

The Evening Times and Star

ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 30, 1920.

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NORTHLAND GLIMPSSES.

The Times has received the third number of The Beaver, a Journal of Progress, devoted to the interests of those who serve the Hudson's Bay Company. It is an admirably illustrated magazine, printed in Winnipeg, and unique in that its sixty pages deal with the life of those who, in the employ of the company, which is now 200 years old, are scattered all over the great northland, many of them cut off for long periods from communication with the outer world. That this handicap is gradually being overcome is shown by the fact that in August last at Moose Factory the captain of a Hudson Bay supply steamer, who had run down from Charlton Island was able to send out mail by a hydroplane that had come up from the south.

The story of the voyage of the Hudson Bay supply steamer, written by Capt. Edmund Mack, is interesting and enlivened by typical verses from the pen of the second engineer. St. John people will be interested in the paragraph which says that on Oct. 6 at Wolstenholme, they took aboard Rev. Mr. Fleming, Anglican missionary for Baffin's Land. Capt. Mack's steamer is called the Nascope, and there is a fine picture of her as she ploughed through the ice fields off Wolstenholme near Hudson Bay. Another of these supply steamers is the Pelican, which twenty years ago was a British man-of-war, sister ship to the famous Condor. We are told that with her hull of heavy oak-wood she is well equipped for duty in the ice-fields.

The Nascope left Montreal on July 23 of this year, and during the summer and fall steamed eight thousand miles into the sub-polar regions and back, provisioning the company's posts in Labrador, Ungava and the Hudson Bay districts. She was back to St. John's, Newfoundland, on Oct. 18, having been away from Montreal almost three months. Not only does this vessel carry supplies, but her passengers for some part of the voyage include missionaries, police, government officials and explorers. Each summer the supply steamers visit the north for the winter, and carry to the posts letters and news of the outer world. Their coming is a great event in the lives of the people. Capt. Mack writes:—

"Always is the welcome warm and hearts are light when our ship comes in. The H. B. C. ship and her crew are the perennial summer 'Santa Claus' to these people in the land of the reindeer and polar bear. The arrival at a post is the signal for the beginning of hard labor—unloading food and wares for the post; but into the period of our brief visit is always crowded a whole season of joy and merry-making. Eskimo women roll barrels and pack boxes from wharf to warehouse, everybody joining in the work of unloading supplies. Then as we weigh anchor, the people wave farewell and go back to their silent life, to work and wait, with accustomed stolidity, another day of joy and feasting when the Nascope shall once again show her funnel above the green waters of 'the Bay's horizon'."

Among the passengers on the Nascope from Montreal was Ouwagwak, the Eskimo murderer, and his captor, Sgt. Douglas of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who had followed him far into the Arctic regions and was now taking him by this route to Chesterfield Inlet for trial. On July 29th, the Nascope sailed from St. John's, Newfoundland, and made for Port Burwell, where the harbor was full of ice, and the transfer of a year's supplies had to be made over to the post. The next stop was at Lake Harbor, in Baffin's Land, where the Pelican was found to be crippled by the loss of a blade of her propeller. She had been rammed by an iceberg, and had gone into harbor under sail. She was soon repaired and away. The Nascope left this port on August 19 and proceeded to Wolstenholme, where a gale drove boats transferring cargo on the stony beach and left them a wreck. Though the men waded into the icy waters and continued their work under searchlight at night they were only able to save the steam launch that towed the boats. Leaving Wolstenholme on the 19th, the Nascope had in tow the schooner Nannuck, manned by Eskimo, which took supplies to distribute among Eskimo outposts. On then to Charlton Island and then to Churchill. It was necessary to lie for three days off the latter port because of dense fog. Here an auxiliary schooner was filled with cargo for York Factory and other posts on the west shore. At Chesterfield supplies were loaded for Repulse Bay and Baker Lake, and a new motor tug launched to tow them to their destination. From Chesterfield the return voyage began, and Churchill was left behind on Sept. 21. Two days later the steamer ran into the ice fields driving down from Fox Channel and narrowly escaped being shut in for good. Hence she won through to Wolstenholme, however, only to find the Pelican there with her propeller again disabled by the ice, and the Nascope had to take her place and run south to erect a new trading post to be named Port Harrison. She was there till Oct. 4, touched again at Wolstenholme on the 6th, thence to Lake Harbor, and on the 9th laid her course for Port Burwell. The narrative ends as follows:—

