

Relics Of Former Polar Expeditions Discovered

By ALAN DONNELLY

OTTAWA, (CP)—Relics of three almost-forgotten polar expeditions have been brought back to civilization.

They were carried from the northern fastness by two Canadian explorers Geoffrey Hattersley-Smith, 30, a defence research board Arctic specialist, and Robert Blackadar, 23, mines department geologist who also is a veteran mush and tundra traveller.

The explorers returned here unexpectedly after four months travelling along an ice shelf just north from bleak and lonely Ellesmere Island, 500 miles from the North Pole. They were due in October.

The historical relics included a British prayer book, a piece of Admiral R. E. Peary's United States flag and a Norwegian food cache that Capt. Roald Amundsen never reached.

Main purpose of their trip was to investigate the theory that huge ice islands in the Arctic Ocean came from Ellesmere's ice shelf. It was the forerunner of a larger, joint effort by Canada and the U. S. next year.

Display Finds

At a press conference Wednesday the scientists discussed their experiences and displayed the finds from three previous excursions inside the Arctic Circle.

The relics were from the Royal Navy expedition in 1875-76 under Capt. George Nares—clothing, personal effects and a prayer book found under a rotting tent east of Alert Arctic weather station selected as headquarters for the trip.

They displayed too a piece of the flag Peary later unfurled at the Pole after a dramatic dash in 1909. It was located in a five-foot stone cairn atop a 2,000-foot hill at Cape Columbia. With the flag was a note written by the Admiral in 1906 saying he had been there.

Hattersley-Smith hopes to return the piece of flag to Peary's widow at Portland, Me., who made the ensign for her husband. Five other pieces of the famous flag were left by Peary at various spots in the Arctic and three of them already have been found and sent to her.

The third collection, mostly canned food, was found in a cache which had been left by Godfrey Hansen in 1920 as emergency supplies for Amundsen's attempt to circle the rim of the Arctic Ocean north of Europe, Asia and North America.

Amundsen, in his ship Maud, crossed north of Siberia but was forced to turn south through Bering Strait into the Pacific without reaching Canada's Arctic archipelago.

Hattersley-Smith said that com-

pared to early explorers he and Blackadar had "no trouble."

"We had good equipment and food—better than those early expeditions," he said, pointing to the flimsy sleeping bag found from the 1875-76 Nares expedition.

The U. S. Air Force flew the pair in April to Alert, in northern Ellesmere, by way of the U. S. base at Thule, Greenland. They took in 7,000 pounds of supplies for themselves and two Eskimo companions and horse meat for 19 husky dogs.

They were expected to remain until October, but decided to take no chances with late-summer weather and left Alert in one of three U. S. planes which landed there recently.

Geologist Tells Of Findings In Arctic Area

OTTAWA, (CP)—Coral used to grow in warm water a few hundred miles from the North Pole, says geologist Robert Blackadar and the Arctic wastes have been warming up again in the last few thousand years.

These were some of the observations made by the 25-year-old Ottawa geologist in a four-month expedition this summer along the north coast of Ellesmere Island, Canada's northernmost possession 500 miles from the pole.

Blackadar accompanied glaciologist Geoffrey Hattersley-Smith on a trip whose chief aim was to seek a possible source of the Arctic Ocean's huge ice islands along the Ellesmere ice shelf.

He made soil and rock tests, preparatory to a geological mapping of the island planned for the future, and told some of his findings at a press conference Wednesday.

He found rocks ranging in age from 1,000,000,000 years to "quite young" rocks of somewhat over 1,000,000 years, and indications of the ceaseless change that goes on at the top of the world.

There were coral fossils, about 300,000,000 years old, Blackadar estimates, that showed the Arctic islands were once washed by subtropical seas. Coral needs a water temperature no lower than 60 degrees. The sea off Ellesmere now averages 28 degrees.

Another proof of Arctic change was a piece of lignite brought back by Blackadar. He said it probably preceded the ice age a little more than 1,000,000 years ago. The lignite, once a piece of wood still showed the shape of its bark and a knot where a branch once grew.

Table Top

by Eden Phillpotts

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"With what result?" asked Gregory.

"With the result that the possible turns the scale," she assured him. "It is frankly possible that we might draw a blank. As far as I can see it is purely a matter of expense. One doesn't want to go exploring de luxe, or anything silly like that; but against the cost of the expedition, we may fairly set the probable returns."

"And what do you estimate the eggs in the basket to be worth, Jane?" inquired Angus.

"I am counting them before they're hatched, no doubt," she admitted, "but we have to consider Benny Boss again. He was a very able man, whatever he wasn't in other directions, and he wouldn't have fled and taken all this prodigious trouble for anything small. The thing is in a nutshell, Tom; you have only got to inquire roughly for what we can charter a small steamer at the Galapagos, take it for say three months, and set off along the equator to hunt down the island. A few thousand pounds perhaps—absolutely nothing against the probable result."

"They chattered, but found Jane meant all she had said. Indeed she was exceedingly firm.

"There is one other who will certainly have to come," said Tom, "and that's Felice Pardo."

Jane Bradshaw reflected. "It was a man called Felice Pardo that Julia Boss married," she said. "Do you remember? How queer!"

"That need not detain us," declared Tom. "There are hundreds of Pardos at Lima alone and dozens of Felices—a very common name and Christian name in Peru. Felice would never forgive us if we took a jaunt like this without him. He's a keen photographer and will be able to immortalize the island."

