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WITH DR. GRENFELL IN LABRADOR

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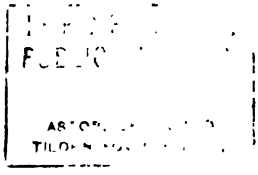

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With best wishes &
affec^e. remembrance
Wilfred Grenfell

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WITH DR. GRENFELL IN LABRADOR

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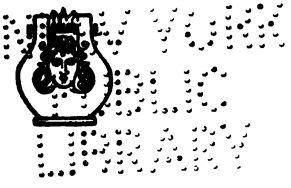
BY

CUTHBERT LEE

WITH A CHAPTER BY WILFRED T. GRENFELL



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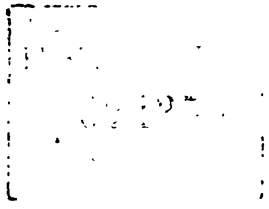

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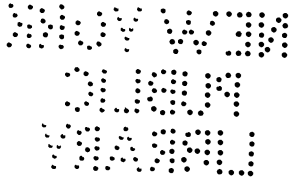

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TO

MY MOTHER

WHOSE WONDERFUL PERSONALITY

HAS INSPIRED

MUCH SERVICE TO OTHERS.

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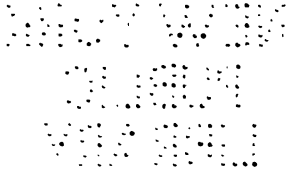

INTRODUCTION

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Having lived in Labrador for over a year as volunteer aide to Dr. Grenfell, the author tells of the "liveyeres" or white natives, the Eskimo and Indians, to whom Dr. Grenfell ministers as physician, surgeon, sole magistrate for 2,000 miles of coast, preacher and philanthropist.

That the commercial system of Labrador has been changed from the ancient barter of furs and fish for supplies to an increasingly sound cash basis in the last ten years is shown to be due to the establishment by Dr. Grenfell of a series of coöperative stores run by natives.

This complete change in the simple economic organization of Labrador backs up the work of Dr. Grenfell's four hospitals in fighting the scurvy, anemia and consumption due chiefly to poverty and semi-starvation.

The first full account of the Medical Mission as it is given here, the various stations and their buildings and personnel, and Dr. Grenfell's fleet of schooners and launches, headed by the staunch little hospital ship which has been on the rocks thirty-eight times.

The experiences of the author as sailor, when he twice narrowly escaped drowning in severe storms and shipwreck, as clerk of Labrador's one court, in traveling through blizzards with Eskimo dogs, hunting and shooting in this sportmen's paradise, reveal

a life full of excitement in a country regarded as dull and bleak.

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Mr. Lee's work included breaking in and helping to establish the herd of reindeer which will eventually provide the natives with food, clothing and transportation, and do away with the man-eating Eskimo dogs.

And through all this account runs an intimate series of views of the author's friend, Dr. Grenfell, "the most picturesque figure on the North American continent," whose wonderful personality, though revealed in his work, is here for the first time presented as he lives his daily life. The compelling but diffident speaker and writer, known to Americans and honored here and abroad, is shown here as "The Doctor" of Labrador, the wise judge, unhesitating fighter and watchful guardian, whose generosity in giving his life to help others, and whose courage in navigating his little vessel and facing death on the ice, have earned the love of the strong men of Labrador.

Dr. Grenfell has contributed an excellent chapter on the future of Labrador, telling why he believes in and loves the country and its people. Unknown to him, the author has planned to share equally with Dr. Grenfell, for use in his work, the profits of this book.

DOUGLAS PALMER,
Volunteer member of the medical staff, International Medical Mission in Labrador, for four years.

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WITH DR. GRENFELL IN LABRADOR

CHAPTER I

THE FUTURE OF LABRADOR, BY WILFRED T. GRENFELL

The section of North America known as "Labrador" may be said, roughly, to consist of a territory as large as England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and Austria combined. The real question of interest is, What can this vast area contribute to the world's wealth? Can it contribute anything?

It is an acknowledged fact that so far it is only inhabited by a comparative handful of settlers, who live scattered all along the seaboard, and by trappers who hunt along its waterways, or on the highlands in winter. The gradually diminishing bands of Micmac and Nascopee Indians who eke out a precarious livelihood by the chase as they wander over the whole length and breadth of the country are known at times to meet with hunger or even actual starvation. The Eskimos, who once lived in

abundance around the entire shore line, are now confined to the northern two hundred miles of coast; and they, too, are steadily diminishing, owing to the destruction of their means of livelihood by their more clever and better outfitted white competitors.

Forest fires and excessive hunting have told heavily upon the numbers of fur-bearing animals. The almost unrestricted netting of estuaries and of rivers has decreased enormously the salmon resources of a hundred years ago. In 1795 one firm was able to export as much as all our salmon now put together can total. The seals are seriously diminishing, and so are the whales. Fifty years ago it was possible to become positively wealthy if you owned a good sealing berth. It was not then a matter of wonder that one man, on the strength of his sealing stand, kept a carriage and horses and built the only road in Labrador that he might drive them along it. Moreover, at the approach of winter he was able to hire a fiddler from Quebec, keep open house, and provide merriment for his neighbors until the return of open water. Yet so much have the seals decreased that I was called upon to help with food this very man's grandson, who had fallen into poverty and semi-starvation. He had been obliged to abandon the sealing post altogether.

Once it was a regular supplement to the cod-fishing to use seal nets in the fall and spring. Now it hardly pays to put them out if you own them; and

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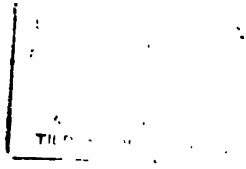

DR. GRENFELL VISITING THE ESKIMO

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no merchant would dream of supplying them in return for half the catch, as was the custom heretofore. In our own minds we attribute this to the enormous number of baby seals killed just after they are born by the many large steamer crews, which are each year increasing in size and numbers. Not only is this loss of seals a serious factor to the cash returns of the Labrador family, but also the disappearance of the fresh meat for food and the invaluable skin for boots and clothing constitutes an irreparable misfortune.

For some reason or other, the codfish along the coast have also become more liable to fail of late years, to such an extent that most of the northern summer stations have been entirely abandoned. The herring, too, for which Labrador was especially famous, have left their former haunts, and this fishery also has been practically abandoned.

For my part, I am often asked, "Why don't you try to move every living being out of such a God-forsaken country?" As a matter of fact, the only just deduction from all these conditions is that what has befallen Labrador is only exactly what has happened everywhere else where exploitation has been practiced without, or instead of, conservation, and where no capital and no science have come to the rescue. Where would even California have been without irrigation, to say nothing of Arizona and New Mexico?

Hitherto I have been registering facts. As to the why and wherefore of these facts it has formerly been no one's business to inquire. There is no marine biological department in the country to make scientific inquiries and to seek for remedies. Our industries, like sick folk in Labrador twenty years ago, simply died or lived, as chance directed. Of late years the Newfoundland Government, under whose jurisdiction the eastern side of Labrador falls, has done something to prevent the destruction of the reproduction grounds of our salmon and trout by adding to the laws prohibiting the netting and barring of rivers some small executive force to put the laws into effect. But it still seems probable that little recuperation will occur until the catching of cod by the great submerged trap-nets spread all along the coast in the months of June, July, and August is abandoned. These are exactly the months when the salmon are running into the bays and rivers, and a very large number of peal (or salmon under two pounds weight) are taken in the leaders, or large nets, which reach from the surface to the bottom and run out one hundred fathoms from the shore to the trap. In one river I have seen fifty salmon caught on a fly, every one of which showed a net mark on its shoulders, proving that it had forced its way through or broken loose from twine lower down the river. We are delighted that there is a growing feeling among the cod-fisher-

men themselves against these nets, for, though in this way they catch countless numbers of fish in a brief time, the take is entirely dependent upon the cod coming right into the shore exactly where the net is set, and, if the fish strike a hundred yards either way or keep on the outside, a whole summer may be lost, and that often spells ruin.

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Again, the trap method of fishing, which makes it necessary for the fisherman to sit down until the fish catches itself, tells against the men, *quâ* men, destroying that magnificent enterprise and daring which carries the deep-sea fisherman wherever the fish may move to.

It might be easy to go on and show that Labrador, so far as can be seen at present, offers as its main contribution to the world's economies animals rather than vegetable or mineral products. The ancient formation of the Labrador rocks, the continuation of the Appalachian range, their similarity to those of the rich ore-producing strata of the rest of the northern section of North America, and the small amount of prospecting which has been possible, together with the revelation of the economic possibilities for every form of matter now that radio-activity has been discovered, foreshadow ultimately unlimited development for Labrador. This opinion is confirmed when one considers her enormous water powers as yet unharnessed, especially the Grand Falls of the Hamilton River, which are

undoubtedly among the finest in the world. But we are utilitarian enough to feel more interested in immediate than in remote posterity, from which we, during our stay on earth, can at best expect little. Moreover, at present we in Labrador are without the means to promote mineral development.

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We are in much the same position in regard to the possible returns from the vegetable assets of the country. The natural products of the valleys are spruce, firs, and larches, with a few scattered birch, balsams, and alders. The uplands of the interior and the barrens afford mostly mosses and lichens. Grasses are characteristically absent, with the exception of the sand grass, which grows abundantly on the few beaches, and which not only affords a fine tough stalk for basket-making, but also a good seed which for ages in Iceland, and at one time in Norway, served the people instead of corn.

During the visits of the Vikings to Labrador this seed, in the absence of corn, gave them their only available bread, and was known as *veiti,* or wheat.

The making of linen from flax is also most profitable in damp climates, and, now that straw can be used for making it, there seems no reason why such an industry might not grow up.

There can be no doubt, also, that the country could afford abundant pulp material, our northern spruces being especially admirable for that purpose, owing to their tough fibers. But no feasible plan

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TRANSPORTATION IN THE INTERIOR OF LABRADOR

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has as yet been offered to induce capital to come in and work it. It is true that there is an alpine flora, mostly of small, bright-colored flowering plants, and an abundant variety and generous quantity of indigenous native berries. We now export our small red cranberry for purposes of dyeing, and also use it and the blueberry quite extensively for jams. There can be no doubt that these berries could be vastly improved by cultivation, and it is even possible that the ripening period of some cereals may be sufficiently reduced to allow a limited amount of grain to be produced locally, possibly enough for any population which the country will ever be called upon to carry. At any rate, experiment has shown that in the valleys of the big rivers which have not been overrobbed of the natural protection of trees, and at distances sufficiently far from the polar current which sweeps the coast, barley and oats will ripen. On the other hand, we are liable to summer frosts. In most places our earth is scant, and where it is plentiful is very acid, a fact which accounts for the luxuriance of our crop of blueberries, which flourish only in a humic, acid soil.

There is no question that a potato with crawling leaves which easily escape frost, such as was partially developed by Lord Strathcona, could be perpetuated, and, with the hardy cabbage, lettuce, and turnip, would add sufficiently to the quota of food contribution from the vegetable kingdom to supply

the moderate population with all that they would actually need of carbohydrates to maintain life, without the necessity for much importing.

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We are now experimenting with northern alfalfa, which offers good promise of success. Possibly also the new variety of Alsike clover, which is a perennial and unhurt by frosts, may simplify our dairy problem.

But, look at it how you will (and for twenty years we have been considering how to improve matters), neither from the vegetable nor mineral kingdom do we see at present any hope of eventually doing more than supply the bare necessities of existence. If, however, to some of those objections to a population in a country which people have been pleased to call "the Land of Cain" we argue that in the animal kingdom we see a prospect of hope, we are met by the objection on the part of some that to convert our country into a meat-raising land, and so contribute to the influences which already mark down the human race as beasts of prey, is not only unwise, but unworthy.

But to the man who wears boots and shoes and the woman who wears furs and slippers Labrador makes an even more insistent plea for recognition, even if sentiment drives such persons to throw away the carcasses after they have been deprived of their natural coverings. Unfortunately, with us, our foxes and beavers and other animals have not emu-

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lated either lobsters or crabs or snakes in their estimable ability to shed their skins and grow new ones. Only in the Utopian dreams of fox-farmers and seal-hunters has the possibility of this *ultima thule* of animal culture yet been developed. As matters exist, one of the most sorrowful features of seal-hunting, to me, is that the bodies of the countless slain babies are left to waste in the cold storage of the ice floe until sharks and other creatures of prey, above and below water, obliterate this offense to modern sensibilities. Even those, however, who, to be consistent, object to the use of any animal product whatever which involves the death of the producer, must still note the momentous argument that, if all of the human inhabitants of the world were really vegetarian, nearly one-half of the world would have to starve in order to let the others practice their faith—which is a paradox, seeing that we, too, are animals. Only a short time ago a friend wrote me from England a long discourse on the value of nuts as food. He expatiated on their cheapness, their economy as a concentrated food, and on many of their other inestimable virtues. But he only sent along one small sample bottle to support his argument. The real trouble with nuts in Labrador is not intellectual, but practical, because none at all are available—and we have not yet learned to live by swallowing the lump that rises in our throat whenever we chance to think of them.

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For the present, it seems to me that the best immediate prospect of developing Labrador lies in the possibilities of her animals. These are steadily increasing in value to mankind, and every characteristic of Labrador points to this as the line of least resistance for evolution. When Alaska was first purchased, her mineral wealth was undeveloped, and Secretary Seward was blamed for buying a valueless country. The idea that a polar land like Alaska would ever contribute to the meat supply of the outside world has even yet scarcely dawned upon most men. But such is the case. A first consignment of one hundred and twenty-five reindeer carcasses, shipped to Seattle from the domestic herds, arrived at the end of the year, and sold at twenty cents a pound. That this export will be vastly increased in the future, and that the experiment can be repeated in Labrador with success, is now beyond doubt.

We purchased a herd of three hundred deer in Lapland in 1908, selling fifty stags on their arrival to assist in meeting the expenses. To manage the remaining two hundred and fifty we had brought over three families of Lapps, whom we retained for three winters. The does bear one fawn each April from their second to their twelfth year. Very rarely they have twins, and occasionally the young does will fawn at one year old. At breeding-time we keep the herd on the hills to save the fawns

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NOONDAY SIESTA ON A FROZEN MARSH

REINDEER ON DOCTOR'S HILLS

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from falling into the brooks through holes in the disappearing ice, while all summer they frequent the high sea cliffs to keep out of the way of flies as much as possible. Being splay-footed and cow-like, they occasionally fall over and perish. Now and again some of our dogs will pull down a doe or some stray one will escape the herders. There will always be a percentage of loss. But, inclusive of all losses, the herd will double in three years, and ought to do better than that if the stags only are either killed for meat or altered for transport purposes. This year we sold fifty more and sent three of our own trained herders to the Athabasca district near Fort Smith. We have now eight hundred and fifty left, mostly does, and in a few months should have over twelve hundred. Even if reindeer cannot supplant dogs for rapid transport, Labrador can certainly become one vast reindeer ranch.

This experiment has clearly shown, as we have now for the first time moved the herd a few miles from the original feeding-ground, that the land can support almost a countless number, that they can easily endure our climate, and that they will pay well to raise when there is a sufficient number of them.

At the present rate of increase, it is calculated that in twenty-five years there will be three million deer in Alaska, and it is reckoned that Alaska will carry ten million, so that there would appear to be

promise of an almost unlimited supply of meat and skins for export. If the herds double in three years a million carcasses a year would not be too heavy an annual tax. On a treeless island near Nome Dr. Campbell's herd has in ten years grown from seventy to eight hundred and fifty. Think of the industry created and the collateral industries supported by this scheme!

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The value of the annual catch of fish around the British islands is estimated, at the actual auction price in the fish market, at over fifty million dollars; and that, when translated into the amount it costs the consumer, might certainly be trebled. But if it were only doubled, what a vast amount of cereals and vegetables it would take to correspond to one hundred million dollars! This is saying nothing of the collateral values realized both by the distribution of labor and the character development of the race engaged in the catching of the fish. The more one looks at the facts the more one is impressed with the fear that the world could not exist without the killing of animals, or, even if it were able to do so, a very imperfect race would be developed.

The wisdom of looking ahead, therefore, that the meat supply of the world may be safeguarded, need not be seriously considered as tainted with crime. Add to this the expense and almost the impossibility of providing palatable and sufficient hydrocarbons from the vegetable world, and the rich milk and fat

sources of hydrocarbon that these deer afford. Then we must recognize that the buffalo have gone, because their land was taken from them, and that the Rocky Mountain elk have to be fed artificially, and that, even in spite of that, they are dying in numbers from starvation. All our rich game birds are diminishing rapidly. How many families would have turkey to eat at Christmas if the supply were still derived only from the wild stock? The excellent northern curlew (*Numenius Borealis*) blackened the sky twenty-five years ago in Labrador; now specimen collectors are offering fifty dollars for a single skin. To have to trust to the former wild pigeon supply for the succulent squab would bring tears to the eyes of many epicureans. The skin alone of this bird is fast rivaling for rarity that of the great auk and the dodo.

Exactly the same thing exists in the vegetable world as in the animal, and on sea as on land. There would not be a lobster, an oyster, or a fur seal to-day available for the wayfaring man were it not for the principle of conservation long ago recognized and applied. The supply of cod, salmon, trout, etc., responds in exactly the same way to care and reasonable outlay. Large sums are now being spent on irrigation, pisciculture, and the adaptation of plants to new surroundings.

I should like to register an earnest plea that

philanthropic scientists and legislatures look into the matter seriously, and subsidize the attempt to utilize the now waste places of the earth, and at the same time protect, or use more efficiently, the herds of deer which still remain in the great north barren lands.

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The suggestion to remove our population after years of residence to some other place where things are easier will appear but short-sighted policy to the generations to come, compared with that which, recognizing the difficulties of the wilderness, goes in and then proceeds to make it blossom like a rose.

It was suggested some time ago by Mr. Thompson Seton, the well-known naturalist, that the yak of Tibet might be adapted to Canada. So a little herd of six yak, donated from the Duke of Bedford's park at Wobun, were expatriated from England to a place on the prairie near Brandon. Apparently little more is known of the experiment, but as yet it has not revolutionized either the meat trade or the sleigh-robe supply.

Some years ago a herd of a dozen moose were turned wild into Newfoundland. It is said that one has been seen once or twice since then, but nothing material has resulted so far. Mr. Seton is still as convinced as ever that his experiments can succeed. He is by no means yet convinced that the experiment has been tried. Personally, I am convinced that neither one of them has been tried. When one

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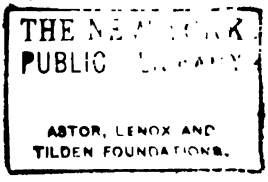

LAPLAND HERDERS HARNESSING REINDEER

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learns from Admiral Peary of the white caribou which can multiply in North Grantland and in the Arctic night, when one sees Professor Tyrrell's pictures of the endless procession of the herds of deer that find a living in the almost absolutely barren lands north of Chesterfield outlet, little doubt is left in one's mind that the magnificently demonstrated theorem of North Alaska can be redemonstrated in Labrador.

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While the modern methods of manufacturing and the conversion of waste into useful products are already phenomenal, there still remains a demand for the raw material and natural products. The industrial chemist can synthesize almost anything for us nowadays. The obscure secretion of the ductless gland known as adrenalin, the very use of which in the economy of the body we have only just discovered, can now be made out of ordinary coal-tar. Just so, camphor can be made artificially; and it might be possible to suppose that, by trying hard enough, if the doctrine of selection is true, we might get back by unnatural elimination to the mammoth and the dinosaur. But where products are required in bulk, and especially where they relate to the food of man, there is every reason to consider it is good economy to incur expenditure in order to fall in line with natural processes rather than attempt to begin all over again on our own account. Incidentally, the naturally produced venison has a flavor some-

what between that of beef and lamb, and is most delectable.

