Among The Deep Sea Fishers
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Articles and items for insertion in the magazine should be sent to the editor, Miss S. E. Demarest, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, not later than the fifteenth of the month preceding the month in which publication is desired.
THE NEW ST. ANTHONY HOSPITAL—ARCHITECT’S DRAWING

SHOWING PROGRESS REACHED ON THE HOSPITAL IN LATE NOVEMBER
Among the Deep-Sea Fishers
The Official Organ of the International Grenfell Association

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Vol. XXIII JANUARY, 1926 No. 4

THE YEAR'S WORK AT ST. ANTHONY HOSPITAL

By CHARLES S. CURTIS, M.D.

At St. Anthony the year has been a very busy one, for in addition to the regular duties of the station, the new hospital has absorbed all our extra time.

The work of the mission is so varied by many activities other than medical that it is only by describing each in detail that some idea of the extent of the work is obtained.

The medical service continues as active and interesting as ever. In winter the northern end of the island of Newfoundland was covered by the doctor on dog team as usual, the hospital being open to care for all patients needing treatment. The following summary of operative work and the number of in-patients will give some idea of the extent of the service this hospital renders to the community.

From April to October, 305 patients were admitted to the wards; the total number of hospital days were 5,622.

Operations under ether numbered 91; under local anaesthesia, 49; extraction bone fragments from arm, 1; application radium to uterus, 5; application radium to rectum, 5; amputation foot for tuberculosis, 1; drainage abscess of leg, 2; incision anal fistula, 1; radical cure varicocele, 1; prostatectomy, 1; colostomy for cancer rectum, 1; blood transfusion, 1; resection ribs for empyema, 1; repair of cervix, 1.

Plaster casts applied without ether: spicas for tuberculosis of hip, 20; casts for tuberculosis of knee, 5; casts to club feet, 10; casts for bow legs, 5; plaster shells for tubercular backs, 5.

The hospital in addition treats all variety of medical cases as well as obstetrics. It continues to draw from a long coast line.

One interesting feature is the increasing number of orthopedic cases that are coming here for treatment. This winter our sun porches are filled with children on frames and in braces. Last summer Miss Storr, a very highly trained expert in brace and frame making, came over from England and was of the greatest assistance in starting twenty children on their long period of frame treatment.

The adult patient with bone tuberculosis presents a different problem from that of a child. To support his family he must get back to work as soon as possible and cannot undergo the long frame or brace treatment. Last summer we operated on five young adults with tuberculosis of the back, and two knees were excised. In addition to the bone and joint tuberculosis there were several cases of bone deformity due to diseases of malnutrition.

It is very gratifying to know that our hospital is always open to the sick and no patient is ever refused treatment for inability to pay.

Our out-patient department continues large. 2,000 patients were treated in this department and scores of calls made in the surrounding districts.

A year ago the directors decided to replace the old hospital, which for nearly 25 years has been such a haven of refuge on the Coast and which was rapidly going to pieces, by an up-to-date fire-proof building.

The plans were drawn by Mr. Delano, of New York, and in the spring our very capable and indispensable foreman, Mr. McNeil, went to New York and studied the details with experts. The building is of steel frame with reinforced concrete floors; exterior walls of concrete blocks, made on the site.

The steel frame, together with building supplies, was shipped on schooner from New York, also the boiler weighing 7 tons. It was a source of wonder to all who saw Mr. McNeil rig up skids, etc., and lift this boiler from the deck to the wharf and then by man power haul it to the pit dug for it.

The work of excavation was begun in June
and 900 cubic yards of clay were removed. It was necessary to go 8 feet below the surface for the footings.

We hardly expected to do more than put in the basement walls and the first floor slab last summer but due to the zeal of Mr. McNeil, all the steel is in place and in addition one-half of the second floor slab poured in. 3,000 blocks were made.

This winter the basement will be finished as well as part of the first floor.

This summer the men worked from 8 a.m. until 10 p.m. and in the fall, when the floors were being poured, they often worked until the early hours of the morning.

The people are greatly interested. Much free labor has been given and the local people have raised nearly $1,500 toward the building.

The mission is indebted to Mr. Delano for the great service he has given and also to Mr. French, who has spent so much time on the heating plans.

When completed it will be the most northerly hospital of modern construction on the east coast of North America and will be a monument to Dr. Grenfell, who has always insisted that the men and women of this coast shall have the best possible medical treatment.

We consider the educational department at St. Anthony very important; year by year the school is growing. The past year a domestic science and manual training departments were added. Each year an increasing number of children from surrounding villages come here for schooling. The wise policy of the mission in giving added educational advantages to promising boys and girls is justified by the number that have returned and are helping in building the new hospital and in working in the other institutions.

Our Children’s Home continues its valuable work. It is now full. Our educational policy is carried out here; the boys are under Mr. Clark, trained at Berea, and the girls are taught sewing and housekeeping by Miss Combie, another graduate of Berea. Miss Cleveland has so often told about the growth of her department that I will only say it is going ahead rapidly and a branch of the Industrial, the Machine Shop, is a very valuable adjunct to our work. All the doors and windows for the new hospital are made here; the forge, the lathe, the welder are constantly in use repairing the motor boats of the fishermen.

The introduction of thoroughbred stock is a
great benefit to the Coast. Mr. George West of Boston gave us a very valuable Duroc-Jersey boar; Miss Stirling a flock of twenty-five Shropshire sheep; and Dr. Allen, of St. Johnsbury, a blooded Holstein bull and two Holstein heifers.

The benefits of the importation of this new stock into this district are immeasurable and will go a long way to improve the sheep, the pigs and the cows.

This then is a brief description of the work at St. Anthony, and it can be seen that as great if not greater stress is laid on the constructive problems as on those of relief.

WANTED: A CHILDREN'S WARD

By Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.D.

October 29th, 1925.

My dear Editor:
The St. Anthony Hospital staff are more anxious than for anything else to have a separate ward for children who are crippled, and also an accompanying splint shop, where we can make the proper apparatus to enable them to walk, and to give us the joy of seeing these lovely little patients get the help that would be given them in our country, and which we cannot give without the proper tools.

There came to us this year from England our old worker, Miss Eleanor Storr. Her long and special training in this very work, inspired us to make an effort, as we are building the new hospital, to keep a person like herself who devotes her entire life to the one problem.

To begin with, the apparatus we could thus make would save our nurses the heart-breaking duty of moving by hand the wrecked bodies not only of little children, but of helpless and heavy adults with injuries. It is then also often an almost back-breaking duty. Moreover, such apparatus saves the minor movements, which oftentimes entirely spoil the good results of a serious operation. Such movements are often due to the discomfort of the little sufferer, and prove the importance of getting absolutely perfect fixation that avoids this. We cannot properly provide this with the rough splints which we can now make.

We are interested also in making apparatus to enable us to wheel in and out our little patients and to enable us to leave them outside, and to keep them on their beds, while the nurses go on with the endless calls of duty. Very often we have to let the children go home in their apparatus as they live so far away. In the new well-fitted apparatus they could live comfortably and safely and come back to us every one, two, or three months; and so we could carry the treatment to an effective end.

We have been feeling very bitterly that we have been forced to leave undone things which we might have done, which we CAN do, and WANT to do, for these, "the least of His brethren."

We estimate the cost for the ward and little machine shop would be not more than $10,000. We all feel we would like this ward for little children to be built by people from their little gifts. I am perfectly sure there are thousands of people who would love to give a small sum and who can. It is so eminently a Christian thing. Not one cent would go into overhead.

I am enclosing therefore my own check for $50. It seems as if it will be a long time before we can get 200 people each to give $50, but I am perfectly sure that, especially at Christmas time, there must be thousands in this rich country who would be all the happier if they had this small share in such a great message of love.

The only trouble is, I don't know how to let them know about it, so I am asking you to help, if you can, in this way.

Yours very sincerely,

Wilfred T. Grenfell.
MR. DARCY’S VISIT TO ST. ANTHONY

The writer has just had the pleasure of a very interesting visit to St. Anthony, and through the courtesy of the energetic and capable Grenfell office secretary—Mr. A. C. Blackburn, the scope and benefits of the work of the Grenfell Association were viewed at close quarters. Some people must see to believe, and I, previous to my visit, may have been deserving of enumeration in this class; but, seeing the actual work and results obtained, I am no longer a ‘doubting Thomas.’

“Our first visit was to the Grenfell Hospital, which has rendered incalculable service for a quarter of a century, but which for some years past, has been found to be altogether inadequate to the requirements and scope of the medical work, which field of operation has expanded and increased considerably since the founding of this famous ‘Mecca of sufferers.’ Faith, courage, and an undaunted spirit, however, is making possible the erection of a modern, fire-proof hospital, 80x42 feet, with seven wards, operating room and staff quarters, to replace the old building. Wonderful work is being accomplished in the erection of this new structure; particularly so, when it is realized that all the skilled work is being done by Newfoundland men who have been trained by the Grenfell Mission. When completed, this splendid hospital will stand as a monument to the life work of Dr. Grenfell, and a beacon of hope for the sick and suffering of Newfoundland and Labrador. The superintendent of the new hospital will be Dr. Charles S. Curtis, F. A. C. S., the untiring, capable physician who has conducted operations in the old building with marked success, during the past ten years. He will be ably assisted by Miss Nancy Curwell, formerly of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, and who has been nurse in charge of St. Anthony Hospital for the past two years.

“Our next visit was to the Orphanage—a spacious, fireproof, serviceably-appointed building. Here, about 70 children are provided for under the motherly guidance and direction of Miss Elizabeth Beyer, and if one is to judge by the healthy, laughing, romping and well-conducted kiddies; spotless dormitories and apartments; and modern equipment of kitchen, laundry, toilets, etc., then, one must truly say the institution is a credit to the matron, and is ample testimony of her capable management, guidance and supervision. “Our visit to the Grenfell School was, indeed, a treat. The building has recently been remodeled and enlarged. School work is conducted in six well-appointed classrooms, and a spacious assembly room is used for lectures, school and town entertainments, etc. A radio has recently been installed and will be the means of providing excellent entertainment and news from the outside world. The educational work of St. Anthony School is superintended by Miss Butt of Harbor Grace—a capable and painstaking lady. Quite a pretentious but practical curriculum is successfully handled, and in addition to the three R’s, such subjects as domestic science, manual training for the boys, painting, drawing, hygiene, etc., are taught. The quick perception and assimilation so noticeable among the pupils of the various classes, is a tribute not only to the practical methods used by well-trained, capable teachers in inculcating knowledge, but also to the health educational work which has borne such good fruit among the children and made possible the realization of the old maxim—‘A sound mind in a healthy body.’ The children are taught how to cook foods properly and prepare simple but nutritious, well-balanced diets. The average attendance at St. Anthony School is 110 children.

“The Industrial Department under the supervision of Miss Catherine Cleveland, is, perhaps, the main link in the chain of service so ungrudgingly given by the Grenfell workers. The foundation of the Grenfell humanitarian service may be truly said to start with its Industrial work, because here it is that both men and women are trained in skilled crafts—trained to do work that can be commercialized, and which brings them substantial monetary returns wherewith to purchase the necessaries of life. Such a service naturally results in a better standard of living and raises the moral tone of the people by its inspiration of independence, industry and ambition. Going through the various departments of the Industrial School, a visitor experiences a keen sense of pathos intermingled with gratitude and joy. Here, one sees an
old man, broken in health with spinal disease, but with the true craftsman's skill, cheerfully carving and modeling most ingenuous articles in ivory and wood. Next is seen a young man, also afflicted, doing exquisite hand painting on china ornaments, table service and toys. He has been trained by the Grenfell Mission for this particular work which provides him with a substantial livelihood. Then to the weaving room where, among the workers, a man who has lost the sight of both eyes has been trained to do excellent work in weaving. Articles such as scarfs, socks, mitts, caps, mats, homespuns, and knitted garments are skilfully made by the Industrial workers, and a ready market is found for these. The Toy Department is also a tribute to the versatility and adaptability of the Grenfell work. Here, most unique, hand-painted toys are made by a genius in his line—a man also afflicted with spinal disease, and who, without the advantage of Grenfell training, would find it difficult to obtain a livelihood.

"Last, but not least, is the Machine Shop and Woodworking Shop. Here, under the skilled superintendency of Mr. Edgar McNeill—a Labrador man who was trained in the United States by the Grenfell Mission—all machine, plumbing and electrical repairs and installations are undertaken. Mr. McNeill is also superintending the construction of the new hospital which is being built of concrete and steel. Serviceable and practical articles of furniture, doors, sashes, etc., are made by the Woodworking Department, and all furnish means of employment and practical training in skilled work. The whole of the woodwork for the new hospital is also being made by this department.

"While the above covers in a partial way, the work of the Grenfell Mission at St. Anthony, the scope of its operations along various parts of the Newfoundland and Labrador coast, is also varied and extensive. The Child Welfare Department directed by Miss Elizabeth Criswell has performed incalculable service. Sixteen welfare workers and five resident nurses have been working indefatigably, and 105 settlements have received attention from this department alone. It is interesting to know, also, that Mrs. Blackburn, wife of the capable Grenfell secretary, was one of the pioneer workers of the Grenfell Mission. In addition to the St. Anthony Hospital, three other hospitals are operated—one at Battle Harbor, one at Indian Harbor, and one at Harrington; also six cottage hospitals—Flower's Cove, Fortean, Cartwright, North West River, Spotted Islands and Lewis Bay.