On the ninth of October, the Nascope,

in the teeth of a heavy gale, laid her course for Port Burwell. All passengers were miserable from seasickness until we made port. At Burwell we picked up Messrs. J. Livingstone and W. McGibbon, bound from Port Chimo, Ungava, to Scotland, on leave of absence from the H. B. C. service—their first time out in seven years. Rev. S. M. Stuart, of the Anglican church, also came aboard at this port. October 18th we sailed from Burwell and moving through Gray's Straits breathed the Atlantic. Meeting a heavy sea, the Nascope pitched, rolled and bucked until sea sickness again overtook many of our passengers. Steaming into the harbor at St. John's, Newfoundland, October 18th, the eventful 1920 voyage of the Nascope into the Bay came to an end. As we took train for Montreal we saw the last of the Nascope, ready to sail for Savannah to load cargo for Bristol and Glasgow."

All this is intensely interesting, as it gives the reader a clearer knowledge of life in the northland of Canada, and of a region that has a fascination for adventurous spirits because of the very obstacles that have to be overcome. For two hundred and fifty years the Hudson's Bay Company has carried on its operations, and over that far-flung territory it has won and held the confidence of the natives and the devoted loyalty of its employees, whether these be in the far north or in the company's great stores in the cities of the west. One is reminded of his dime novel days when he reads this address by the poet manager at Barriere Post in northern Ontario to the Indians assembled to celebrate the Company's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary:—

"My brothers, I, as representative of the Great Company, give you greetings. The Company is 250 years old today. Other companies have, during the past 250 years, come and gone. They were like the chaff which the wind driveth away, but the Hudson's Bay Company is like that big rock you see over there. It cannot be moved. It is here forever."

"The Company in past years looked after your fathers, your grandfathers, and long after you and I have gone to the happy hunting grounds this Company will still be alive. It is, my brothers, a great Company. I remember some years ago an old Indian in the Bay saying, when he heard that opposition was coming into the country:—

"You are young men, I am an old man now. The Company has looked after me all my life. They looked after my father also. Our minister tells us to do as the Bible says—that men may come and men may go—but the Hudson's Bay Company is here forever."

FUEL FOR THE POOR.
One of the greatest needs of the very poor in the city is the need of fuel. Visitors to destitute houses frequently find there is little or no coal. A typical case came to the attention of the agent of the Children's Aid Society yesterday. In a house where there were five children, the husband and father was verging on pneumonia. There was no coal, and practically no food.

When coal is bought in very small quantities, as is always the case with such families, the price is very high. Could not some means be devised to provide fuel for the very poor as nearly as possible at cost, and for well-authenticated cases of utter destitution a free supply to tide them over until conditions improve? If coal is scarce there is an abundance of wood, and only a small house would be better than nothing.

The Times has already suggested that a social welfare department at City Hall or a much larger grant to the Associated Charities would be of very great benefit, especially at such a time as the present. It would prevent impotence as well as ensure prompt relief for suffering families. Where the matter of distributing relief is not organized there are too many who suffer, and also too many who impose on the public. The question of fuel distribution is one which the city fathers and benevolent organizations might very properly consider in conference.

A sick Russian steamer passenger was taken from the steamer Grampian last night to the General Public Hospital. According to the report his case had not previously been diagnosed. It is wise to admit such cases to the public hospital without knowing more about them than appears to have been known concerning this case.

The Soldiers' Comforts Association did a most valuable work during the war. In making it possible to start the proposed civic workshop it has fittingly concluded its labors as an organization. The gift of \$4,300 for that purpose is both timely and valuable.

BLIND GIRL ENTERS COLLEGE.
London, Eng., Dec. 30.—The first blind student to be admitted to London University is Miss Sadie Isaacs, a nineteen-year-old girl residing in the east end. She passed the entrance examination by writing her answers in the Braille alphabet.

MAN WHO NEVER SMILED.

