures of the past fade into insignificance.

I intend to devote the rest of my life to the task of raising the great treasures that lie buried fathoms deep. The expedition in its first stage will cost \$500,000 at least, and there are more than 600 shareholders in the company behind me. To reach the Lusitania we shall have to dive 235 feet and for the Arabic 315 feet, which is just twice as far as any diver has ever gone in the ordinary rubber suit.

I have spent six years working out the plans for this expedition, most of the time being given to perfecting the diving suit that would enable us to go deep enough. In my first test with the suit I established a record by going down 386 feet and staying there long enough to prove that my outfit is good enough for the job we have on hand. Altogether I have had eight diving suits made at a cost of \$500 each.

The suits are made of manganese bronze, a quarter inch thick, the torso and breastplate solid, and the legs made of ribbons of bronze encased in rubber, with ball bearings at the shoulders. Salvage work has never yet been possible lower than 150 feet, because the pressure is too great. Air lines got tangled and no diver can work even at that depth for more than twenty minutes at a time with an hour and a quarter to lower and pull up.

It takes nearly all the twenty minutes getting used to one's surroundings without time for the wreckage. With my suit a novice can go down from 300 to 500 feet and remain down for four hours at least. The only line that connects the diver with the ship above will be a half-inch non-twisting cable. Inside this will be a telephone wire connecting with a transmitter and receivers within the headpiece. The suit weighs 350 pounds, but the enormous water pressure reduces this to only 75 pounds on the ocean bed.

To aid me in the task I shall have another invention of my own—one that will revolutionize the diving art. This is a deep-sea light, a glass globe half an inch thick, containing a 300 candle-power bulb. A series of these will be dropped on weights, enabling the diver to see perfectly over a radius of seven feet. The salvage ship will be held over the sunken ship by six five-ton anchors, and by electric detonation dynamite charges will be used to force open the strong rooms of the Lusitania and Arabic, so that we can get at the bar gold and other portable treasure therein.

The deepest salvaging done in seeking war treasure was the 126 feet at the mouth of the Saint Lawrence to the Empress of Ireland. Last summer a little over \$5,000,000 was saved from the wreckage of the Alurentic in 78 feet off the Irish coast. Altogether treasure to the value of \$10,000,000,000 lies at the bottom of the sea as the result of wartime losses, and I shall be after the greater art of that if I live. Nine tenths of the sunken treasure is at depths of less than 500 feet.

Just within the range of my suit. I am going to make the first trip myself to the Lusitania, and take a good look around before letting any of my subordinates take the risk.

There are no lack of thrills in the diver's calling, and you want strong nerves before you can take it up. I have been asked what was my most adventurous move. I think that was some years ago when I was off the American coast searching for a steamer that had gone down with some valuable documents of importance to a well-known business man.

I was expecting to be hailed from above, but did not get the usual warning ring. Instead words came to me, and I could have sworn that they came from the figure in front of me.

I felt myself torn cold with horror at this unexpected greeting from the depth of the sea, and I do not know what might have happened had I not suddenly been restored to complete touch with my friends above and heard words that told me that the message in the first instance was one from above that had in some way got cross circuited and did not reach me in the usual way.

After that I did not have the same fear of the dead body, which had in some way been preserved for several days, and was really held up against the wheelhouse by the water pressure.

You can imagine what it must feel like to have a figure like that staring at you at the end of a deep-sea light, and I confess I felt very creepy indeed and in no way disposed to go nearer to it than I was forced to do. But the day's thrills were not over.

Suddenly I become conscious that electrical contact with the ship above had ceased, and I was seized with an uneasy feeling that something serious had gone wrong. I made the agreed signal, but the expected response did not come.

There I was at the bed of the sea, with no means of communicating with my friends, and with a fear that in some strange way we had been cut off for good. At that time I had not proved the full capacity of my suit, and besides there was always the possibility that the accident that had cut us off might cut short my air supply.

As I had been down for some two hours, you can imagine the state of mind I was in. I waited intently listening for the slightest sound, but nothing save the noise of the impressing water disturbed the silence. Minutes passed—they seemed hours. By now pressure had forced me up close against the terrible figure of the dead man I have before referred to. There was an unspeakable horrible grin on the face, as though he would mock this intruder who was paying the price for daring to pry into the secrets of the sea bed.