"A visit to the Institutions at St. Anthony, will amply repay one for the time spent; contentment, industry and enlightenment appear to predominate, and the service which makes these things possible in any community, is deserving of whole-hearted support and cooperation. May I, in conclusion, echo the remark of His Excellency, Sir Wm. Allardyce —"Would that Newfoundland had many such centres."

—

LANTERN AND SLIDES ON THE GRENFELL WORK

THE office of the International Grenfell Association now has a lantern capable of showing at a distance of 10 to 60 feet a good picture on a wall or sheet in any private room. All one has to do is to fix the plug in any light socket. With this lantern the office is prepared to loan a fine set of slides of the work, and someone to show them. The expenses of the speaker and $10 toward the upkeep of a good up-to-date set of slides would be the only necessary guarantee.

Any old workers on the Coast are invited to borrow the slides, and to all clubs and associations of churches, etc., is extended a cordial invitation to write to the office of the Association at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and arrange for an account to be given of this work and of the people and country with which it deals. Collections may or may not be taken up at such meetings.

Old workers and friends who have some slides of their own could augment their showing by borrowing particular slides. Dr. Grenfell specially recommends this way of extending the interest in the work among friends at home. After dinner while the folks are sitting round it has always proved to be of interest to throw informally a series of pictures on the wall.

Where old workers borrow slides there would be no expense except the trifling amount necessary to keep the sets of slides up to date.

—

OUR NEW EXECUTIVE OFFICER

THE Mission has been most fortunate in securing as Executive Officer of the International Grenfell Association, Mr. Alfred A. Whitman, to succeed Col. Arthur F. Cosby, resigned.

Our new Executive Officer is an excellent organizer. He is a member of the Century Club, of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and has been a director of the Board of Trade and Transportation of New York. For many years he was connected with one of the large foreign banking houses of New York, from which he retired on the outbreak of the war.
THE MISSION'S MOST NORTHERLY OUTPOSTS

BY HARRY L. PADDON, M. D.

THE following informal summary of the work for the past year at Indian Harbor, North West River and Muddy Bay School covers but three-quarters of the year for the close of navigation prevents covering the last months.

To start with North West River, since that is where a New Year finds the center of medical activities in the Northern district:—

I have already written of my winter and spring travel: so this will be a more general survey.

The rebuilt Cottage Hospital had a record of 9 in-patients, and nearly 350 out-patients to its credit before I left for Indian Harbor. The in-patients included two Montagnais Indians, a young man and a young woman.

The former had tubercular infection of the glands and skin of the neck, almost a complete collar of it, from ear to ear, passing under the chin. Good diet and cod-oil, sun baths, fresh air and regulated exercise effected a complete cure; but, when I gave him his walking orders, he did wish that I could have added, like a far Greater Physician, "Take up thy bed," for he had found clean sheets and pajamas and a spring-mattress rather a regrettable improvement on his usual shifting couch!

The young woman is, I fear, a hopeless case. The disease originated in the hip, and appeared almost simultaneously in the knee. Cerebral symptoms have manifested themselves from time to time, and other foci have caused trouble in the breast and one lower leg. Obviously she is riddled with it. The development of our relations with the Indians has been interesting but difficult. In Eskimo territory there are almost always fluent interpreters, as they are aggregated closely around the Moravian stations. But few traders or trappers are at all really interpreters between Indians and doctor; for the former are always on the move, and there is not sufficient opportunity or objective for free communication. They are Canadian subjects, and Roman Catholic Church members. They only pay fleeting visits, in winter and spring, to sell fur and buy food. When they do gather up at North West River in the summer, to meet their priest and to make new canoes, etc., for the summer transit to the Gulf of St. Lawrence shore, my activities are mainly at Indian Harbor, and my visits in Yale are as brief as theirs are in winter.

Hence, there has been great difficulty, first, about seeing Indian patients at all; secondly, about getting the history relevant to their diseases; and, thirdly, about treatment, since they were never willing to separate from their tribe and become in-patients, especially if it had to be out at Indian Harbor. The first
marked advance was made when an influenza epidemic descended upon them during the summer conclave at North West River.

My wife, fortunately, had delayed her ad- vent to Indian Harbor for a few weeks to try to push ahead with agriculture. So she bore "the heat and burden" of the early days of the sickness, and sent a motor boat the 135 miles to Indian Harbor when the trouble was getting beyond her unaided capacity to cope with.

At a few hours notice Yale started off with a nurse and myself, and we spent nine days fighting the epidemic. The only death was that of an old man who came in subsequent to our departure and caught some residual infection from convalescents.

This experience paved the way for better things and the "toganish" (doctor) and the hospital became a more conscious reality to these nomads.

Some Mission clothing has been exchanged, from time to time, for their products: Indians turn up at our Christmas tree and other entertainments: one used to play football with us, frequently. Finally, besides the two winter patients mentioned, our summer dentist made some study of private collections of Indian ivory, and another tubercular case (absc ess of the leg) was temporarily admitted during one of my visits, and stayed to complete his cure after my departure.

All the summer service has fallen almost entirely on my wife, who spent the past summer at North West River, with our three boys, partly because it is a far better place than Indian Harbor for the latter, and partly to study and promote local agriculture.

Unfortunately, it has been a summer unequalled for destructive parasites, including not only flies and grubs, but rabbits, squirrels and mice; but some valuable lessons have been learned which will bear fruit later.

However, with the annual visitation of Indians, and the scope for Child Welfare Work and other aspects of Public Health, I feel that the station now really needs a summer nurse and arrangements are being made accordingly, with Dr. Grenfell's approval.

A barn has now been completed, and a fine cow installed. Next year will see more land cleared, especially for the growing of oats; a wharf built out to the edge of the shoal, which will greatly facilitate the unloading of our supplies; and, I hope, a proper shipway for hauling up Yale for the winter rest and spring refitting.

And now for the final North West River item. It has ever been the objective of our Superintendent to cater for the whole man and whole woman, and (perhaps especially) the whole child—body, mind and spirit, or (if anyone prefers it) physically and metaphysically. For over 13 years, I have been sadly conscious, not only of my own shortcomings as physician and surgeon, amateur preacher and employer, etc., but also of the utter inadequacy of the existing school system in Labrador to turn out employable citizens capable of determining whether the country is really to be developed (as I fully and increasingly believe); or whether, as population increases, and furring, etc., relatively decrease, there must be emigration.

The matter has come to a head lately; and I have merely tried to coordinate the various factors, namely:
The people's ambition and support;
The trader's interest and support;
The different Missions' interest and support;
and such outside interest and support as might be voluntarily offered for my discretionary use.

The same thing has already been done at St. Anthony; and one of the most inspiring sights of my visit there for a fall conference, was that of some hundred or more public school children coming to give Dr. Grenfell a musical send-off as he went southward on Strathcona.

The itinerant and hyperelementary day school system has simply not "delivered the goods." I have met with no opposition except where I might logically have expected complete sympathy and cooperation. But God's purposes and will cannot be indefinitely set aside even by human blindness, and without a syllable of solicitation on my part I find myself in a position, with Dr. Grenfell's cordial approval, to offer public school facilities, from October, 1926, onward, to the children of North West River and district, with the people's approval and pledged support.

Actually, at the moment when my Chief and I were talking it over, realizing we must not ask our Directors for one cent of financial liability on their part, a telegram was handed to me offering $500 a year for 5 years. To me, personally, it is so far easier, as well as happier, to believe in Providence than in coincidence.

Regarding North West River then, my wife and my Chief and I are humbly thankful and optimistic.

To complete a survey of the medical problem, theoretical as well as practical, in the Northern region, and particularly the North West River vicinity:—Tuberculosis still re-
mains perhaps the outstanding problem and the least solved. Consanguinity (through paucity of bloodstock), defective ventilation, dietetics, clothing, and bad habits (like ubiquitous expectoration) are all still favoring its propagation. With the latter, real progress has been made. You would never see it practiced around a hospital station except by a stranger; and many homes are becoming more sanitary in this respect, and better ventilated in addition.

I am sure the closed stove, instead of the open fireplace (with its chimney for ventilation) is a tremendous asset to “T. B.”

Only immigration can increase the bloodstock and industry is needful for that. Orphanages and boarding school can be and are being used to influence the minds and lives of the progenitors of the next generation.

At St. Anthony proper, as I see it, the feat has been actually achieved of making the people sufficiently prosperous to do without much more charitable clothing. The putting up of large concrete buildings, as well as a longer and richer fishery, and longer continuity of service with larger resources, all added to the tremendous dynamic power of our Chief, backed by Drs. Curtis and Little, have had their inevitable and happy result.

Further north, with a smaller and more scattered population, less scope and justification for big enterprise at present, there is still a long and weary march to achievement, though every mile has its compensations. Here are still many who cannot buy both food and clothing; and who need stimulating and instructing in ways and means of improving their standards of living and health.

In the upper reaches of Hamilton Inlet, if anywhere, are the climate and location for a Tubercular Sanitarium, where the first case to appear in any family could be isolated, and allowed to fight his battle without including most of his relatives in his downfall, if defeated.

I am well aware International Grenfell Association cannot undertake this yet. It would mean some individual and princely gift for construction and endowment; and, until the worthwhileness of the country is proved to the sceptical, “T. B.” must reap its ghastly toll checked only by sunlight, cod-oil, health-talks, and other means, good in their way but much handicapped by lack of accommodation.

Progress is being made in dentistry, the lack of which was responsible for many human ills. Half a score of young to middle-aged women, who were trying to manage households without being able to masticate their food, have had their looks and digestions vastly improved during the last two summers. In this area, in my judgment, is the hope of the Labrador of the future; and I have staked any reputation for soundness of judgment that I may possess, on the worthwhileness of an adequate all-round, Christian Social service at the head of Hamilton Inlet.

Next, let me speak of Muddy Bay (or Gordon’s Cove, as I vastly prefer), with the Labrador Public School and attached Nursing Station. That has been added to my group of northern stations, with the approval of Dr. Grenfell and the Directors, and I realize at once the difficulty of stepping into Henry Gordon’s shoes as supervisor; particularly, as he was in telephonic communication with it from Cartwright, and had himself been warden for three years; whereas, I can visit it about four times a year.

The scarcely euphonious title of “Muddy Bay” will shortly be exchanged for the far more congenial name of “Gordon’s Cove,” if Dr. Grenfell’s petition to the Governor is successful; and a fitting tribute it would be to him who has left us (in the body) and is already so sorely missed.

It would be a digression, in this “Hospital number,” to enlarge on the educational problem here at any great length; but one thing I would like not to omit. I recently set the scholars a prize competition in compositions, on subjects on which they should have clear ideas before leaving the school, e.g., What kind of a career would I choose, and why? What kind of a home would I like to build? Describe different ways of catching codfish. Describe different ways of hunting partridge and rabbits. What points go to make up a good dog-teamster? If cast away on an island, with boat stove in, and only hatchet, matches and twine, how would you look after yourself?

The two winners turned up in two girls of 15; and I would like their productions to be compared with the compositions of Public School members in U. S. A. and Canada. The children are certainly a credit to Miss Day and Miss Conn, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Gordon, and others, who have managed the teaching during the five or six years of the School’s existence.

Of its public health aspects the most encouraging things can be written. Tributes come from all quarters; a traveling Roman Catholic priest declares the children could be identified wherever met with in the country; a relieving officer compares them with the rising generation of the homes which come within
his sphere (from which home many of the transformed scholars have actually come.)

When the School started, 75% showed signs of tubercular taint. The skin parasites and infections which many brought became common property, and indulged in one fearsome orgy prior to extinction! Enlarged tonsils and adenoids and malnutrition had produced delicate, undersized children and noisy mouth-breathers who made unmusical concert-halls of the dormitories, as the occupants snored in discord. And what a change! And what is it going to mean to the homes of the next generation?

Each summer a little surgical party has come north to Indian Harbor on one of the mail steamers, for the most part returning by the same vessel when southward bound. This year ten averaged 18 minutes each on the operating table. Usually a very simple minor operation, but one which profoundly affects the future of body and mind, for the adenoid child is, quite commonly, mentally affected. Here again, a dentist regularly attends the school each summer; and it was interesting to have a man of Dr. Farrington's experience (a dental professor of Harvard University) come and check up on his more youthful predecessors' work and find it had been good and effective.

The Nurse lives in a charming little bungalow, close alongside the school. Her services are primarily at the school's disposal. She is supposed to see to the children's cleanliness from parasites, and general physical welfare and to make patients of them when needful. But she has also public health duties. Twice, within three years, an epidemic in Cartwright has been handled, and well handled by the Muddy Bay nurse: though this had the disadvantage of completely shutting her off from the school for quite a long period. But she has preserved the School from infection. Here, however, we are fortunate in having two volunteer nurses in the neighborhood. Both are married women and have numerous other duties, but both are willing at a pinch to come and help. These are Mrs. Hayward Parsons, wife of the Hudson's Bay Company's factor at Cartwright, and Mrs. Charles Bird, first matron of the School, now the wife of the carpenter and outside workman of the station. Of their services much might be written, and we can only hope that they may long be spared to the neighborhood.