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I must not conclude this article without reference, however, to another equally important possibility of Labrador in the line of animal propagation; and that concerns its export of valuable furs. Twenty years ago, when I went to Labrador, the following were approximately the prices for fur paid to the trappers:

Silver fox	$50-$100	Muskrat	10 cents
Patch fox	$6-$15	White fox	$1
Mink	$1	Lynx	$3.50
Red fox	$3	Black bear	$10
Ermine	10 cents	Otter	$10
Marten cats (our sable)			$3.50

Now the prices stand at about twice or three times the above:

Silver fox	$500 or over	Muskrat	25 cents
Patch fox	$10-30	White fox	$5-12
Mink	$4-10	Lynx	$10-30
Red fox	$7-10	Black bear	$10-20
Ermine	25 cents	Otter	$15-30
Marten			$15-25

This can mean only one of two things—either the demand has increased or the supply has diminished. I believe both to be true; and it is quite obvious that conservation, or rather propagation, is desirable. Is it possible to propagate these animals? Most certainly it is. It has been shown beyond all question that foxes, marten, mink, and skunk live and breed in captivity, and there is no reason

to suppose that, if they are given room and food, beaver, otter, and ermine would not do the same. Some years ago, partly at the suggestion of the naturalist, Professor Brewster, of Massachusetts, we started a small fox farm with three runs. We did not, however, understand our business. We had very little time to spend in looking after them, and, being in a public place, they were much observed by many visitors. The increased value of foxes caught young and kept to maturity paid all expenses, but we were unfortunate enough not to get any litters of our own. So we abandoned the enterprise, selling the last of our silver foxes to a friend in Prince Edward Island. He succeeded immediately in getting a litter of cubs. Other enterprises have sprung up all around; many new facts have become apparent, and I myself have had at least fifty applications for live specimens for breeding purposes during the last twelve months.

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It is perfectly safe to say that these ventures in animal farming are, like the new deer experiment, now beyond the problematical stage, and it is an established fact that considerable dividends are already being paid on the outlay. Moreover, as Mr. Seton has pointed out, the tendency of Labrador is to produce the darker, blacker, and more valuable colored furs, while the tendency of Alaska is toward light colors and reds, which are less valuable. For my part, I believe that both these orig-

inal propositions can be made to pay in Labrador. I believe that in the not distant future a railway will be run along its south shore; and that the Hudson Bay route will be made feasible, though the ice from the west of Baffin's Bay, breaking off with the September equinoxes, does fill the channel near Cape Wolstenholme earlier than the new ice of November, which was originally thought to be the chief difficulty. As a place for summer visitors its *fyns* and falls will one day bring a large traffic.

Without posing as attorney for the Creator in the endeavor to defend his economy in having produced so large a quantity of material of problematical value, I want to go on record as one who personally has faith in the future of Labrador and in its mineral resources, and the adaptability of its valleys by drainage and culture for summer crops of the necessaries of life. I have no doubt whatever that, with proper conservation of its animal resources, it offers yet a valuable addition to the possessions of Canada and the British Empire, an addition of which only a few to-day see the meaning. Alaska, British Columbia, the great Northwest, Klondike, Cobalt, and generally the whole of "Our Lady of the Snows," had to win their laurels against severe criticism, an unmerited combat, and much neglect. But the Great Dominion is finding herself all safely, and one day Labrador also will come to her own.

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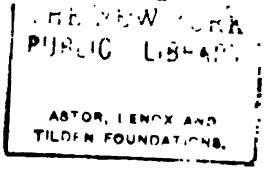

FISHING SCHOONERS IN BATTLE HARBOR, LABRADOR

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CHAPTER II

THE LABRADOR PEOPLE

There are about five thousand permanent inhabitants of the Labrador coast, comprising three separate sorts of people. The Eskimo were the original possessors of the country, as far as we know, and were once quite numerous. They now, however, are chiefly found north of Hamilton Inlet. Their numbers are decreasing, though not very rapidly. Eventually, undoubtedly, the Eskimo will die out, but they are doing so rather more slowly than men of science of fifty years ago prophesied. They are perpetuating their strain through families of half breeds, which are becoming more numerous.

The second element of the population and the one which promises to be the chief in the future is the English. Several generations ago the last Englishmen came over as servants of the Hudson Bay Co., or as adventurous seekers after fortune. For two or three hundred years before that, however, Englishmen had been coming to the Coast from Devonshire and the Channel Islands and many of them had settled and married Eskimo

women. Some of them deserted from fishing ships, others were runaway convicts and apprentices. Originally they lived with the Eskimo and learned their language and methods of hunting, and in some cases actually forget not only their own past but the English language. Nowadays, however, most of them speak English, although with a very queer dialect, which combines sea terms, Devonshire, Eskimo and Indian speech and sheer ignorance. These whites are found all along the coast, and are, in many cases, seemingly equal to the Eskimo in fishing and hunting and in enduring the hardships of a northern climate. They have further the advantage in cod fishing that they possess a considerable amount of foresight, in which the Eskimo are woefully lacking. It is true that they are extremely ignorant and in a very large per cent. illiterate. The reasons for this are many. One of them was mentioned above, namely, their isolation. During the summer they fish from the outlying islands of the coast and during the winter they move back up the bays in order to be more sheltered and to reach, if possible, wooded country and to have a chance to hunt fur-bearing animals. Here they live often twenty miles from any other family, and the establishment of schools under these circumstances is practically impossible. Further, the government of the country is so nominal that it is doubtful if

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schools would be established even were there more demand.

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In spite, however, of these very serious drawbacks the Labrador liveyeres * are splendid people. They are bred up to a knowledge of the country in which they live, which is astounding to a city dweller. They have a sense of direction which almost equals that of the caribou. In a blizzard which makes it impossible to see for more than ten yards in a country without landmarks they will find their way home, although they have strayed twenty miles inland. They are also sailors of the very highest grade of skill and agility. By what power they manage to sail into harbor without a compass in a dense fog, when this means the one chance which would take them in any other direction than out over the broad expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, I am utterly at a loss to know.

The Labrador people are religious, honest and law-abiding to a marked degree. Their simple piety is that of the old pioneers. Through inheritance and the efforts of itinerant preachers visiting the coast in summer they have nearly all come to regard themselves as members of some denomination. Chief among these are the Church of England (Episcopalian), Methodist, and Catholic. The Baptists and Salvation Army are also represented. Nowhere is the futility of this division into denom-

* Those who "live here."

inations more evident than here. In a little settlement like Rigolette, for example, the factor of the Hudson Bay Company, a splendid man, extends the hospitality of his dining-room table to three different denominational groups each Sunday. Services are held by lay readers or a chance visiting pastor. Dr. Grenfell always uses his influence to break down the antipathy between the adherents to creeds; and the services which he occasionally conducts are undenominational.

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In reality the religion of these different groups is the same. It is strongly orthodox and evangelical. "Testimony meetings" are held and eloquent harangues result in men and women declaring themselves "saved" by an inner "change of heart." While it is difficult for a more sophisticated person to comprehend this sort of religion, it is nevertheless a much more real religion than the so-called "liberal" ones, because it possesses the emotional appeal which is absolutely necessary to real religion, and which is dying out in the "intellectual" and "higher" theologies.

Because their religion moves them—and, of course, the feelings and not the intellect are the real cause of most human action—the Labrador people live up to their religion. They consider it wrong to work on Sunday, and I have seen a poor man watch a cod-trap, his only means of livelihood, carried away by an iceberg on Sunday, refusing to make an

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Children from Dr. Grenfell's orphanage on one of his schooners frozen in the harbor

Reindeer caravan hauling logs; approaching frozen harbor; author leading

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effort to rescue it. At midnight he went out and did what he could to save the remains; and he didn't whimper over his terrible loss. Without a trace of cant he said quietly, "D'Lord knows bes' what t' do wid me, sure. If he'd wished me t'have d'trap he'd a left un."

One respects this deep faith, even though it seems at times foolishly to sacrifice material welfare. In deference to it Dr. Grenfell, hurried as he is in the short season of navigation, does no traveling on Sunday. In emergencies, however, he draws the line. When he was lying in port one Sabbath day a man arrived begging him to visit his wife who had been taken seriously ill and seemed to be dying. Dr. Grenfell told his skipper to have steam up in ten minutes, but he flatly refused, protesting that he couldn't and wouldn't sail on Sunday. Dr. Grenfell carefully explained that he was starting solely because of an emergency, which probably meant life or death. Again the skipper refused to start. Dr. Grenfell at once became the stern fighter who has won so many battles against hard odds on the coast.

"Either get ready to weigh anchor in ten minutes or go ashore. I don't need you to navigate my vessel." The skipper was a man of considerable determination, but he thought the matter over, and in a few minutes reported the vessel ready, and set sail on Sunday for the first time in his life. An operation was necessary, but the woman recovered.

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A long siege and several daring raids by Dr. Grenfell have pretty effectually driven out the sale of liquor. This is an advantage hard to overestimate. Formerly Labrador was always famed as a coast of hard drinking and wild living. Cartwright, an eighteenth century trader, often enters in his journal, "All hands drunk and fighting." Tradition recounts wild orgies at weddings and wakes. One does not have to be a temperance enthusiast to deplore the drawback that liquor was, especially in winter, to people whose lives already were hard enough and often enough in danger. It was sufficiently bad in summer, as the following account by the worthy Ephraim Tucker shows:

"The vice of intemperance prevails everywhere among the European settlers of Labrador. Scarcely a family can be found among them who do not habitually use intoxicating liquors. It is a prolific source of diseases to the inhabitants, and more or less are cut off every season in the prime of life from its fatal influences. The following fact was related to me by a native, in speaking of the gross intemperance of the shore inhabitants of Labrador. As he was coasting one day up the Gulf, during a rough sea and high wind, he discovered at a considerable distance ahead an object that appeared to be floating without helm or guidance upon the waves. He hove to, in order to ascertain its nature, and soon perceived that it was a large boat, having

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a man, woman and three children on board. The man, who was afterwards found to be the father of the children, was dead drunk, and the mother so far gone under the influence of liquor that she had no more apparent regard for her children than for the fish in the depths of the ocean. The eldest of the children was twelve years of age, and the evil practices of the parents had been followed by their unhappy offspring, who were evidently unconscious of any danger. The captain of the Newfoundland fisherman kindly took them on board and, when they had roused from their stupor, informed them of the peril to which their intemperance had exposed them, and admonished them to beware for the future. But for his timely succor, they would inevitably have perished. It appeared on inquiry that the party had that morning been out in their boat to purchase a few articles in a neighboring harbor, and that there the trader had plied them well with rum, and fitted them out with their articles in the midst of a gale, heedless whether they perished or not."

In strong contrast to the conditions formerly prevailing, Labrador now presents a clean slate. Tramp steamers in remote ports sometimes dole out rum to the men who work at loading her, but no liquor is sold openly and there are no "shabeens" for its secret sale.

The Labrador people are religious in spite of their few ministers rather than by their help, be-

cause with one or two exceptions the dispensers of religion are not of an inspiring type. The coast is the dumping and training ground for probationers who often regard themselves as much-abused representatives of official righteousness and fail to enter into the life in the right spirit. A church history unconsciously records this feeling in a certain Bishop of Newfoundland, who also had jurisdiction over Labrador. He was a fine type of man himself, and cruised the coast in his own small vessel. But, "though glorying in privations and hardships himself, he said of a young preacher whom he left on the Labrador, 'Here he must stay alone, among utter strangers, common fishermen, without house or home, with no probability of retreat or escape, no prospect of seeing a friend or even getting a letter for nearly a year. He must eat fish, and little else, in a small kitchen. What a contrast to an English curacy!' "

An ancient story of the Bishop's visit to Labrador tells how he found a liveyere woman absolutely ignorant of the gospel. "Don't you know," he said, "that Jesus died for you?"

"No sir," she replied meekly, "is he dead sir? We-uns don't often git no news down here."

The good bishop's reference to food was not without point. The diet of the liveyere is miserable. It was a great surprise to me to find how little the people, of southern Labrador especially,

live on the animal food of the country, and how much they depend on imported goods. This is less surprising when one considers that most of them are less hunters than fishermen, and that they are not nomadic, as a hunting race has to be. Further the game is too uncertain and varying from season to season to make it safe for them to depend on it; and, of course, it is becoming gradually less plentiful.

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Along the Straits and the northern coast the people hunt caribou, and whenever these are numerous they supply themselves with meat for the winter. Occasional bears are eaten, but seal meat, which is excellent, is chiefly used to eke out their provisions. Seal is fine-grained flesh with a gamey flavor like that of salt-water duck. Whales are almost never killed by the natives now, but the flesh is appetizing, and I found it almost impossible to tell it from beef, except by its somewhat coarser grain. The large carcasses, which are now utilized only as fertilizer by the commercial whale-killers in their factories, could easily be canned and sold at low cost, but through prejudice the people would probably refuse to eat the meat until a long campaign of education taught them its value.

The many varieties of ducks are shot whenever possible during open water and on the ice, and help to keep many homes from illness due to poor nutrition. In winter rabbits are snared and the willow-

grouse or "partridges" are eaten in large numbers. Berries are abundant on the coast and the dwarf cranberry, currants and a Labrador native called the "bake-apple" are barreled in water and allowed to freeze. When needed a piece of berry-laden ice is chopped out and thawed.

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The mainstay of the Labrador diet, however, is flour. It is used as bread, and is mixed with water and fried or boiled. Next comes hardtack, which is even better liked but more expensive. Salt pork is largely used where seal-fat should be. Little or no sugar can be afforded, black molasses taking its place. About the nearest Labrador approach to cake is the famous "'lassy pork-bun," of which I was very fond, especially for dog-travel, for it does not freeze readily. It is flour and molasses with squares of salt pork baked in. 'Lassy seal-bun, in which squares of seal-blubber are substituted, is even better.

No use has yet been made by the liveyeres of the reindeer-moss on which the caribou feed. The Indians use it mixed with deer's blood, and eat nothing else while hunting. I ate some plain and found it edible but tasteless, reminding one too much of hay. If one had had oil and vinegar, an agreeable salad might have resulted.

The great national drink is tea, brewed strong and drunk often. It is responsible for the extraordinary prevalence among the Labrador people of

digestive troubles. No other beverage is widely used, not even water. Molasses and water are sometimes mixed and consumed; and guests are offered "red-berries" in water with molasses added —a sort of cranberry lemonade. In the spring many people brew a harmless beer from the tops of spruce trees.

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The monotony of this diet is not only uninviting, but its absolute lack of greens and foods containing certain salts is dangerous. The reason for this lack is that no vegetables are raised. Practically the only crop on the coast is turnips and cabbages, and even these are often killed by frost in midsummer. Well inland, up the sheltered bays, it is possible to raise some things adapted to a short season, but, as the very time when they must be cultivated is the busiest part of the fishing, nothing can be done. Hence a large amount of scurvy exists, directly due to lack of fresh food.

In the Newfoundland census of Labrador appear on one page ten inhabited harbors, with blanks for the year's output of the following land and animal products and stock: wheat, barley, oats, hay, potatoes, turnips, other root crops, cabbages, horses, cows, other cattle, sheep, swine, goats, fowl, butter, wool, furs. Of these ten harbors the crowning glory was a total live stock of one pig; and the total crop raised (all in one harbor) was a barrel of turnips and 150 heads of cabbage. All the other

spaces were blank, except furs, of which 61 had been taken, valued at $409.

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Those who consider these hard conditions intolerable must remember the other side of northern life presented in Dr. Grenfell's chapter and elsewhere, and the fact that these hardships are largely responsible for that strong, modest, efficient race, the Labrador liveyeres.

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CHAPTER III

HUNTING AND FISHING

In Labrador one cannot hunt to order, on schedule. It is not the place for the business man who wants to sit down and figure out exactly how to get a tan, six stories and two heads in three weeks at $500. Far be it from me to quarrel with the ready-made sportsman, who has many amiable traits. I merely point out that he will be disappointed. The place for him is southern Newfoundland in the fall. There he may travel a bit slowly, but in comfort, on the little railroad, sending his servants ahead, of course, to prepare the camp. He may have a comfortable resting-place prepared not far from the toot of the locomotive, and between the meals served by his chef may shoot his caribou as they cross the track, migrating south. If it is a bit damp that day he can have his chief guide shoot the deer for him. The ladies may make this trip in perfect comfort. They should, of course, bring with them a complete stock for the larder, including evaporated cream and desiccated eggs. The best heads are not to be obtained in this way, but can easily be procured of

the taxidermist at home, and the actual killing is jolly fine sport.

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Seriously, it is possible to get deer with the minimum trouble in southern Newfoundland, and there are plenty of trained guides, cooks and packers, so that a modest one-man party or the outing of a club can be thoroughly planned in advance and carried out on schedule, with practically guaranteed results, and no need of carrying more than your gun, ammunition and perhaps tent into the country. Similar arrangements are possible for a trouting or salmon-fishing trip. The Reid Newfoundland Railroad runs through good fishing territory, and in some places there are actually roads, and wagons can be hired to take the "sporters," as they are called, to or near the streams. Hence, for those who want their sport assured, southern Newfoundland will prove very satisfactory.

In Labrador it is another matter. The worst feature is the extreme uncertainty of everything. There is no railroad for the deer to cross, and their migration seems to be irregular. Very little hunting or fishing has been done except by the natives, and they seldom have time for it in summer. For this reason it is hard to get guides until pretty late in the autumn. As mentioned in the chapter on Exploration, few of the liveyeres have had any experience as regular guides, so that the best way is to bring along one's own Maine or Canadian guides

and rely on one or two liveyeres for knowledge of the country only.

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Labrador's biggest game is the whale. Formerly it was hunted in small boats by the Eskimo, but this sport has vanished. It is now hunted commercially, but even that method is becoming rare, as the "big fish" are killed off.

The whaling steamer, which is manned largely by Norwegians, scours the sea for a long distance out until a school of whales or a single one or two of good size are sighted. Then she swoops down upon them, singles out the best and chases him until near enough to shoot. The old captain stands at the gun in the bow and, when the psychological moment arrives, aims and fires. Out shoots the harpoon, to which is attached a strong cable.

When first hit the whale dives and the line whips out, coil after coil. To the first length is attached another and another; and sometimes half a mile of rope hitches the wounded whale to the steamer. The harpoon is constructed like an umbrella, and the pull of the line opens its steel barbs, which hold as securely as an anchor. It is also equipped with an automatic bomb which explodes inside the whale. Even with this humane precaution, the whale lives for a considerable time, and makes a terrible fight for life.

After staying down as long as possible he turns and rushes to the surface, shooting out of the water

sometimes his whole length. He then either dives again or strikes off at great speed, his tremendous strength whipping the steamer through the water, though her engines may be reversed and exerting all their power to pull her backward. Although the danger is much less than in the days of open-boat whaling, it is by no means absent. The whale, after diving, may come up under the steamer and cause considerable damage. The whalers tell a story, which has to be taken with a grain of salt, of one whale which rose at great speed beneath the steamer and, crashing through her bottom, lodged himself so tightly in the galley amidships as to stop the awful hole he had made and enable the ship to reach port in safety with the whale practically a passenger.

To be so close to this sea-hunting gives one a sense of familiarity with the long-gone whalers of the old New England ports, hardy, rough-living heroes, of whom the Labrador affords a few last representatives.

Next to the whales come the caribou. Labrador is a great country for caribou; and it is unfortunate that, as the natives are busy fishing in summer and never have time to hunt, few sportsmen have tried it in that season. It will be pioneer work, but ought to bring results. There seem to be two distinct herds, a northern and a southern, although it is possible that at times they travel far enough

to come together. The vast area which they cover makes it impossible for even the Indians of the interior to keep accurate track of their moving.

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In the fall and winter occurs the big killing. The natives of the southern shore make fairly frequent and long trips into the interior with their Eskimo dogs and sleds, and bring out heavy loads of carcasses. Some years the deer do not come near enough to the coast to be reached without too long trips; other years find the deer almost out to the houses, so that the dogs make hunting forays alone as their wolf ancestors did, and successfully bring down the game.

The Indians of the interior gather for a huge round-up at which many animals are killed. So much do they depend on the deer that a scarcity one year invariably cuts down their already fast diminishing numbers.