"And he certainly ought to have a share," declared Angus.

They both regarded Jane, but she offered no objections.

"Then that leaves four," she said. "A nice easy number."

CHAPTER VII NO RETREAT

Jane was not to be shaken from her purpose, and, somewhat to his surprise, her sweetheart found that Angus Maine supported her strongly. Calmer reflection had decided Tom that such an enterprise must be nonsense, but none the less he instituted inquiries, and decided that he would be guided finally by another opinion.

"Felice has got more horse sense than Angus and I put together," he told Jane, "and I have written a full account of the whole fantastic business to him. If he thinks it's good enough, and I find the probable expenses fairly reasonable, we'll go and meet him down South; but if he says we're mad, then it's off."

"It isn't off, in the least," she promised. "Angus is game, and if you're going to show the white feather Tom, we'll go without you. I'm going, anyway, and I've told your mother so—much to her surprise."

"Perhaps she'd like to come?" he suggested.

"No—she's far too busy. You can simply see your remarkable mother's ideas expanding day by day."

Tom had, indeed, endured some unsettling conversation with Mrs. Aymer. At first she protested against the proposed adventure, but after Jane had come to luncheon and converted her, she supported it.

"I was never one to interfere with the enterprises or amusements of young people," she told her son. "I remember too well how the youthful mind soars, and can never forget all my own bitter experiences from the past, when I wanted to soar, but was not allowed to do so. Your dear father always seemed to know by a curious instinct the natural bent of my girlish spirit and invariably intervened at the critical moment. He had a strange and complete insensibility over clothes, for example. He didn't seem to think that an elementary thing like clothes mattered as long as the human form was adequately covered."

"He never cared what he put on—the old dad."

"I know. That was trying enough; but he never cared what I put on—quite another matter. It left a scar, dear Tom, because it meant

so much. When a man becomes indifferent to his wife's clothes, you may say that the rift in the lute has set in, or whatever a rift does do exactly. You will no doubt tell me that it is late in life to begin to dress; but I'm certainly going to do so. I owe it not only to myself, but my acquaintance."

"I see you've started," he said. "You look ripping nowadays."

"Black always suited me. It ages some people; others it makes look younger. I have no wish to look younger than I am, of course. And since we are on the subject, I will talk about jewellery, Tom. You're always so patient and understanding. So's Jane. I'm not going to pretend that she and I always see alike, and when she decided that she would not share my roof, because, I know, of course, that fatal decision was hers—since she declined to meet a mother in the matter of her only son, I admit frankly that I cannot feel quite the same to her. But she is blessed with plenty of commonsense, and she knows jewellery when she sees it, though she never wears any. Well, my jewellery, so to call it, is practically worthless. The trifling decorations that your dear father allowed me are very little better than the sort of things you can buy at the cheap stores—the sort of things, no doubt, that you'll take out to delight the savages when you go abroad. I'd go so far as to say that I haven't a piece that is worth more than a five-and-twenty pence, and many a time at a bidge party, where you sit so near people and give them their opportunity, I have almost blushed to see old eyes upon my wretched little adornments."

To be continued

Castle Builders



Oh, the delights of a day at the sea shore! Especially when there are youngsters who love to build castles in the warm gold-brown sand. Cavendish Beach on the northern shore is the site for the above castle built by the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Withey of Welsford, N. B. This family enjoyed their first Island holiday this summer but they assured the photographer that it will not be their last. Cavendish Beach will now be a yearly holiday "must."—(Photo by Del)

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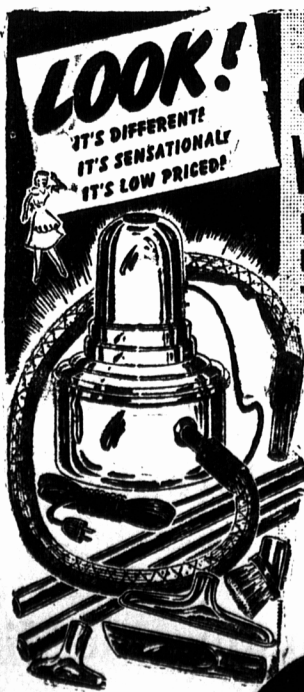
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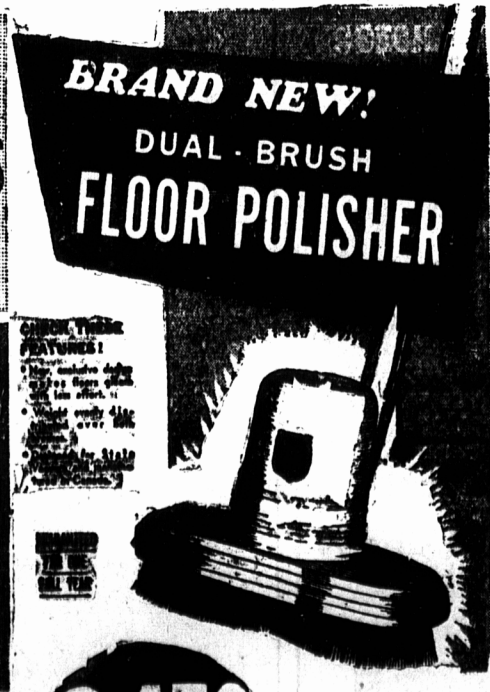


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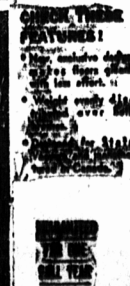
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