Outside the School, then, there is great scope for Public Health Work.—obstetrical and pre-natal and post-natal instruction and demonstration, nutrition and general hygiene, besides some ideas on epidemics, etc.

Dr. Grenfell's staff, in conference, have just concluded that it is nurses of this type that can best fill the nursing station appointments: and herein largely lies the immediate future of Muddy Bay's contribution to "Hospital work" in that neighborhood.

It is only by house-to-house visitation that the people's confidence can be won; that many of the most important cases come to light at all; and that hospitals can be helped to achieve their highest utility.

And so, lastly of Indian Harbor: for "The last shall be first and the first last." That station existed before either of the others. It is with that station, perhaps, that my name is particularly associated, after 14 summer tenures. It is at that station that almost all the surgery of the Northern District is done. And yet, it comes last in description; and, in my honest opinion, in ultimate importance.

It is only open for about one third of each year, whereas St. Anthony never closes.

Dr. Curtis does scores of major operations for each that I do; and some of the others I would like to do I send to him as a matter of conscience.

Each summer almost, we have to begin again at Indian Harbor. An assistant whom I have never seen, turns up for seven weeks. Perhaps I have one "old colleague," of one year's standing, for head nurse: probably no anaesthetist (my wife used to do most of the anaesthetics; but she has of late been trying to develop the North West River summer station and must soon leave the Coast in our boys' interest). So, unless Heaven sends a dentist with experience of anaesthetics, the surgeon has to "keep an eye" on the mask as well as the knife. Major cases, from so small a community, are too few for great dexterity, and can it be wondered if conscience, while demanding an honest effort in any emergency, equally dictates the forwarding of chronic but comparatively intricate cases to a first-rate clinic, within 72 hours by steam, at St. Anthony. At present, too, all my X-ray cases have perforce to go to St. Anthony.

When first I went to Indian Harbor, 75 per cent of in-patients were Newfoundland fishermen, and about 25 per cent were Labrador people. Now the ratio is about reversed, and the reason of this is the winter dog team travel, which whips up patients from all sorts of isolated shacks for the summer clinic.

We average approximately 70 in-patients for about 14-15 weeks, and nearly 600 out-
patients of which about one third are dental. The infrequency of steamer service makes it difficult to receive and clear patients as fast as we should like.

My plan is for my assistant and myself to be together when the mail steamer arrives from the South: to do any minor surgical cases while she is North, and to get the patients back on her in 3 or 4 days' time. Then, after she comes South, probably with more patients, to clean up the surgery and then for one or the other of us to cruise most of the time till she comes again. By this means many outlying families can be visited, dentists transported from center to center, etc. Unfortunately, I have to do most of the cruising, for various reasons. Firstly, because I am responsible for two other stations and must visit them; secondly, because, unless I can spare my only carpenter, I have to act as pilot in a region where one needs to be prepared to identify anything you happen to be able to see, in fog or darkness. Having to be away so much, it is only fair to my assistant and myself that he should be a graduate. And the competence and unselfishness of those that I have been blessed with have helped my work more than I can say.

Having explained, I hope not tediously, the "mechanism" of Indian Harbor, there remains its health problems.

Regarding tuberculosis which is ever with us, I have found the fog zone incomparably worse than the fog-free (or almost fog-free) upper waters of the great bays.

At Indian Harbor, and around the outer waters of Hamilton Inlet, the other diseases of malnutrition, scurvy, rickets and beriberi, are far more common than in the North West River district. Here is the home of the chronic government dependent. The reasons are out of the sphere of an article on hospital work—elements of race, trade and administration, (or lack of it), all enter into the tragic complex.

The people of this region do not grow vegetables like the people at the head of the bay, nor get so much game and fish, as a rule, besides getting far less fur. They are too scattered to be reached adequately by teacher, preacher or doctor: and they claim, with some reason, that they must live apart to get their respective shares of nature's bounty.

As a matter of fact, more settlement life could be achieved, in carefully selected spots, than they realize: but they lack the organizing capacity to make a success of it. Here it must be a war of attrition, with not a few successes for the enemy.

These are the people and the environment by which the Labrador is so utterly misjudged and misrepresented by summer trippers and cheaply destructive critics. As well judge New York by Ellis Island, or Boston by the North Station. For these people hospital work must fail, terribly, without equally efficient educational work.

The Boarding School, or well placed Public Day School, is the sine qua non of an effective clinic. Doctors must merely beat the empty air without the teacher; and the teaching must be vocational as well as theoretical and literal.

There is the tragedy of Battle Harbor and district. All praise and gratitude to those who have carried on the clinical work since Dr. John Grieve left. But a station, strategically most important, has been tossed from hand to hand for 10 years, with considerable public retrogression and demoralization.

Henry Gordon "leavened the lump" southward from Sandwich Bay for a distance. But no corresponding leavening process has come northward from St. Lewis Bay, simply for lack of continued opportunity by short service workers.

Truly, without continuity of service there is little reward, and in so saying, I am only paraphrasing the repeated laments of the most sincere and deeply interested summer workers.

Between Battle Harbor and Cartwright exist conditions as bad as any that have been relieved around centers of continued activity: though, needess to say, there is much still left undone where effort has been most steady. It is always harder to begin again, especially where someone else's foundations have been shaken to the crumbling point.

But there is a splendid quest, certainly requiring a number one size man, in Battle Harbor and district. I wish someone could go there on a long term of service and reap something of the interest and inspiration that my wife and I have found farther north.

COMMANDER MACMILLAN TO LECTURE

COMMANDER MacMillan will lecture for the Philadelphia Branch at the Academy of Music on Wednesday evening, February 24th at 8:15, and because of his interest in Dr. Grenfell's work, is giving his services.

Tickets from 50 cts. to $2.50 may be obtained at the Academy of Music Ticket Office, 119 Chestnut Street.
BATTLE HARBOR HOSPITAL—SUMMER OF 1925

BY JOSEPH K. SUBLS, M.D.

This report is being written under the following propitious circumstances:

Time—September 8, 1925, 11 A.M.

Place—Smoking Room of Steamship HOME, southbound from Battle Harbor. (It is hoped that this report may take on something of the pleasant atmosphere of these circumstances.)

The statistics for the medical portion of the summer's work are:

Visits to Patients at Their Homes  
Number not recorded

Visits of Patients to Out-patient Department ............................................. 393
Ward Patients ............................................. 63
Major Operations ............................................. 5
Minor Operations (Ether) ................. 21
Minor Operations (Local Anaesthesia) 15
Dental Extractions .......................... 501
Dental Fillings .......................... 115

Besides the medical work, the hospital also conducted a clothing store and an industrial department—the former under Miss Tongring, the latter under Miss Scott.

The beginning and ending of the summer were both spectacular. Juni, the half-breed cow, was landed from the MEGLE on June 27 and thereby furnished the spectacle for the beginning. The difficulty was this:—Juni was brought from the steamer to the wharf in the freight boat, and an attempt made to hoist her ashore by means of a crane. After she had been lifted several feet she proved to be heavier than the crane. The result was most embarrassing. It had been suggested that she be thrown overboard and allowed to swim ashore, but this plan was abandoned on the ground that the icy water might turn her milk to ice cream.

The end of the summer was marked by a howling gale—one of the worst seen at Battle Harbor at this time of the year. The HOME arrived in the midst of it, September 7th, and left with several of us an hour later. Three members of the staff had left before that date, and four remained to take a later boat.

High lights during the summer, in chronological order, were:

(1) The arrival of Captain MacMillan's auxiliary schooner, BOWDOIN, on June 30th, bound for northern Greenland. Besides its commander it carried Dr. Grenfell and Presi-

dent Grosvenor of the National Geographic Society, as guests.

(2) The arrival of Johnson and Johnson, of New Brunswick, N. J., in their auxiliary schooner, ZODIAC, bound further north on a combined exploring and sporting trip.

(3) A medical trip south along the coast to Red Bay, Lab., in the P. & S., the cruising launch attached to the hospital.

(4) The arrival of Dr. Grenfell in his new hospital steamer, the STRATHcona II, on August 7.

(5) The saving of the four-masted schooner, HAZEL TRAHEY, from going on the rocks by our trio of wops, Lewis, Taylor and Shipman, in the freight launch, MARKADOT.

(6) The arrival of Colonel Cosby, from further north on his inspection trip.

(7) The trip of the P. & S. across the Straits of Belle Isle to St. Anthony.

(8) A medical trip south along the coast to Henley Harbor, Lab., in the P. & S.

(9) The catching by Cohen of our staff, of a codfish 361/4 inches in length and 171/2 pounds in weight. (Cohen has since considered his regular job of "hauling" teeth far inferior to hauling codfish.)

As I sit here in the smoking room of the HOME, carried further from Battle Harbor every minute, I think of a summer long to be remembered. In the first place, the scenery around Battle Harbor is remarkable. The view from the hospital across the broad expanse of Lewis Bay to the blue hills on the further side, is one I shall always have vividly in mind. The sunsets behind those hills were wonderful for color and variety.

In the second place—and more important—the people of the Battle Harbor region are very friendly and worth while knowing. As patients on the wards and as guests at the Sunday evening services and Saturday evening dances they were very pleasant to deal with. I only wish that I could be with them longer and do more for them. Their greatest need, of course, is financial prosperity. Without it, they are continually hampered in regard to general living conditions, opportunity to fish, hours of work and education. With it, they would lead far more useful and more comfortable lives.
I have investigated the question whether a larger price could not be paid for their fish and still leave the dealer an entirely satisfactory profit. I believe it could be done to the mutual benefit of fisherman and dealer—giving the former a higher price and the latter more fish to sell to the consumer. For instance, during the month of July, 1925, catches by the Battle Harbor fishermen were very small indeed, while catches further north during the same period were remarkably large. Lack of a schooner prevented these men from going north and getting a good catch. Then too, in reference to the other features of financial prosperity mentioned above, Henry Ford found it to the mutual advantage of employer and employe to pay a comfortable wage, and the same situation applies to the Labrador fisherman.

An individual with financial backing and a good working knowledge of the fishing industry might make life very different for these people of the Labrador and obtain a handsome financial profit at the same time. I hope that this article will come to the attention of such an individual and that he will investigate the matter instead of turning it down.

A DENTIST'S EXPERIENCE IN LABRADOR

BY ABRAHAM M. ZIMMERMANN, D.M.D.

ON July Fourth, with more or less of an explosive send-off, I left Hartford for that great open country that I had heard little about and knew almost nothing of—Labrador. My first difficulty arose in Quebec, where I arrived late on a Monday evening and found myself in a French environment. Here, fortunately, my year's French at high school came in good stead so that I could at least order oeufs (eggs), and know what I was to get.

Early Tuesday morning I was forced to arouse the customs officer from his sleep and have my consignment of dental goods checked so that I could get aboard the steamer by 9 o'clock. This little encounter kept me until but two minutes were left before the boat sailed, and it necessitated quick work to get on board before the bell rang, and we were off.

Not knowing how good a sailor I would turn out to be, I was anxious to encounter a little rough weather in order to test my ability, but as luck would have it, the first four days were as nice and calm as on a lake.

I was very fortunate in meeting on board, Archdeacon Scott of Quebec, who kept us entertained with his experiences across, and with his endless repertoire of poems. He is the author of "The Great World War as I Saw It," and of numerous poems.

I was beginning to despair of the opportunity to test myself when on the fifth day it became rough and there began a steady downpour which threatened to last for some time. About 7 o'clock in the evening we anchored in Harrington Harbor, and in the rain I boarded the little hospital boat and went ashore. Surely a real "wet" reception.

Although there are no street corners in the towns along the shore, news travels exceedingly fast, and I just had time to get settled at the hospital when patients began to arrive. This was Monday afternoon, and by Wednesday noon I had relieved some dozen patients of about 45 teeth. As there had been no dentist at this station the previous year, I anticipated a busy summer. I found the oral conditions along the coast very poor because most of the work can only be reparative, but with the help of the Child Welfare Department a follow-up system may build up and strengthen the condition of the children's teeth, so that in the future more preventive measures may be carried out.
On the sixth day I set out with Doctor Cook in his yacht, the Northern Messenger, and on this trip I encountered most of the experiences and thrills involved in a trip in a small boat, from running into rough seas to getting lost in the fog and landing on the rocks. Fortunately, we battled through without any casualties and arrived in Forteau, 175 miles from Harrington, on July 22. Coming into the bay at Forteau, I had my first glimpse of an iceberg, and later, with the assistance of Doctor Bowers, we were able to get some ice from it and enjoyed a plate of ice cream made by the nurses. On this trip to Forteau, I had occasion to run ashore and extract a few teeth for a couple who lived in an out-of-way cove.