The Eskimo of the north coast do not go far inland, but near Davis Inlet they conduct a grand hunt in a not too sportsmanlike, but unusual, manner. A yearly migration takes place here, and if the leader of the deer follows the usual custom the whole herd is led over a height of land made by nature into a narrow pass from which there is no escape sideways. The Eskimo build a stone wall to narrow it and lie down behind. Then, as thousands of deer pour through they spear enough for a year's supply of venison. Some have long, steel-shod,

spear-like attachments on their feet, with which they deal a death-blow.

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There are many animals in Labrador that one would not expect to find there, for instance, ermines, martins, skunks, beavers, porcupines, hares, squirrels, and mice of various kinds. Of birds there are eagles, hawks, owls, ravens, crows, woodpeckers, grouse, partridge, pheasants, pigeons, thrushes, larks, swallows, cranes, bitterns, snipe, plovers, geese, ducks, teal, and widgeon in many varieties. Frogs, grubs, spiders, etc., are found in a frozen state as far north as latitude 61°, and can be reanimated by exposure to gentle heat. White whales are found in considerable numbers at the mouths of the principal rivers; and along the coast a small and very delicious fish, called kipling or capelin, resorts at times in vast numbers, but this as well as salmon, and indeed every species of animal, whether fish, flesh, or fowl, is so variable in its arrival that the liveyeres must provide a plentiful supply at seasons when they can get it. Geese are particularly useful on this account, and it is not uncommon to kill two or three hundred at a time.

Grasses of different sorts are not uncommon, but the ground is principally covered with caledonia or reindeer moss, upon which the deer feed. The herb called Wee-suc-a-pucka grows in the interior, and the Indians, as well as the settlers, make a kind of tea from the leaves and flowers of this, called Lab-

rador tea, which is supposed to be extremely palatable and salutary, particularly in relieving rheumatic pains, strengthening the stomach, etc.

As the result of importation many years ago Labrador is well stocked with American rabbits, which make a very agreeable variety in the food of the natives. The nature of the soil is so peculiarly adapted to the habits of these animals that they have multiplied astonishingly, and they are alone prevented from becoming too numerous by a similar increase of rats, probably the progeny of those that have escaped from wrecks. Great numbers of the latter perish in the course of the winter and the rainy weather of the spring and autumn. During the early part of the summer, gulls, ducks, divers and other wild fowl lay an immense quantity of eggs on the islands, and parties from the shore frequently sail out and fill their boats with them. At the approach of winter these birds migrate south. Soon after the settlement of the New England colonies, this place became a favorite resort of fishermen for the purpose of killing morse and seal. The former are nearly exterminated, but the latter still afford, during the season, a favorite employment to the people. There are several species of the "Phoca" family. The male is sometimes eight feet long, and weighs 800 pounds; but the female is much smaller. The color of the former is nearly black, and of the latter a dark, speckled gray. Their

hair is short and rough, and on the neck of the male is a little longer than elsewhere. The forelegs are about two feet long, and the hinder ones two inches or so less, the feet being divided by five toes, separated by a large web, and spreading to the extent of twelve inches. The seals are prodigiously strong, swimming at the rate of seven miles an hour, and are very tenacious of life, often surviving the most severe wounds.

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When up the rivers they live in families, each male being attended by several females, whom he guards with great jealousy. The young ones, at twenty days, are nearly white, and their flesh bears a resemblance to that of sucking pigs. The males when old are deserted by the females. They then live apart from the rest, and become exceedingly fierce and quarrelsome. Their contests are often violent and sanguinary, and they inflict wounds on each other not unlike the cuts of a saber. At the termination of one of these battles they throw themselves into the sea to wash away the blood. Although by no means so numerous as they were in former years, seals still resort to the Labrador waters in great numbers. They arrive on the northeast coast early, for the purpose of whelping, and remain there for the space of a month; when the pups are about twenty-five days old, preparations are made by shore parties for attacking them. Each person is armed with a club, five or six feet in

length, made of oak or ash, the butt being transfixed with a piece of steel, one end of which is shaped like a spike, and the other formed into a hook or blade.

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As the seals seldom move far at this period, the party approach with great caution and silence, and when within about 200 yards they rush in between the seals and the water and commence the attack. Each man selects the largest as the object of his particular pursuit, and strikes him, on the back part of the head, several blows with the steel pike. He then applies the blade, in the same manner, to the wound thus inflicted, and repeats the blows till the animal is brought to the ground. The strength and fierceness of this species of seal are such that this attempt is not unaccompanied with danger, and when he turns on his pursuer he wards off the blow so dexterously that he sometimes seizes the club in his mouth and escapes. An ordinary handspike would be altogether useless, and a gun is equally ineffectual. When driven off the ice the seals land again and are pursued in the same manner; after which they disappear altogether until the ensuing year.

The chief value of the seal consists in the oil. When the animal is killed the fat is peeled off with knives, and the blubber tried out. The skin of a full-grown one is worth about two dollars. The proceeds of the sales of both the skins and the oil

in very good years reach thousands of dollars for a single harbor, but this is rare.

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Sealing is exciting, whether carried on from land or vessel. An old sealing skipper told me the following story of a voyage on which Dr. Grenfell accompanied him:

The ship was stuck—not "ashore" on a sand-bank nor "ketched up" on a hidden rock, but jammed in the ice eighty miles off the Labrador coast. She was the *Hound,* a small steamer, one of a hundred steamers and schooners of various sizes which each year compose the seal "fishery." Sixty years before she had been a British man-of-war with open decks, and her massive oak hull was a relic of the times when an apprentice was hung for careless work. She had been built with a view to permanency, not novelty; and even now, although she had been jammed in a vast floe for two days, ground on all sides by the ice, she had thus far stood the strain, with only an occasional creak and the scrapings of her outer paint on the snow-covered ice-edge to show the struggle.

The regular crew and the three hundred sealers were below decks, seizing their opportunity to lay in a stock of "grub." The cook and his boy were laboring under the captain's order of "Six meals a day, b'y, an' tea when dey waants it." On deck the captain stepped back and forth, talking to Doctor Grenfell, proud to have the genial skipper of the

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whole coast as his shipmate. The watch in the crow's nest was cursing the ship's luck and wishing that the mate would come up and strike eight bells for a shift of watches; for, though the air was clear, it was bitter cold, and as he stood in the small barrel he had ceased to feel the wind blowing through every seam of his many-layered clothes, and no longer cared to stamp or fling his stiff arms. He felt that most of him was solid as frozen beef, and the cold had penetrated everywhere except his stomach; every breath chilled his lungs; his face felt like a mask and his legs like posts.

The glaring light bounding from sun to ice and back hurt his eyes, even through his dark glasses; and it was such a hopeless task, looking, searching the white horizon for "swoil" (seal), until he could see them by thousands, and only proved the vision false by noticing that it appeared in whatever direction he looked. Somewhere along the coast to the north, south, east or west of them, from five to a hundred miles away, was the colony of thousands, or perhaps millions of seals, mostly females with their new-born pups, scattered for miles on huge pans of ice. As the young "white-coats" usually arrive about March 20, they must now be about a week old and still timid about taking to the water.

Upon the ability of the captain to divine where to go for the prey depended the success of the voyage; for it is only for a few weeks that the seals

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lie most of the time upon the ice and can be killed by hundreds; and if during this time the ship fails to find them she goes back empty-handed to her owners, the crew have earned nothing for their labor except their food, and the skipper's career is ended. If, however, they reach a patch of seals before too many others arrive, they kill thousands and load the vessel in three days, cramming pelts in every conceivable corner, even tearing down the bunks and sleeping on top of the seals, just below the deck. If they reach the market at St. Johns safely the owners receive a certain share of the profits, the lucky skipper one-tenth of the whole; and the men share the rest, which often amounts to $100 a man.

Capt. Eli Munter had been "goin' to d'ice" from his fifteenth winter to his seventy-fifth, and had always had at least two offers of "a berth" each spring. In his youth he was in demand because he was a "rig'lar handy young feller, loose as ar' man on d'ice." "Still an' all," he told me modestly, "dere was plenty b'ys was more active nor I." Now his "call" to "go master" of the biggest craft on the coast was his unerring ability to find the white-coats. "Sure I 'llow Skipper Eli's h'able to smell swoil twice as fur agin's er can see un," maliciously laughed a discomfited skipper the year before when he had returned "clean," while Eli's decks were piled to the rail. So when toward night the wind

shifted and the ice began to "go abroad" the crew were hearty once more, and the mate eagerly responded to the order, "Nort' by Eas', an' kape her to it. Extry han' a for'ard in d'head of her."

All night they pushed on full speed ahead, against the stiff wind which swept the ice southward by them in a steady volley. Many slight shocks woke the trained crew and set half of them pulling on their boots, only to learn that no damage had been done. The captain slept the first half of the night, and Dr. Grenfell turned in also, though, owing to his years as skipper of his hospital steamer, the *Strathcona,* he woke at each change of watch and every slight collision, ready for any emergency; then, as further evidence of his sailor's training, he promptly fell asleep again. He had finished his slumbers by four o'clock and turned out with the captain.

" 'Tis a civil marnin', sir," said the skipper. "Ye see, when a man has d'v'yage o' dis one on his moin' er can't res' easy; but I was 'llowin' you'd take a spell, sir. You does a martal sight o' work enough to merit a res'."

"Well, I can't lie still when there's anything to be done. Besides six hours is all I need. I wanted to see how far along we were. We ought to hit the seals to-day." The running ice began to close up because of the opposite wind and tide, and later the dawn revealed another huge field of ice glimmer-

ing painfully. As the ship approached the men made out immense pans of ice a mile or more long, surrounded by countless smaller ones between which the ship made her way. Some flocks of ducks seemed to be "pitched" on the ice; but when the captain saw them he seized his glass and eagerly climbed the rigging. "Ah, den, b'ys," he chuckled, as he climbed leisurely down, "we're as good as loaded, whatever. Dem swoils is so t'ick as floys on a caribou wid de itch." And the news ran down into the forecastle.

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"All han's git to rights," sang out the mate, and all was hustling preparation, the men strapping fagots of firewood on their shoulders and filling their sealskin nunny-bags with hard bread and 'lassy pork buns, while others sharpened their "gaffs" or boat-hooks, and iron-shod clubs. The ship now found herself in a blind lead, so the ice-grapnels were thrown out and all hands except the captain and cook leapt over the side.

A few expert shots were armed with rifles and, from a short distance, shot many of the old seals. The majority hurried on over the hummocky surface until they reached the crying white-coats and then began "swatching," killing the defenseless creatures with their clubs, and with their sheath-knives cutting out the flesh and leaving the skin and the layer of fat next it. These "pelts" were quickly "panned" or piled up, and the army went on.

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Dr. Grenfell soon wearied of this hideous slaughter and even found shooting the parent seals rather tame, so he gave his gun to a grateful old sealer and advanced with the first men to attack the old "harps" with his iron-shod club. These fight stubbornly for their young, and with their swift dodging and powerful blows with bared tusks prove a good match for an active man. After a battle of twenty minutes, during which he perspired dangerously in spite of the cold, Dr. Grenfell killed a large harp, and had just bathed his boots in the hot carcass to warm his feet when he perceived a big dog hood-seal a few rods distant, attacked by a young fellow who evidently had been ignorant of the danger of this species. Although the boy was using his club with all his strength, the inflated bladder, or hood, protected the seal's most vulnerable parts—the nose and skull; and by clever dodging the beast caught all blows on this hood, thus fending them from his body. At every opportunity he shot out his neck to gash the man's legs with his tusks, and was steadily driving him toward the water.

Dr. Grenfell ran to the boy's aid, and dodged back and forth in a futile attempt to deal a death-blow. At last when the seal struck at the boy the doctor got in a quick blow just back of the neck, and they added the largest pelt thus far panned—eleven feet long—to the nearest pile.

Through the constant addition of small pans the

floe was now about five miles broad, and Dr. Grenfell with fifty others had pushed on nearly to its edge. They were still working away, and Dr. Grenfell had hacked forty-five notches in his gaff, when darkness began to descend with northern rapidity, and the party turned toward the ship, judging the direction by sense only. The pan on which they were was a mile broad; and they hurried across it. With horror they found that it no longer lay next to the others, but that a slight shift of wind had scattered the whole floe and their pan was at least a quarter mile from any other. The ship was, of course, out of sight. All sorts of suggestions were made by those coming up. When they realized that nothing could be done, their hopeless condition and the fatigue of the day were almost too much, and they sat about in spiritless agony.

Dr. Grenfell was not a bit weighed down. "Come on, don't mooch (be idle)," he said gaily. "Skipper Eli won't go off without us, you know. It's not the first time we've spent a night in the open. Let's get a fire here and boil the kettle." There was one in the group. He soon had the whole crowd playing leap-frog; and the night was spent in trials of strength and games.

The steamer cruised about for half the night, having picked up the rest of the men; then, fearing to lose her position altogether, she lay to until morning. About dawn the men were sighted and taken

aboard, a thoroughly hungry and cold, but not disheartened lot, ready to load the steamer with their kill of the day before, and thankful to the doctor for "keepin' we to rights."

Hamilton Inlet is a good field for shooting. During a brief trip there we separated into two parties, one to camp out over night near a swamp and shoot geese, while another was to shoot up a brook and sleep at a small native house. The Inlet (otherwise called Eskimo or Grosswater Bay) is a hundred and fifty miles long, connecting Northwest River with the sea. We chose a region near a cove called Tikoralik, not very far from the settlement of Rigolet. (It would have been possible to get men from the Hudson Bay post there to take us up the bay, but fortunately we had our own boat.)

The party out for geese had a long wait but were eventually rewarded by good shots at several flights which, thanks to skilful work, Dr. Grenfell excelling, for he is a wonderful shot, resulted in a change in our larder from canned and salted food and fish. The brook party set out along the beach, keeping back in patches of tall grass and young fir-trees; this section inland and along the bay being well wooded. We saw several yellow-legs, which we stalked and shot, when we could sufficiently approximate them. Our attempts were made in a very unostentatious manner, we wriggling along on the ground. I lived half the time in mortal terror lest

my partner should cock his gun too soon, and catch the trigger in the grass as he slid through the marsh behind me. His state of mind was probably much the same, so we each managed to save the other's life by not shooting him.

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We got several yellow-legs and a bunch of tender beach-birds. Further on some ducks sailed down the little valley in which flowed the brook which we were following. Half hidden by the underbrush along the banks, we waited in panting excitement until they were nearly opposite, and our volley caught them before they were able to turn.

Seeing no more birds we turned our attention to the brook itself, and soon found a pool in which trout were jumping. We used mainly "Silver Doctor" flies, but even caught several with the native equipment: a hook with a bit of red flannel. By five o'clock we had seventy-seven, and they were still coming. Many of them weighed two pounds each.

Reaching a little liveyere's house at dark, we were entertained with unstinted hospitality, and were soon enjoying a glorious supper of pink brook trout, bread and butter; the latter proving the family very prosperous. After a sleep in a wooden-box bed, we stepped out on a deer-skin rug, bathed with spring-water, breakfasted on another mess of trout, and were off. It seemed that our occupation of the "spare-room" had caused the adult members of the

family to sleep in the common living-room and kitchen.

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That morning we shot more birds and caught more trout in the same pool. Cooking them over a log-fire gave a welcome heat, for it was a cold day; in fact, a little snow had fallen during the morning, and all the little pools in the marsh were frozen over. We got back on board late in the afternoon, and admired the goodly stock of geese, ducks, shell-birds and jack-snipe caught by the other party.

Another trip, from Battle Harbor, took us up Lewis Inlet, which runs thirty miles inland at that point. Trees began to show themselves, very low ones, succeeded by taller and taller trunks as we got farther from the coast. When we landed occasionally we noticed several fresh bear-tracks, and much regretted that we could not stop to hunt the owners. Birds flew around and over us as we went along, including gulls, kitewakes, and "pigeons"; and we saw two or three bay-seals swimming in the still water, but were not near enough to shoot them.

In general the farther north one hunts the better. One party hunted for a day near Port Manvers, half on the mainland and the others on Black Island. They had two settlers as guides; and secured a black bear and a caribou before noon.

The officers of a German battleship which visited these waters had similar luck. In addition they shot, not far south of Cape Chidley, four polar

bears. North Labrador is now the only practical point for this game; but only five years ago a polar bear actually landed a few miles south of the northern tip of Newfoundland, crossed to the Straits and swam off again.

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CHAPTER IV

COMMERCIAL LABRADOR

Labrador is a country which is perhaps remarkable in the simplicity of its economic organization. Fishing is, of course, the chief industry. This is carried on by two classes of people—the permanent inhabitants, and the fishermen who visit the coast in the summer. The latter come usually in schooners, each year in increasing numbers, so that now over a thousand vessels visit the coast each season. Formerly a large number of Gloucester fishermen were found on the coast, but now, although there are a number on the Banks, there are few further north. The number of Nova Scotia men is also lessening; and the majority of the visitors are Newfoundlanders. In many cases the crew is composed of sons and cousins, with the father as skipper. Their vessels are made of the soft northern timber, spruce or larch, and often are built by the members of the family themselves in their own little cove, only the rigging and fittings being imported.

The visiting fishermen who come in schooners

almost always carry their fish south "green," that is, treated with salt alone. On reaching St. Johns or the outports of Newfoundland it is then properly cured in the sun, which produces much better fish than the lack of sun allows on the Labrador coast.

In addition to the sailing fishermen, there are many hundreds of people who come in families to the coast, either as passengers on the schooners, on the early mail boats, or as freighters brought in wholesale lots in the traders' steam vessels and distributed along the coast. These people live in the most temporary shacks and fish from the shore in small boats with hand lines, or set trap-nets. In most cases their welfare is looked out for to a certain extent by, and their catch is turned over to, one of the large traders.

Both among the sailing crews and on shore, a very curious relation between master and employed is found. This is known as the "share system." The skipper usually taking most of the risk financially, and providing both the gear and provisions as well as the brains, is naturally entitled to the larger part of the returns. Accordingly the net proceeds are divided into two parts; the skipper takes half, and the other half is divided equally among the men of the crew, including the skipper. For example, if the skipper has two men, and catches 300 quintals, his share is 200 and that of the men 50 each.

Farther north the system is slightly different, the skipper taking only half the fish and dividing the remainder between the share-men. There is often a ship's boy who cooks and does sundry work, but is not considered to be earning a man's share, and so is given a small lump sum for the season, or as "five-quintal boy" receives five quintals out of every hundred caught. Sometimes crews have boys on half-share or quarter-share; and men minus an arm or otherwise deficient come under a similar heading, whereas a man owning a part of the net receives two shares or more: so that the calculation of shares becomes a problem which often has to be referred to the doctor. I recommend examples like the above to makers of arithmetics, as a change from Johnny and the Apples.

On land there are many large and small fishing establishments known as fishing "rooms." Each of these is run exactly like a ship, the master being called the skipper and his men the crew. They are at his orders night and day, and are paid on the share system. It can easily be seen that in a bad year, when little or no fish is caught, the share-men, like the independent fishermen, find themselves with practically nothing as a result of their season's work, with which to face the winter. Some few avoid this risk, and at the same time forfeit the gambling chance of a large catch, by shipping with one of the big traders for wages. The share-

system is more frequent, however, and extends most largely through the relation of the traders to their so-called "planters," who are outfitted more or less free, for a share of the catch.

Very naturally the leading families of the coast are those which own the "rooms" and the vessels. Members of the poorer families hire themselves out. In each "room" there are one or two women who assist the skipper's wife and daughters in the culinary department of the establishment. They also share in the work of curing the fish; and the salting, which is a very exact operation, is frequently done by a woman. Unfortunately, the cook on many of the vessels is also often a woman, but the number of these, except in cases where the skipper's daughter travels with him, is gradually being lessened. The difficulty is, of course, that, with the extremely limited living accommodations in the cabin, there is very little privacy; and the lack of another woman associate is also unfortunate.