London, Eng., Dec. 30.—Jule Gustave Ryffranck, a Jew mounter, who committed suicide by cutting his throat, had a reputation in the neighborhood of anything like a dropped cigarette.

Man's lot would be happier in the kindling world than the furnace with good old winter time if an armful of anything like a dropped cigarette.



(Copyright by George Matthew Adams.)

LIBERTY.

Said Madame Roland, sadly, as to her doom she walked, "Oh, Liberty, how madly thy promises are mocked! What crimes and misdeeds are sprung in freedom's name!" And then the guillotines suppressed the noble dame. And still that name is spoken, by tyrants, as of yore, to peoples crushed and broken, and wallowing in gore. And Russia's "cray masters are talking Liberty, and say, amid disasters, they'll make the whole world free. The freedom they're disburshing has shown itself a snide; it sets the freed ones cursing wherever it's been tried." "True Liberty," shrieks Trotsky, "is what we have in mind!" The nickel-in-the-slot and wreck-the-country kind. And while this Trotsky rages poor Russia's lying prone, and it will take her ages to get back to her own. And here's the thing that beats me: In this fair land, gadsook, where purest freedom greets me, wherever I may look, there are some crays duifers who boast that Trotsky's shack, which Russia as she suffers, and says he made her great! I wonder what's their notion in staying here so long, when they could cross the ocean and join that happy throng?

CANADA—EAST AND WEST

Dominion Happenings of Other Days.

THE FRENCH CELLAR.

At Pinette, on the island of Prince Edward, there is an old French cellar, made now by a tablet erected by a historical society. When the island now forms a part of the Dominion of Canada, was first discovered, what is now the City of Charlottetown, was known as Port La Joie. The first two settlements were made at Rustico and Pinette, where the cellar is situated. While the date of this work cannot be decided positively it is probable that it was constructed about 1860. Pinette is probably named for the forests of pine that were found in the vicinity at the early time.

The French, after crossing the bar from the ocean, would land on the south side of the harbor where the tide and the shelving bank would make such an operation very easy. In fact for long years afterwards this was the favorite gathering place of the Indians of the island. It is part of a farm now owned by Alexander McKee.

The French cellar is located about fifty yards from the shore and at a short distance from the end of a point. With the exception of a small cemetery, it is probably the only remaining evidence of the early rule of the French in the island. There were probably many others when the hardy English and Scots appeared, but they needed level fields to till more than they needed the cellars, so soon all traces of the first work had vanished.

The one that remains is so large that it was probably part of the cellar of what was a large house for that day. So long has it been since it was opened that two large trees grow from the bottom of the excavation and have since been cut down and two others have taken their place.

BEFORE THE SNOW.

The quiet of December woods—before snow—
A little slipping sound of squirrels' feet
Amid low branches; breathing soft
Of unknown winds that stir with pulsing beat
The little paths where pagan shadows go;
The dripping waters somewhere, silvery sweet.

You know in nature's mood of dim suspense
Something will happen soon in this dim place
To change the aspect of all things around.
You smell the snow; you have a hidden
Of snow that's coming—that this mossy ground
Will soon be covered for the winter's reign
With such a lovely blanketing again.
There are, excepting moving things within
These cloistered spaces, such a mystic dim
Of creeping insects under bark and leaf
That balms of the evergreens, that grief
Of vanished bloom, where partridge berries glow.
Amid the ground pine—woods before the snow.
—Dentistown Bard in the Toronto Telegram.

LIGHTER VEIN.

The new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary lung power. One day baby's brother, little Johnny, said to his mother:

"Ma, baby came from heaven, didn't he?"
"Yes, dear," answered the mother.
"Johnny was silent for a minute and then he went on: 'I say, ma!'"

"What is it, Johnny?"
"I don't blame the angels for slinging him out, do you?"

Freddy looked into the room, saw mother by herself and advanced slowly toward her.
"Mother," he asked, "what would you do to the one who broke the flower pot in the sitting room?"
"Mother," he said, "I should give him a sound thrashing!"

Freddy looked toward the door.
"You had better get your muscle up, because father's just broke it," he returned.