At Forteau, with the aid of Miss Criswell, of the Child Welfare Department, I succeeded in treating about all the children in the town, some twenty in number. For the most part, the children acted like true "sports" and gave no trouble whatsoever. It was here that I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. and Mrs. Grenfell, and Drs. Eves and Pryor, with whom I enjoyed several fishing trips.

From Forteau, I was told to get back to Harrington as best I could, stopping at as many towns as possible. At first this sounded easy, but when I decided to leave, I found that I must wait until the weather suited so that it was neither too nice—when the men would be busy fishing, nor too rough—when it would be impossible to go in the trapboats. This caused a delay of three days; in the meantime I had to unpack several times for those who just would wait for the last minute before coming in to see me. I remedied this state of affairs later by stating that I would leave a certain town two or three days before I really did intend to leave it. I carried no dental chair but used an ordinary kitchen chair, but I did carry a foot-engine besides a bit of a prosthetic outfit. Of course the most frequently used instruments were the syringe and forceps, for which I was indebted to Dr. Catherman, who lent me his complete outfit.

One thing I noted, especially along the shore, was the fact that every home had its front door open to a stranger; that there was always room and enough to eat for one more, and their hospitality seems to surpass by far that of their brethren further south.

After leaving Forteau, I was forced to do my work in the most suitable place I could find. At one place it was in a schoolhouse; at another in the kitchen of the home; at a third in the parlor; and at Bradore, out on the porch.

As I stated before, news travels quickly along the shore, and the people knew approximately when to expect the dentist. Nevertheless, the first day of my stay in any town had to be devoted to calling on and making the acquaintance of the several families. After this was done, if they had heard good reports or were suffering pain, they would come flocking in twos and threes, and at Bradore, where I worked on the porch, a line of some fifteen men stood waiting their turn and kept me working so late that I finished by lamplight.

At every one of the eighteen villages which I visited, from Forteau to Natashquan, there was at least one residing family who was known to foster the "Mission" workers who stopped in that town, and especially will I remember my pleasant stay with the Grants at Blanc Sablon. Here there were not only such conveniences as running water and bathtub, but even such luxuries as a piano, radio and electricity, and the Grants made one feel right "at home away from home."

At Old Fort I just had made the rounds and treated a few, when a trapboat, sent by Mr. Whiteley of Bonne Esperance, called me there, where I relieved a suffering young lady of her four first molars. From here I re-
turned to Old Fort where I found the mailman, Sam J. Robertson, waiting for me, and I covered the remaining 130 miles to Harrington with him. This trip lasted five days as the mailman stopped at every little town, which enabled me to do my bit wherever it was necessary, and "Sammie John" was always willing to wait.

At Harrington, I found quite a number of patients who had dug up enough courage in my absence to come in for treatment, and together with the prosthetic work, which could only be done at the hospital, I was kept busy for the next week. During this time I was fortunate in receiving an invitation to a local wedding, which I attended and enjoyed immensely.

At the end of the week I made ready for my trip west to Natashquan, a distance of 120 miles. Luckily for me, there were six boats starting from Harrington on their way west. Among these were the yachts belonging to Captain Joncas, the land agent; Mr. Lewis, the bird warden; Mr. McLaren, a Presbyterian minister, and each had different stops to make and traveled at different speeds so that I started out with Mr. Harrington, a Church of England minister, and traveled as far as Romaine with him. He left me here to do my work while he proceeded further west. The next day, Mr. Lewis arrived and I left with him to Casqua, where I stopped to continue my work. Two days later, Captain Joncas came along, preparatory to taking me on to Natashquan, but a fog and rough weather kept us here for five days. On the sixth day we set sail, arriving in Natashquan in the early evening.

I set up my equipment in the town boarding house and began memorizing a few French phrases, as this town is composed mainly of French-speaking people. After I had mastered "Ouvrez la bouche," "Rinsez" and a few others, I felt fortified against any French attack, but time and again I replied with a "Oui, oui" when in reality I did not understand one word. One incident in particular struck me as both funny and pathetic:

A woman brought her little youngster in and made known by gestures and jibbering that she wished me to extract a tooth for him. After examining the young patient, I wished to determine his age, but my French being rather limited, I asked as much as I could: "Combien? Cinq?" (How much—five?) meaning of course—five years. The woman took on an expression of horror and cried, "Non, non! Une, une." I realized that she did not comprehend my imperfect French, so I looked around and spotting a calendar noted the word years. When I added that word it worked like a miracle and a smile broke over her face as she said, "Oui, oui."

After a week at Natashquan, where I had considerable work, I took passage with the mailman, Fred Jones, from here to Harrington, and so ended my trip at the starting place. Here at Harrington I spent a week putting on the finishing touches to complete the most pleasant summer I have ever had. There were many hours spent in fishing for trout and salmon, or "jigging" for squid, or climbing to the crow's nest on the wreck of the Raleigh, that will always bring back memories of the free and open country—Labrador.

Number of villages visited........ 18
Number of patients treated....... 217
Number of extractions............. 400
Number of miles covered........... 600
A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM DR. GRENFELL

[This letter which Dr. Grenfell originally wrote to Canadian friends he now wishes published with the hope that every friend and supporter wherever located, whether in Canada, Newfoundland, England or the United States, may interpret it as a personal message to himself—Editor.]

Dear Canadian Friends, and Dear Helpers Everywhere:

I feel impelled to write you a special letter to explain my apparent ingratitude in not personally visiting again all the Canadian branches and thanking you myself for all your infinitely valuable help. Without it I could not have borne the daily burden of this work, and by now I should have been retired and on the shelf, overwrought and utterly unable to carry the burden. It is only because of your generous and loyal support from year to year that I have been able to "carry on" over these thirty-four years, and that I still seem to possess the ability to continue. You are carrying this burden, and as life is a brief stay, the burden must be increasingly borne by those who see in it a challenge to "do their bit" for their brothers and sisters who can get what we can give in no other way. Just as soon as I am able to do so, it will be an infinite pleasure to me to visit all the splendid Canadian branches, that through the efforts of Miss Warne have been built up to help the work in Labrador and north Newfoundland.

There is only one justification for human life. It is to put into it all we can in the time allotted us, so that we will leave the world a better place for our being in it. However small is the part we can play, yet it is the only glory I can see in life. As I see Christ's call to us it is not to acknowledge or even to worship Him, but to follow Him.

With a grateful heart to God, I would like to send you this message at least as a Christmas message of thanksgiving—something has been accomplished by this united effort. The naked have been clothed, the hungry fed, the sick healed. Deaf have been made to hear, blind to see, lame to walk. Comfort has been brought to thousands in trouble and anxiety; hope to many hopeless and courage to many who have been facing hunger and want through old age and failing physical powers. Hundreds of little children have been rescued, taught and given a real chance in life, and today on our coast are nurses, dietitians, seamstresses, social workers, teachers, agriculturists and other specially trained workers as results of your investment in the Labrador mission.

This year the most coveted prize in Upper Canada college went to one of our orphan boys. Another who has graduated with honors in business has just returned to take charge of one of our co-operative stores. Another boy is learning the banking business here in New York and already is earning a large salary; but only today he told me his desire in life is to help to the utmost his people and ours as soon as he can see how best to do it. It is no small triumph that today our own Northern boys, without the help of one single outside worker, not even a foreman, are able to erect to the satisfaction of a New York architect a large new steel frame, reinforced concrete, modern hospital, with electric light, running water and every modern essential appliance. We are proud that our nurses, who could earn many times as much elsewhere, return to help their own people; proud that in spite of the pessimists (who feared that all our trained workers, succumbing to the lure of higher pay combined with the difficulties of finding the right employment in the North, would never return) every one we have needed is back and nine out of ten are already sweetening the corners in life in which they live, as a result of the help you and our other friends have given us.

Such a record must be a very real satisfaction to all our friends, who realize that "the Father's business" is as much business as any other, if not the only real business of life. It is great to know that the amount of voluntary work actually put in on our Coast increases instead of decreases with the years—and every year, with more and more efficient equipment, we see better results. There have been times when I personally have felt that even our next-to-nature life can exhaust our stock of nervous energy, and when difficulties, temporary discouragements and debts that cannot be avoided and have been so difficult to meet, have challenged all our courage and even threatened a breaking point. It is then that the results which God has allowed us to see have come to our rescue.

"For when the strife is fierce, the warfare long, Steals on the ear the distant triumph song, And hearts are brave again and arms are strong.

Hallelujah!"

To some it may seem cant to admit that to the strong and young even, times will come when no mere material help can bring the comfort needed to go ahead and make the vision of life seem worth while. Yet it is then that the immaterial becomes the real, and you and I the actual living being in these our
bodily machines find all the soul needs in its natural environment, "things spiritual"—and that God answers the cry of the very least of us, His children. No one can make this faith with knowledge by mere words—it is not to be found in books or sermons or anywhere but in actual experience. "He who follows" shall have it—that is the light of life—which many that have eyes cannot see, because these things have to be discerned spiritually—by our spirits.

Dear friends, our hearts are just full of thanksgiving this Christmas. Honestly it isn't because we have a better plum pudding than usual—much less because we have a bottle of toxin-bearing fluid to drink—we haven't. But it is because while we are rejoicing again and again at all the wondrous gifts of life, hundreds and hundreds of our brothers and sisters, young and old, old folks and children, lovely people, people with all our own feelings and our human capacities for joy or for sorrow are also happy and glad, and thanking God for his goodness.

These people are cut off from us by ice and snow now, impenetrable barriers—No, you can't have any share in this joy this year, unless already you have made the venture. Here's one of the times when we learn that to all there will come a day, when we shall ourselves know it is too late. Too late to do the thing we would like to have done. Wouldn't that be hell, if we never were to have the chance again?

Yes, there are other fields. "Thank God for that," surely we would want to say. Oh, what a bore—must we put our hands into our pockets for China as well. You, dear friends, have learned, I know, to say, "Well, it's the Lord's money in my pocket. It's good it's there—very good." What a faith this is, that I, even I may dive over the side and save the drowning brother as I pass across life's stream. That is some "joie de vivre." That is what I wish you all this joyful season, for it's life's best gift at any time.

May you rejoice today over Dr. Paddon, his good wife and staff; Nurse Smith and the wonderful help you have placed away north in Hamilton Inlet; they are your representatives on the snow there tonight. It is great to think tonight of these happy children in the Homes at Cartwright, in north Labrador and at St. Anthony, and of Miss Baier, Miss Spalding, Miss Day, and all those lovely channels of human love that are caring so tenderly for them all tonight. We have been thinking of the lonely nursing stations "unhampered" by the nearness of a doctor within an hundred miles. There's Miss Mahoney of Johns Hopkins at Flower's Cove. Miss Mackay at Forteau, Miss Brown at Lewis Bay, and Miss McClure at Cartwright. Then there are the hospitals at Harrington, St. Anthony, North West River and Twillingate. The Industrial stations at Red Bay, Fleur de Lys, Jackson's Arm, Roddickton; and the schools, and many other channels of help and affection, at Jackson's Arm, Englee, Harbor Deep, and Elsenbee, and the great Seamen's Institute at St. John's.

Is this the preaching of the gospel? Is this the way that the Kingdom of "Peace on earth and good will to men" is to come? Is it the way you would like it to come to you and your loved ones if you were in the places of these, the least of our brethren and of His? If so, may we not add to our full cup of joy, till it, too, is running over, the knowledge—no longer the faith—that we, we, we, have done this unto Him.

Dear friends, we want all your help again next year. On my shoulders lies the burden of $40,000 still to be raised for the bricks for the new hospital. Do you not want to throw some to us or at us? We shall be satisfied, so long as you throw.

Beyond this another Canadian knight has laid down her life—as did Miss Frances Marguerite Lindsay of Montreal—in this service. viz: Miss Edith Dalzell of Nova Scotia. Young and talented, she consecrated her life to the service of God, and studied nursing as the channel through which she might have a message of real love to carry especially to our people, who go down to the sea in ships like her own neighbours.

In time of great overcrowding in the ill-adapted old building that still serves for our hospital at St. Anthony, though overwrought she continued at her post, without allowing to escape her one sign of the ambulatory pneumonia which was slowly wearing her down, till she collapsed while on duty in the operating room itself; and she never left it again till she gladly laid down the life she had taken up for service, in answer to the last call that soon we all shall have to answer.

How we should love to have in the new St. Anthony Hospital a Dalzell ward to perpetuate the memory of this young heroine of the service of the Christ,—whose life symbolizes that the least of us can be the greatest, and make the humblest life sublime—for "greater love hath no more than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

Wilfred Grenfell.
Children’s Page

CHRISTMASTIME AT ST. ANTHONY, 1924

By Maud A. Hopkins

JUST like you, as soon as we had finished the Thanksgiving turkey in St. Anthony—a rare, rare treat—we began planning for the Christmas. The School was to give a party and pageant; the Hospital a Christmas tree and dinner for the patients and maids; the Orphanage a Christmas tree for the children, and the children themselves to give another Christmas tree party to the children across the harbor. A wedding came at 6 p.m. on Christmas Eve, followed by a dancing party. Meanwhile, the Girl Guides were singing Christmas carols across the harbor, and later in the evening another group sang the carols to the children in the hospital. As we began singing the carols standing in the snow in front of the hospital, the nurses brought the children out in the upper sun parlor, all lighted and hung with greens. The little children in their white gowns, held in the arms of the nurses in their white uniforms, made a pretty picture against the lights and Christmas greens.