The commercial part of the fishery is carried on chiefly by seven or eight large firms with headquarters in St. Johns. They have vessels which visit the various harbors and gather the cured fish both from the people themselves and from the local agents. These tramp steamers then carry the fish either to St. Johns to be resold, or direct across the ocean to the Mediterranean, where it finds a

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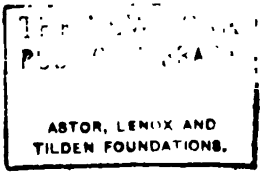

THE REINDEER OF LABRADOR AFFORD RICH MILK

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sale in Greece and the Azores. Very little of the fish is exported to America, because it is not sufficiently well cured to be able to compete with the Norwegian and Gloucester product.

Much smaller in extent is the salmon fishery which is carried on in the northern bays by families. There are rather fewer crews engaged in this branch of work, but the trading companies pursue it at Cartwright, Rigolet and various other places. The salmon are smoked or salted, enclosed in large barrels called tierces and then shipped south.

The only other industry of any size is the fur trade, in which the majority of permanent fishermen engage to greater or less extent during the winter. They are usually outfitted by the traders, but work by families; living isolated at distances of 15 or 20 miles apart. The majority of the furs are eventually bought by the Hudson Bay Company or its recent rival, Revillon Frères. This latter company has established a post practically next door to each of the Hudson Bay Company stations and, in its zeal for competition, has in some cases raised the price of furs bought from the catcher to a point equal to their price in New York. In the majority of cases, however, the conditions enable both companies to buy the fur at considerably less than its value further south.

Judging from the old records and from personal recent experience, the amount of furring on the

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Labrador is far less than formerly, and even than fifty years ago. The reasons are deforestation by fire and consequent dying out of fur-bearing and edible animals, causing the dying out of large numbers of Indians and the turning of more whites to fishing, hence in turn less trapping. In fact, rather curiously the dying off of the Indians has again made game plentiful in parts of northern Labrador, and revived hunting, only to lessen the game again. This cycle has transpired repeatedly in the history of the north.

The furs caught in Labrador have the world-wide reputation of being the best in North America, except for muskrats; they are generally firmer and of a richer, darker coloring. The principal species are red, white, cross and silver foxes, marten, mink, otter, black bear, lynx, beaver, wolverine and wolf.

The firm of Revillon Frères has one main station in Labrador, in charge of the factor. Fifty to a hundred miles distant are outposts, each in charge of a white-man or half-breed, and regularly visited once a year by the Post-Manager. The main station receives its goods and supplies once a year, in August, by a sailing vessel.

How much business this company and the Hudson Bay Company, together with occasional traders, do on the coast each year is hard to say, and varies greatly from year to year, but the average value

of the furs taken out of Labrador each year is over $200,000.

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For people who live in poor furring sections toward the south, or who strike an off year, or for men who have failed in the fishing, there remains hardly any other occupation, and for this reason the winter was for years, and still is to many, a season very greatly to be dreaded. Gruesome tales are still told which have been proved to be absolutely true, of men who, having exhausted their provisions, run out of powder and shot, and failed to get help from distant and equally needy neighbors, have finally disposed of their families and themselves with an axe, in order to avoid starvation. Only last winter a northern hunter was found standing up against a tree, frozen to death, chiefly because he was in an extremely weak condition from lack of food. Dr. Grieve, on his northern trip in the winter, always finds a number of families already reduced to rations of plain flour, and often a few with no flour even, subsisting on rock cod caught through deep holes in the harbor ice. They have nothing to turn over to the trader in exchange for further supplies, and in fact not infrequently the trader has already advanced them practically all he has.

These conditions will of course only be remedied when some other means of livelihood is introduced for the sustenance of the people in the winter. Owing to the lack of demand, extremely

low wages prevail when men are hired. A few years ago it was possible to hire a man for the entire winter of seven or eight months for $12 and his keep, and even now little more than actual food and clothing can be obtained by a man for his services in winter. It is for this reason that Dr. Grenfell has established the mill at Inglee in Canada Bay, where men whose summer catch has been a blank, and whose families might otherwise starve or suffer extreme want, are given an opportunity to work during the winter.

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Dr. Grenfell is responsible for the chief efforts to increase and better the industrial activities of the coast. Of major importance is his work in establishing coöperative stores. With the people scattered and in many cases illiterate, the traders have in the past been able to take serious advantage of them. The worst result of this has been the prevalence of the truck or barter system of trade, under which men turned over their fish and furs and received in return their supplies for the winter, consisting of flour, salt pork, molasses and tea. I saw several men on the coast who had never seen silver or paper money. The result is that the fisherman is continually in ignorance of his exact standing and in fact or belief continually in debt. Competition by other traders is killed because a man once in debt finds it necessary to turn over all his products to his creditor. Debt is handed down

from father to son, and amounts in many cases almost to slavery.

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The system also keeps the people poor and ill-nourished and is responsible for a large part of the disease with which the hospitals have to contend. Regulation of this trade is more or less out of the question. A law has been passed in Newfoundland prohibiting trucking, or trading without cash, but in a country like Labrador its enforcement is impossible. Even the very men who would be benefited by it are afraid to implore its aid, for fear of the traders' wrath.

The only way out of the difficulty was to render the fishermen independent of the traders and in a large measure this has been accomplished. At Red Bay you will see a little one-story store which last year, in spite of an exceedingly poor fishery, did a successful business and constructively maintained its members in comparative plenty. This same store pays its fishermen members an average of 30 per cent. dividends on their stock. It was this same store which was organized first by a dozen fearsome fishermen who conducted their work in secrecy, in order that, if the enterprise failed, the trader would not let them starve the following winter. Six or seven other coöperative stores have been established, and, with one or two exceptions, have been extremely successful under native managers. The only exceptions were due to

the excessive kind-heartedness of the manager, who against his better judgment gave advance credit to people in extreme need.

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The stores succeed because they buy the fish from their members for cash, export it themselves to the South and import outfits and food at the lowest possible prices. The profits are then divided among the fishermen members, thus reducing their outlay considerably. This work is absolutely separate from the International Medical Mission.

The second effect of the stores has been indirect. Through their means, competition has been instituted, which makes it practically possible for any man on the coast to obtain cash for his products. The traders' prices have also been very greatly lowered and their standards of business considerably improved.

Further industrial work has been carried on at one or two of the Mission stations. The weaving of homespun has been taught, and—even more hopeful—this work has been extended by the people themselves into other communities. Many of the men are excellent carpenters and they have built their own looms after the models, and those who have had the advantage of training have taught others. When the spread of reindeer makes possible the introduction of other domestic animals, such as sheep, this knowledge will greatly improve the living conditions of the people.

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Local pottery has been made and carving has been taught, and for all these products there is more demand in America and Canada than can be supplied for a considerable time. Recently an effort has been made to teach some of the people the cutting and polishing of labradorite, a beautiful iridescent stone found in considerable quantities on the coast. In the Straits, at several ports, an industry for the manufacture of sealskin boots flourishes, and here also the output is less than the demand. As I write this, word comes from Dr. Grenfell that the sawmill has made several additions to increase its output, and that the coöperative store at St. Anthony has been reorganized and is doing a large business.

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CHAPTER V

EXPLORATION

Labrador is one of the least explored and mapped countries remaining. There are thousands of square miles as yet untrod by civilized men. When one considers its comparative nearness to the thickly populated regions of North America, there is no country which compares with it in virginity.

The Eskimo have, as far as men know, never hunted far inland. The two tribes of Indians have roamed at will, but there are probably many areas that even they have not seen—sections away from the waterways and several regions which their traditions regard as inhabited by the Evil Spirit.

In former days the Hudson Bay Company had several posts in the interior of northern Labrador, now abandoned, and their factors made many long inland trips with the Indians. Most of these trips are now a matter of hazy tradition and conjecture. The Moravian missionaries, who for several hundred years have taken good care of the Eskimo, have traveled little inland, but some Catholic missionaries have come in long ago from Canada.

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A United States Ethnological Bureau expedition has explored some of the territory. Several parties have crossed from Quebec to the Labrador coast. A summary of these trips is given by Mr. Cabot in "Northern Labrador." But Labrador presents to-day vast opportunities for original research to both amateur and scientific explorers. Especially in science is the field open.

One of the earliest scientific explorations was led to Labrador in 1891 by the late Leslie A. Lee, Ph.D., Professor of Geology in Bowdoin College and State Geologist of Maine. He had previously been in charge of scientific work on the *Albatross*, United States Fish Commission steamer, during an expedition to South America, and was a noted man of science well qualified for the task. In their own vessel his party of twenty scientific men explored the Labrador coast as far as Hopedale and secured excellent and exact ethnological and biological data.

Four of his men explored the Northwest and Grand Rivers and discovered a wonderful gorge which they named Bowdoin Cañon, and were the first to measure, photograph and record the Grand Falls, a cascade rivaling Niagara and twice as high. The falls were known to tradition as having been seen by two employees of the Hudson Bay Company. A Mr. Holmes from England attempted in 1888 to reach the falls, without success. Soon after the Bowdoin Expedition's trip a Philadelphia

party went in and reached the falls; and in 1910 a party of Yale men repeated the feat.

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Extreme hardships were borne by Professor Lee's men, as the story is modestly told by one of the party.

Nine miles were made the day of the first carry and camp was reached at the beginning of rough water on the Horse Shoe Rapid. Here the first evidence of shoes giving out was seen. Constant use over rough rocks while wet proved too much for even the strongest shoes, and when Cary and Cole returned there was not leather enough between them to make one decent shoe. Rain made the night uncomfortable, as the light shelter tent let water through very easily and was then of little use. At other times the camps were very comfortable. Upon arriving at the spot selected, two men would at once set about preparing their brush for beds, pitching the tent, etc., while the other provided wood for the camp and for the cook, in which capacity Cary officiated.

The party believed that a good night's rest was indispensable where the day was filled with the hardest kind of labor, and spared no pains to secure it. Even on the return Cary and Cole, when half starved, stuck to their practice of making comfortable camps, and it is probable that the wonderful way they held out under their privations was largely due to this. While many in their predica-

ment would have thrown away their blankets, they kept them and on every cold and stormy night congratulated themselves that they had done so.

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At Horse Shoe Rapids the first accident happened. Tracking there was extremely difficult and dangerous. Shortly after dinner a carry was made, taking three and a half hours to track out a path up and along a terrace about fifty feet high. Shortly after this the boat used by Cary and Smith capsized, emptying its load into the river. At the same time Cary was carried from his footing and just managed to grasp the line as he came up, and escape being borne down the stream. When things were collected, and an inventory taken of the loss, it was found to include about one-fourth of the provisions, the barometer and chronometer rendered useless and practically lost, measuring chain, cooking utensils, rifles, with much of the ammunition, axe and small stores lost. One day was used in making the length of the lake, and at the camp at its head Young and Smith turned back.

A very badly swelled hand and arm caused by jamming his thumb had prevented Young from getting any sleep, and threatened speedily to become worse. This, in connection with the loss of provisions in the upset, made it expedient to send the two men back. The returning party was given the best boat, the best of the outfit and provisions for six days, in which they could easily reach the

mouth of the river. Meantime Cary and Cole pushed on into what was to prove the most eventful part of their journey.

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The lake is simply the river valley with the terraces cleaned out, and was probably made when the river was much higher, at a time not far removed from the glacial period. The head of the lake is full of sand bars and shoals, much resembling the mouth of the river as it opens out into Goose Bay. On both sides of the lake mountains rise steeply for 1,000 or 1,200 feet. Its average width is from two to three miles and it has three long bends or curves. Only one deep valley breaks the precipitous sides, but many streams flow in over the ridge, making beautiful waterfalls.

On Monday, the last day's advance in the boats was made, the water becoming too swift to be stemmed. This day Cary got the second ducking of the trip—a very good record in view of the roughness of the work and the smallness of the boats. During this and the day previous an otter, a crow and a robin were seen.

The next day the boats and the provisions, excepting a six days' supply carried in the packs, were carefully cached, and at 10:45 camp was left and the memorable tramp began. Each man carried twenty-five pounds. The stream was followed a short distance, then the abrupt ascent to the plateau climbed, old river beaches being found all the way

up. From a birch knoll the river was in view for quite a distance and a large branch was seen making in from the west.

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At 11:45 a. m. the Grand Falls were first seen. The falls proper are about 200 feet high and just above the river narrows from 250 to 50 yards, the water shooting over a somewhat gradual downward course and then plunging straight down, with terrific force, the distance mentioned, and with an immense volume. The fall must be grander at other seasons, for, while the party was there, the ground quaked with the shock of the descending stream, and the river was nearly at its lowest point. At the bottom is a large pool made by the change of direction of the river from south, at and about the falls, to nearly east below. The cañon begins at the pool and extends, with many turns and windings, for twenty-five miles through Archean rock. Above the falls in the wide rapids, the bed is of the same rock, which seems to underlie the whole plateau.

The very fact of having succeeded made the return distance shorter and fatigue more easily borne, so they traveled along at a brisk pace, surveying at times, and little thinking of the disaster that had befallen them. Camp was made on the river bank, beneath one of the terraces which lined both sides.

When they arose the march back to the best cache was resumed. Toward night, as they approached the place, smoke was seen rising from the ground,

and, fearing evil, the men broke into a run during the last two miles. As Cary's journal puts it:

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> "We arrived at our camp to find boat and stores burnt and the fire still smoking and spreading. Cole arrives first, and as I come thrashing through the bushes he sits on a rock munching some burnt flour. He announces with an unsteady voice: 'Well, she's gone.' We say not much, nothing that indicates poor courage, but go about to find what we can in the wreck, and pack up for a tramp down river. In an hour we have picked out everything useful, including my money, nails, thread and damaged provisions, and are on the way down river hoping to pass the rapids before dark, starting at 5."

The extinguished camp-fire had crept underneath through the peaty soil. Their position was certainly disheartening. They were 150 miles from their nearest cache, and nearly 300 miles from the nearest settlement, already greatly used up, needing rest and plenty of food, with boat and provisions burnt.

The next day the battle for life began. This day several trout were caught, line and hooks being part of each man's outfit, and two square meals enjoyed, which proved the last for a week. A raft was made that would not float the men and baggage, and being somewhat discouraged on the subject of

rafting by the failure, the men did not then attempt another, but continued tramping. Following the river, they found its general course, between the rapids and Lake Wanimikapo, S. S. E. During part of that day and all the next they followed in the track of a large panther, but did not get sight of him.

After this some time every morning was usually occupied in mending shoes. All sorts of devices were resorted to to get the last bit of wear out of them, even to shifting from right to left; but finally Cole had to make a pair of nondescripts from the leather lining of his pack. Cranberries were found during the day and at intervals during the tramp, and were always drawn upon for a meal. About two quarts were added to the stock of provision, and a supper was made of a red squirrel and a pint of stewed cranberries. It was a long gruelling trip to the coast, entailing great hardship.

Finally they reached the schooner and their journey was done. Seventeen days had been used in making the 300 miles, all but seventy-five of which were covered afoot. When they came in, besides the blankets, cooking tins and instruments, nothing remained of the outfit with which they started on the return except three matches and one cartridge for the revolver, which, in Cole's hands, had proved their mainstay from absolute starvation.

As they climbed over the side of the vessel in the

harbor they were nearly deafened with exclamations that their appearance called out, and by the questions that were showered on them. At last some order was restored, and after pictures had been made of them just as they came aboard, dressed in sealskin cassock, ragged remnants of trousers and shirts, they were given an opportunity to make themselves comfortable and eat supper, and then the professor took them into the cabin to receive an account of their work.

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It was many days before their haggard appearance, with sunken eyes and dark rings beneath them, and their extreme weakness, disappeared.

Meantime the vessel had explored further parts of the coast. At Northern River Professor Lee very fortunately encountered a camp of Montagnais Indians. Measurements of some twenty-five of this nation, heretofore unknown to anthropometric science, were made, and a full collection of the household utensils peculiar to their tribe was procured. Several "Nascopies" were among them and were also measured.

The only remains of the picturesque national costume that they saw was the cap. The women wore a curious knot of hair, about the size of a small egg, over each ear, while the men wore their hair cut off straight around, a few inches above the shoulders.

Some curious scenes were enacted while Profes-

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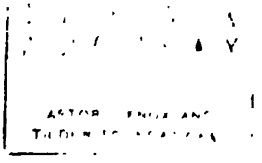

QUARTER-MILE PIECE OF GREENLAND GLACIER, GROUNDED A MILE OFF SHORE

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sor Lee was trading for his desired ethnological material. With inexhaustible patience and imperturbable countenance, he sat on a log, surrounded by yelping dogs, and by children and papooses of more or less tender ages and scanty raiment, playing on ten-cent harmonicas that had for a time served as a staple of trade, struggling with the dogs and with their equally excited mothers and sisters for a sight of the wonderful basket from whose apparently inexhaustible depths came forth yet more harmonicas, sets of celluloid jewelry, knives, combs, fish-hooks, needles, etc., ad infinitum. The men, whose gravity equaled the delight of the women and children, held themselves somewhat aloof, seldom deigning to enter the circle about the magic basket, and making their trades in a very dignified and careless fashion.

That these people are capable of civilization there can be no doubt. Missing the interpreter, without whom nothing could be done, the professor inquired for him and learned that he had returned to his wigwam. Upon being summoned he said he was tired of talking; thereupon the professor bethought himself and asked him if he wanted more pay. The interpreter, no longer tired, was willing to talk all night.

At Eskimo Island, at the eastern end of the lake, a stop was made and a few bones dug up from the Eskimo graves that abound there.

About fifty Eskimo were measured and photographed; three large houses, comprising the ancient Eskimo village of "Avatoke," which means "May-we-have-swalex," i. e., seals, were surveyed, photographed and then thoroughly excavated. All this was under the leadership of the Professor. Other parties led by the Captain made trips into the neighboring sounds and bays and secured quite a lot of codfish; and the evenings were very pleasantly spent cultivating the acquaintance of the Moravian missionaries.

The remains of the village of "Avatoke" have been deserted for over 100 years and the village was in its prime centuries before that. The outlines of their houses, roughly eight-sided, about thirty-six feet across, and each having a long narrow entrance, are marked by walls now about five feet high and ten feet thick. In front of this row of houses, which look toward the sea, are shell heaps of considerable depth and extent, abounding in broken implements, pottery and bones.

While part of the force were employed carefully raking over these heaps of "kitchen midden," others were measuring the walls, excavating them and also the floors, which were beautifully laid with immense flag stones, making photographs and identifying and labeling the finds.

Small carvings of walrus ivory, stone lamps, portions of komatik runners and harness, needles,

whetstones, arrow heads, portions of seal spears, of kyaks and bones innumerable were among the finds.

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Professor Lee's expedition was the forerunner of several others, including that of Hubbard and Wallace, and it serves to illustrate definitely what will be done in the future. A group of scientific men or pleasure-seekers or both, even if they have only a summer at their disposal, will find in Labrador an almost unlimited field, accessible in a practical way. By hiring a fishing schooner at St. Johns, or better one of Dr. Grenfell's sailing vessels with auxiliary motor, they can leisurely cruise the coast, finding a good harbor available each night. Or they can sail straight to Ungava or Hudson Bay, or across to Baffin Land. In the latter regions the Eskimo are still more primitive.

I have recently seen remains of ancient Eskimo villages, of glacial beaches and upheavals, and the breeding islands where thousands of ducks nest. Even near Rigolette I found very old Eskimo graves, and although this place had been frequently visited there were still parts of skeletons, bone implements and stone vessels.

Such a schooner as mentioned above is provided with her own crew and a skipper who knows the coast thoroughly. A trip of this kind is entirely safe. With increasing knowledge of the interior, there is much less danger there than formerly. The

best plan for hunting or exploring seems to be that pursued with great success by the Yale party, who brought with them trained Canadian guides and Micmac Indians. These men make much better servants than the Labrador liveyeres because they are more accustomed to that part of the work. For aid in traveling and as pilots, the party of course found Labrador liveyeres or half-breed Indians absolutely necessary, because of their local knowledge. A small party or one which does not care strongly for luxuries and comfort can conveniently use them alone. With very few exceptions the Newfoundlanders know absolutely nothing about the interior of Labrador; but the coast they know well.