I shut my eyes, being unable to stand the sight any longer, and thanked heaven that my suit saved me from the sense of contact with that ghastly figure. As the minutes passed my anxiety increased, for there was no sign of life above. I had visions of the ship going off and leaving me there in the bed of the ocean, unable to get up again, and compelled to submit to slow asphyxiation under the sea. As yet I had not felt the slightest discomfort, but now it began to oppress me, and I felt I was sure to go mad if obliged to stay here longer.

Then the oppression grew on me, and I had difficulty in breathing. I felt something of what people must feel when being suffocated. I was losing consciousness, and save for the head noises and oppression, it was like being overcome by gas fumes.

For a time, I cannot say how long, consciousness left me altogether. Then I awoke with the sense that I was climbing up step by step, and when my senses were fully restored I was on the deck of the salvage ship once more, having escaped from a terrible death.

I had been over two hours down there after having lost contact, and had I been pulled up a minute later than I was, it would have been the end of my diving days. What is the strangest coincidence I have known in deep-sea diving is another question I have been asked. I think it occurred when I was in charge of operations on the Pewabic on Lake Huron five years ago.

With me was one of my assistants who had a brother of whom he had not heard for some years. We were roaming about the deck within the limits of our lamps when my companion betrayed obvious signs of excitement on seeing the features of one of the dead men in one of the cabins.

It was impossible, of course, for us to carry on conversation at that depth; I could only gather that we were in face of something unusually grim. My companion was pulled up in response to his signal, and later I heard the secret. The body that he had found in that of all places was the brother he had not seen for years. Later he was able to go down again and we brought the body up for decent burial.

The papers still intact showed that his recognition was correct, but I think that must be the first occasion on which two brothers who had lost trace of each other should have met after death of one in this strange place. What the dead brother had been doing on the ship we never found out.

"WITS" OF HISTORY

By Mark Stuyvesant.

Although Marie Louise of Prussia and the great Napoleon were open and avowed enemies, in speaking of this beautiful queen, Napoleon said to Talleyrand:

"I knew that I should see a beautiful woman and a queen with dignified manners, but I found the most admirable queen, and at the same time the most interesting woman I had ever met." But her sweetness and womanly charity were the qualities which endeared Marie Louise to those who were her subjects. A very pretty story is told of her delightful wit.

Queen Louise and her husband, King Frederick William the Third, were an ideally happy couple, and lived for each other and their ten lovely children.

One day the queen mother was sitting at the window of the palace with



She Turned to the King.

one of her babies on her knee. The king was seated near her. A beggar who was very old and feeble came to the window and asked for alms. The king said: "Ask this lady. I have not my purse with me."

As was her custom and in the interest of her people, she said to the beggar:

"What is your name?" The poor old man, not knowing that he was talking to his queen related his history as follows:

"My name is Berghof. I was formerly a saddler in Brandenburg. For twenty-three years I served Frederick the Great, and was discharged as a sergeant." The queen was much interested, and wondered how this former soldier had fallen into such straits. She asked:

"Were you discharged without a pension?" The just queen was very indignant and felt sorry to think that such a faithful man should end his days in misery. She first looked with affection and a humorous light in her eyes at her husband, and then turned to the beggar and said, pointing to her husband:

"This gentleman says he has not his purse with him. But he has his pen, ink and paper, and his handwriting is as good as gold."

Thus, through her kindness and her wit she was able to persuade the king to grant a pension to the old man.

This is just one instance of the charming interest and delightful wit of Queen Marie Louise of Prussia, one of the few really beloved monarchs of history.

It Measures Up in Tea Quality

100% of its Selling Cost

"SALADA" TEA

"STANDARD" THE WORLD OVER

THE HOME KITCHEN

By Jeannette Young Norton

Author of "Mrs. Norton's Cook Book."

Seven Unusually Delicious Fruit Recipes.

Fruit is so freely used nowadays that one cannot have too many good recipes for serving it, for varieties of fruit not only form all parts of this country, but from abroad as well are in the markets, and at prices that are slowly returning to normal.

Watermelon Cocktail.

Cut and dice the centre of a ripe watermelon, dust with sugar, and set to chill and rain. When ready, fill glasses with the fruit and turn in as much ginger ale as each glass will hold. Set the glasses on ice for twenty minutes, then serve with a spray of mint leaves which have been wet in ice water, then dusted with sugar on top of each glass.

Cantaloupe Pudding.