The Christmas festivities really began with the School Christmas tree. Last year the children in St. Anthony had so much more for their Christmas than many other children on the Coast that the children and teachers decided to have a White Christmas and give the presents to the children in the coves near by—the Bight, Big and Little Brehat, St. Carols, etc. This proved to be a happy plan and a really truly Santa Claus made the afternoon very gay. Though presents were not exchanged, all received peanuts and candy and went home voting it the best Christmas tree ever.

Tuesday night, the School pageant came. Here we saw the shepherds, the wise men, the maidens, the children and the poor little girl who gave away all her roses, all that she had as gifts for the little Jesus so that another might have gifts to carry to the manger. Even her shoes she gave that another poor child might go to Bethlehem. And all followed the Star to Bethlehem. Then came the scene where all bow before the little Lord Jesus, and the Virgin bends and kisses the poor little girl who comes without gifts, because she had given hers to others on the way.

Here we should tell about King Winter, who, it would seem, has made St. Anthony most
beautiful for the time of the Savior's birth. The rugged hills, covered with green spruce and fir, are decked with snow. Every morning the sun makes a glory of Fishing Head; the harbor is frozen and for Christmas Day we had a snowstorm in the sunshine for the tramp across the harbor to the little church. The dog teams are ready to take you nice bumpy rides over the hills and through the woods, all of which later, when the heavy snows come, will be a smooth pavement for the komatik. Your first dog team ride over the stumps and brush, through the woods by way of Fox Hill farm, or over to Frenchmen's pond, where you are lost in sky and hills, is as thrilling as you can wish, and when you return if "you have stayed on," you have won at least one small spur for yourself.

But Christmas Eve—and the Hospital is all trimmed with the spruce and firs. In every window and ward hang the pretty wreaths, and in the entrance are two huge ones, with the gayest of red bows. So that you will love the red bows as we do, we will let you in on a secret. You see there was not enough of the wide, red ribbon for two bows and two there must be; and two there were. Just take red flannel and make it into a huge bow for the Christmas wreath, nothing doubting, then tie it on and the fairies of the sun and snow will turn it into the most beautiful red charmeuse. A least, they did this for us at St. Anthony. The sun porch is all ready for Santa. A huge tree with tinsel and shining balls, a silver star on the topmost branch, and about the walls the fir branches and paper Santa Claus and reindeer racing along. In the end of the porch you see six cots. Here are four little boys and two little girls placed so that Santa would be sure to see them. But about this you should not have worried, for old Santa, when he came, seemed to find the kiddies in their corners first of all, and what was more, he had for each the very things they had asked for, and very much he seemed to like little Dick, who had fallen off his komatik and broken the leg that could not get well for Christmas. Santa offered to take Dick home with his team of fifty dogs; took him right up in his arms and told him how Gip, the leader, and all the dogs would dash over the hills and barrens if he would only come with him. But Dick looked at all his presents, the pretty shining tree, the star on the topmost branch and shook his head. He wanted to stay in the hospital. So Santa carried him back to his cot, wished them all a merry, merry Christmas and dashed away on his komatik.

Over across the way they were getting the Christmas tree ready for Santa to come to the Orphanage. All during the night, the children thought they heard Santa coming on his komatik and the dogs barking as they came across the harbor. But no, seven and eight o'clock and still no Santa. Then nine o'clock, and just as the sun was coming out from behind grey old Fishing Head, down across the harbor, Santa on the komatik and his great team of dogs was spied. There were no grown-ups in the Orphanage by this time, for Santa had sent a fairy on ahead to change all into little children. So all ran down in the snow and ice and helped Santa up from the wharf. Then somehow, all found themselves in the room with Santa and a great, great big Christmas tree. He was such an uproarious Santa and he jumped and rolled with glee and joy, so glad he seemed to be to have come to the children's home.

Then Santa almost told something that was not quite true. For, he said he was such an old man that he could not carry many presents, and the children thought this very, very sad, for of course they were sorry for Santa,
but they had thought so long and hard about
the doll, or the game or whatever they may
have asked him for. But, listen, he was saying
to them, "Run, look in your lockers, about
the room." The children then flew, each to
his own little locker in the room. Up went
the covers and after all, what do you think?
Santa had caught them "napping" in the night,
for in each locker were all the things
that they had asked Santa for.

Then came the Christmas dinner for the
kiddies, in the Orphanage. Later in the
evening a dinner party at the hospital for
the maids. Here you would have loved to
dance the Newfoundland reel, mid Christmas
trees, red candles and wreaths of spruce and
fir.

Meanwhile in came the "Janies." Very weird
looking people these, with peculiar garb of
many sorts and colors. Some with humped
backs and carrying crooked sticks which at
intervals they knocked on the floor. Then
one would be struck with the spirit of dance
and song, another would pipe up in a high
squeaky voice, saying, "Please, Miss, give me a bit of
Christmas." After some cake and candy, the
"Janies" were gayer than ever, and finally
danced and bumped out of the door into the
snow and disappeared, no one knows where.

On went the reel until the lights reminded
us that Christmas Day was almost passed.
After Christmas came the PROSPERO, breaking
through the ice and bringing us belated Christ­
mas mail, 35 bags full. The dog teams going
back and forth on the ice bringing in the mail
and freight, were sometimes almost lost to
sight in the snow storm, when suddenly
the sun would peep over from Fishing Head
and make it all seem very gay and cheery. We
who have seen the picture wish we might send
it to our friends. At night the boat still
lingered in the harbor and very pretty she
was with all her lights gleaming out over the
snow. The rugged hills with the spruce and
fir decked with snow, guarded her well. And
just as the sun had set, there in the afterglow,
over the hills came the little new moon and
looked down on the harbor and the PROSPERO
to see that all was well.
Miss Ethel Mary Pine .............................................. 20
Mr. and Mrs. F. Rand ............................................. 12
Miss Charlotte Babcock ........................................... 5.00
Misses Kate L. and Mary E. Reynolds ...................... 200
Franklin A. Rowe ................................................... 40
Mrs. M. H. Schmidt .............................................. 20
Mrs. F. H. Shields .................................................. 4
Miss Martha H. antique ........................................... 40
Mrs. R. H. Stillwell ............................................ 80
Mrs. Emily S. Strong ............................................ 200
Severn C. A. ......................................................... 20
Mrs. W. H. Tracy ................................................... 80
Miss Mary Trask .................................................... 100
Miss Martha H. Tracy ............................................ 40
Union City, N. J, St. James P. E. Church ..................... 8
Upper Montclair, N. J., Round the World Club, through Mrs. Joseph A. Wells 49
Miss Rose L. Dexter ............................................... 200.00
Miss Alice B. Williams .................................. 1
William Wilson ....................................................... 4

Total ....................................................... 9,685

Hollywood, Cal.,
Nov. 28, 1925.

Dear Dr. Grenfell:

We are pleased to tell you that the seventy-five pupils of the Junior Department of the Hollywood Congregational Church have raised twenty dollars to help you on your Hospital.

The children of our department have listened to the story of your life, with great interest. Oh boy, that was some thrill on the ice-pan! I was surprised to find you felt at that time that you had done so little in this world. It seems to me that you are doing a wonderful service in this far north country. I hope whether I grow up that I too, may do something great like you are doing. I am now ten years old.

Our Sunday school department sends love and Christmas greetings to your boys and girls.

Sincerely yours,

Billy Bright.

ST. ANTHONY HOSPITAL FUND
As reported in October magazine .................................. $18,881.25
Philip Apfel ......................................................... 1.00
Anonymous ......................................................... 20.00
J. Archibald .......................................................... 500.00
Lucertia K. Baldwin Fund, through Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Baldwin 100.00
Mrs. Sarah H. Spates ........................................... 50.00
Rev. Robert Barbour ............................................. 475.00
Miss Eleanor Beckingham .................................. 100.00
Miss Martha P. Benson ........................................ 5.00
Big Moose N. Y. Sunday school Children, through Mrs. M. M. Judson 45.00
Misses Blanche D. Haak ...................................... 25.00
A Friend in Albion, N. Y., through Miss S. E. Boynton 1.00
Miss Eleanor B. Brown, through Church of the Ascension 25.00
Joseph M. Brown ............................................... 500.00
Mrs. W. H. Keithum ............................................. 5.00
Through Christian Herald, N. Y. .............................. 15.00
A Christmas Gift ............................................... 500.00
Norma Clement ................................................... 25.00
Mrs. S. M. Clement ............................................... 5.00
Miss Catherine E. Cleveland ................................ 5.00
Mrs. M. S. Clement ................................................ 506.00
William Colgate ................................................... 250.00
W. H. Collins ...................................................... 500.00
Miss S. M. Clement ............................................... 100.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dann ..................................... 250.00
Mrs. H. T. Dauney ............................................... 10.00
William Dodworth ................................................ 200.00
Mr. and Mrs. John W. Dodworth .................. 100.00
Durham, N. C., First Presby. Church Vacation Bible School ........................................ 5.00
Miss Margaret P. R. Earhart .................................. 25.00
Miss Mary Eppes ................................................ 10.00
Arthur H. Fleming .............................................. 250.00
Thomas H. Freeman ............................................ 50.00
H. E. Forbes ..................................................... 25.00
Mrs. Edsel R. Ford ............................................ 2,000.00
Miss Isabel Freeman .......................................... 1,000.00
Mrs. F. R. Fulton ............................................... 10.00
Glasgow, Scotland, friends .................................. 97.39
Mrs. John W. Hay ............................................... 10.00
Miss Ruth Greene .............................................. 10.00
Francis J. Grimke .............................................. 10.00
Miss Lucy H. Tracy .............................................. 20.00
Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Haines ......................... 25.00
Sada E. Hamilton ............................................... 25.00
George Hargreaves ............................................ 500.00
Miss Jennie Harmon ............................................ 10.00
Annie Y. Harris, through Prof. Wm. Gillespie ................ 5.00
Mrs. Charles H. Hendrie .................................. 100.00
J. H. Henry ......................................................... 50.00
Miss Cora M. Herrick ...................................... 10.00
Mrs. R. S. Holt .................................................. 100.00
Through Miss Maud A. Hopkins ................................ 1.45
Miss Katherine W. Howell .................................. 15.00
Miss Margaret A. Hum ........................................ 100.00
Donald Hutchinson .............................................. 5.00
Edmund N. Black .............................................. 100.00
Mrs. Kathryn D. James .................................. 100.00
Mackenzie B. Jamieson .................................. 25.00
Mr. and Mrs. William Kenny (Christmas gift) ............. 20.00
Ira S. Kennedy ................................................... 5.00
Miss Lucy B. Kellogg ........................................... 25.00
Miss Elizabeth K. Lamont .................................. 250.00
Mrs. W. J. Logan ................................................ 10.00
Mrs. Mildred Fisher ........................................... 5.00
Dr. and Mrs. Everett A. MacDonald, Christmas gift ........ 100.00
Mrs. David C. McCormick ................................... 50.00
Mrs. C. G. McCormick ....................................... 50.00
Mrs. Walter McDougall .................................... 30.00
Mr. and Mrs. William McGraw ................................ 50.00
John A. McGregor .............................................. 100.00
Henry K. McHarg ............................................... 1,000.00
George W. Metcalf .............................................. 50.00
Mrs. Belle R. Martin ........................................... 250.00
Rev. Dwight E. Marvin ....................................... 8.00
Miss Jane Glasson Mason .................................. 50.00
Philip R. Mather ................................................... 50.00
Mrs. Mildred Miles ............................................. 10.00
Miss Elsie L. Melhores ........................................ 5.00
Edward and Stephen Moore ..................................... 5.00
Newark, N. J., Roseville Avenue Presbyterian Church, Lecture by Dr. Grenfell ............. 100.00
Miss Josephine Noll, Christmas gift ....................... 100.00
Miss Ida Lillian Page ........................................... 10.00
Miss Eva Fair ...................................................... 6.00
Miss Martha Patterson ......................................... 5.00
Mrs. S. W. Patterson ........................................... 50.00
Miss Emma M. Phillips ........................................... 5.00
Philadelphia Branch, Grenfell Association of America
Anonymous, "In loving memory of R. S. J. R." ....... $800.00
Anonymous ......................................................... 5.00
Mrs. H. C. Abler ................................................... 5.00
Miss Catherine T. Anderson .................................. 5.50
Bethany Baptist Sunday School, Fox Chase—Lecture by Miss Mahoney 5.00
Mr. and Mrs. William Biddle .................................. 10.00
Mrs. A. W. Chives ............................................. 10.00
John Eckert ...................................................... 25.00
Mrs. Edward B. Evans ........................................ 20.00
James Faunce ..................................................... 5.00
Frank B. Foster .................................................. 500.00
Miss Mary B. Haak .............................................. 15.00
Snowden Henry .................................................... 5.00
Miss Nina Lea ..................................................... 100.00
Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Estell Le .................................. 25.00
Mrs. Robert Le Boutilier ..................................... 200.00
"B. M." ................................................................. 25.00
Mrs. Arthur W. Newbold .................................. 100.00
Miss Margaret Peirse ........................................... 1.75
Pennsylvania Medical Missionary Society ............... 251.35
Miss Helen L. Rippey ........................................... 10.00
Shipley School, Bryn Mawr .................................. 151.55
Mrs. Charles M. Stirling ................................. 44.00
Joseph E. Sowden .............................................. 85.00
Everett Stewart ................................................... 8.00
Mrs. M. A. Stoneburn ......................................... 30.00
Mrs. George Woodward ....................................... 20.00
Miss Anna B. Phillips ............................................ 10.00
Mrs. R. W. Poindexter ........................................... 25.00
Mrs. Henry H. Pope ............................................. 15.00
DEAR FRIEND:

I take pleasure on forwarding to thy care, our Christmas Offering, the money to be given into the treasury. The other things, chosen especially for children, temporarily lying by, will go by express or mail in two packages to you. I think I will also write a note to Doctor Greffell, enclosing list to him, and will ask thee to forward it, as I do not know his present address. It has been our custom of recent years, to have a party here on Christmas Eve, of my father's descendants (I am 86 years old) and instead of giving to one another, we unite in giving to some need. We had a very enjoyable gathering, 50 of us, from my age down to a little girl, not yet 7 years old.