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For real excitement a party planned to stay for the winter in northern Labrador has great possibilities. Early arrangements would have to be made to secure the services of one or more experienced natives and their dog-teams. Trips such as that of Dr. Grieve from Battle Harbor to Nain, and those taken by the Hudson Bay and Revillon factors, over the coast range of hills and the long stretches of sea ice, provide thrills of adventure decidedly worth while.

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DR. GRENFELL IN SEALSKINS

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CHAPTER VI

THE LABRADOR MEDICAL MISSION

Dr. Grenfell states in one of his books that "the *raison d'être* of the Mission * is to commend to men who daily face the perils and privations of the sea the Gospel of Christ, as the practical rule of life." This statement needs explanation. Although as it shows, Dr. Grenfell's motive is religious and deeply so, his Mission would never be recognized as a "Gospel Mission." He does not seek, as the conventional missionaries do, to "save" men by supplanting their own religion, by whose tenets they actually live, with another which for the majority of its adherents is chiefly a matter of form. Dr. Grenfell says further "from the beginning of this work, no man has ever been engaged in the capacity of priest or clergyman." So, although the spirit of the Mission is religious, its actual work is very material, with the medical side as the basis.

In 1892 Dr. Grenfell, who had made an excellent record in establishing medical work in the

* Recently reorganized under the name of The International Medical Mission.

Gospel ships with the fishing fleet in the North Sea, and had shown his ability as a fighter by putting out of business the rum-ships that traveled with the fleet, was sent to Labrador by his Society, the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. He came over in charge (being a qualified Master Mariner) of their sailing vessel, the *Albert*. He cruised along the coast, treating 900 patients, and found conditions which the present visitor is quite unable to conceive. Not a hospital on the whole coast and not a doctor except one who came a few times each summer on the mail steamer, and whose efficiency is indicated by the fact that his career was ended by his falling down the companionway when drunk. Starvation of whole families was fairly common. Poverty and disease were unchecked. An insidious debt system of slavery to the traders prevailed, possible because of almost universal ignorance and illiteracy. Dr. Grenfell realized that here was a field of endeavor which offered to occupy fully the lifetime of a strong man. It demanded one of unusual energy and courage as well.

I will not detail the history of the Mission. It is chiefly of course, the history of Dr. Grenfell's twenty-three years of remarkably successful work, and is much too modestly and briefly outlined in his book "Labrador." In 1893 and 1894 Battle Harbor and Indian Harbor hospitals were opened,

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and each summer Dr. Grenfell cruised north, first in a little launch with three men. His skill and daring as a sailor, and his endurance in standing watches after long sieges with patients in the little harbors, earned the amazement and admiration of the whole coast. Several vessels were worn out in this service, disabled or carried away in the ice, until the little steamer *Strathcona* was donated, which is now in active use.

Additional hospitals were built, the staff was increased and the work grew. Dr. Grenfell saw that it was futile to cure diseases like scurvy, consumption and anemia caused chiefly by ignorance and poverty, and then send the patients back to suffer a relapse under the same conditions. So he began in 1896 at Red Bay the establishment of coöperative stores to help free the people from the traders and to lower prices and introduce cash trading. At present there are eight of these stores run and owned by and for fishermen. They have made it possible for men in practically any part of the coast to demand and get from the traders cash for their fish and furs, and they have greatly reduced directly and by competition the price of supplies, flour, molasses, tea, etc.

Several thousand patients are now treated each year at the hospitals and on the *Strathcona*. Each doctor also has a launch in which, when he can get away, he travels the neighboring coast during

open water, and a dog-team, with which to reach as many little settlements as possible in winter.

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Dr. Grenfell's position on the coast is one of great authority. The prestige and honors which have come to him have been absolutely unsought and are simply a recognition of the work which he has calmly done. His plans have been gigantic, though each unit has been begun in a modest way. Several of the projects have failed in part or temporarily, and Dr. Grenfell, like all born fighters, has unhesitatingly made enemies; but the balance to his credit, of success and friends, is very large.

The southernmost station, except St. Johns, is Pilley's Island, on the east coast of Newfoundland. For some time the people of this district urged Dr. Grenfell to open a hospital here to care for several hundred miles of coast that were without medical aid. Although for the most part poor fishermen they agreed to provide for the maintenance if Dr. Grenfell would supply a doctor. As the funds of the Mission were already heavily burdened it seemed wisest not to undertake any fresh responsibilities, but a separate fund was raised in Boston for the equipment, and Dr. Webster and another doctor and nurse opened a hospital. By means of strict economy, contributions and the collection of fees from those able to pay, this hospital has become largely self-supporting, and is now doing splendid work.

On the northeast coast of Newfoundland, for-

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merly called "Starvation Coast," because of the poverty and dire calamity which at one time prevailed, but now called the "French Shore," because of its late occupation by the French, is the Mission Station at St. Anthony, the headquarters of the Mission. Before Dr. Grenfell came to this harbor it was a struggling little aggregation of ten or fifteen families. Round the station there has now grown up a prosperous population of several hundred. Cod-fishing is the principal industry, with seal-catching in winter.

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The Mission settlement is quite extensive. The hospital has been recently enlarged to accommodate about thirty patients and in equipment and efficiency rivals the best of civilized establishments. An enlarged orphanage provides a home for twenty-five children, in charge of Miss Storr and an assistant.

Then there is the industrial house. Its ground floor contains a carpenter and machine shop where all sorts of construction and repairing are done. A small pottery-kiln adjoins, and a machine shop, and beyond a power saw is installed to cut up the enormous wood supply needed for the winter. Above is a loom-room where spinning, weaving and kindred arts are taught. They have to be carried on chiefly in the winter because in summer all the girls are needed to help in the curing of fish or in cooking for the skipper and his crew.

The industrial house is constantly busy and in its shops are frequently seen the venerable Mr. Ashe, his son, Ted McNeil, and the alert Wilson Jacque. The last three men have had technical training at Pratt Institute, New York, where they made excellent records in spite of very slight elementary schooling. They now stand ready to help Dr. Grenfell on the launches, in building and on the winter travels. They are all Labrador liveyeres and are pretty good representatives of the physical and mental superiority of these people.

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Marvelous evidences of civilization have been made by sheer force to spring up in this northern wilderness. Where formerly two boys spent their days hauling water in summer and snow was melted on the kitchen stove in winter, there now is a reservoir on the hill behind the Mission buildings, which connects with a complete water-supply and plumbing system. The source is a deep spring which does not freeze.

A cellar has been dug under the hospital and a furnace installed. It is hard to realize what this means on the coast. The ground in most places is but a thin layer over bed-rock. In digging for foundations at Battle Harbor, for instance, solid rock was sometimes encountered two feet down. Further, the ground never thaws more than five to seven feet beneath the surface. Below that depth the soil is frozen solid in the middle of summer.

In spite of endless difficulties, however, the task has been accomplished by Mr. Halsey, the "saint in overalls," and others, with squads of American college men as laborers.

The advantages of furnace heating can only be appreciated by those who have lived on the coast in winter. Practically all houses are heated by small wood-stoves, the kitchen stove and perhaps one other downstairs and their stove pipes for the rooms on the second floor. In my own experience the wood was always very green and coated with an inch of solid ice, so that it was necessary to stand a barricade of pieces around and upon the stove to melt. Before they were dry they had to be put in, sometimes even soaking wet. We managed, however, to maintain an average temperature of 54 degrees, to which we became sufficiently accustomed to be perfectly comfortable.

At night all the fires went out, and as we insisted on fresh air the snow not infrequently blew in upon our beds. Those who happened to be on the lee side of the house on such occasions got up and shoveled out the others. We once found Dr. Grenfell reposing calmly beneath a foot of snow, while snow clung to the walls like a drapery, and submerged his bureau in a huge drift.

The installation of running water at the hospital makes possible a real bath-tub, another formerly unheard-of thing on the coast. Formerly the members

of the staff drew lots for the use of a tin object resembling a cross between a wash-tub and a rocking-chair. With all their advantages I personally resent the other encroachments of civilization on the coast, but it is only at St. Anthony that they are much manifest; the remaining stations are primitive in comparison.

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As a final wonder an electric lighting plant has been put in, which serves the Mission buildings and the paths and dock. It is run by a kerosene motor, fuel for which is much cheaper and easier to obtain than gasoline. It makes possible the most modern electric treatment and X-ray work. The reputation of this hospital and the wonderful surgical work of Dr. Grenfell and his right-hand man, Dr. John Mason Little, bring patients even from the south and St. Johns.

Among the further buildings is the Guest House, which houses chiefly the volunteer workers. It is remarkable in the architecture of the coast for its glass-enclosed porch, within which a pleasant heat is afforded by the sun even in the extreme cold of March. The success of this experiment, in spite of the blowing in of one or two windows during blizzards (I remember freezing my hand slightly when Dr. Grenfell and I tried to put one back to keep out the snow during a three-day storm), has led to the adoption of the plan in the addition to the hospital.

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Across the harbor and out toward its mouth are the wharf, store houses, and little building of the St. Anthony Coöperative Store. This, one of the newest links in the chain, experienced hard times because it undertook to advance supplies, in deserving cases, on credit. It has learned the old lesson for itself and is now well on its feet and doing a large business.

Visitors to St. Anthony who are eager to see the little places can go by land or small boat to Braha. The distance is about four miles of the worst walking, with a very indistinct path leading through "tuckermoor" (a low thick growth of stunted evergreen trees), around little lakes and over mossy bogs. Here is a coöperative store which flourishes like most of the series under a fisherman manager.

The coöperative stores are run separately from the International Medical Mission. When one is established, the natives of the community put in as much money as possible and Dr. Grenfell personally makes up the remaining necessary capital. When the store is on its feet and is paying, he withdraws his capital, refusing to accept any part of the interest and dividends earned upon it, turning this money back into the store. Each store is thus locally owned and independent of Dr. Grenfell financially, and has been no risk to the funds of the Mission.

A little further north from St. Anthony is Cape

Bauld, which marks the northern limit of Newfoundland, and borders on the Strait of Belle Isle. Across this strait is the Mission Station of Battle Harbor, situated on a little island about four miles from the mainland. The harbor itself is a poor one, formed by the surrounding islands and part of the mainland. That which seems to be the harbor is a narrow "tickle" or passage between Battle Island and Great Caribou Island. The settlement of Battle Harbor is small, on little Battle Island which is a mile long. About ten families live here permanently, but during the summer the population is considerably increased by Newfoundland fishermen and visitors. The Mission buildings are grouped together toward the middle of the island near the shore and consist of a hospital and a few storehouses. The hospital has been twice enlarged, owing to the great demand for increased accommodation for patients.

There is also near by the house occupied by the resident physician in charge, Dr. John Grieve. Across the harbor are a wharf and storehouse for coal and supplies, built against the high cliff of Caribou Island. The firm of Baine Johnson has a crew of about sixty men fishing from this harbor, and near the shore is the wide extent of one of the largest fish flakes on the coast. The flake is a platform of poles on which the fish are spread to dry.

Battle Harbor, lying at the corner where the At-

lantic Ocean meets the Strait of Belle Isle, is just opposite the mouth of Lewis Inlet, a long bay which extends for thirty miles back into the interior and forms the outlet of a river which goes many miles further back. The important position of this place makes it seem very possible that at some future time it may become a large town. This might easily happen if another industry than fishing were to be established. At present there is in the winter only the very minor occupation of furring, which can support only a limited number of people. Along the shores of the inlet, after one gets twenty miles back from the coast, the country is heavily wooded and could easily support a lumber mill and possibly a shipyard. The establishment of these or similar industries would draw to Battle Harbor a fairly large population, which in turn would make possible the organization of schools and the other adjuncts of an enlightened village. This dream is perhaps of the very far future, but it is not an impractical idea. One of the serious drawbacks to improvement in the life of the people is the fact that they are so scattered and isolated. On the other hand, however, for the encouragement of self-sufficing qualities the hunting life is undoubtedly much to be preferred.

About eight miles west of Battle Harbor is Fox Harbor, on the mainland, a little cove harboring three or four families, some of which have con-

siderable Eskimo blood. This is in fact the most southern trace of a race which formerly extended as far south as Maine. It forms the outermost group of those who live in winter by trapping. The trappers here, as in most parts of the coast, hold title to the land by right of succession and use. One man regards himself as owner of, and covers every few days, an extent of sixty miles.

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The work of the Medical Mission here is like that in other parts of the coast. The doctor in charge is assisted usually by a volunteer physician and one or two advanced medical students, as well as one or two nurses. The number of cases treated during the summer is exceedingly large. Most of these come from various parts of the coast by the mail steamers, and it is not unusual for ten serious operations to be performed during one day. This, of course, entails a very severe strain on the small staff and taxes its resources to the utmost. Between times the doctor travels north and west for fifty miles each way in a thirty-five foot launch, with sail and a kerosene engine. The crew of the launch is usually composed of one or two natives and three or four American college students who have volunteered their services for the summer.

The hospital contains a large Assembly Room, in which occasional entertainments are given and religious services held by the doctor in charge on

Sunday afternoons. There is a little Episcopal Church in the village as well.

The winter work is even more interesting than the summer. Dr. Grieve is the Mission's chief traveler. His longest trip is more than a thousand miles and takes him north along the Labrador coast to Nain or Okkak. He also travels west, along the shore ice and across the frozen bays for a considerable distance. In order to get in both trips he has to make the western trip extremely early and constantly runs the danger of encountering soft or broken up ice. In spite of having many times broken through he has always managed to get out of the difficulty. The western trip, too, serves to season him and his dogs for the harder trip to the north. He travels with two teams and one or two drivers. His dogs are famous on the coast as one of the finest, most carefully bred packs. They receive the best of care and are fed from depots of whale or seal meat and fish which are deposited during the summer by Dr. Grenfell on his way along the coast in the *Strathcona.*

During five or six years Dr. Grieve has constantly improved his methods of travel, his sleds, and his harnessing of the dogs and has learned more and more in regard to the proper equipment of clothing, so that his traveling is now done with the greatest possible efficiency. Even so, however, it requires a very great deal of skill and endurance

and usually leaves him thoroughly fatigued at the end of the season. There is usually no one in charge of the hospital during his absence, except the nurse and Mrs. Grieve, who is also a capable nurse.

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On the whole, Battle Harbor is one of the most interesting spots of the coast. The chief difficulty is that visitors get usually a very superficial glance at the most civilized portions of the little community and fail to see the real life of the people which is just around the corner. For this reason those who have a day or two at Battle Harbor between mail steamers will find it well worth their while to visit some of the little nearby communities. One of these is Trap Cove, about two miles from Battle on Caribou Island and can be reached by crossing over in a boat and going by foot over the hill at the northern end of the island; one then descends a steep path into a little settlement full of dogs and pups.

It is at Battle Harbor that one is usually first deeply impressed by the Eskimo dogs. One is apt to be distinctly cautious about venturing near them. As soon as possible one ought to master the very simple rule of dealing with them, which is to treat them with utter indifference and lack of respect. It may sound a little harsh to a lover of dogs but it seems to be the only way. One never gets out of an Eskimo dog's way. If he is lying in the path one yells at him, gives him a kick, or pretends to pick up

a stone as though to throw it. The dogs need not be in the least feared, because except in very unusual instances they are thoroughly afraid of men. During the summer, too, they are constantly well-fed, because of the large quantity of fish cuttings which they pick up around the splitting stages. They also fish for themselves in shallow water; and their owners find it unnecessary to feed them at all during this season.

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About the next call of the mail steamer is made at Square Islands. There is no Medical Mission station, but a teacher and a doctor are sometimes located there. On the way along the coast one passes an interesting natural phenomenon called "Hole-in-the-wall." It is a large opening through a thin wall of rock which runs parallel to the shore a short distance off it. With a heavy sea the water rushes in behind and out through the hole, which is well above the ordinary water-level, as though it were a tunneling river.

About three families at Square Islands are liveyeres, the rest are Newfoundlanders, who come in other people's boats and settle to fish for the summer. The place was the first one which I saw that had no dogs. Owing to this lack a degree of civilization prevails which is astounding to the Labrador eye. Chickens roam about, together with six or eight goats. There are several small gardens, fenced in on account of the goats.

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One of these was shown to me with pride by a nice old liveyere woman, who had carefully tended it for years. It was about five feet square, with little paths the width of one's foot (quite a width when one wears sea-boots), and was flourishing for Labrador, for it had a single poppy about a foot high, and also contained several bushy strawberry plants which had put forth some beautiful foliage but had forgotten all about the berries. Two tiny leaves gave promise of a rose-bush some time; while the crowning glory was an apple tree, five years old, and five inches high.

There is a little store, kept by the most prominent liveyere, in which he sells a few things like knives and hard-tack, and buys from the people bake-apples that they pick and furs that they trap, to sell them again to the schooner that brings his goods and the Newfoundlanders from the south. He offered to sell me a lynx skin, but I declined with thanks, because he admitted that the animal had not been killed in winter, and the fur was apt to part from the skin and cleave to the clothing.

We went into one house, during the doctor's rounds, where the family was just finishing a dinner of hard-tack soaked in water and fried in fat, and washed down with tea sweetened with molasses.

Square Islands is a fairly representative summer Labrador community, but it shows much Newfoundland influence because of the majority of its

population. On the other hand it usually has few Newfoundland fishing schooners lying in the harbor.

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At several similar places Dr. Grenfell has workers stationed when possible. For instance, at Spotted Islands, further north, where the people are largely liveyeres, he has had for two years a young doctor who, living in one of the houses, has treated patients, taught school, and been of help to the people generally.

At one place a doctor and nurse spent the winter absolutely away from any hospital or other evidence of civilization. They brought most unaccustomed help to the little community, and incidentally had an interesting winter, with long, exciting, if sometimes arduous, trips by dog-team.

The next station of the Labrador Medical Mission is Indian Harbor, at the mouth of Hamilton Inlet. It consists of a small hospital and a large general hall, not infrequently pressed into temporary ward or dormitory service. The permanent population of this region is small, so the hospital is usually abandoned for the winter. It serves the fishermen injured or taken sick on schooners, and also liveyeres brought to it from distant points by boat, or sent thither by Dr. Grenfell when longer treatment is needed than his hurried visits in the *Strathcona* will allow.

Much farther north, at Paul's Island, is a co-

operative store, established several years ago, and flourishing to the great benefit of the liveyeres there; true Labrador people. Far to the south, west of Battle Harbor, is the fourth regular hospital station, at an isolated place called Harrington. It is on the southern coast, in Canadian Labrador. In spite of the latitude the conditions here are as hard as any. The population is different because of a large French Canadian element, but it is supported by fishing and sealing in much the same way as the rest of the coast.

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For the last few years seals have been so scarce that the people have suffered real hardship from lack of proper moccasins, no other boots being at all suited to the conditions. Dr. and Mrs. Hare and a nurse, with an occasional medical student and assistant nurse, do most self-sacrificing work. Single-handed often the surgeon runs the hospital, and travels in a small launch in summer, and with dogs in winter. The sea-traveling is hard, for the coast is dangerous and foggy; and the dog-travel in spite of a splendid team, affords great risks near the first and last of winter because of the many deep bays which have to be crossed, no matter how rough and unsafe the ice.

The latest and crowning achievement of Dr. Grenfell is in a much different line. St. Johns, Newfoundland, is the market and commercial center of the coast, to which the fishermen and sealers have to

resort in great numbers to settle up for their catch. It is a very small city and contained no adequate place to which the men could go when ashore except saloons, of which it has over fifty. Dr. Grenfell planned and raised the money for the building of the King George the Fifth Seamen's Institute, which is recognized as a model institution and has been visited by a commission from England who wish to duplicate it in their ports.

