

YEAR 86, NO. 144

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1919

SECOND SECTION

FOR BRONCHITIS

A Coal Miner Thinks There Is No Remedy Like Vinol. Belleville, Ill.—"I am a coal miner. I doctored for months for a chronic case of bronchitis with a terrible cough, sore chest, throat and lungs, so I could not work. I could get no relief until I tried Vinol. It stopped my cough and built up my strength and I feel better in every way."—Andrew J. Gray.

Semi-ready Talk:

"Pictures are very pretty—and very handy to have around when a fellow is unable to write intelligently about the things he has to tell. "Picture" advertising in clothing has reached the apex of style and cost. New York artists get \$500 for an imaginary picture of an Apollo-wearing Dukenheimer's latest creation.

"But the real makers of fashion—the designers of style—recognize the creative talent in Montreal by holding their Fashion Convention here this year. These men can't draw but they were willing to come from all parts of America to show the Semi-Ready Designer the best they had and see the studios where Semi-ready styles are created."

DAVID J. WILL, 213 Princess St.

Alkali in Shampoos Bad For Washing Hair

Don't use prepared shampoos or anything else that contains too much alkali, for this is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is just plain mulsified coconut oil, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap, and beats anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

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OUR ARCTIC EXPLORER

PEN PORTRAIT OF VILHJALMUR STEFFANSSON.

He Had a Narrow Escape From a Business Career, But Became an Adventurer and His Exploits Culminated in the Discovery of the Blonde Eskimos.

THROUGH the medium of the American-Scandinavian Review the story is presented with an interesting pen portrait of Vilhjalmur Steffansson, the famous Arctic explorer, who is acknowledged to be the foremost scientist-explorer of the world. The writer, John Holmes, prefaces his sketch of the explorer's life and personality as revealed to him in a recent interview by a few introductory remarks, in which he refers to the affinity between the ancient Norse Vikings and the modern explorer—both possessing in an unusual degree a fundamental desire for travel and adventure. Although by parentage an Icelander, Steffansson is by birth a Canadian. The famous explorer Mr. Holmes found to be "a modest, soft-spoken person with the mild and unaffected manner often characteristic of men who have accomplished big things."