I hope the hospital fund grows, and that some provision can be made for the children who are crippled.

MARTHA GARRETT.

Supplementary to the $175 sent with this letter, came the following articles:

Sweaters, 14; scarfs, 4; caps, 10; pairs of mittens, 6; pairs of bed socks, 6; pair of stockings, 1; handkerchiefs, 12; small blankets, 2; dolls, 7; games and toys, 20; scrap books, 3; sets of pictures, 2; books for small children, 39; books for older children, 5.

CHILDREN'S WARD

Dr. W. T. Greffell...
Mrs. Helen W. Johnson...
Hope Carmel...
Hollywood, Calif., Junior Dept. Hollywood United Church of Christ through Miss M. L. Paul...
Mrs. Calvin C. Hays...
Mrs. Christiana Gray...
A Friend...
A Friend...
Gertie M. Fenning, Five Days School through Mrs. Thomas C. Potts...
Miss Anna C. Porter...
Mrs. G. A. Thompson...
Miss Eunice Thomas...

Total...

$434.75

Mrs. Susan F. Bushnell, endowment of cot in Children's Ward in memory of her husband, John Bushnell...$1,500.00

NEW ENGLAND GRENfell ASSOCIATION

Bricks As reported in October magazine...1,126
Miss L. S. Ladd...
Miss Florence L. Cummings and sister...
Unitarian Sunday school, Mendon, Mass...
Unitarian Sunday school, Stow, Mass...
Miss Sarah Hotchkiss...
Land a Hanging societies (through Miss Brown).
All Souls Sunday school, Braintree, Mass...
Unitarian Church, Kennebunk, Me...
Junior Dept. Fourth Sunday, Mass...
White Memorial Universalist Sunday school, Concord, N. H...
Mrs. Henrietta Peirce...
Miss Agnes Coburn...
1st Universalist Sunday school, 200...
Mrs. Henry Rogers...
Unitarian Sunday school, Framingham, Mass...
Miss Robert Aphord...
Miss Lucy Farwell...
Unitarian Sunday school, Portland, Me...
1st Parish Sunday school, Petersham, Mass...
Unitarian Sunday school, Kennebunk, Me...
1st Parish Sunday school, Canton, Mass...
Miss Ruth Galpin...
Miss Mary L. Child...
Miss Eleanor W. Nisbet...
Miss Fannie and Caroline Pennell...
Mr. H. D. Litchfield...
Miss Helen Stearns...
Gift from Two Friends...
Mr. R. C. Germond...
Miss Helen B. Smith...
Mrs. F. P. Frisbie...
"From one interested"
Brown Triangle Club...
Mr. J. C. von Paulsen...
Judge Bell's Bible Class, Andover, Mass...
Mrs. Seth L. Leuppent...
Mrs. A. W. Han...
A. D. Edwards...
Miss Mildred Pratt...

Total...

2,102

ST. ANTHONY HOSPITAL FUND

(Including all gifts of $25.00 or over, for new Hospital. Smaller gifts are listed under "Bricks.")

As reported in October magazine...

$3,090.00
Mrs. Charles W. Kettell...
Mrs. Alice H. Calkins...
Miss Caroline W. Bowditch...
Mr. A. Friend...
Mrs. Alice Lynch-Fischer...
Mr. Maynard T. Hazen...
Miss Annie and Mr. Herbert Bailey...
(In memory of sister, Alice Evelyn Smith)
Mrs. E. B. Hatch...
(In memory of son, Edward Watson Hatch)
Mrs. Kate M. Jones...
Mrs. Helen T. Stanley...
Mrs. Martha Hart...
Miss Cynthia Vanston...
Union Church Sunday School, Proctor, Vt...
Play House Camp, Dixbury, Mass...
Mr. Thomas W. Tinker...
Mr. Horace B. Cheney...

Total...

$4,526.00

Less $1,000 reported twice in October magazine...

1,000.00

Total...

$3,526.00

Note,—In the October magazine the gift of $1,000 from Mrs. Henry and Miss Marion A. Smith was reported twice as $500. The following is reported in July magazine "in memoriam," and once under given name under St. Anthony Hospital Fund.

GRENFELL LABORATORY MEDICAL MISSION

Cartha Burnett, 2208...

Total as acknowledged in October Magazine...

$3,146
Mrs. Ernest Pullen and children, Alexo, Alberta...
Kindergarten Sunday school, Winnipeg, p... Cyril...
Buhler, 250...
Yarmouth, N. S. Friends, per Mrs. Stoneman...
Miss B. S. King, Galt, Ont...
Miss Flora Nicol, Listowel, Ont...
Mr. G. F. A. Anderson, St. John, N. B...
Miss Alice E. Purse, The Soo, Ont...
Mrs. Johnston Clearch, St. Catharines, Ont...

187
The Deep-Sea Fishers

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Langley, Peterboro, Ont. 80
Mrs. L. M. Allin, Association, Hamilton. 20
Mrs. C. Adair, Galt, Ont. 20
Miss Emily Fied, Canning 5
Mrs. A. H. Canning 2
Miss A. McDougall, Canning 2
Miss E. Wilson, Canning 1
Wallace Campbell, Jr., Montreal 8
Mrs. William Aird, Barrie, Ont. 20
Mrs. W. Aird, Neill, Hamilton, N. S. (collect) 40
Mr. Percy W. Johnson, Peterboro 25
Miss Eliza I. Kennedy, Maxville 35
Miss L. Wilfred Alex. McDougall, Maxville 4
Collected by Mrs. Schofield, Apoquag, N. B. 20
A Friend, Truro, N. S. 20
Grenfell Club, Brockville
Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Nash, Renata, B. C. 100
Mrs. F. Brown, Penticton, B. C. 8
Mrs. William Amand, Vancouver 40
In memory of Mrs. F. F. Gilman, per E. W. Gilman, Montreal 100
Miss Scott, Peterboro 10
Georgetown, Ont., Branch 20
Thain McDowell Chapter, I. O. D. E., Brockville 60
Amelro, Jeffery, Millbrook 4
Mrs. Frank Mitchell, N. Wiltshire, P. E. I. 1
George Clark, N. Wiltshire, P. E. I. 4
Mrs. W. R. Clark, N. Wiltshire, P. E. I. 2
Marion Clark, N. Wiltshire, P. E. I. 2
William Clark, Sr., N. Wiltshire, P. E. I. 2
Mrs. John Edwards, N. Wiltshire, P. E. I. 1
Edwin Edwards, N. Wiltshire, P. E. I. 1
Orillia, Ont., Presbyterian Sunday school, per Mrs. P. H. Green 100
Toronto Branch 44
Huber Reeds, Reuben, Ont. 1
Loudy, Ont. 1
Mrs. F. Reynolds, Reuben, Ont. 1
Eric Skuce, Reuben, Ont. 1
Ralph Burke, Reuben, Ont. 1
Robert Burke, Reuben, Ont. 1
Mrs. G. Burke, Reuben, Ont. 2
Mrs. Lucy Vines, N. Falls, Ont. 40
Mrs. Andrew Halkett, Ottawa 12
Lt. Col. B. N. M. Cofield, Egmont, B. C. 100
Mrs. Christine Elmslie, Clifford, Ont. 100
Total .......................... 4,586

ST. ANTHONY HOSPITAL FUND

Toronto Branch, per Miss E. E. Henderson, Secretary, tree, $172.75
St. John, N. B. Branch, per Miss F. H. Stetson, Secy. 50.00
Mrs. G. A. White, M. B. 25.00
Mrs. Henry Corby, Belleville 25.00
Herbert Soule, St. Anthony 25.00
Lt. Col. B. N. M. Cofield, Egmont, B. C. 100.00
Total .......................... 802.75

ST. ANTHONY, N.F.L., HOSPITAL FUND

Contributions received from local people:
Amount previously acknowledged $1,099.65
Joseph Moore, St. Anthony 100.00
Mark Alcock, St. Anthony 100.00
Stanford Babstock, St. Anthony 25.00
Owen Babstock, St. Anthony 25.00
Herbert Soule, St. Anthony 25.00
Elihu Strange, St. Anthony 1.00
Collected in White Bay and on board S. S. Berkeley per Miss Goodrich 37.36
Proceeds St. Anthony Concert, per Miss Gaslull 16.15
Proceeds Sale St. Ann's Right, per Capt. Rideout 43.00
Total ................................ $1,314.38

Also to date (December 14), 36 days free labor have been given.

Extracts from a letter to Dr. Grenfell, written by W. Douglas, superintendent of the Orphan Homes of Scotland (found by William Quarrier), at Bridge of Weir in Scotland:

"With Miss Quarrier’s permission and approval I told our children about your letter and pointed out that, like the proverbial woman, you had left the most important item for the postscript, in which you may remember to have mentioned that you were using the small sum I had sent you towards the building fund for the new hospital in St. Anthony; as the result of my appeal to our young children and the staff last Sunday’s church collections, which were given as a holiday thank offering, amounted to a little over £17. This, together with a few small sums which friends have passed on to me, bring the total up to £20. 3. 3. A cheque for this amount will shortly be sent to you by our Pastor, D. J. Findlay, who looks after those matters.

"Shortly after your letter reached me a very old friend of our Founder’s and of those of us who are still carrying on was celebrating his golden wedding. As he has sufficient means to live upon he is not the sort of person that one can send a money gift to, and as I could not afford to make a present of gold otherwise suitable to the occasion, I fell upon the plan of sending him one golden sovereign as a souvenir of the event, with a note explaining about your proposed hospital, asking that he might return to me instead of the sovereign a pound note. He took the idea very cheerfully, returned the pound note and along with it another, stating that he happened to be in a particularly generous mood. In spite of his very advanced years, he has been kept young by his keen interest in children. He has spent voluntarily five or six weeks with our young children on their holidays at the seaside, and though he lost three sons in the War and a considerable sum of money in Farrow’s Bank, he is still able to make himself most acceptable as a companion for little folks.

"The sum we have sent is not large, but if there is any new article of furniture or anything for the new hospital for which it might be used, I am sure the children will be interested to think that they had provided some particular thing in the hospital . . . ."

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GRENFELL WORK IS BEGUN

It has been suggested that a pictorial and chronological record of the development of Dr. Grenfell’s various stations would be of considerable use and interest for purposes of propaganda.

Dr. Paddon has been asked to undertake its compilation and he will endeavor to complete it during his 1926-7 furlough. Meanwhile, it would greatly help his work if a series of good pictures, of the older buildings particularly, could be aggregating in care of the Editor of this magazine. Vessels lost or now out of commission, buildings now replaced, pictures illustrating agriculture and livestock farming; educational, industrial and other enterprises whether triumphant success or honest failure. While films are naturally preferable, any good prints can be reproduced.

Please mark all packages for the “Grenfell Mission Pictorial Calendar.”
A VACATION ON THE LABRADOR

FROM Noank, Connecticut, to the northernmost tip of Labrador in a 34 foot motor boat, riding out gales, shooting caribou, fishing, exploring the grand fiords, visiting the most primitive Eskimos and witnessing a gigantic landslide, were a few of the summer experiences of George G. Williams of Farmington, Conn. Several times in previous years Mr. Williams has cruised along this coast in his yacht, sometimes with Dr. Grenfell as companion, and together they have explored and charted some of the fiords. As a result of their work there is now a Jeannette Bay, a Cape Wilfred, Cape Williams, Norseman Mountain, etc. (names given them by Dr. Grenfell) and some of these names now appear in The Labrador Coast Pilot, issued by the British Admiralty.

His trip last summer was the first in so small a boat, the Nanu (Eskimo for polar bear) being of the Atlantic sea skiff type, equipped with a 65-horsepower gasoline engine. It was specially built for the trip, with cabin extending farther back than usual to accommodate two pullman berths, and with two extra staterooms forward. Mr. Williams was accompanied by only two men, Captain Charles Jenssen, his skipper for twenty-five years, and George Jerrett of Newfoundland, who has been studying electrical engineering in Philadelphia.