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The seafaring men have here baths, comfortable bedrooms and lounging rooms, laundries where they can do their own washing, a huge hall for motion pictures and other entertainments, billiards, pool, soda, bowling, a big swimming pool, a good restaurant, an officers' room—all at moderate charges—and a complete separate floor with a matron for the girls employed on vessels, and the main offices of the International Medical Mission.

Every cent of building cost has been paid off, and, although the operation of the Institute cost during the first year $16,000, it maintains itself, paying all this out of current income. Best of all is the fine spirit of management and patrons alike.

These are some of the specific points ministered to by Dr. Grenfell; but a feature of his work is its informality and lack of red-tape, so that even as this is written plans are probably being laid to reach and help new ports. To him and the type of energetic individuals who work with him, every cove

on the coast is full of interest; but the combined resources admit the establishment of stations in only a few places. Indeed, Dr. Grenfell allows no amount of zeal to carry him beyond the practical limit; and he prefers to limit his efforts somewhat in area in order to work more efficiently.

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The wider field of Dr. Grenfell's work is the 100,000 square miles or more of Labrador. His name and he himself are known from one end to the other, and his relation with his people is unique in any community. He has enemies, but cautious inquiry will generally show them to be persons or adherents of persons who have had the bad judgment to sell liquor, cheat the poor, or otherwise so act as to feel his power in an unpleasant way. Public opinion is against them and with Dr. Grenfell, less because of what he has done for the people than because men know him as a man.

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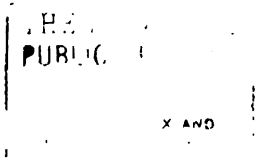

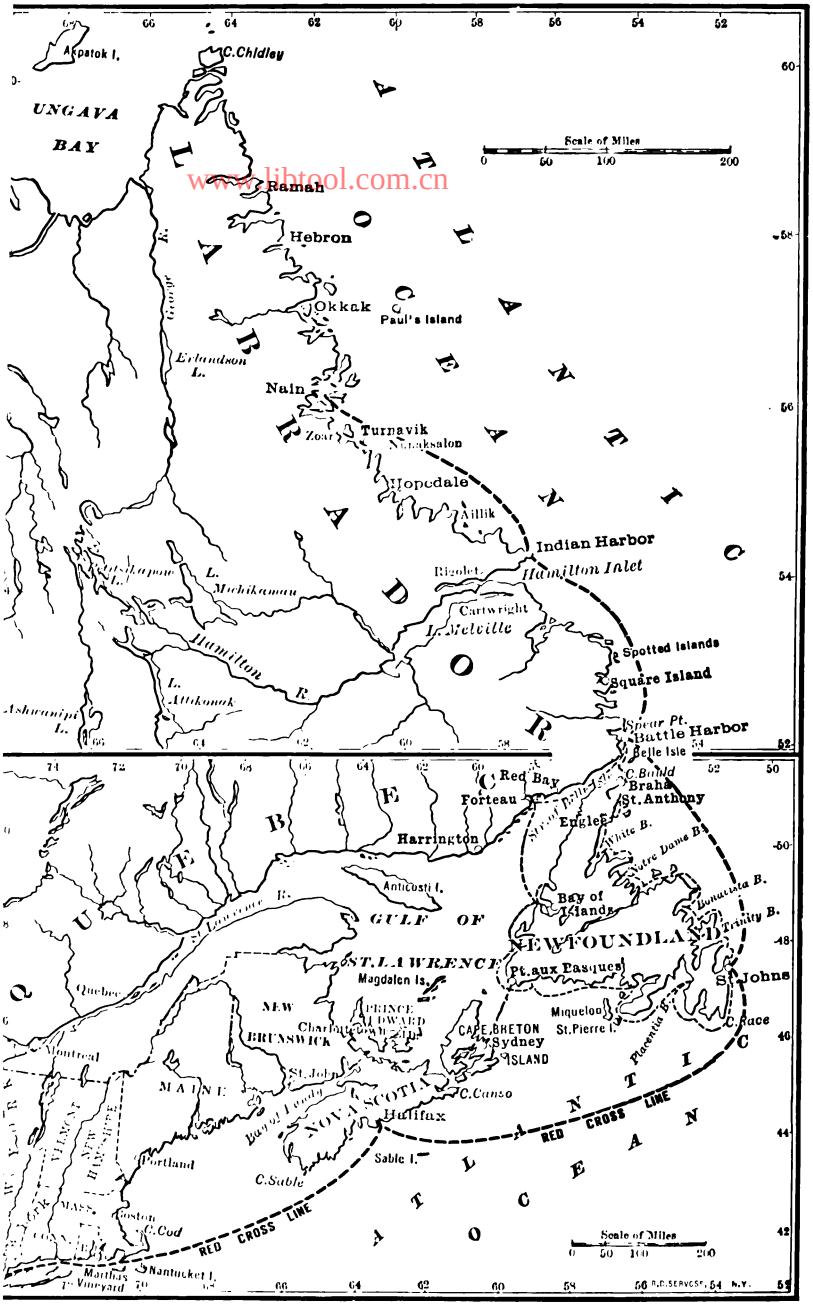

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CHAPTER VII

HOW TO REACH LABRADOR

It is possible to reach Labrador from Boston in a week. Leaving Boston by the Plant Line one may sail to Halifax, or by the Dominion Steamship Company to Yarmouth, and from either of these places go by rail to Sydney, Cape Breton Island. Here one takes the steamer of the Reid Newfoundland Company to Port aux Basques, Newfoundland, where one connects with the Reid Newfoundland Railway. It is possible to cross the country eastward by the railroad to the capital, St. Johns, and the Labrador-bound traveler has the choice of doing so and going thence to Labrador in a way described later. If he wishes the quickest route, he takes from Port aux Basques another branch of the railroad northward to Bay of Islands, Newfoundland. There he may take a small mail steamer of the Reid Newfoundland Company, which calls at several more ports of the west coast of Newfoundland and then crosses the Strait of Belle Isle to Forteau, Labrador; thence it skirts the south Labrador coast until it reaches Battle Harbor, the metropolis of

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Labrador proper, and in some years goes south on the east coast of Newfoundland to St. Anthony. Two other boats go as far north as Battle, one of the Reid Newfoundland Company, which makes about six trips from July to October, and twice gets as far north as Nain. So much depends on the ice, however, that one may start expecting to reach Nain and have to turn back some 100 miles further south. No passenger steamers go north of Nain; but the Moravian missionaries have a ship which comes from England once a year or so, striking the coast usually near Rigolet, and then goes to the far north Moravian stations; and the Hudson Bay Company sends up from St. Johns to Hudson Bay each year some ships, which call in at Battle. These boats north of Nain, however, are very irregular and take passengers only by special arrangement.

The third mail steamer which goes as far north as Battle Harbor is run by Bowring Brothers. It starts at St. Johns, Newfoundland, and runs up the east coast of Newfoundland to Battle Harbor, Labrador, and back. This third line makes it possible to go from New York to Labrador with one change. Bowring Brothers' Red Cross Line provides first-class accommodations from New York to St. Johns, where one may connect with the line for Battle Harbor, or the Reid-Newfoundland boat going further north on the Labrador coast. For those who like a sea voyage, and wish to go from

New York with the greatest comfort, this is the best route. Or, as suggested above, one may reach Port aux Basques and then cross Newfoundland by railroad to St. Johns and there connect with either northern boat.

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Any person, no matter what his tastes may be, can get real pleasure from a trip to Labrador. At the very worst, if for instance the weather should prove bad, or his tastes are particularly jaded, he will enjoy Labrador because it will be absolutely new to him. Even if he has traveled in Newfoundland, he will have seen nothing like it.

One thing only is necessary—he must take the trip in the right spirit, remembering that the ordinary first-class accommodations to which American travelers are accustomed are to be had only as far as Port aux Basques or St. Johns. Further north the accommodation is decidedly second-class.

A slight exception must be made for the Reid Newfoundland Railway Company, which although narrow-gauge, has nevertheless a good dining service and Pullmans.

The northern boats have few staterooms and it is impossible to engage securely a whole one. It must be remembered that these lines are not primarily for tourists. They run a few months each year only, for the benefit of the coast inhabitants, bringing them mail and supplies. During the height of the season they are often crowded so that com-

mon humanity overcomes selfish desires and each stateroom holds four people.

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Not long ago a few American millionaires traveling on the coast made arrangements with the owner and head of one of the lines to have a stateroom apiece. The boat was extremely crowded and the result was that all the other tourists, hunters and fishermen were herded together in the so-called second-class, which is equivalent to the ordinary steerage, while the few rich Americans contentedly occupied the entire first cabin. The affair caused so much fury on the coast that it was taken to the Newfoundland Parliament, and the owner, who is a member, found himself in extremely hot water.

Pioneer necessity on the Labrador tends to do away with class distinction and spread a feeling of genuine democracy which is very pleasing to an American, however accustomed to obeisance he may happen to be. One should not suppose, however, that this feeling in the Labrador people presents itself in impudence or that over-readiness to demonstrate equality to all comers that is so offensive. The people have a quiet modesty and deference which is the most real sort of courtesy.

These northern boats are full of interest. One of them often employed to help out in the service but not regularly used, is upwards of fifty years old and as strong as on the day she was built. She was formerly an old sailing British man-of-war.

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Several hard fights in African waters left her eternal oak beams absolutely untouched, and with occasional resheathing, topping and inside fitting she has done many years of helpful service on the coast.

Others of the northern vessels are former sailing ships admirably adapted to the service by the thick sheathing with which they combat the ice. One or two of them are still used each spring for the chase after seals among the ice floes. Only four years ago the old *Virginia Lake,* which had reached Nain twice the previous summer, was at last crushed in and destroyed in March by the incalculable strength of the spring ice-pack. In these staunch vessels the summer passengers, however, may feel absolutely safe, for although there is plenty of ice it is loosely scattered, and during a great many years none of these vessels has ever suffered serious accident.

The Labrador coast is in fact by no means as unsafe for navigation as it is sometimes regarded. It is poorly charted indeed, but this is a disadvantage only to strangers, and not to the old skippers of these vessels, who know the coast like a book. Their ability to travel unerringly in the fog and dark is almost uncanny. There is also a good, safe harbor nearly every ten miles, to use in case of emergency. The northern boats run along "inside" a sheltering fringe of islands, and are usually south

before the dreaded "equinoctial gales" break loose very late in the season.

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The latter are indeed severe. From forty to sixty fishing vessels are apt to be wrecked every year. During these times Dr. Grenfell's staunch little steamer *Strathcona* labors without thought of danger. Dr. Grenfell has the reputation of traveling in weather which scares the most hardened skippers. He usually succeeds in pulling half a dozen unfortunate fore-and-afters off the rocks upon which they have been driven, and in rescuing several crews.

Persons wishing to stop over will find Battle Harbor, Labrador, and St. Anthony, northern Newfoundland, the most convenient places. St. Johns, Newfoundland, is the only point on the coast boasting real hotels, and these are decidedly second-class. Of chief interest is the new Fisherman's Institute which Dr. Grenfell has established there.

At St. Anthony the International Medical Mission has limited accommodations, the best of any of the stations. These should, however, be arranged for in advance by writing or telegraphing the Matron of the Guest House, St. Anthony, Newfoundland.

At the other stations the Mission is always glad to extend hospitality when it can, but, during the summer especially, the absolute need on behalf of the patients thronging to the hospitals usually

makes this impossible. Not infrequently the very benches in the small waiting-room have to be made up as beds for sufferers.

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At Battle Harbor Mr. Croucher, summer factor for the Baine Johnson Company, traders and fish merchants, and his assistant, Mr. Lewis, often are kind enough to take into their houses the few travelers that they can accommodate.

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CHAPTER VIII

AN AMERICAN IN LABRADOR

An ever increasing number of Americans, Canadians and English are giving their services for periods of from three months to several years in order to help Dr. Grenfell solve the social and medical problems of the coast. Most valuable is the work of medical and surgical specialists and of nurses, next comes that of third-year medical students, accountants, electricians and teachers. Still others without technical or professional training do secretarial and administrative work and heavy manual labor.

The life of these people is in its way as interesting as that of the liveyeres whom they try to serve. To depict it I quote a few passages from my diary as volunteer aide for over a year in the Labrador Medical Mission, serving in many capacities.

August 13th—We took a trip in the kerosene launch to Fox Harbor after supper, and lost our bearings toward the end of the journey on account of fog. We ran along, trying to find the harbor,

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until we heard breakers on our port bow. We dropped both anchors just in time to head her off, and turned in for the night. There were four bunks in the combined cabin and engine-room, and six hands aboard,—the hospital physician, Dr. Grieve, an energetic Scotchman, two of the Mission's seamen and three Americans. We held watch in turn, two on deck at a time, which made the accommodations sufficient. We sounded frequently with the lead-line to make sure that the anchors were not dragging and letting us drift toward the rocks. When it became light we saw the reef near us, and we were glad that we had not gone ashore in the dark and fog to find the harbor, for the dory would have been carried in and dashed to pieces before we could have gotten down the shore beyond the reef. We could see the harbor comparatively near, so we steamed in and blew a blast on the horn. A young man came out of one of the huts and rowed out in a punt to carry the doctor and me ashore.

We climbed up the rails of the only sort of wharf much found on the coast, a fish-stage, and went to a small hut covered with peat sod. A middle-aged Eskimo in the usual fishing costume, knee-boots with iron heel-plates, overalls, jersey, pipe and tam-o'-shanter, met us at the door and took us into the hut, which was made of hand-hewn boards scrubbed clean. Here were his fat wife, one well boy and

one with the mumps. All could speak English, and as the mother had followed carefully the verbal instructions which the doctor had given her, the child was pronounced well enough to put down his bed and walk.

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August 30th—We were opening some sacks of clothing in the morning and paying off some men to whom work had been given to help them out of dire need. Their tastes were surprising. Some of the knitted woolen things the women "take down" and reknit to suit themselves, as wool is so hard to get. A stranger strolled in and happened to see a green fancy vest which a doubtless well-meaning but scantily informed friend in civilization had sent. He saw that I was busy so he went away, but later he came back and stood admiring the waistcoat for all he was worth.

"I wonder now what would be de price o' dat. I s'pose 'tis way up altogedder. Now dat ves' sort o' strikes my fancy. I 'low 'tis slack enough in d' wais'. Yes, yes, I suppose I'd be willin' to give half a quintal or a quintal o' fish for un." I explained that clothing was given only for work. His offering a quintal of cod-fish for a thing of no use to him shows rather picturesque ignorance of value, for a quintal is worth about $4.00, which is a good deal to a man who gets perhaps a hundred or less, on which to support a large family for a year.

September 7th—We started about five in the

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AN ESKIMO FAMILY AT HOME

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morning to go by sea to St. Anthony, or "Sanantony." When we were about half way there fog settled about us and we had of course to steer by compass. We ran into Black Jack Cove, in which eleven schooners were wrecked last year, landed a passenger, and cleared out. The cove is narrow and unprotected from certain winds. It was very thick and dusky when we reached St. Linair or Leonard Bay and, as no one on board knew this part of the coast, we put in for the night. There was formerly a French settlement here, and I found a man who could speak very good French indeed.

His dogs were of the mixed variety, and were all tied with long ropes. Although they weren't huskies, he told me of an occasion when he went to feed them and they jumped on him and knocked him down, biting him seriously before his son could drive them off. He was fortunately able to get to his feet again, or he would probably have been torn to pieces.

We reached our destination and got four carpenters to help finish the addition of the hospital, and started back. We had heard stories of drink running rife at Carpoon, and the doctor intended to check it in the bud. We ran into the harbor and found that a gang of French Canadians, foreigners of course to the country, had gone on a spree with the only liquor they could get,—some wood-alcohol. They took it at first diluted with sugar

and water, but as recklessness increased they forgot the delicacies and were soon drinking it "neat." Two had just died from the effects of the poison and one lay sick and blind for life. Several more were blinded for a time but recovered.

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No efforts were needed on our part to check the debauch. It was indeed pitiable, but no better object lesson could have been desired. The news that these men had died from drinking spread rapidly all along the coast.

After doing all we could we went straight on in a hard blow. Our motor got a hot-box and we had to sail. Immediately the wind died to a calm which lasted for some time before a breeze started up. Two hours later we entered the harbor and found that the *Strathcona* had arrived laden with northern products, including an addition to the fox-farm, some Husky pups, an Indian "cracky," or small dog, with yellow eyes, and some sealskin boots for the staff.

We went to work unloading coal from Dr. Grenfell's schooner, which had also just arrived and was alongside the storehouse in very deep water. It took three days to unload the one hundred and twenty tons by hand, using a block and winch. The days were ten-hour days, broken only by dinner and "mug-up" at eleven and four. This was an application of scientific management, for we found that regular interruptions did away with the

necessity for drinks of water at all hours. "Mug-up" is a light meal consisting chiefly of tea, with occasional hard-tack, dried caplin, and biscuits.

September 14th—On a bright night we set out over the still sea for Antill's Cove, towing in a scow some of our precious "coals" for our friends of the whale factory. We were about a mile from their cove when we made out a boat in the darkness, which we soon saw was full of men, rowing like mad. They were so anxious to get along that they did not see our side-lights until we were quite near, when they sang out that they had an injured man aboard. We stopped, and the patient was carefully transferred.

The men at the whale factory had been cutting the blubber from two whales brought in by the steamer, and were working overtime in the dark, so that the oil wouldn't spoil by lying over Sunday, on which day they never work for any consideration. They were using extremely sharp knives, with handles three or four feet long, and one of the men had accidentally slashed another. The skipper fortunately knew about a tourniquet, and they put on some heavy whale-oil, these measures diminishing the bleeding. They would have brought the man to hospital in the whale steamer, but she had just blown out her boilers. It was some distance to row, but they had quickly jumped into a boat and pulled at killing speed for the hospital.

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Next day we finished blasting away rocks from behind the hospital and began to tear down part of the old building. Every upright had been chopped from a log and every plank was hand-sawn or hewn. We had no really skilled carpenters, but we were all good at the sledge-hammer and crow-bar, smashing out the walls, ripping up the floor and pulling down the ceiling. The walls of some of the rooms were covered with old newspapers and *Youth's Companions,* read, reread, and still doing duty in keeping out the cold.

The men were all more or less sailors and used nautical terms in carpentering. We were about to rip the oil-cloth from the wall of an upstairs bedroom when one of them sang out, "All han's aloft to furl th' 'ile-skin!"

"Ahoy, slack away d' main-sheet!" referred to the improvised string fastening of a door.

September 18th—The wind had increased to a fierce gale. The schooners in the harbor put out extra lines in all directions to prevent being blown loose. The sea was driven in great waves against all projecting rocks, and several small islands were hidden from sight by the continuous wall of water blown up around them. The water swept clear over several islands. It dashed twenty feet up the point on one side of the "souther' tickle." There were no white caps: the whole sea was a mass of foam with small green spots flecking it. The wind

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was mainly northeast and came right through the tickle with tremendous force, driving along great piles of soap-suds foam, churned up on the rocks outside. A small boat tugged at an inch rope until it broke, when the boat was whisked out through the souther' tickle onto the rocks and was smashed to pieces.

The big fish steamer, although held fast by numerous chains and ropes, broke her forward lines and was swinging ponderously around toward the other side of the harbor, where she would have swept away two schooners and our launch and smashed in her bows,—when they got a cable ashore and checked her a few yards from the rocks. It was exciting, for there was but a small fraction of the time ordinarily necessary to get out a line in which to prevent great destruction.

We were thankful she hung on; but we realized that her one small cable was not highly dependable in this gale, and there was still a chance of her last hold being broken, so we decided to move our launch out of harm's way, although to do so was rather a risky job. The doctor was mustering his forces on the wharf, when a boat put across from the other side; a thing which no one else had dared to do. It brought four fishermen who had seen the danger the launch was in, and volunteered to take her out of it, even if they had to tow her with their skiff.