A man in a little town on the Thames had a boat to sell and advertised it in the papers.
"I have a boat to sell and advertised it in the papers. The following morning another man who lives on the same street called on him.
"Parson me," he said, "but I see you are advertising a boat for sale."
"Yes, do you want to buy it?"
"No," was the reply, "but I live down the street and I have a punt for sale, too. There will be no need for me to advertise it, after people have seen your punt; you will send them along to have a look at mine."

He Remembered.

Observer—"I noticed you got up and gave that lady your seat in the street car the other day."
Observed—"Since childhood I have respected a woman with a strap in her hand."—Telephone Review.

It Would, Indeed.

Man's lot would be happier in the kindling world than the furnace with good old winter time if an armful of anything like a dropped cigarette will set fire to a whole block.

ORIGIN OF TWO GREAT FLAGS

The Union Jack and the Tricolor—Their Historical Significance.

"Flags of the World," by Byron McKee and Gilbert Grosvenor, gives the following history of the Union Jack and Tricolor:—

"The national flag of the British Empire, the union jack, combines the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick. When the union of the two crowns of England and Scotland took place upon the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the English throne as James I. of England, the patron saint of Scotland, and that of St. George, the patron saint of England, were combined, and all ships were ordered to fly at the mainmast the new flag, while at the foremast the English flag, the red cross of St. George, and the Scotch flag, the white cross of St. Andrew.

"This was the first union jack, as it is generally termed. Though, strictly speaking, the name of the flag is 'great union,' being a jack only when flown from the jackstaff of a ship of the royal navy, it always signified the name 'Jack,' and it is believed in many quarters that the jack and the jackstaff of the navy derived their names from that fact. Others contend that 'jack' was used as early as the time of the sixteenth century. Lord Howard's ships in their attack upon the Spanish armada, 'Jack' on the jackstaff, their being a small edition of the red cross of St. George.

"That St. George's cross was placed over St. Andrew's was distressing to the Scots, who made it the subject of an appeal to the king. But a king can not solve all the problems of a heraldry. That is has no way of making two devices on a flag of one color. It was put side by side the position near the staff is more honorable than the position of a flag as the upper portion. After the death of Charles I. the St. Andrew and St. George crosses were solved and the ships of parliament reverted to the use of the simple cross of St. George, while those of Scotland took up the cross of St. Andrew again. The Cromwell became protector he restored the union flag, imposing the Irish harp upon its centre.

"After the Restoration, Charles II. removed the harp, and so the original union flag was revised and continued in that form until 1801, when, upon legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland, the cross of St. Patrick was incorporated. To combine these crosses without losing the characteristic features of each was not easy. Each had to be distinct and at the same time to retain a border which would denote its original ground. To place the red cross of St. Patrick on a white cross of St. Andrew would have obliterated the latter, and vice versa. Therefore it was decided to make the white border appear on one side of the red than the other. This breaks the continuity of direction of the cross of St. Andrew, but permits the Irish and Scottish crosses to be distinguished from one another.

"The famous and inspiring tricolor of France dates from the year 1789. The best authorities are doubtful as to the true story of its origin, but there are three principal theories as to the derivation of its combination of colors. The first of these, and the most authentic, is that after the taking of the Bastille, when Lafayette had been appointed by acclamation commander-in-chief of the National Guard, he devised a flag for the Guard a new cockade made of the white of the royal family and the colors of Paris, and out of which were made the tricolor, and the white of the Bourbon. It will be recalled that the tricolor of the Chape de Martin, the red of the Bourbon, and the white of the Bourbons. It will be recalled that the Chape de Martin was supposed to be the original cloak which St. Martin divided with a beggar at Amiens, which act was followed by a vision of Christ making known to the angels this deed of charity. The tricolor was in the keeping of the monks of Marmoutier, and Clovis carried it when he conquered Paris, while Charlemagne bore it at Narbonne.

"When the kings of France transferred the seat of government to Paris, the local saint, St. Denis, was held in high honor, and gradually the plain scarlet banner, known as the oriflamme, and kept in the abbey church, supplanted the blue of St. Martin as the national colors. The oriflamme appeared for the first time at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415. The Huguenot party in France adopted the white flag, and when Henry III. came to the throne he made it the royal ensign. His successor, Henry IV., the first king of the Bourbons, adopted it as the national flag.

