

# TRAGIC TALE OF A LITTLE ESKIMO GIRL

## Told As An Instance of What Dr. Henry W. Griest Is Trying to Prevent

The battle being waged by Dr. Henry W. Griest against influenza at Point Barrow recalls to a former member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police poignant memories of the death of a little Eskimo girl whose father, a Baffin Land hunter, had taken his family north to live at the police post on lonely Ellesmere Island.

"I can see Kakto now," he says, "standing in the doorway of the cabin, his long black hair towseled by the wind, his usually sunny eyes, that smiled at danger and laughed at death—the kind of death he could grapple with—clouded with anxiety. He made a wild picture in his baggy fur pants, his sealskin boots and ragged shirt—open at the neck though it was February and 43 below—stained and reeking with walrus blood. Eagerly his gaze searched the faces of the kab-luna—the white policemen—to whom nothing was impossible, from whom no mysteries were hidden.

"Bunny was sick. He did not know the cause. The child was 5 years old. Six months before, when Kakto and his family boarded the ship at Pond's Inlet, she had seemed the picture of health. Dark eyes danced in a soft face the color of ripe peaches. Even in her shapeless deerskin clothes she seemed a graceful, elflike thing destined to greater beauty than falls to the lot of the average Eskimo woman.

"The dark, sunless winter wrought a great change in the child. The bloom vanished from her cheeks. Thin, pallid in garments that suddenly had become much too large for her, she seemed a mere wraith. Now her eyes burned with the hard, brilliant light of fever, and beneath the grime her slender hands had a look of frail transparency that told its own tale.

The nearest doctor was two thousand miles away—a million miles for all the difference it made—and the cabin into which Kakto stepped from the blackness of the arctic night contained the entire population of our little world. All that was human on the whole 78,000 square miles of Ellesmere was there, save Kakto's family living in their little shack, buried deep beneath a great bank of frozen snow, that we had built under the mountain wall.

"Bunny lay under a pile of caribou skins on the sleeping platform. Near by there was a small workshop, in which there was a coal stove. By the light of storm lanterns we cleared out a ton of frozen walrus meat, nailed up blankets to stem the draft which whistled through the thin walls, and made the hut into a crude hospital. All that night, and for a week following, one of us tended Bunny constantly, caring for her as best we knew. At the height of her illness, when it seemed that she was hovering between life and death, Kakto and Oo-lar-loo, his wife, hung like shadows over her couch. Oo-lar-loo wept silently while Kakto read in solemn sadness from the mission prayerbook he had brought with him from Pond's Inlet.

"Bunny recovered. She was out of danger by the time the sun, rising for the first time since late October, rolled in a fiery ball over the southern horizon at noon on February 9. The winter darkness was no more, and as the sun rose higher each succeeding day, drenching with radiant light a barren world that for months had known only the pale, ethereal whiteness of the Arctic moon, Bunny seemed to take a stronger grip on life. But the battle was not over.

"Through the spring—March, with its bitter temperatures that shot the temperatures down to 55 below; April with its violent winds, and May with its first thaws, when wild fowl started to return and the land echoed to the sound of running water—she gained slowly. June came. And the purple snow flowers peeped out from beneath the receding snowbanks. Then came the elder ducks, winging their way toward the northern marshes, where for a few short weeks they made homes and bred their young; and the snowy geese in stately Vees against the summer sky.

"In July, when, although solid ice still marked the harbor, we were keeping watch for the relief ship, Bunny fell ill again. This time we

know there was no hope. She died on July 8 and we buried her the same evening it was long after midnight when we formed a little procession and walked slowly up the valley. The night was cold and a raw wind blew down from the mountains, chilling us as we stood beside a slot laboriously dug in the frozen ground. Out at sea the long rays of the midnight sun laid crimson fingers on the pinnacles of a giant berg that was drifting by.

"No one in the post possessed prayerbook or Bible, so Kakto, his black hair waving in the wind, read in guttural phrases the ideographic script of his own well-thumbed misal, which held out hope of eternal life. Oo-lar-loo moaned at his feet; their two older children, too young to understand the meaning of their father's words, looked on in silent awe.

"We left them at the grave and walked back down the valley, grieved by their sorrow. None of us possessed one tithe of the faith of the simple Eskimo we had known to love and respect. And we felt the tragic pathos of it, that Kakto, who had so little, should have been deprived of one who meant to him so much."