The start was made on July 13, the route being laid along the coast of Massachusetts and Maine to North East Harbor; thence across the Bay of Fundy to Yarmouth; along the Nova Scotia coast to Cape Breton, through the Bras d'Or lakes, then straight across Co-halt Strait to Cape Ray, the southwest point of Newfoundland. After a stop there to inspect the great power development at Curling, near Humbermouth, they pushed on along the west coast of Newfoundland, being frequently held up by the fogs and high winds prevalent there in July. From this point we will take up Mr. Williams' own story of the trip, as it appeared in Hartford papers on his return.

"A few days later we got our first glimpse of Labrador, and the icebergs which most all summer long drift down the Labrador coast or lie stranded on some reef or shore.

"August 4 found us anchored at Battle Harbor, where one of Dr. Grenfell's principal hospitals is located and where Captain MacMillan in the Bowdoin had been not so many days before us on his way to Greenland. "After a short time spent renewing acquaintances with our many friends and a day's visit to a nearby salmon river, where in previous years we had had some good sport, we left 'Battle,' as it is familiarly called, and began our real summer's work or play, as you like.

"From Battle Harbor, at the head of Belle Isle Straits, to Cape Chidley, the extreme northern point of Labrador, the distance is some 700 miles as the crow flies, but following all the indentations of the coast, nearer twelve hundred. It is a rugged coast, barren and treeless for the greater part, skirted by innumerable just as barren islands, the breeding place of all manner of sea birds. Mountains from a thousand feet in height to six and seven thousand rise right out of the sea, and great fiords reach back inland thirty or forty miles, equaling, I am told, those of Norway in scenic effects.

"On this 700 miles of coast I can remember but nine lighthouses and these are maintained for the fishing schooners only, from about June 1st to September 15 or a little later. There is not a buoy and only a few beacons, the latter having been placed through the in-

THE SEA SKIFF NANU
instrumentality of Dr. Grenfell, the friend of the fishermen and of everyone else on the coast.

"Hence the navigation of the Labrador coast presents something of a problem, but this only adds spice to the cruise. The charts, especially of Northern Labrador, are poor and unreliable and often misleading as I have often found to my disappointment and sometimes sorrow. It was to explore the fiords and to learn something of the rivers that enter them and to get farther north than I had in previous years that I had laid out my summer's plans.

"It cannot but be tedious, and out of the question, to describe each day of the more than two months that I spent on the coast. Each day was different and each had its pleasure and excitement. One day it might be following up a river for six or eight miles, another climbing some mountains for a wonderful view—still another steaming up one of the narrow fiords, between lofty palisades rising sheer out of the water from 1,000 to 3,000 feet. Or it might be a day on the barrens, hunting the ptarmigan or willow grouse, or casting for salmon in the swift rushing rivers.

"Now and then we would get a 'gale o' wind' that would keep us in some harbor, where with two anchors down and perhaps a line ashore, we would spend the day in reading and writing in my comfortable cabin while the wind howled outside. Wherever we anchored, if there were fishermen or Eskimos about, we were sure of plenty of visitors, all interested in the little 34-foot boat. My 6-cylinder, Kermath motor seemed to excite the interest and curiosity of the Eskimos more than anything else about the boat. They could speak no English but it was amusing to see them point out to each other some feature of the motor and when the motor was started for their benefit they were like a lot of children. In fact they are children, happy, jolly and carefree, and almost always smiling.

"One of the things that stand out strongly in my mind was seeing three Eskimo hunters capture some seals. We had gone up Nachvak Bay, one of the longest of the fiords, and on our way up had passed some Eskimos' tents. Returning from the head of the fiords, we came upon the hunters in their skin boats, or kayaks, just as they had captured two or three seals which were strapped across their boats, and I got some very good photos of them.

"They raced after us as we steamed down to their camp, off which we anchored, the hunters arriving soon after us. The young man who was with me, a Newfoundlander, could speak a few words of Eskimo language, and we learned that the hunters had come from Cape Chidley on a hunting expedition. That they had been successful was indicated by the numerous seal and caribou skins curing in the sun. As soon as the hunters landed, the children, of whom there were a large number in the party, seized the seals and dragged them up to the camp. Then the women, some with papooses strapped to their backs, fell to and began skinning the seals, which they did most deftly with a knife resembling a meat chopper, a semi-circular affair with a very keen edge. Dozens of 'huskys,' the Eskimo dog, watched the operation with eager anticipation, and occasionally one would sneak in and steal a bit of meat and rush off, followed by the pack, when there would be a lively fight for the possession of the tidbit. The hunters, probably feeling they had done their part, stood by, watching the women do the rest.
Another red letter day was that on which my friend and myself gathered two fine caribou, one of them nearly if not quite a record head. We had gone some six or seven miles up one of the rivers, dragging and poling our small boat, and after nearly four hours of pretty strenuous work had stopped a little way back from the river bank to 'boil the kettle' and have our lunch. We had finished lunching and I took my rod and walked to the river to cast for some fine big salmon trout we could see lying in the stream.

I was just attaching a fly to my leader when my friend who was back of me touched me on my shoulder. I looked up and there, not 150 feet from me, was a magnificent caribou stag, a veritable patriarch. My friend slipped back and got my rifle which we had left where we were lunching—and slipping up back of me brought the noble animal down. As we could not cross the river at that point, we started upstream to a crossing to get the stag which was on the opposite side of the river. We had gone but a little distance when coming toward us were four more caribou. Waiting till they were in range, I fired and brought down one of them. We could easily have gotten more, but we had enough. The big stag had 50 points and Captain Bob Bartlett, of Arctic fame, whom I met a little later, pronounced it one of the finest he had ever seen, and pretty nearly a record head.

The following day we went up the river again and brought the caribou out, no easy task. While up there I witnessed a wonderful landslide. The earth and great masses of rock at the very top of a 1,000 foot high cliff broke loose and came down with a roar that sounded like thunder and could be heard for miles. A great volume of smoke arose, as if from a volcano, caused doubtless by the friction of the great rock masses. It was most awe-inspiring.

I have referred to greeting Captain Bob Bartlett. This was one of the very pleasant experiences of my summer. I had supposed the captain to be an elderly man, but found him to be between 40 and 45, heavily built and strong as an ox. He is an interesting talker, a great reader and a student of nature, and withal an intrepid sailor and explorer. It was a great treat to hear him talk in his simple, natural way of his experiences in the Arctic and in Alaska.

Mr. Williams left the Nanu at Indian Harbor, as it was already October when he had gone that far on his return trip. The mail boat on which he expected to come back was delayed almost a month, and Mr. Williams and his two companions not only ran out of coal and all wood but driftwood, but also nearly exhausted their stock of provisions, having left nothing but a few potatoes, and some flour, tea, and molasses, which they eked out with the gulls and fish they could catch.

On the mail steamer the hold was crowded with 500 Newfoundland fishermen and their families who had spent the summer fishing off the Labrador coast. These people go up to Labrador in June, making both trips in the hold, where they eat and sleep and spend all their time. They carry along their own provisions, taking turns in going up to the ship's galley for hot water for their tea.
“It was a delightful summer, full of novel and interesting experiences and life in the most invigorating, bracing, health-giving air that I know of,” says Mr. Williams in winding up his account. “I sometimes think that Ponce de Leon should have sought the ‘Fountain of Youth’ in Labrador rather than in Florida. My small craft behaved finely and though on occasion we pushed her into some rough water she never failed me and proved a splendid sea boat, able and comfortable.

“One of the great pleasures of the summer was again meeting Dr. Grenfell, whom it has been my privilege to know for more than twenty years. The splendid work he has done for the people of Labrador is beyond calculation. Just now the doctor is profoundly interested in raising funds for a new and modern hospital at St. Anthony, Newfoundland, and the work was going on when our steamer called at St. Anthony on my way south.

“I had hoped to have the doctor with me for part of my cruise, but as he was acting as pilot for his new mission steamer that had recently arrived from England he could not join me.”

A CAMPAIGN FOR MORE LOCAL BRANCHES

BY ALFRED A. WHITMAN, Executive Officer

ON the back cover of this magazine is always printed the form of organization under which the work is carried on and supported. The plan is simple and has proved to be effective.

The work of the mission in the field is carried on under the direction of the International Grenfell Association whose principal office is at St. John’s, Newfoundland, with an office in New York at 156 Fifth Avenue. The Board of Directors is made up of two members of the Board of each subsidiary “Association” (two in the United States, one in England, one in Canada, and one in Newfoundland), thus making a board of ten men under whose direction an Executive Officer functions.

The responsibility of providing financial support for the work falls on these five associations, each one undertaking to raise a definite quota based on the annual budget, besides standing ready to do its part towards any special needs, such as the building of the new hospital at St. Anthony, or in case of an emergency.

The Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, of London, under whose auspices Dr. Grenfell first went out, covers England and is the only one of the supporting Associations which is interested in other fields than Labrador;

The New England-Grenfell Association, with headquarters in Boston, represents the New England states;

The Grenfell Association of America, whose office is in New York, has all the territory of the United States outside of New England;

The Grenfell Labrador Medical Mission, in Ottawa, Canada, has all Canada except Newfoundland.

The Grenfell Association of Newfoundland represents that Dominion, with its office at St. John’s.

While these organizations operate independently of each other, each in its own territory, they are brought into constant close relations through the representation of their Directors on the Board of the International Grenfell Association.

As stated, the chief function of the Associations is the raising of the money necessary to carry on the work. This is done primarily through their enrolment of members at a yearly fee of $2.00. This fee includes a subscription to the magazine. The Associations also assist in organizing and conducting for the Industrial Department sales of articles made by the natives; arrange special meetings, and in many other ways extend the knowledge of and interest in the work.

To further these purposes the plan of developing Branches in the chief centers of their districts has been devised and it is this activity to which particular attention is now called. Such Branches are of the utmost importance not only for increasing the income of the respective Associations but for spreading information and arousing interest in the various activities of the Mission.

In this work the Ottawa Association has been most successful, a very large number of such local centers dotting their entire field as far as the Pacific coast. Boston and New York are now planning an active campaign to increase the number of their Branches. Each has a few active centers doing splendid work, but there is endless opportunity to add to the number and it is hoped that their efforts will meet with hearty response.

The plan for these Branches is simple, and if entered into heartily, the work will be
found most enjoyable and will be of inestimable value to Dr. Grenfell in his tireless devotion. In forming the local Committee or Board, the Associations will give every assistance possible by sending a representative to aid in organization, as well as speakers with slides and moving pictures of the life and activities at the various stations.

Upon organization of the Branch, the first work is the securing of a large and representative list of subscribing members at an annual subscription of $2.00 which, as stated, includes a subscription to the quarterly magazine, AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS. In this work the large number of enthusiastic members of the "alumni," who have been in service on the coast and can speak from actual experience of the splendid work being done, will be found of inestimable value. One or more of these warm friends may now be found in every section of the country, and they are always ready to do their bit. The services of an "alumnus" as Branch Secretary is most valuable.

Branches may be developed into very live organizations by undertaking some special work for which they will be responsible to their parent Association. The expenses of a worker on the coast are figured at $350 for the season, including transportation. A Branch may undertake to raise this amount annually. It may find a suitable volunteer nurse, teacher, child, or industrial worker, always subject to the requirements of the Staff Selection Committee. The Association is always ready to suggest special objectives and to confer with the Branches in a study of conditions in order to work out the best lines of activity.

Lectures, musicals, teas, etc., are frequently arranged to bring members together and may be used to increase the contributions of the Branch. If an Annual Meeting open to the general public can be arranged, the Association can generally provide a speaker and will be glad to cooperate as far as possible.

With these few suggestions it is hoped that our many friends will give this matter their careful thought and will communicate with their central Association if there is a possibility of organizing even a small Branch in their community.

YALE-GRENFELL SCHOOL FOR NORTH WEST RIVER

A SPONTANEOUS movement started at Yale University at the instance of Varick Frissell and James E. Hillier, both members of the junior class, has resulted in the allotment by the Yale Budget Committee to the Yale Grenfell Association of a quota of $1500, of which $1000 is set apart for the establishment of a school at North West River. Mr. Frissell and Mr. Hillier were among the student volunteers attached to the Grenfell Mission last summer, and in the course of their work they discovered a 160-foot waterfall which they called Yale Falls, made two visits to North West River and Indian Harbor, besides cruising as deckhands with Dr. Grenfell on the STRATHCONA.

It has long been a dream of Dr. Paddon’s that a school should be established at North West River, the natural and at present the only gateway to the interior at this point, where the young people may receive at least the beginnings of a common school education and receive some vocational instruction which will prepare them for other occupations than trapping. About seventy families will be served by the new school.

For years Yale men have been assisting Dr. Grenfell as volunteers in his summer work, and the YALE, the motor yawl which has carried Dr. Paddon about the coast for the last fifteen years, was a gift from the Yale Grenfell Association.

In the letter of notification of this gift to Dr. Grenfell the promise was made that in addition to the money for the new school, a first instalment would be sent for a needed new engine for the YALE, and the balance will probably be applied to the general work of the Grenfell Mission at St. Anthony.