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The doctor thankfully accepted their aid, which showed a very good spirit, and the combined crews reached the launch after some hard rowing. We fired up and raising the two anchors started at full speed ahead against the wind. She crept along slowly in a half-hearted fashion until she reached a narrow place between steep rocks and the steamer's bow. The wind came through this funnel with great pressure and held back the launch as easily as would the touch of a giant's little finger. For some seconds she didn't budge, despite the best efforts of the engine; and it was almost impossible to steer her clear of the rocks. Gradually she gained headway and passed the steamer's bow; we made her lines fast to the storehouse and put out, with the help of our friends in the skiff, an extra anchor.

September 22nd—In the wake of the equinoctial gale we had just experienced and which had not died out for three days, came the mail boat, and I took a short trip north. We landed before dark at Spear Harbor, went ashore in the jolly-boat and climbed up as usual the slippery bars of a fish-stage, passed through the low room, getting a couple of bumps on the same old spot, and went up the rocky path to the main house, the kitchen of which usually serves as a post-office. Benches wainscoted the walls, occupied chiefly by fishermen. The womenfolk sat in corners or stood about the doorway.

Two of the crew entered with the little mail-bag, dumped it on the table and began the conversation with:

"Good-night, b'ys. Did 'e feel de breeze strong 'ere?"

In another corner I was tackled with the question:

"Is dey ar' wrack up d' coas', sir?"

I replied with the precious news, "Few on the Labrador, but in Newfoundland Twillingate is swept clean,—wharf, stages and all, so the people have no place to make their fish. Twenty-seven schooners a total wreck; only two hung on in the whole harbor. In Bonavista six schooners lost and two Norwegians drowned. Three schooners lost in American Tickle, one of them blown out to sea with all hands." The news was received with neither indifference nor surprise, but with calm resignation; in fact it was too much a regular fact of their life to cause hysterical and useless pity.

While we were at Hawke's Harbor the whale-steamer *Cachelot* (of late years I believe a financial misnomer) came in with a freshly caught fin-back whale, number thirty-seven only though the season was nearly over. Further on several half-breed Eskimo came aboard. They struck me as more enterprising and intelligent than the average white fisherman; though the full-blooded Eskimo are much less provident than the whites. They were

very talkative and very anxious to hear the phonograph in the cabin, which repeated its répertoire of five pieces several times. In the crowd were a few who were part Indian, fierce-looking, dark and silent.

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Wood is so scarce here that we brought some common two-inch sticks all the way from St. Johns for cemetery rails. At this harbor we met Dr. Grenfell's steamer, the *Strathcona,* and as I had been invited to join her I transferred myself and dunnage to her ship's boat. Dr. Grenfell and his assistant and crew were preparing to run up Eskimo Bay to Northwest River. We gathered in the little cabin for a reunion at a dinner of goose, which was unfortunately tough but none the less appreciated just then, because they had eaten nothing in the fresh meat and poultry line for some time.

We started up the bay and had just dropped anchor at Muliak when a boat came alongside containing a man who wanted a pair of glasses, "So's, doctor, I kin see to shoot, doctor. 'Tis a 'ard t'ing, sir, fer a man what depen's mos'ly on 'is gun fer a livin' when dey is ar' geese an' de likes of dey about, an' me wantin' un so bad, an' can't git un, fer me oies."

The only other means of support that this man has is the salmon fishery, which is now often small, leaving him without supplies enough for the winter.

In the fall he gets ducks, snipe, yellow-legs, and traps foxes, martens and once in a great while a silver-fox, which always pulls him temporarily out of the mire.

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At Carawalla we found the two or three Eskimo houses deserted. On our return we stayed over Sunday at Rigolet, where Dr. Grenfell held three services, one aboard and two in the trader's dining-room, attended by the family, servants, and several half-breeds and Eskimo living near. Further on we stopped to take aboard some wood cut by poverty stricken men to help out with their year's food. It was piled a little way back from the land wash, and there was so much that it took the whole crew several hours to carry it down and take it aboard in the dory, towed by the jolly-boat. Dr. Grenfell pitched into this work as usual and lugged the largest back loads of fire wood. We soon reached Indian Harbor, which we helped to shut up for the winter. The Mission buildings here would delight the heart of the author of the Simple Life. The only sharp reminder of civilization in the plain board interior is the small organ in the corner with its rough hewn stool.

At Cartwright I was pleased to see a monument in the graveyard to the famous old trader Cartwright, who founded the settlement. Many of the inscriptions dated far back, and with their upside-

down n's, Charlotte spelled Charlot, etc., were amusing. One showed forth this touching ditty:

"Gentle reader, stop and think,
While I'm in eternity, you're on the brink."

Next day there was a very heavy sea and the *Strathcona* rolled like a ball. The first thing to do was to turn the table and chairs upside-down, and lash everything on the deck. The boats on the davits at each side dipped into the water, so that there was some danger of their being carried away. The jib-sheet was torn off by the force of the wind, and things were upset generally. It was a hard task getting into Venison Tickle, for there is scant room between the islands. We stayed only a short time in spite of the weather, because Dr. Grenfell was in a hurry. The secretary amused us by keeping his oil-skins always at hand, ready to leave at short notice. After going through a cross sea which gave the ship a patent ball-bearing, interlocking, sideways rotary motion, we arrived at Square Islands, and attended to a large number of patients.

October 4th—Back at Battle Harbor, we got to work again at the building, which had grown in my absence. I learned the gentle art of shingling, or how to make the roof leak. At all hours, from six in the morning, when the day had just emerged from darkness, until six at night, when it had begun to sink again, I could be seen clinging like a

limpet to the scaffold, on which all true heroes meet their end, or hanging over the edge or around a corner. Then I went at painting.

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Hard-driven authors who resort for a theme to the delights of angling should try the job of the aerial artist. Seated upon his throne,—insecure of course like all thrones,—he surveys the vast expanse of sea, and the much vaster expanse of roof. The sun is shining brightly—on the other side of the building,—here in the shade it is sweetly cold; bitter would hardly do, especially as sweet smells are wafted from the chimney by a suffocating draught of smoke. This is pleasant, for it drowns the odor of paint on the artist's overalls. After a hard day of wrist exercise, the spot made on the roof is usually large enough to be seen with the naked eye, but it shrinks considerably during the night, necessitating a long search for it before beginning work in the morning.

Having found the blot on the 'scutcheon, the artist seats himself comfortably on the steep side of the roof and coils up his legs, resting their lower ends on the thin edge of a board nailed to the slope. He has crawled out here from a window, and after carefully painting all round him ends up with the window, making it impossible to get back.

The men delighted in simple jokes, such as, "Hand up the bake-apple jam, b'y," referring to the red paint. One of them remarked the fact

that I didn't wear a cap: he was number eighty-nine to ask, "Don't 'e mind your head cold, sir, widout ar' cap!" With extreme satisfaction one of them saw me put on mitts toward the end of a chilly day, and exclaimed joyfully, "I sees, if you is able t' bear the col' on your 'ead, you likes to wear cuffs a scattered time." Another volunteered the statement that if he hadn't wore a cap like I didn't he like as not mightn't a lost his hair like he had: displaying a crop in which harvest had begun.

As winter was coming on the sealskins which I had collected from hunters were turned over to an Eskimo woman to be made up into my cold weather clothes. The first step which she took was to soften the skins, which were as stiff as cardboard. My tailor's husband assisted (although further north he would have scorned doing so). I also tried my hand at it, but it was a slow, hard job. It was amazing to see the ruthless manner in which those prize skins were handled, or rather trampled; but it appears that sealskin is exceedingly durable.

The man first rove a line through the holes in the edge of a skin and tied it up in a bunch; then he "tukikava" (trampled) it with his sea-boots. I told him in great anxiety that he had misunderstood me,—that I wanted the hair left on. He replied with the racial, "I suppose," meaning "Yes," and continued stamping and smashing it into a ball. Then he took out the string, and holding a fistful

of skin in each hand, made a rotary motion as though turning a crank.

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The skin has a coating of black vellum on the inside, and this was gradually broken up into white lines by mauling. The next process consisted in man and wife each seizing an end and twisting the skin until the latent oil appeared in beads. This was wiped off and the skin again "tukikava,"—rubbed or ground as above. We spent several evenings at this wrist exercise, I trying to hurry matters along. Matters are very slow in spite of hurrying; I have never seen an Eskimo run or do anything speedily except eat.

The numerous white lines had now become merged together and no dark was visible, so that the skins were ready to be scraped with a "kiliutok," a native tool somewhat like a sugar-scoop. To use this one holds the skin taut over the edge of a bench with the knee and one hand, and plows right in with the tool. The act is performed with all the force one can summon, which by the time the tail is reached is very little indeed. The skin is left white and pliable, although it never becomes as soft as deerskin. The good folk finally realized that I wanted the clothes for use that winter instead of the following one, and began to work a bit more speedily. They really took a hearty interest in getting them just right.

As bought the skins are split and stretched flat,

oval in shape and from two to six feet long, with the hair on. In full-grown seals used for clothing, the hair is only about half an inch long and not thick; in the whelps or "white-coats" the hair grows two inches before it is changed for the new short gray coat. The best skin is that of the ranger; it is a beautiful silvery gray on the belly, and has very dark spots close together on the back. Next to this is the bedlamer, or young harp, with light half-moons on its back, and the jar, with light-gray circles, also set in dark gray. The largest variety is the square-flipper, from ten to fifteen feet long, with skin as thick as shoe leather. That of young square-flippers and of harps is used for boot-bottoms; while ordinary sealskin, about as thick as sheepskin, is used for the legs.

After several days of hard labor my lady-tailor proceeded to cut out the trousers or "hudulik" entirely by eye, using a "wulu," a sharp tool much like a small meat-chopper. This particular one was of ancient Eskimo manufacture, nearly a hundred years old, having been handed down through several generations. The ivory handle had been polished and the blade worn to half its original size by constant use.

After cutting out the pieces the good woman proceeded to sew them together with whale-sinew (which had been drying on the roof), and a square-topped needle. This sinew runs along the back of

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The author in the Eskimo sealskin clothes he wore during the winter, examining Eskimo carving

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the whale and is as large as a man's wrist; while dry it was split up into four or five cords and each of these was again split and resplit into strings, which were dried for four or five days, and then split into threads as needed. It was quite a task to "mitsuk" the trousers, but the result was worth while. They were mainly of two pieces, a whole skin to each leg: in shape they were just like ordinary trousers, but large enough to be worn outside a pair. Around the bottom they have a two-inch band of white-haired skin. Around the top there is another white band. There is one deep pocket, put in as an extraordinary innovation, only after much discussion.

This work of art completed, the "netsik," or shirt, was tackled in the same manner. This is the same shape as a sweater, but is loose enough to go outside coat, sweater and trousers, and has a hood, which is part of the back and front pieces, and a peak at the back of the top: it frames the face, the chin and forehead being partly covered. The bottom and sleeves have the same two-inch band of white-haired skin.

Dr. Grenfell was kind enough to give me a silver fox-skin to trim it with, and two strips from the back with soft, long hair were bound around the front edge of the hood, to prevent the cheeks from freezing. The seal-skin "cuffs," or mitts, I also had trimmed with fox-skin around the wrists. These

mitts were thin, and, of course, not warm enough by themselves. Their advantage is that they are windproof, and when worn over a pair of blanketing mitts they are ideal.

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I had several pairs of these mittens made, and also a lot of blanketing socks to wear, one or two pairs at a time, over my long stockings and inside my seal-skin boots. These proved in one way better than arctic hare socks, because they were absorbent. With this outfit I felt fully prepared for winter; the only portion of my anatomy which could possibly freeze being my nose, and, as that article seemed at first impossible to cover, I was somewhat perplexed; however, a brilliant thought struck me, and I sent to America for a football nose-guard. It later proved utterly impracticable because the rubber became dangerously cold and froze to my lips. A less fool idea was used by one of my colleagues; an amusing rabbit-fur shield. Freezing of the vapor in the enclosed air made it more of a nuisance, however, than occasional frost-bite.

I notice from my friends' remarks that some of them seem to have the impression that a mission can exist only among wild, untamed savages. The people of Labrador do not deserve this compliment, for they have yet to learn the edibility of the English and American persons laboring among them; even the dogs, with their carnivorous tendencies, seem

to have looked upon them as the amateur does upon the mushroom, so far sticking to the local species.

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Many of the Labrador and Newfoundland fishermen have, however, peculiarities as pleasing at times and shocking at others, as those of savages. One of their idiosyncrasies consists in buying an outfit of clothes at the beginning of the fishing season and placing them where they belong; then, in order to perform no unnecessary labor, and also to conserve the bodily heat, they allow their garments to "stop" on, night and day and other times, until a shirt wears out; then they put another over it to cover up the holes.

As a result of this labor-saving scheme, night-clothes are few in the realm. Therefore I was not much surprised when one of the men came to me in their usual child-like confidence to show me a suit of clothes for the winter which he had picked out in payment for work. The doctor had merely made sure that he was getting the correct value, but had not noticed what he had taken, and it was for me to discover that his find was a heavy suit of woolen pajamas. When I recovered and explained to him he was very downcast.

"Sure dere's vist an' all to un, sir," he remonstrated; "do dere bees min what 'auls off everything and weers dey to bid? Slapes in um? Moi son! Shifts every night! Moi sweet man! I tought dey was a bewtiful suit. An' I'd a wore um!

Sich clever tassels! First col' day 'e 'd a saw me hout in um! Moi sonn! Ain't dat too bad!"

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Billy, a half-witted old man with a paralyzed arm, who splits wood for his keep at the hospital, fell down and skinned his nose. As soon as he arose, displaying the injured member, there was a general chorus of "Billy's wracked. Carried away de jib-boom!"

On Monday afternoon there was a church wedding; and, not wishing to miss any available fun, I went. Being already more or less familiar with the interior decorations, I was in no hurry to enter; but waited instead for the bridal party. At three-quarters past the appointed hour a boat was descried coming around the point from Trap Cove; the anxious watchers around me gave a sigh of relief, for it was overly cold for their best clothes. A bunch of "bride-boys" (bridesmaids) rushed down to the fishing-stage to do the greetings, while the men assisted the toe-pinched male portion of the bridal party to haul their sea cab up on the rocks, after doing which the man proceeded to the church with his "'ooman" on his arm, followed by four or five "bride-boys," each with her future "man" on one side or the other, just as it happened.

Let me explain that "boy" is used generally without regard to sex, and a phrase like "Yes, boy," is often equivalent to "Yes, indeed." A boy is called "young-feller" or sometimes a "small young-feller."

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Filing thus past groups of admiring friends, who waited respectfully on the steps, the bridal party marched up the aisle and seated themselves on the front seat. It was a rather dark day and the church was filled with people and a dim religious light. In front, however, sufficient light shone from the bride's greenish-blue dress to enable the minister to read the service. I did not ascertain whether the groom had borrowed the shoes he wore; but I think they must have been used during the courting; if so they were a valuable asset, for they were almost all patent leather and still able to outshine any ordinary kitchen stove. The ring, the maid-of-honor's dress, and a few other pieces of regalia had been borrowed, I heard; but the question in my mind is "From whom?"

The hitching proceeded without many pauses, the hardest part being the manipulation of clumsy hands, where the minister has to see that the groom's right grasps the bride's right. As the service was entirely from the book, down north, where people frequently marry and then wait a year or so for the minister, one of the neighbors can easily do the job, with a little practice, and a canvas apron for a surplice.

During the service the wind had increased to a gale and it was snowing hard, making it too dangerous to round the point to Trap Cove. The only alternative for the party was to walk up over the

high hill between them and the harbor, and get someone to put them over to our side of the tickle. This they started to do, but the blinding snow put them off their course, and the wind made it impossible to climb. They slowly zigzagged up a short distance, and finally, losing their way altogether, turned back and made for the lights. They reached the house shortly before two, and, yielding to the inevitable, resolved to stay over night at a neighbor's.

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The next day, when I looked out of the window, I gained the impression that the house had been tipped over on its side, for it was snowing hard, straight across the window, parallel to the ground; the falling snow being blown that way by the gale. All this day the exiles were unable to return. I went on an errand to a house on the point, and was hardly able to push against the wind, in spite of the fact that my legs were well sheltered from it, for in some places I was up to the waist in soft snow. On the return trip I had a "fair" wind, which blew me along, so that I only needed to lean back and keep my feet ahead of me. I carried a bundle, and could hardly look around without finding a silent dog or two sneaking up behind to smell of it. This was interesting, for one of the nurses was going along the same path last year, when the dogs sprang suddenly on her from behind, threw her down, and began to tear at her. Fortunately she was well bun-

dled up, and their bites had not yet penetrated her clothing when a man rushed out of a nearby house and drove them off.

I was glad to see Battle Harbor in its winter costume, for its appearance is much changed. The snow was blown from the projecting rocks and packed into the crevices. In spite of its stays, the top of the flagstaff was broken off short. The dogs lay around, comfortably nestled in the snow, or ran about looking for scraps. They are rather more dangerous now than during the summer, when they can get plenty of cod heads and entrails from beneath the splitting rooms, for now the fishing is practically over, and the people don't begin to feed their dogs until there is enough snow to use them on.

The snow had come and been followed by a thaw, but was not gone by the afternoon of October 25th when we set out in the launch for the whale factory at Antill's Cove, towing two trap-skiffs. There had been a run of whales, and eight were rotting in the water, stripped only of their blubber. They had come in so fast that the men were not able to cut up the carcasses to make fertilizer. When we reached the wharf another whale had just been hauled up on the slanting slip. It was sixty feet long and nearly twice the height of a man. It had been dead two days, but the large feather-bed tongue was still trembling when I crawled up into the open mouth.

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There was a steam-winch at the head of the wharf, and, the first operation, after cutting off the large tail, was to cut long strips of thick blubber and tear them off with a steel cable from the winch. They were then cut up into pieces a foot square, so that the oil would be boiled out. The coarse-fibered flesh is cut up into cubes of the same size and boiled also. As the blood gushed out and ran in large streams down the slip, it was steaming hot and pleasant to warm one's feet in, for it could not penetrate sea-boots.

We obtained a supply of whale carving-knives, which have handles four feet long, and have to be sharpened frequently with horn-handled steels exactly like those used in American dining-rooms. The other tool necessary was a steel hook, about two feet long, with a loop handle. With this equipment we ran one of the skiffs through a narrow passage between two whales and into a small cove in a partly cut-up body.

Half of the party clambered aboard the whale, and we all began cutting steaks. One would get a grip with his hook, while the others cut out a ten or twenty-pound block, which the first lifted into the boat. We frequently sank almost to the knee in the blubber, and one man, climbing up a small hill, fell over the edge into a deep valley filled with salt water, and was rescued with some difficulty.

REINDEER TEAM

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After loading two trap skiffs, we got back to the hospital with a fine lot of food for our dogs.

A short time later we got off our last mail, by dog-team, and settled down for the long winter in Dr. Grenfell's country of adventure.

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CHAPTER IX

THE LABRADOR ESKIMO

The Eskimo of Labrador have always been more or less of a problem to men of science. In the first place their origin has never been definitely established. There are certain anthropological reasons for tracing them back to Mongolian stock, but, on the other hand, there are many radical differences which nearly discount this theory. Such small matters as, for instance, the cross-section of the hair, prove that they are of a quite different stock from the Chinese and Japanese, and their stature, build and appearance are wholly different from those of the North American Indian.

The resemblance to the Eastern races is further completed by their general intellectual development, or rather their possibilities for intellectual development, and their mechanical ingenuity and skill. The Eskimo are frequently regarded as stolid and ignorant people, whereas the reverse is distinctly true. They manifest very considerable ability in learning.

The Eskimo seem to have a natural language sense. Their own language is quite well developed

in its spoken state and differs very slightly from the Eskimo of Alaska and Greenland. It is the Moravian missionaries who have reduced this language to a written basis, very satisfactorily constructing the words according to the phonetic system, with which their native language, German, had made them familiar.