"There is a touch of the academician in his speech and gestures, and the only scars he bears of his battles with the North are patterns of furrows around the eyes, such as you might find among good humor to the countenance of any Western rancher who has lived much in the open where the winds are never still. He is of good, medium height with a well-knit frame and the fair complexion and light-colored hair characteristic of the Icelanders, perhaps the fairest of the Scandinavian peoples. "He gives no such impression of dynamic force or physical vigor as his great fellow explorers, Amundsen, Shackleton or Peary, when the North Pole discoverer was in his prime. Yet I believe that Steffansson has commanded as large expeditions as any of these men, and he has undoubtedly tramped greater distances around the top of the earth than any other man. I wonder at first wherein lay his strength, and almost before I knew it I had my answer. "In the course of our talk I thoughtlessly questioned the literalness of something he had said about his polar experiences. Well, it struck flint at once. He thought, of course, that I doubted his word, and I am glad he did. I caught a glimpse of his reserve strength when he was rolled, of the steel under the velvet. Steffansson belongs by right to the select log cabin class of famous men, now becoming almost as rare as buffalo fur coats. He was born in 1879 in an immigrant's cabin on the shore of Lake Winnipeg, north of the Canadian city of that name. His parents were among the first Icelanders to venture from their native island to try their fortunes in the New World. They moved in a prairie schooner across the line into what was then the Territory of Dakota, when the future explorer was eight or ten months old, and settled in a farming colony of Icelander immigrants near the hamlet of Mountain, Pembina County. Here Steffansson grew up on his father's farm twenty miles from a railroad. The country was wild enough to harbor a few Indian bands, and every now and then the colony was stirred by reports of impending raids. Sitting Bull was still alive, and to the Icelanders he was a sort of American troll, which never materialized, however, in their midst. "The environments of Steffansson's early youth were those characteristic of a Western frontier community, bare in comfort, abounding in hard work and almost stripped of cultural advantages, except such as may be found on the bookshelves of the most poverty stricken Icelander, the saga classics, a few epic ballads, rímur—and, of course, the Icelandic poets. "Does any nation owe as much to its classics and its poets as the Icelanders? Without the sagas to kindle their spiritual life they would have reverted to semi-barbarism centuries ago. Steffansson devoured his father's little library and the libraries of his neighbors, attended country school, worked on the farm and put in four summers as a cow puncher on the Dakota plains. He lost his father when he was fifteen, and the additional responsibilities thrown on his shoulders by this bereavement caused him to take a plunge into business the following year. He made a brave attempt to clean up a small fortune in hay. The farmers of the community had gone wheat mad, he explained. They would raise nothing but wheat, and they gladly gave young Steffansson liberal orders for hay to feed their horses and mitch cows through the winter. Steffansson hired men to put up enormous quantities of hay on the range adjoining the farm community, but before he could deliver a ton North Dakota was swept by a blizzard that has never been equalled in the history of the Northwest. Not a wisp of hay could be delivered, and Steffansson went broke. "Steffansson considers his failure a narrow escape from a business career. But he had other escapes. The log cabin tradition almost pulled him into politics. The pulpit reached out and nearly collared him. Steffansson dodged both callings. The inadequate country schools had not enriched his knowledge a great deal, but they had at least given him a thirst for education, and when he was eighteen he entered the preparatory department of the University of North Dakota. With a capital of \$57, his summer savings, and arrayed in a brand new suit of store clothes, which cost \$7, and a pair of \$1.35 shoes, he set off for the state metropolis of Grand Forks. That journey was a memorable event, for, at eighteen, he had never before ridden in a railroad train. "He then proposed to sail around Alaska to study the Pacific side of the Polar regions. Steffansson preferred a short cut across the Continent to the Mackenzie delta, and indeed Harvard and Toronto universities to finance this trip. He traveled by Hudson Bay steamers down the Mackenzie, tramped part of the way, and arrived on the shores of the Arctic Ocean in a light overcoat and a blue serge suit. And I knew just exactly what I was doing," said Steffansson. "I was going to live with the Eskimos, learn their language and study them; and I did. I could never have done it effectively by putting up in quarters, dressing as a white man and living like a white man. I got my furs, caught fish and killed game, cooked it myself in the Eskimo huts, ate delicious meals, whenever I was hungry, and stayed for eighteen months. "His second Arctic expedition kept him in the Far North for fifty-three months, from 1908 to 1912. This expedition was under the auspices of the Government of Canada. It was on this trip that Steffansson found the blonde Eskimos, showing unmistakable signs of European origin, and believed by many to be the remnant of the lost Norse colony of Greenland. In the course of this expedition Steffansson added many new features to the map of Northern Canada, exploring one river, the Horton, more than five hundred miles in length. He commanded the Canadian expedition of 1913-18, from which he has just returned, one of the most elaborately and expensively equipped polar expeditions ever undertaken. He explored and mapped about one-fourth of the 1,000,000 square miles of the hitherto unknown polar region of the Western Hemisphere, found new islands, corrected the outlines of others on the map and established the non-existence of one island, the discovery of which had been announced some years ago. "There remains but one thing more to tell of Steffansson, and considering the fact that I have already stated that he is an Icelander, it seems almost needless to mention that he started out to be a poet. He contributed verse to the college literary monthly in his undergraduate days, and even achieved the distinction of having his translations of Icelandic poems published in an Eastern magazine. I have read some of his verse written many years ago, and I can testify to its merit."

TODAY IN HISTORY



Yanks' arrived in France

Two years ago today, June 20, 1917, the first contingent of American troops, under Major General Sibert, arrived in France. Find a Frenchman. Answer to Yesterday's Puzzle—Upside down nose at Kaiser's collar.

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A Canadian Choir.