## CANADIAN EXPORT APPLE MARKET

The official apple crop report, prepared by the Marketing and Transportation Division of the Fruit Branch, Dominion Department of Agriculture, states that the Canadian apple export season of 1934-35 presented a variety of unusual features and could scarcely be called normal when compared with previous years.

At the outset, it was realized that the volume of apples in Ontario and Quebec would be comparatively light, and the exportable surplus from the former province almost negligible. This enhanced Nova Scotia's prospects on United Kingdom barrelled markets and in addition provided a volume outlet in Central Canada hitherto unknown for the lower grades prohibited from export by the Fruit Export Board and for non-exportable varieties. In British Columbia the situation was more nearly normal, with an average crop but a larger than usual quantity of large-sized fruit.

The situation in the United Kingdom, however, was not conducive to volume movement and high prices. The largest English crop on record was harvested and, in addition to providing a surplus supply during the fall and early winter months, a quantity of the better varieties were gas and cold-stored, and were produced later in the season. The restriction of export from Canada to top grades of the better varieties by the Export Board undoubtedly acted to the best advantage of all concerned, as United Kingdom markets were in no condition to absorb low grade apples.

## POOR MAN'S COW

The goat has been appropriately termed the poor man's cow and certainly no better designation could be found to express the economic advantages that are to be derived from the keeping of goats, says the Dominion Department of Agriculture bulletin on the goat husbandry in Canada. Milk goats, like other livestock, requires proper feeding, care, and management and unless they receive adequate attention the results are apt to be disappointing.

The main advantages to be derived from keeping milk goats may be summed up as follows: (1) a number of well-bred does may be purchased for a small sum of money, thus assuring with a proper breeding policy a continuous supply of milk for family use the year round; (2) the outlay for buildings and equipment is small; (3) most children become attached to goats and soon learn how to look after them; (4) many people living on small farms or truck gardens near cities and towns can keep a couple of goats without being under the necessity of spending large amounts on food, and (5) the growing children who learn to look after goats successfully are most likely to make a success with other livestock.

# VIENNA NOW HAS 12 SUNDAY TICKETS ON ITS STREET CARS

VIENNA, Austria, July 11—On Sundays there are twelve different sorts there are only ten. Most persons agree on that one fact, though few of them can recite what the ten or twelve sorts of tickets are. It seems as if the genius that governs the lives of street car conductors sits up all night and every night thinking up little complexities.

A Vienna street car conductor has to carry much information in his head. In company with his colleagues in other parts of the world he has to know his city thoroughly. He must know every street even if it is only one block long and out of touch with most street car facilities. Occasionally he is asked to point out a landmark—the monument to Goethe or to Johan Strauss, St. Stephen's dome, the Dominican Kellar.

This is an very fine but it is the smallest part of his task. He must be an expert accountant and know which ticket to give and which to withhold. Furthermore he must know the day of the week, the date of the month and whether to issue a white, blue or a yellow ticket.

## FARE CHANGES ON SUNDAY

On Sunday, for example, he cannot issue a 20-groschen ticket. These are good only on week days. The normal fare for a Vienna street car ride is 35 groschen—or about 7 cents. If you wish to go only a short distance from one zone to the end of that same zone, you may pay 20 groschen, provided it is not Sunday.

You may stand on the front platform with the motorman. In this case you do not buy a street car ticket. Instead you slip 10 groschen into the metal box, or you slip it to the conductor through a little sliding panel in the front door, the idea being you don't open that door and let in the

cold air in winter or the hot air in summer.

If you have a dog, then you buy a dog ticket for it. A child has a special ticket, half fare. On a 20-groschen ticket cannot transfer and the distance you travel varies with the direction of the street car and whether or not the terminal points of the zones coincide with the up or the down direction. It is complicated, but so is the brain that evolved the idea.

## RETURN TICKET PROVIDED

On Sundays the 20-groschen ticket is out of order—unprocurable. A torrent of German will welcome you if you ask for one. In its place is a return street car ticket of varying value. The brain that thought up the idea worked on the sensible logic that people like to ride longer distances on Sunday than on week-days, and that there is little short haulage business with stores and factories and offices closed. Further good logic, if you ride on Sunday you must return before Monday or you lose your job. Hence a return ticket is some assurance.

On Sundays also, street car conductors sell railroad tickets. If you desire to visit your maiden aunt out in the country or even the historic remains of a 14th century castle, you inform the street car conductor of this little weakness. Pay him, say, 1 schilling and 70 groschen and he gives you a slip of paper entitling you to go by street car to the station. Here you use the same ticket and board a third-class coach, for you seldom find any class distinctions or snobbery on railroads on Sunday, and off you go. Hang onto the ticket, for it is good for return passage on train and on street car. At the end of the journey it is handed back to you neatly punched full of round and square holes, an odd corner or two torn off.

