

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1917

If you want the BEST tea Go to the firm that GROWS IT

LIPTON'S TEA

Homegrown TEA COFFEE and COCOA PLANTER CEYLON.

AT PARTING



N. Y. Evening Telegram.

A Plea For National Unity

(From the Toronto Globe.) In the task of reconstruction that lies ahead Canada has need of all her sons...

them, as Dr. Pidgeon points out, have volunteered for service at the front. They form the nucleus of the army of land settlers which Canada must attract...

FLIGHT OF 2,000 MILES

Achievement of Bird Passing From Alaska to Hawaii.

(St. Louis Post-Dispatch.) The Government Biological Survey calls attention to the fact that the human flyer is still far behind the bird in point of mechanical efficiency.

Careless Shampooing Spoils The Hair

If you want to keep your hair looking its best, be careful what you wash it with. Don't use prepared shampoo or anything else that contains too much alkali.

MacMillan Disappointed On His Return

People Looked Unhealthy When He Reached Sydney

Contrast With the Arctic

Hotel Fare in Civilization Not so Good to Him as Rations Served in the North - Traces of Old Time Explorations Found

When Dr. Donald B. MacMillan reached Sydney recently after four years in the Arctic regions, his first feeling was one of disappointment and this he freely admitted.

People Looked Unhealthy. "People looked so unhealthy to me," MacMillan confessed, "that I wondered if they were ill. The women's faces were pale while I couldn't understand it. Up where I came from everybody was rugged and strong and brown. There was no disease at all. When I got back where such things as sickness existed my first conscious thought was that the white race must be deteriorating."

Unlike his two loyal companions, J. C. Small of Proviostown, who was the cook of the MacMillan expedition, and Capt. Comer, MacMillan was in no great discomfort when Capt. Bob Bartlett ranged up to Etah in the Neptune in search of the explorers.

"If I had only a little milk and sugar for my tea and some bread I could have managed to subsist very comfortably for a long time," MacMillan said. "We were by no means in a bad predicament within the gate, at a time when our country looks to foreign nations to send their surplus manhood for the cultivation of the soil in the Dominion's National unity is the bedrock of progress in this country. By national unity is meant a uniformity of thought or outlook or of temperament, but that unity in diversity that seeks to cultivate and strengthen the national spirit and which aims at developing in every man who lives in this Dominion a sense of civic responsibility, of national pride, and of loyalty to Canadian ideals. There can be no future for Canada save through the assimilation of the various races that have found a home and freedom in the New World. National unity involves keeping faith with the foreign immigrant. Canada in these days of peril and uncertainty has need of all her citizens."

Likes Arctic Rations. Explorer MacMillan has a real taste for Arctic rations. He alone of the three men who the rescue ship bore away to a civilized meal. The milk and sugar for his tea were all that he required to make him happy, and when he had his first opportunity in forty-eight months to select anything that would taste as good to him as his Arctic walrus and seal meat. The other men, through another winter of hard eating, had made their choices in advance. Mr. Small hungers for watermelon and Capt. Comer for custard pie.

"At that first hotel meal in Sydney," said Mr. MacMillan, "they gave me three knives and three forks, and it wasn't five minutes before I had them whole treatment of cutlery on my plate at once. I didn't know what to do with it. We hadn't had an overplus of knives in the Arctic for a long time." MacMillan and his party were marooned in the Arctic seven months after the great war broke out before they had any intimation that there was fighting down in civilization. The first news that reached them was that the Eskimo dog team that crossed the great waste spaces and sought them at Upernivik in what the explorers know as South Greenland indeed. Scant information that what appears to be the casual student of the map as a very northerly part of Germany was fighting England and France and Russia, without any reason why. The first of March, 1915, the guns roared in southern Europe and a continent was devastated. The first news of the European conflict had reached there was a war without trying to find out much about it.

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MacMillan and his party had a singularly healthy trip, and according to the explorer's testimony far better weather than when MacMillan was with Peary on his trip to the pole. The MacMillan party established its winter quarters at Etah, and had a comfortable wooden house with a double thickness of wall. Molstrare, which is the chief menace in that region, bothered them very little. Most of it condensed on the roof and in the spring was chipped out in pieces four inches thick. The coldest weather the MacMillan party experienced was fifty-four degrees below zero, whereas Peary frequently had it sixty degrees below, and moreover the MacMillan outfit was better equipped to face the perils of northern exploration.

The three big scientific achievements of the MacMillan expedition, aside from the discovery of the fact that Crocker-Land was a mirage, have already been recorded. They were the finding of two complete sets of knot's eggs, the killing of a six-legged musk ox and the slaying of a three-tusked walrus.

