

dispensary. Then to the waiting-room, with benches to right and left. Out by a rear door, we passed into the other building of the hospital, the hospital proper it might be called. In the ladies' room, as it is known, are white iron cots, on the walls there are cards bearing Biblical inscriptions.

Two women are patients here, and a nurse, in black with apron of white, attends them.

The doctor shows us a little girl, bitten by the savage Eskimo dogs. There are many cases such as this, and so Dr. Grenfell, of Deep Sea Mission fame, is advocating the abolition of the dog in favour of the reindeer. In this case the dog had almost torn the leg off the child. It is a strange fact, the doctor says, that these dogs produce no hydrophobia, and that they do not bite in the same way as does the regular canine, for they are more wolf than dog.

This doctor is a young Scotchman, and his white flannel jersey and cap, and his Scottish accent, strike one curiously in far Labrador. He is telling of the one or two cases they have from the dogs each year, as he leads the way up the rubber-topped stairs, and we pass a graphophone on the landing of the second floor.

A very modern operating-room is located here, all of the walls covered with what seems to be white linoleum. At the centre a very up-to-date operating table is placed. In a corner there is a white enamelled bottle-rack. We go up to the men's rooms. The cots here have the red-and-white striped blankets and the walls are of wood. On them are inscriptions from Scripture.

Back again in the parlour we note, over the mantel, some mounted young seals and some gulls. Rugs of skin are on the carpet.

We are asked for our autographs. Those of Root and of Peary are already inscribed.

It is almost time for the steamer to leave, and we must return to the wharf. We bring the Kodak into play. Out on the edge of the harbour, with the sun on the water, the line of rocks about, the great fish-flake and the ice close in shore, one gets some striking pictures. It is warm and balmy now, almost hot, as one climbs the heights behind the town, to the Marconi-tower there.

One saunters about half-aimlessly, and obtains a snap-shot of the young Eskimo. There is little

to do and time hangs heavy. Then, five minutes past noon, with lovely sunlight on the water, again one embarks, and we are off for the fishing settlements that serve to give the hospital patients.

WATER UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

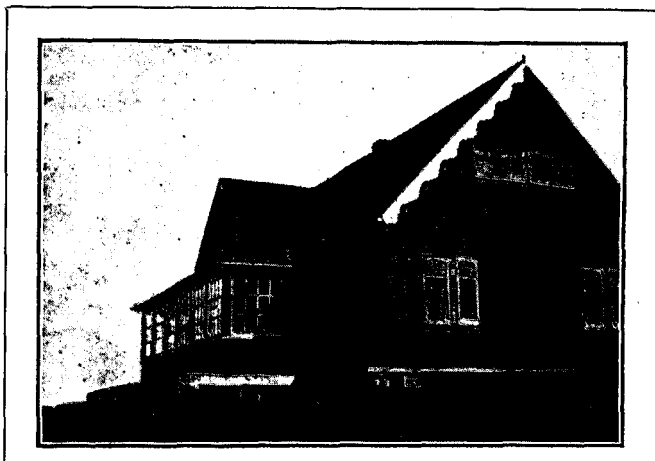
Nothing amuses me so much as to see pictures of water under the microscope supposed to be ordinary drinking water, and others, by way of comparison, showing the effects of water purification. The unpurified—that is, ordinary water—is depicted as swarming with animalcules; the purified, as destitute of all living things. Now this is a thoroughly misleading idea. It is a misleading advertisement. Ordinary water contains no animalcules such as are depicted in the advertisements to which I refer. It may contain microbes; it certainly does not show animalcules, to obtain which we have to go to stagnant water in which decaying matter has been dissolved, and

such as no one would think of drinking. Ordinary water shows no sign of life under ordinary powers of the microscope. To obtain evidence of any microbes it may harbour—which microbes, it need not be said, are infinitely more minute than animalcules—it has to be subjected to certain intricate processes of germ-culture. But if ordinary water does contain microbes with which it may on occasion be

infected, it is true, the one way of ensuring safety is to pass it through a Berkefeld Filter, which, properly used, gives a water free even from the microscopic germs which cause definite diseases, typhoid fever amongst them. (*From a lecture on "Water" by the late Dr. Andrew Wilson.*)

HOLIDAYS.

Many nurses who are considering holiday arrangements, and would like to travel abroad were it not for the difficulty of arranging a tour with congenial companionship, will be glad to know that this difficulty will vanish if they put themselves in the hands of the Women's International League and Travel Society, 199, Victoria Street, London, S.W., of which the Secretary is Miss Mary Howell. Interesting tours are arranged by this League at moderate cost and inclusive fees.



THE NURSES' HOME, BATTLE HARBOUR.

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