# RUSSIA WINNING ITS FIGHT FOR STABILIZATION OF RUBLE

MOSCOW, U. S. S. R. July 11—The strenuous attempt by the soviet government to stabilize the value of the ruble in relation to foreign currency on the internal markets is meeting with increasing success, much to the grief and astonishment of those who possess foreign money.

The first step in this campaign has been to restrict the amount and variety of goods on sale at the Torgsin stores, where only foreign currency is accepted and where the Russians, after changing their rubles into foreign currency on the black bourse, have been accustomed to buying things, which are not sold for rubles.

## NEW STORES OPENED

In the second place the government has opened a large number of commercial stores, where one can find most of the things sold at the Torgsin at prices which discourage Russians from trading at the Torgsin stores.

Finally, the government has evidently taken steps to stop the leaks where large quantities of soviet money used

to flow abroad illegally to Harbin, Warsaw, Helsingfors and other foreign cities where black bourses have flourished.

Thus foreign money is not as useful as formerly and rubles are difficult to obtain, the result being a sharp jump in the price charged for the latter by speculators. Whereas one could buy forty-five rubles for \$1 in Moscow last year and thirty-eight last month, the rate is now thirty-one to the dollar and for some time the Warsaw rate has been only twenty-eight to the dollar.

## POLICY BRINGS RESULTS

It is difficult to tell how far the soviet may increase the speculative price of the ruble by these artificial measures, but unquestionably it can do much simply by stopping the flow of currency abroad and increasing the demand for other currencies among the Russian citizens.

If, as is rumored, four-fifths of all the Torgsin stores are closed late this summer there will be little use for dollars, pounds and francs.

## BIRDS AND HYDRO LINES

Birds, particularly at nest-building time, are often a source of annoyance on the hydro-electric power lines. Two recent instances are mentioned in the Bulletin of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission. From one of the 46,000-volt steel towers of the Niagara Falls to Welland line, an uncommon crow's nest was removed after considerable difficulty. The nest was made of roots, twigs, string and pieces of wire. Some of the roots and twigs were remarkably large, the branches extending in one direction from the centre of the nest no less than 44 inches. The bits of string and pieces of wire were also of considerable length, and if trailed in a certain manner were capable of interrupting service by shorting or grounding almost any type of transmission line. On another occasion on the Welland line, an interruption occurred on a Sunday at one of the towers, and, as expected was caused by a bird trailing conductive material across the line in making a nest. Burns on the conductor and a section of fine wire found near the scene of the trouble told the tale.

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## NORTH AMERICANS EAT TOO QUICKLY

### Correct Eating is Lost Art, Says Chef For Prominent Men.

EDMONTON, Alberta, July 11—Canadians and Americans eat too quickly. This is the considered opinion of Amedeo Franchi supervisor of chefs for the Canadian National Railways and a cook since he was 12 years of age. "They should take at least an hour for dinner, from the time they sit down until they get up again", he stated. "Instead, they hurry through it; they take as little time as they can".

Franchi, whose idea of a real dish is a good steak, cooked fast, finished rare and eaten slowly says people are too much for eating", just to fill up, instead of taking time to enjoy beautiful cooking".

The chef, who has prepared food for the Prince of Wales, Lloyd George, the late President Taft and other distinguished personages, said the Prince of Wales liked to have dishes set down before him without ordering beforehand and that the late Sir Henry Thornton "was the hardest man I ever cooked for".

Sir Henry, he said, would order dinner hours before he wanted it and would ask for dishes "that I had to think about for a while before I could remember just how to prepare them".

Quite a variety of dishes were called for at the Imperial Conference, at Ottawa, in 1932, while Franchi was in charge of food preparation. He had to concoct national dishes for the

countries from which the visiting delegates came.

Epicurean tastes differ very little across the Dominion he found. In the Maritime Provinces, fish constitutes the main food. In the West it is meat. But everywhere apple pie with cheese and pumpkin pie are the popular desserts.

Had the lost suitcase not come through in time, the church-goers of Eagle River, Ontario, would have seen Eddie Guest preach his Sunday sermon in unpressed linen knickers. When the household post arrived in the Canadian village on a recent vacation trip, he was garbed in wilted sports, his other belongings being left behind somewhere along the line. A frantic call brought them on the last train.

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