Only twice before have knot's eggs been discovered. A set was found in Siberia in 1907 and Peary found two complete sets on his way to the pole in 1908.

Scientific Station. Dr. Ekblaw, the geologist of the MacMillan party, and Dr. Harrison J. Hunt

of Bangor established a sub-scientific station at North Star bay and remained there for several months diligently searching for knot's eggs, while their leader ranged even farther north into polar fastnesses. Their search was a difficult one, for the bird so closely resembles the color of the ground where the nest is built that it is almost impossible to detect its presence, and patience was finally rewarded and two complete sets of eggs acquired.

Both the six-legged musk ox and the three-tusked walrus were shot by Eskimos with the MacMillan party, and both were as great curiosities to the Eskimos as to the white men. The three-tusked walrus, indeed, is the second one found within the memory of man. The only other recorded instance is in 1820, nearly a century ago, when the explorer, Parry, came across one in his northern travels.

MacMillan himself fared the fastest and farthest of any of his party, Small and Capt. Comer remained the greater part of the time at the winter quarters at Etah, while MacMillan with three Eskimos as companions traveled hundreds of miles over ice and snow, going for weeks at a time without a glimpse of a single white face.

The most adventurous of these trips was taken in search of polar bear, and the intrepid hunters were better rewarded than is usually the case. In fact, they had rather an overdose of adventure, for not only did they get their fill of hunting, but MacMillan scopped up a bear on the front of his sledge, running into him full tilt, and on another occasion tumbled into a pit in a lively mix-up of bear, dog team and explorer.

After so many years in the trackless snow fields of the polar regions MacMillan hardly knows what to do with himself in the haunts of civilization. He and his men prepared themselves for their excursion into metropolitan circles by studying up on styles in the magazines that came to them up in their polar camp, but even so they were conscious of a feeling of surprise and annoyance when they arrived in Sydney and found people sacrificing so much comfort in the pursuit of fashion.

"I could not help thinking the Eskimo way was a sensible way," said MacMillan. Both MacMillan and Small are so bronzed by the Arctic winds and tanned by exposure that they look as if they belonged to another race. MacMillan himself is keen to be back in the Arctic.

CLOCK 286 YEARS OLD Made in Plymouth, England, in 1628 and Active Until 1914

(Duluth Herald.) Unimportant, to be sure, but exceedingly stirring to the imagination is the fact that a Kansas City man who died recently was the owner of a clock that

had been keeping time for nearly three centuries—the exact period given is 286 years. The timepiece was made in 1628 in Plymouth, England, and its usefulness continued until 1914—though there is nothing to indicate that it stopped on account of the war.

But what a record of eventful moments has been ticked off by this old timepiece! The Pilgrims' colonies were not yet complete when its maker first set the pendulum to swinging and adjusted the weights and strings to suit its needs. Manhattan Island had been settled only five years, and to many—perhaps even to the clockmaker—the very existence of such a continent as this was half-doubted hearsay.

But his production ticked on and ticked on while Cromwell rose to power and passed from place; it ticked the last moments of ten of England's sovereigns; through the time of the Great Plague in London in 1664 it kept its steady record, and perhaps its parts moved the freer in 1679 upon the passage of the habeas corpus act.

It pointed out the eventful moment of the issue of the first newspaper ever printed in America, in 1690; it showed the birth hours of practically every man widely known in American history, having outlined the period of usefulness of the modern timepiece long before the birth of Franklin, and being well started on its second century by the time George Washington was born.

It twice saw the country of its adoption victorious in war over that of its origin, and ceased its own usefulness only a few months too soon to see those once bitter enemies united in arms in behalf of the cause over which they

had themselves resorted to force and bloodshed. Not a president has served the United States but the hours of his birth, nomination, election, and inauguration have been marked by the hands of this old clock, with its record of wonderful events that have left eternal impressions on the soul of the human race.

And now—for Fate is full of pranks and old conceits—this staid old time-piece stands in the midst of other curios in the house of the family of its late owner; and while it broods, perhaps, over its wonderful record and the feat of this conqueror of nearly three centuries of time and wear and tear.

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Redpath has introduced to Canadian homes every successive sugar improvement from "Ye Olde Sugar Loafe" to the modern Redpath Cartons of Extra Granulated. Made in one grade only—the highest. "Let Redpath Sweeten it."

Canada Sugar Refining Co., Limited, Montreal.

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the hopes and disappointments and achievements it has seen before its figured face, through its unclashed door and in and out among the pendulous weights and strings roams a family of kittens that found just the sort of home that they were looking for in the base of this conqueror of nearly three centuries of time and wear and tear.

The treat that its lovers learn to expect from a cup of "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE, is always realized to the full—for "Seal Brand" holds its aroma and flavour to the last spoonful in the air-tight can.

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