Cover the bottom of a buttered baking-dish with lady-fingers. Remove the pulp of three melons and chop it coarsely, dust with sugar and a little nutmeg, add the juice of a lemon, a half-cupful of dry crumbs, and two beaten eggs in a cupful of milk, pour into the pudding-dish and bake. When done, cover the top with a meringue and bake it a delicious brown. Serve hot or cold.

Easy Banana Ice Cream.

Melt a cupful and a half of sugar in a cupful of milk, and when dissolved set to cool. Peel and rub eight bananas through a sieve, then beat up light with a pint of cream, add a half-spoonful of salt, the stiffly-beaten white of an egg, the milk and sugar, a dessert-spoonful of vanilla and a half-pint more of cream. Pour into the freezer and freeze, then let stand an hour to ripen.

Cherry Ice.

Stone and chop a pound of ripe, black cherries, coarsely. Add the juice of a lemon, a cupful of heavy, spiced syrup and three cupfuls of water. Set on the stove and bring to boiling point, adding a heaping teaspoonful of cornstarch dissolved in a little water. When slightly thickened, strain through a fine sieve, and cool. Freeze as usual. Garnish with a few stoned cherries dipped in sugar.

Grape Ice Cream.

Wash and stem two pounds of black grapes and put in a saucepan with a half-cupful of water, and melt slowly. When the grapes are all soft press them through a sieve. To two cupfuls of juice add a cupful and a half of sugar, and melt it in the hot juice. When the juice is cold add two cupfuls of cream and

freeze. The cream when frozen will be a lovely lavender in color, and each dish may be topped by a spoonful of whipped cream.

Frozen Peaches. Pare, stone and chop enough ripe and good-flavored peaches to make three cupfuls, add two cupfuls of sugar and heat slowly until all is melted, then bring to boiling point, skim, boil one minute, and set to cool. When cold add a pint of heavy cream and the stiffly-beaten white of an egg. Freeze as usual. Cooking the peaches in this way makes the cream very rich, and the fruit does not taste hard and raw when frozen.

Strawberry Dainty.

Wash, top and chop three baskets of fresh, ripe strawberries, put them in a kettle with three cupfuls of sugar, stew, skim, add a small packet of gelatine, cook them, and strain into a mould, cook them, and pack into a mould. Serve with whipped cream.

Picton Deaths.

Picton, July 1.—Miss D. Kerfoot has been visiting Miss Helen Way at Bethel. Mrs. S. B. Gearing is spending a few weeks at Brighton. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Head were given a surprise party and shower by the Women's Institute on June 29th. W. W. Lent, Chicago, an old Prince Edward boy, has been visiting relatives in Belleville. Rev. Mr. Cranston, Trenton, is to preach in St. Andrew's church on Sunday. Friends of the late Gerald Williamson regret to hear of his early death at the age of nineteen. Miss L. Robinson has returned to Toronto after visiting her parents. Miss Mary Graves was organist on Sunday in St. George's church in the absence of Miss Folkard. Sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. E. Allen in the death of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Allen, at the age of seventeen.

Crops Around Moscow Good.

Moscow, July 1.—It is expected that a large number of the residents from this section will attend the Chautauqua in Kingston next week. They are all looking forward to a very instructive and pleasant time. Farmers report that the crops will be the largest for some years. The hay crop will be cut next week. The grain is also progressing very rapidly.

The L.O.B.A. here gave the teachers a social evening on Tuesday, June 27th. A very enjoyable time was spent playing games, after which refreshments were served. A number from this vicinity attended Yankee lawn social on Thursday, June 29th. Mrs. J. Lochead and Miss Mary are visiting Mrs. James Kerr. Miss Irah Reid and Miss Doris Asselstine tried their music examinations in Nanapan on Saturday last. Miss Belle Cumming, Miss Kay Robinson and Harold Cummings spent Saturday evening at R. Asselstine's.

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All the difference, too, for your children. That's why Grape-Nuts is such a great help—and such a popular food around the world.

Over twenty hours of continuous baking perfect the nutriment of the natural grains and causes Grape-Nuts to digest easily and wholesomely.

Grape-Nuts feeds the body scientifically, soundly—properly.

Delightful to the taste, too; a wonderfully appetizing dish at any meal.

All ready to serve from the package.

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Best family physic. Do not grip or cause pain. Purely vegetable, never to habit.

The whole ocean is made up of single drops. A modern battleship uses about 1,000 gallons of fresh water daily.