"The third origin of the tricolor's origin is that it is copied from the shield of the Orleans family, as it appeared after Philippe Egalite knocked off the fleur de lis. During the first and second empires, the tricolor became the imperial standard, but in the centre of the white stripe was placed the eagle, while all three stripes were filled with powder and the golden bees of the Napoleonian family."

MILK SCARCITY IN PARIS.

Paris, France, Dec. 30.—Owing to the lack of milk cows and the scarcity of milk, the prefecture has issued a decree prohibiting the sale of milk in cafes, and dancing establishments, hotels and restaurants.

FRENCH GIRL TELLS HOW SHE TRAPPED SPY

Former Member of the Paris Secret Service Relates One of War's Dramatic Episodes.

(N. Y. Times.)

A story of French heroism that could not be told during the war because of the censorship, and was not told immediately after the signing of the Peace Treaty because the principal character in the east was in Buenos Aires, was disclosed when Mile. Yvonne Bortel, formerly secret agent of the French government, recently arrived in this country. It was Mile. Bortel who captured a German aviator-spy, Karl Rosenberg, as he attempted to reach England from France and became an agent of the French government.

In November, 1917, an English airplane flew over the lines and came to earth near Calais. Two suave gentlemen in British uniforms alighted, and went into the city. One was Rosenberg, whose work on a precious occasion had brought him to the notice of the French. Mile. Bortel, who had been seen in Calais alone in the home of friends one afternoon when an "English officer" rang the door bell, remained silent. Mile. Bortel referred him to an English officer's mess a few doors away in the same street.

"But I cannot go there," the officer replied as he pushed open the door and entered. As the door opened Mile. Bortel noticed another man in a similar uniform waiting in the street. He turned and hastened away as if at the approach of some one he did not wish to meet.

"Rosenberg came into the hall and pushed a revolver into my face and demanded that I remain silent," Mile. Bortel said yesterday. "Then he sternly declared that he was going to remain in the cellar overnight if I would not provide a room, because it would be impossible for him to go to the officers' mess. I became suspicious and shouted: 'Perhaps you are a spy!' I thought all along that his face was somehow familiar.

"If you say that again I'll shoot you!" the man declared. I replied: 'I'm sure you are a spy and I think you are Karl Rosenberg!' Through the window I saw one of our agents pacing up and down in front of the door. Finally he rang the bell. Rosenberg ran to the cellar. The Frenchman who came to the door said he was looking for two German spies, one of them believed to be Rosenberg, who had been seen in Calais that morning and who had attempted to board a tender bound for Folkestone.

"Rosenberg got out of the cellar through a rear entrance," said Mile. Bortel, "but we followed him and caught him two weeks later, and the reward of 25,000 francs was divided."

Mile. Bortel also aided in the capture of a German spy named "Bobolande," who traveled as a steward on a hospital ship plying between Dover and Calais in the English service. Bobolande communicated with the Germans at Lille. One of his messages was finally intercepted and he likewise paid the penalty.

A CHRISTMAS INCIDENT

Santa Claus chartered two of the Illinois Central's fast passenger trains on Christmas Day and brought them to a stop before a lonely little farm house near the village of Laclede, in Effingham County, into which delegations of Illinois Central trainmen carried gifts to Lottie Sprague, an 18-year-old invalid.

For six years Lottie had carried on a romance with the trainmen, although her identity was unknown to them until a few months ago. When 12 years old she was stricken with infantile paralysis and rendered helpless. Her father met with financial reverses and could not afford to have her treated.

From a cot near a window in her home Lottie began waving her hands at trainmen as they whistled by. During the last two years she has not missed waving to a single train, even signalling those at night with a lighted match. Trainmen considered it a duty to "wave at the arm in the window." Recently they investigated and found out her condition and circumstances.

They passed word over the Illinois division and a fund was subscribed. A

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W. E. Emerson, 81 Union St. West End.

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Such a thing as a new pair of shoes is not to be had any where in the vicinity," he wrote to the Mayor. I said that coffee is worth \$40 a pound. American dollars, and a good thread cannot be had for less than five. Folks around here are using bits for want of thread to sew their tatters together.

They passed word over the Illinois division and a fund was subscribed. A

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