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The following specimen of written Eskimo is from a translation of one of the Psalms:

8. Tamanna pivlugo taipkotitunak-ituksaungilase: Atātapse attoriakartasse kaujimaveit tuksiarvigekārtinnassiuk.

9. Taimak pivlugo imāk tuksiaritse: Atātavut killangme! Akkit nakorijaule.

10. Nalegaunit kailaule. Perkojettit malliltaulit nuname sorlo killangme.

11. Uvlome piksaptingnik tunnitsivigittigut.

12. Ajornivut issumagijungnērkit, sorlo uvagut uvaptingnut ajortullijut issumagijungnēraptigik.

13. Oktorlungnartomut pitinata, piulittigule ajortunnit. Nalegaunek, pitsartunerlo, ananaunerlo pigigangne issokangitomut. Amen.

The language is replete with consonants, quite too much so for beauty. There is the same difference which is noted in most Northern languages as compared to Southern ones; namely, the much diminished use of the lips in forming the words and the comparative stiffness which results. In fact, Eskimo represents the extreme in this particu-

lar, and can be spoken with the face practically immobile and almost no motion, not only of the lips but even of the jaws. Spencer and other authorities believe that this is the direct result of the severe cold, which naturally stiffens the face and tends to diminish flexibility of the lips. This seems a practical theory, especially as it is true that the Eskimo in speaking even hold the teeth tight shut. When first learning English they find it difficult to get over this habit, and the resulting speech is extremely amusing, giving the impression that the speaker is undergoing a chill.

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Several hundred years ago many of the Eskimo were taught German by the Moravians, and ever since then a large number of them have spoken this language and also English, which they have learned from the traders and the visiting fishermen and whalers. They also early learned the language of the Indians of the interior, a form of Cree. In a few cases they have also learned French from the Indians and occasional strangers. Many of them to-day speak nothing but Eskimo, but a considerable number speak Indian, German and English besides, showing a facility which indicates the possession of at least one kind of brain power to a considerable degree.

Another evidence of the Eastern mind is the manual work in which the Eskimo engage. Extremely limited as to materials and tools, their work,

while cruder, is nevertheless clever and intricate in a manner which suggests the work of the Chinese and Japanese. Their carving in ivory, which they obtain from the tusks of walrus, is very cleverly done, although without the formal design shown in Eastern work of the same sort. Their pictures of animals and hunting scenes are simple line drawings, usually scratched on the surface of a tusk with a sharp instrument and marked in later with black pigment. To be sure these attempts are not capable of ranking with civilized work, but they have the good qualities of fairly close attention to detail. Their chief fault is the same mechanical formality and stiffness found in the very best Eastern work of to-day, for which no apologies are made.

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They seem to have a love of beauty, and manifest it less by ornamenting their tools and utensils than by making them, in their eyes at least, beautiful in form and clever in construction. On the Labrador, it must be borne in mind, the traders have brought civilization to a considerable extent and with it civilized utensils, weapons and material such as iron. Nevertheless many of the ancient Eskimo tools are still in use. Among the very Northern Eskimo may still be found bone knives and soapstone lamps. As one goes farther south these become rarer. The bone snow knife, which is used for cutting blocks of snow to make snow houses, as shelters on the journey, is pretty widely found.

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It is extremely interesting to see the extent to which the Eskimo have adapted civilized materials to their ancient designs. I have, for instance, a "wulu," or skin scraper, which is an exact reproduction in wood and a piece of iron stovepipe of an instrument formerly made of some strong bone. I also have a tool, the "kiliutok," mentioned in the chapter "An American in Labrador," which is used for cutting out sealskin garments, and which was formerly made of the hard outside bone from the jaw of a whale, which, in this specimen, has a blade of iron skilfully riveted to an ivory handle. The complete instrument resembles an old-fashioned meat-chopper of the single blade variety. The very ingenious fire drill, in which a stick is made to revolve in a small hollow in a piece of wood by means of a bow, the string of which is twisted about the stick, is now very little used in Labrador, if at all, because of the introduction of matches.

Similarly rifles have largely driven out the use of the Eskimo harpoon, which was one of the best instances of the Eskimo's inventive ability. It consisted of a wooden shaft made usually from a piece of driftwood, to which was lashed a complicated ivory point, in such a manner as automatically to dislodge as soon as it had entered the seal's body, and, by permitting the shaft to float free, prevent the breaking of a very scarce and consequently valuable thing like a piece of wood. To the weapon

was also attached a long line made of sealskin or walrus hide, at the other end of which was an inflated seal's bladder, which prevented the animal from sinking, and thus being lost after he was killed.

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The ability of the Eskimo is well shown by the extent to which they have in the past adapted bone to the uses ordinarily served by iron and steel. They have, for instance, manufactured needles of hard bone, which are by no means large or clumsy, and in which they have drilled tiny eyes by means of a very small piece of sharp stone mounted at the end of the drill similar to the one used in making fire. Thread was undoubtedly a problem at first because there was no vegetable substance from which it could be made. This was solved by the use of sinew from the various animals, the most common being the seal and caribou and the most valued the whale. The huge ligament which runs down the back, and to which are attached the muscles which move the whale's enormous tail, is about as large as a man's wrist. This is cut out, dried and split into finer and finer fibers until pieces the thickness of thread are finally obtained. These are so tough that it is nearly impossible to break them.

The Eskimo women can be rivaled by none as seamstresses; their sewing is so delicately and skilfully done that their seams are not only strong, but water- and air-tight. The boots which they make

are undoubtedly the best in the world. It is said that on the Labrador coast an Eskimo woman's marriageability is dependent upon the condition of her teeth, because as long as she is able to chew the edges of the tough sealskin in order to make them soft for sewing, she is still a fit companion and helpmate to her husband. European clothes and materials are being more and more used on the coast, especially in summer; but among the Eskimo sealskin is very largely worn in winter.

There are three parts to the wardrobe: the "netsik," or cossack, which is the combined jacket and hood pulled down over the head, "hudulik," or trousers, and the "kamik," or boots, not to mention the mitts. The top garment, like all the others, is made exactly in the same way from one end of the coast to the other. The best seal is the species called "ranger," which is a beautiful silvery gray mottled with darker spots on the back and nearly white on the belly. The boots are made knee length, with a soft moccasin bottom, and are also of sealskin, the hair being turned outside and scraped off. Formerly the Eskimo wore underclothes of bird skins, the breasts of eider ducks being chiefly used. Now, however, undergarments the same shape as the outer ones are made of "duffle" or blanketing.

European influence has also been felt in the matter of food, very much to the detriment of the Eskimo. Their teeth, which formerly, without any

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scientific care, were flawless, are now very generally injured by the effects of sugar, or rather molasses, with which they sweeten their tea. Indirectly this has undermined their digestions, aided in this matter by the injurious effect of tea, and has been one of the factors in impairing the wonderful strength of constitution which the Eskimo formerly had.

There has been much discussion by scientific men as to the effect of environment on diet. It is claimed by most popular writers that meat, and especially fat, is craved in a Northern climate, and is, in fact, absolutely essential to health. This is probably not true, for, although fat is eaten more willingly in the cold climate, there seems to be no reason why the Eskimo or anyone else could not subsist perfectly well on farinaceous foods, if only these were as readily obtainable.

If the Eskimo are of Mongolian origin, or if, as must be true, they came from a more southern climate, they furnish the best instance of man's ability to adapt himself to widely varying conditions. The climate is, of course, the worst of these conditions with which they have to contend. Their first efforts were naturally against rather than with this condition—namely, the protection of their bodies by means of fur clothing and fire.

But slowly they underwent a passive adaptation accomplished by Nature alone. Like the northern animals and the comparatively inactive women-folk

of the cave-dwellers, they gradually developed a layer of fatty tissue. Consequently, they are marvelously able to withstand the cold, even the occasional temperatures of sixty and more degrees below zero, and the much more severe blizzards at a higher temperature. I have never heard of an Eskimo suffering from freezing, though it doubtless has happened.

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Another condition to which the Eskimo have adapted themselves is the sunlight. During the spring, especially in March, the sun approaches very near the earth, and its light is therefore very intense. The temperature is still below zero, except in the direct rays of the sun, where it becomes uncomfortably warm. Snow still covers the entire landscape, and each noon its topmost surface melts very slightly. All the rest of the day it freezes again, producing a glassy surface, which reflects the dazzling sunlight with cruel brilliancy.

For the ordinary mortal a short exposure to this light affects the eyes quite painfully. A day of it or less causes the affliction known as snow-blindness. The sufferer's eyes become swollen and watery, and soon he is absolutely unable to see. Whether he opens his eyes or keeps them shut the feeling is as though a mixture of pepper, sand and acid were being continually dashed into them. Nothing can give material relief; and the pain is

severe. With the lapse of time, however, the affliction gradually disappears.

White men prevent much of this suffering by wearing smoked glasses. The light is very apt to enter from beneath and sideways, however. Goggles are better; but some men become snow-blind in spite of every precaution. The Eskimo had no glass, but they made very ingenious wooden goggles fitting the eye socket closely, and provided, instead of glass lenses, with two narrow slits, crossing at right angles, through which they could see perfectly.

But here, too, passive adaptation seems to have taken place, for the Eskimo are much better able to stand the glare than white men. It is not impossible that their slit-like eyes have been evolved directly by the effect of this condition on many generations. Nowhere has the environment been more unmerciful, and consequently the survival of the fittest more relentlessly worked out than in the North. It seems entirely possible that those individuals whose eyes happened to vary from the normal toward a narrower shape, letting in less light, were able to hunt in times of severity, while the less fortunate Eskimo starved because of blindness. Among the following generations would have been a larger per centage of individuals with the successful form of eye; and gradually this form would have become, as it is, a racial characteristic. This theory tends

to disprove the Mongolian origin of the Eskimo, because it offers a quite different explanation of their appearance.

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On the other hand some sort of southern origin seems imperative as an explanation of the Eskimo's character. There are very few, if any, northern races whose mental make-up has not a serious, sedate, heavy, or even morose tone. The northern Indians, Norwegians, Anglo-Saxons and Russians all have different varieties of this general temperament. The Eskimo, on the contrary, have a sunny, genial, amiable, care-free nature, more or less resembling that of the French, Italians and negroes.

If the Labrador Eskimo were originally as warlike and treacherous as the early explorers and missionaries relate, the change which has taken place in them is indeed marvelous. One must remember that these pioneers called them Indians, not differentiating them as a separate race; and it is probable that some of the bloodthirsty attacks described were not made by Eskimo at all. In Greenland the first white men to see the Eskimo there found them naïve and friendly; Stephanson's experience with the blonde Eskimo whom he discovered was the same.

At any rate the Labrador Eskimo of to-day are kindly, curious, ingenuous people. The white men who live among them soon come to love them. A poor little Eskimo boy, whom Dr. Grenfell picked

up on the northern coast, and, after removing a tubercular rib, nursed back to health, was my playmate for many months when stationed at one of the hospitals. The handicap of his somewhat frail condition, lack of mother and father, and imperfect knowledge of English did not lessen his plucky self-reliance and indomitable spirit. He was full of energy and played outdoors and on the boats in the harbor, regardless of wet and cold. His mind was as bright as his dark eyes, and, although mischievous, like most normal boys, he had a sunny and altogether lovable disposition. I wanted very much to adopt him, quixotic as the idea doubtless was, but in the climate of the eastern States he probably could not have lived.

The Eskimo are undoubtedly best off in their own haunts; and they have a strong love of the north. One of the most detestable cruelties ever inflicted on a primitive people was that perpetrated by the men connected with the World's Fair at Chicago, who brought south a large number of the Labrador Eskimo, to exhibit them. After the Exposition they took little or no trouble to send them back. Many of those who had not already fallen victims to the climate and the diseases of civilization died in the struggle to reach home. Only a few of the lot ever got back to Labrador. One little boy, Prince Pomiuk, who became widely known through the efforts of a kind old gentleman once

on the coast, was finally sent north, but died after long suffering.

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It was probably one of these derelicts from whom Dr. Grenfell received a message while I was with him in Labrador. The message was relayed along by telegraph and dog-mail, and arrived when we were frozen in for the winter. It said simply "I want to get home. Anatuk." It was impossible to find any trace of the sender; no one knows what has become of him.

In Labrador the "umiak" or "woman's boat," a large canoe, is no longer used to any extent. The fisherman's trap-skiff has generally replaced it. For a single fisherman the small punt with oars has somewhat replaced the native canoe as well. But many of these canoes or "kyaks" are still built and used in fishing and hunting seal.

The frame is wooden, pointed at both ends, and covered with sealskin. The top is similarly decked over except for a hole into which the one user puts his legs, to sit on the bottom. Seals, women or other "chattels" can be carried on the flat deck. A double-paddle is used; and in spite of its narrow blades propels the kyak at good speed even against a strong wind and tide. Dr. Grenfell has used one for many years, and is remarkably skilful in handling it. He keeps it lashed on the deck of his little steamer; and because its dark color and little height

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DR. GRENFELL IN HIS ESKIMO KAYAK

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above water make it inconspicuous he finds it well adapted for shooting ducks.

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The southern Eskimo live in huts made of planking or split-logs roofed with sod. A few of their houses are very comfortable for the coast. The more northern groups live in a type of sealskin tent called "tupik" during the summer. Snow-houses are temporary dwellings only, used chiefly on journeys. The Eskimo are very skilful in building them in a very short time. The blocks of packed snow are cut with a bone knife and carefully fitted together to form a circular wall a few feet high covered with a dome-vault. When we remember the advanced stage of culture reached in Europe before the simple dome-vault was discovered, the evident rediscovery of this principle by so primitive a people seems again to show minds capable of invention and achievement.

The same qualities are displayed in the varied use of almost the only other raw material besides snow and ice possessed by the Eskimo, the seal. Walrus was used in much the same way, but, as has been remarked, is now scarce. Naturally the plentiful seals were early used for food; but, in addition, the skins furnished clothes and boots and bags, the bones countless implements. Instead of window-glass thin bladder-skin stretched taut was used. The fat furnished fuel for cooking, and light.

The Eskimo have not stopped with providing the

mere necessities of life. They find time and means for play and luxuries as well. One of the least necessary things is land transportation. The northern Indians developed this very little. But the Eskimo evidently very early caught and tamed litters of wolf-pups, from which stock they have developed the partially domesticated Eskimo dog or husky. We found that our best dogs were those of purest Eskimo breed. Only the uncompromising taste of the huskies for other animals excuses the use of more civilized breeds.

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The Eskimo "komatik" or sled is a long, low, narrow one made of wooden cross-bars lashed to wooden runners, and will stand hard strains without breaking. The runners are shod with smooth pieces cut from the jaw-bone of a whale. Even on our light imported sleds we frequently used these whale-bone shoes. Nothing causes less friction on comparatively soft snow. But in the main part of winter when there is no partial thaw the bone does not glide so smoothly. At this time the Eskimo mix dirt and snow thawed over a seal-oil lamp, and coat the under-surface of the runners with mud. Allowing this to freeze on, they polish it and apply additional coats until they produce a fairly thick frozen mud shoe, almost frictionless on the snow of midwinter. When it wears off a fresh coat is readily put on. When a slight thaw melts it off it

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Dr. Grenfell carrying up surveying apparatus to top of cliff

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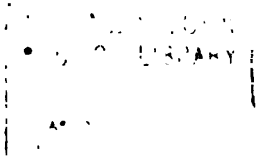

is no longer wanted, because the bare whale-bone glides best on the damper snow.

The Eskimo in Labrador as elsewhere are peculiarly susceptible to certain diseases in spite of their remarkably strong constitutions. Consumption has played great havoc among them. That they have not been wiped out by it is due to their remarkably sound systems. Men at the very door of death, who would be doomed by any physician with wide experience, have rallied and gotten entirely well. The Eskimo have not developed the immunity to many diseases that has been produced in most civilized peoples by the very prevalence of those diseases. Ills which we regard as simple, such as measles, often prove fatal. While on the coast I saw the sad results of an epidemic of scarlet fever.

Much trouble is caused the Eskimo and the other natives by ignorance and neglect, and Dr. Grenfell is constantly teaching the simple truths of hygiene, knowledge of which will prolong the life of this fine race. He has also become skilful in the specialized sort of medical work necessary to their unusual needs. One of his colleagues has discovered a skin disease new to medicine and found only among the Eskimo. An effective cure has at last been evolved.

Work of this type, coupled with the broad and wise policy of developing by aid the Eskimo's own

initiative rather than cramping it, is typical of Dr. Grenfell's efforts among all his Labrador people. He has accomplished more for them in such varied ways, in comparatively few years, than centuries of evangelization could have done. Secondarily, and with no thought of doing so, he brings a stirring inspiration to America toward effective self-forgetting work. He has helped not only the people of Labrador, but us. May we increasingly help him.

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APPENDIX: ADDRESSES

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, Labrador, care of the Grenfell Association of America, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Dr. Grenfell is always ready to answer the questions of persons who are in any way interested in the coast. As his time, however, is extremely full of the duties attendant on the administration of an establishment now of considerable size, as well as of his surgical and literary work, it is always well, if possible, to obtain information from some other source. Information on nearly all the parts of the Mission's activity can be obtained from the secretaries of the various Grenfell Associations. The chief of these follow:

Grenfell Association of America, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

New England Grenfell Association, 14 Beacon St., Boston.

Grenfell Association of Canada, José Machado, Esq., Secretary, 224 Wellington St., Ottawa, Ont.

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Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, Bridge House, 181 Queen Victoria St., London.

Bowring & Co., Red Cross Line, 17 Battery Place, New York. The above company can give information in regard to its lines from New York to St. Johns and further north. It is the best line by which to send packages to the coast.

J. W. N. Johnstone, General Passenger Agent, Reid Newfoundland Company, St. Johns, Newfoundland. Mr. Johnstone is exceedingly kind in assisting intending visitors to Newfoundland and Labrador. He is also ready to help them find guides and to indicate good localities for hunting and fishing.

W. & S. Job & Co., St. Johns, Newfoundland, and 68 Broad Street, New York. This firm conducts trading operations in fish on the coast, both in the Straits and further north. They also sometimes have a small steamer, which can be chartered for cruises or exploration.

Mr. A. Sheard, Seamen's Institute, St. Johns, Newfoundland.

By recent organization, which aims to produce the highest efficiency, and eliminate duplication of effort and waste, Mr. Sheard has been made Business Manager of the entire International Medical Mission. All business matters consequently should

be referred to him, and will receive very prompt and careful attention. To him also application should be made for the hiring for summer cruises of Dr. Grenfell's vessels.

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The author occasionally lectures on behalf of Dr. Grenfell's work, and may be addressed in care of The Grenfell Association of America, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

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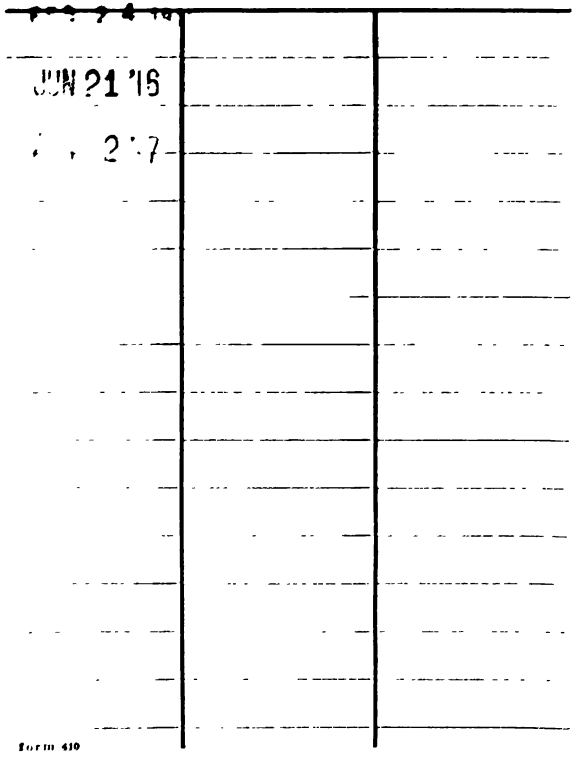

3 Parts
1 Map.
13 Plates in Par.

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1 Table.

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