Considerable success has been enjoyed in England by the Bramshott Canadian Male Voice Choir, a vocal organization conducted by Sergt. J. Adamson, who was well known in Toronto before the war as an organist, choirmaster and music teacher. Since last Autumn this male choir, made up of Canadian soldiers, has given a series of concerts in London and elsewhere in England, their programs including compositions like Gounod's "By Babylon's Wave," Edward German's "O Peaceful Night," and the dramatic part-song, "The Martyrs of the Aztec," by De Rille. People who are interested by church music will undoubtedly be familiar with Sergt. Adamson's sacred compositions. He has also written a number of songs, two of which, "Tintalogue" and "The Wayfarer," were given at the All-British concerts, London, England, by the well known English mezzo-soprano, Miss Olga Haley.

Ontario School Statistics.

According to the Minister of Education's report for 1918 the attendance during the year was 66,186, divided: Public, 457,616; Separate, 79,049; High schools and collegiate institutes, 29,097; continuation schools, 5,104. There are 6,102 Public Schools, with 11,274 teachers; 848 Separate schools or collegiate institutes, with 1,051 teachers; 137 continuation schools, with 241 teachers. The public school attendance averaged 295,652, an increase of 3,047. Separate schools attendance was 46,919, an increase of 722. The total expenditure for school purposes was \$16,865,131, an average of \$6.35 per head for the total population.

A Cheap and Efficient Method of Controlling Grasshoppers.

Grasshoppers may be easily and cheaply controlled by poisoning with the bran mixture, which is made as follows: 20 lbs. bran, 1 lb. Paris green, 1/2 gal. molasses, 2 gals. water, 2 or 3 lbs. soap. The bran and Paris green should be mixed thoroughly together when dry. This should be done the night before using. In the morning squeeze the juice of the lemons into the water, run the pulp and rind through a meat chopper and add this and the molasses to the water. Stir well and then pour the liquid on the poisoned bran and mix so thoroughly that every part is moist and will fall like sawdust through the fingers. The meal should be applied early in the morning between five and seven o'clock, by scattering thinly over the infested field, in the fence corners and on roadsides where the insects have been observed. The above amount will suffice for four or five acres. It will be well to make an inspection three or four days later, and if there are many survivors to make a second application. It is important to attend to this matter as early in the season as the young grasshoppers are noticed, and not to wait till they grow big and have caused a considerable amount of damage. The same means may be employed for the control of cutworms, making the application wherever the worms are observed just before dark in the evening.—L. Cassar, B.S.A., Provincial Entomologist.

THE CARIBOU.

Natural Resources of the Dominion Includes Venison. In the House of Commons recently Mr. Thompson, member for the Yukon, referred to the immense herds of caribou in Northern Canada. The number has been estimated at twenty-five millions and fifty millions. The difference is great, but no doubt there are difficulties in making an accurate census. An article in the London Times says:—"Not long ago officers of the United States despatch steamer Gen. Jeff Davis reported that they saw thousands of caribou swimming across the Yukon river between Eagle and Forty Mile posts. At one time, according to one witness, between 3,000 and 5,000 could be seen from the decks of the steamer. There were also uncounted thousands which had gone over the hills or were on their way to the river. For three hours the steamer was navigated with difficulty among the swimming animals. The caribou congregated on islands in the river and along the river bars, and swam on both sides of the stream. Another witness declared that he walked for miles among the moving herds."

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Come Men and Save Ten

I Am No Alarmist---But I Say---"Buy All The Clothes You Can Now"

There is no use beating around the bush. Bare facts must be met with plain statements. The cost of woollens to-day is gradually reaching a new high mark. Labor conditions are very unsettled and the cost of production has increased accordingly. Never has there been such a demand for merchandise, causing higher prices to prevail.

AND IT IS GOING TO GET WORSE

The buying public should at this time more than ever, be careful where they make their purchases. The already high-priced merchant sees a good opportunity to add an extra profit and blame it on conditions. But I am maintaining the enviable reputation I have established by not deviating from the policy that has made me the largest clothier in Canada with a chain of stores from coast to coast, that of selling

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I assure you—that your eyes will be opened by the enormous stock of the finest clothes that can be produced. Most of my customers are taking my advice and buying two or three garments.

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