

considers tidying—prepare the meals, and get busy at cleaning and curing. These fisher-folk are paid by the "lay" or share, and the more cod they have ready at the season-end, when they'll be called for by the schooner, the better for all concerned.

In bad weather when the storms rage about and the giant icebergs come drifting down, blocking all exit from the tickle, and when one can't even see the whales "blowing" in the fog, the fishermen also lend a hand. It is so cold then that every cranny is chinked against the outer air, while a great stove roars at centre of the curing-barn, with the sticks and the brush from the pseudo forest kept handy, and in plenty, for just such a time. More than that, there may be eight, ten, twenty people at work in that one little chamber, and rest assured it gets very warm inside very soon.

Here then comes the occasion for Dr. Grenfell's labour. Ninety-nine per cent. of the fisher-folk are malignant consumptives. Those who are not, come to contract the white plague very soon. For three, four, five days fog and storm may lock that band in that one room, or in it and the dwelling chamber, and while the fish begin to decay at times beneath the heat, while the gills, the blood, the other useless parts dropped into the sea below, presumably, but left, spattered about, by the heedless, fill the air with their microbes of decay, the fisher-folk sing and joke and clean the cod and breathe in the deadly tubercle. By and by there is hardly a person in the colony that is not seized by the white plague.

Of course the fish-wives have their trusted remedies, water boiled with rope, and so on, but actual physician there is none. Every fortnight, weather permitting, the mail boat passes up the coast. There is a government physician aboard and the vessel must stop wherever hailed and wait until he has finished his duties. This is a part of its heavy mail contract. When the doctor comes he leaves medicine for this, that, and the other phase of the trouble. With other diseases, other illnesses, he leaves exact prescriptions, to be given if one grow better, grow worse, to relieve the dying. Then he is off, and two weeks later he will return. Picture yourself at the bedside of a loved one tossing in delirium, with the doctor two weeks' distance away. That is the Labrador.

Hence Dr. Grenfell's mission. Through herculean effort he has had established on the coast three or four mission hospitals, open to the poorest. One of these, at Battle Harbour, recollect, was the point from which Peary flashed the news of his Polar discovery.

More important still, the doctor has a floating hospital, a speedy ship built especially for this wild and tortuous coast, in which he cruises up and down. Naturally his visits, too, must be intermittent, and he too can only leave drugs for better and for worse. But he isn't bound to a set course, as is the mail boat; he goes much farther north than she, much deeper into the fiords. He can stop a day, two days, as long as he chooses, and he can "back-track" to revisit a very sick

patient, if he find the need. Hence it is that Grenfell has become the good angel of that lonely desolate coast.

Norman Duncan, who knows the Labrador best, next to Grenfell and its own folk, perhaps, of any man alive, says of the Doctor's perilous, self-imposed mission, repeated by him summer upon summer:—

"When the wind was in the north-east, when it broke swift and vicious from the sullen waste of water beyond, whipping up the grey sea, driving the vagrant ice, spreading clammy mist over the reefs and rocky headlands of the long coast, our harbour lay unruffled in the lee of God's Warning . . . We were fended from the southerly gales by the massive, beetling front of the Isle of Good Promise, which, grandly unmoved by their fuming rage, turned them up into the black sky, where they went screaming northward, high over the heads of the white houses huddled in the calm below, and the seas they brought, gigantic breaking seas, went to waste on Raven Rock and the Reef of the Thirty Black Devils, ere their strength spent, they growled over the jagged rocks."

That's the land in which the Doctor labours, spending his time and strength on an untutored, simple folk, who look upon him half in reverence, often half suspicious of the remedies he prescribes. How many lives stand to his credit none may estimate. How much suffering has been relieved, how much pain spared, none can faintly reckon. Whatsoever, Grenfell is the good angel of all the colony, and few men can tell such interesting tales from their own careers.

The Duke of Connaught paid a visit, on July 10th, to St. Anthony, the headquarters of "Grenfell, of Labrador," where he visited the hospital, orphanage, and other Mission buildings, and saw a herd of 1,200 reindeer. At Blanc Sablon at the western end of Belle Isle Strait, his Royal Highness saw all the processes of catching and curing cod-fish.

#### THE PASSING BELL.

One of those who lost her life when the *Empress of Ireland* sank was Miss Alice Riddell, who for over seven years had been nurse on the ship, and whose record is one of faithful and devoted service. That her work was appreciated was evidenced on the day of the funeral, when a beautiful anchor of flowers bore the simple inscription: "For Nurse Riddell. From the Survivors."

A large body of nurses from the General Hospital, Nottingham, on Saturday last attended the funeral of Sister Elizabeth Thornley, who for thirty-four years was in the service of the institution. The interment took place at the Church Cemetery, and in addition to the Matron (Miss Knight) there were also present many officials of the hospital, to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had for so many years rendered devoted service to the sick within its wards.

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