In addition to the Yale grant for the new school the sum of $500 annually has been promised for four years by a volunteer worker at Indian Harbor, and this with the income from boarding pupils and a small tuition fee is expected to cover the necessary expenses at the start.

This modest beginning resembles in many ways the beginning of the Yale-in-China school at Changsha in China, which started in 1906 and has now grown into a large and influential institution.

Last spring the Yale Grenfell Association contributed $350 to the new St. Anthony hospital fund, and the Yale Daily News, in an article on this present appropriation, expresses the hope that the hospital donation may be increased to a size sufficient to support an entire ward.
REPORTS OF MISSION ACTIVITIES

The following reports from the Directors of the various departments will warrant careful reading. The splendid work accomplished and the urgent need of carrying it on and extending it as rapidly as possible will be so readily appreciated that it is hoped the many warm friends of the Mission will bend every energy to support it by increased contributions and particularly by bringing it to the attention of others. It illustrates the very highest type of real Christianity.

—Executive Officer

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT, 1924-1925

By Catherine E. Cleveland, Industrial Director

The past year has been a record year for the Industrial Department. For the first time since its organization, there was a winter industrial worker in every district excepting Harrington, and there the work was carried on by the nurse in charge. Work was distributed in hitherto untouched areas; approximately seven hundred and fifty persons were given work and the total production exceeded that of any previous year.

The districts were in charge of the following workers:

St. Anthony, Newfoundland—Miss Grace Parker, assisted by Miss Mary Card.

Flower's Cove, Newfoundland—Miss Eleanor Lewis.

Harrington, Canadian Labrador—Nurse Brown.

Forteau, Labrador—Miss Katie Spaulding.

Red Bay, Labrador—Miss Minnie Pike.

Battle Harbor, Labrador—Miss Miriam Slade (a native girl trained for the work at St. Anthony) in charge at the weaving room in connection with the station. Nurse Williams, in charge of the outport work.

Muddy Bay, Labrador—Miss Nina Hepburn.

North West River, Labrador—Mrs. Harry Paddon.

St. Anthony

At St. Anthony, mats with floral designs were given out in an effort to meet the increasing demand for hooked mats of the Colonial type; the workers were keenly interested in hooking the new patterns and the mats have proved to be good sellers. New designs were worked out for the hand-woven coverlids and additional types of models, toys, and tin products introduced.

Due to the inability of finding a worker to take charge at St. Anthony in my absence, the Weaving Department was closed. We have recently secured the services of Miss Evelyn Foote for the remainder of the year. Miss Foote will return to St. Anthony with me some time in December* when weaving will be continued. With the use of the three automatic looms which Dr. Grenfell secured in India, and another type from China, our production should be considerably increased, with a corresponding decrease in cost of manufacture.

Red Bay

At Red Bay early in November, 1924, Minnie Pike moved into the Mission Industrial Building, a native house, which, through gifts from Dr. Grenfell's discretionary funds, was enlarged and remodelled for the purpose. Minnie found the house convenient and comfortable. Due to poor catches of fish, many families in the district were poverty-stricken.

* They left New York, Dec. 11.—Ed.
and would have starved but for the timely assistance offered through this center.

**Muddy Bay**

Miss Nina Hepburn was stationed at the Muddy Bay School and reached as many people in the vicinity as possible. At the school she held classes for the boys and taught them how to make toys and models of various descriptions. The wooden dolls, made in the class, were dressed in skin garments by the girls. The women in the district made most beautiful dickies with trimming of embroidered bands or pockets worked in bright wools and silks. Miss Hepburn writes: "One woman, begging for work so that she might buy food for an undernourished baby, said she could make birch brooms. When these were brought in they were sandpapered and the handles painted. The result was very attractive and useful article. An old man carved ladies and spoons from birch wood; they compared favorably with Swiss articles."

Through the kindness of Dr. Paddon, patterns for toys designed by Miss Hepburn were distributed to needy persons throughout the district. Because of the lack of close supervision the results were not wholly satisfactory, but the experiment demonstrated that the men were keenly interested and showed considerable innate ability. Miss Hepburn believes that if perfection were preached and simple rules of structure taught, a profitable toy industry could be developed.

**North West River**

Throughout the North West River district, Mrs. Paddon has encouraged the making of deerskin moccasins, embroidered dickies, and baskets woven from the native grass. The artistic results and excellent workmanship speak for the years of continued effort on Mrs. Paddon's part to improve the standard of the work. With the increased production in this district, it seemed advisable to build an Industrial room and shop at Indian Harbor where the goods could be received and exhibited; plans are under way for the building, and it is hoped that it may be built this coming summer.

**New Industrial Centers**

Dr. Grenfell has made plans to build two more Industrial buildings on the Labrador coast, one at Seal Islands, the other at Boul ters Rock. These centers are to be in charge of native girls, trained in our work. Thus it is hoped to get into closer touch with two needy sections of the Coast.

**Summer Workers**

Our summer volunteers numbered five:

**St. Anthony:**

Miss Ethel Goodridge had charge of the Gift Shop; Miss Cornelia Van der Smissen assisted with whatever had to be done at the building, whether it was receiving goods or putting up mats to be given out. Miss Jean Wishart was our designer. Through her skill many new and interesting patterns were added to our collection. There were floral patterns and designs for nursery mats, including "Mary and Her Little Lamb," "The Fat Pig that Went to Market;" "Humpty Dumpty who sat on the Wall;" and "Goosie, Goosie Gander." The latter will be our "Specials" for next year's sales.

**White Bay**

Miss Elizabeth Page, assisted by Miss Tal lant, carried on the Industrial work in White Bay. They traveled about the bay on the new boat, the LOON, which was admirably equipped to carry the new mats to the workers and bring back the finished ones to headquarters at St. Anthony.

For several years Miss Page has had entire supervision of the boat-model building industry carried on in White Bay. She writes: "All the models shipped this year were on order and have been sent to their respective owners, except the clippers, which are being prepared for exhibition next week. They have passed the inspection of a group of experts and come off with flying colors."

**Boston Office**

The Boston office, located at 716 Little Building, Boston, has proved invaluable as office and clearing house for the department. This year the goods from the North were cleared earlier than usual; six successful sales have already been held, twelve more have been planned, and we are negotiating for more, our hope being to get cash returns for our goods as quickly as possible.

**Financial Status**

Because of the delay in receiving the auditor's report from St. John's, no financial report can be given at this time, but it is hoped that the report when presented will show a profit for the year.
THE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

It may be said that this department handles and distributes the clothing, etc., sent to it by the Labrador branches of the Needlework Guild of America and by other friends through the Grenfell offices. Except for a very small portion given to very needy cases or needed for emergencies, it is all distributed as payment in kind for labor and services in connection with construction work on the new hospital and in the Industrial Department, etc. Payment in kind may almost be said to form the currency of that part of the country, and where stores are scarce and stocks of goods are scanty is often of more real service than mere money would be.

This tremendous contribution of clothing is thus of enormous help to the work of the Mission and the distribution is so conducted as to preserve in every way the self-respect of the splendid people of this bleak coast. Without it our budget for the year ending September 30, 1925, would have required the disbursement of at least $25,000 additional.

The total distribution from all stations from September 30, 1924—September 30, 1925 had an estimated value of $24,841.38.

THE CHILD WELFARE DEPARTMENT

BY ELIZABETH CRISWELL

A STRONG wind and drifting snow made the going very difficult as little Emme Parsons and I struggled through the snow on a February day last winter, trying to make our way to the Rocky Harbor schoolhouse nestling in among the fir trees. I was on my way down the shore and the local teacher, hearing I was coming through, had sent word for me to come to the schoolhouse to talk to the children. I was delighted to find that he was continuing the health work started by Miss Wagner, the Child Welfare nurse in 1924. The summer nurses are doing splendid work in the outport communities. The short season causes the work to be intensive and sometimes the difficulties of having the mothers together during the fishing season seem insurmountable, yet during the summer of 1925 home nursing and health classes were held in seven villages weekly, and in three other villages twice during the summer.

We were very fortunate in having the services of well trained and experienced public health nurses. These nurses were placed in centers where three or more villages could be easily reached. A community health program was started by each nurse in the village in which she had her headquarters. Classes were held in nutrition, mothercraft and child care, home nursing, first aid, and health habit for the children. A great amount of time and attention was given to instructing the midwives and working on cases with them. Miss Eleanor Storr, a veteran worker on the Coast was in the Fishing Ship Harbor district.

Miss Margaret Leavitt, a visiting nurse from East Walpole, Mass. was in the Battle Harbor district, not only carrying on the
public health classes but following up the hospital cases in that district after dismissal.

Miss Elizabeth Aylward, from the Visiting Nurse Association of Sudbury, Ontario, was in the Red Bay district.

Miss Alma Stewart, a nutrition nurse from the Arden Shore Camp, Chicago, Ill., was in the L'Anse au Loup district. The whooping cough and typhoid epidemic in this district kept Miss Stewart very busy, and made it impossible for her to have health classes.

Miss Ermine Conza, from the Lying-In Hospital, Boston, was in the Ferrole district. The work of the nurses proved without a question that this is the most economical and efficient way to teach child welfare. The nurses live with the people and can do much individual work. The district is small and permits weekly visits to nearly all the homes. All medical and dental work can be followed up. Individual instruction can be given also in home hygiene, sanitation, animal husbandry and gardening.

Miss Marjorie Hirtle is serving as child welfare nurse in the Cook's Harbor-Quirpoon district, just north of St. Anthony. We hope that Miss Hirtle will continue in this district for two years at least and have an opportunity to establish a permanent community health program.

We were very fortunate in having the volunteer services of Dr. Curtis C. Eves and Dr. Charles S. Pryor, both nose and throat specialists of Philadelphia, who came north for the summer to conduct a tonsillectomy clinic. The first clinic was held at Flower's Cove, Miss Mahoney assisting and Miss Pat-ten, from Henry St. Settlement, New York, as ward nurse. Thirty-six children were operated upon for diseased tonsils and adenoids, and many more received ear and general treatment. The clinic and equipment were then removed to Forteau and the children in that district treated.

No complications occurred even though the doctors had to work under adverse conditions. A complete set of ear, nose and throat instruments was given to the Child Welfare Department by Mrs. Sydney Thayer, of Haverford, Pa., through Dr. Eves.

A children's clinic was conducted for two days at Red Bay by Dr. Surls, of Battle Harbor, assisted by Dr. Bowers, ten children receiving treatment.

This year the dentists stationed at the hospitals took care of all the children's work in the hospital district, so only two traveling dentists were needed to cover the entire coast, including White Bay. Dr. Farrington at Indian Harbor Hospital treated 201 children, covering the district from Cartwright to North West River. Dr. Cohen at Battle Harbor Hospital treated 127 children, in the district from Henley Harbor to Square Island; Dr. Zimmerman at Harrington Hospital, 48 children in the district from Natashquan to Forteau; Dr. Alex, 195 children in the district from Point Ferrole, Newfoundland, to Red Bay, Labrador; and Dr. Sullivan, 144 children in the La Scie district in White Bay. In this way with the exception of two small districts, the children of the entire territory received dental treatment.

The Nonia nurses at Port Saunders and at Bonne Bay are continuing the health educational work in an admirable way. Their relation to our organization is most cooperative. During the winter, I visited both districts and
turned over to them all records of health work done in their areas. Two Nenia nurses were established in the White Bay district during the past summer, through the efforts of Miss Page.

Health habit instruction was a part of the school program of each summer teacher; the children were weighed weekly and the underweight children brought to the attention of the nurse on her visit.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

UNDER Mrs. Grenfell's management this year the Educational Department brought from Labrador and Northern Newfoundland, 11 boys and 11 girls to be educated in the United States.

This work has the generous support of the Carnegie Corporation which adds an equal amount each year to that contributed by the Grenfell Associations. We quote from Mrs. Grenfell's letter to the Carnegie Corporation:

"During my absence last winter the supervision of the students in this country was undertaken by my friend, Miss Harriot Houghteling, of Chicago."

"On my return to the North it was a pleasure to find that one of the students whom we had thought a failure was doing well. In my report of last September I spoke of a boy having been obliged to return home owing to unsatisfactory conduct in school. Just before coming back to the United States I saw him personally and found that he has learned telegraphy, and has a position. Owing to his education in the States he is now able, not only not to be a burden to his family, but even to help toward their budget. To a cripple like him this would have been utterly impossible otherwise.

"November 10, another student went back to Newfoundland, having graduated at Burdett Business College, which gave him a free scholarship. He is now to take charge of the Cooperative Store at St. Anthony.

"Mr. Frederic Galloupe, of Boston, has again kindly consented to act as treasurer of the Educational Fund for me, and to see that the accounts are properly audited and in order.

"Friends hearing of the help offered by the Carnegie Corporation, contingent on our raising a similar amount, have done all in their power to help make this splendid opportunity possible for our Northern people.

"The longer we are able to persevere in this effort, the more we are convinced of its unique value in the work of the International Grenfell Association for the benefit of the people of our northern coasts."

STAFF SELECTION

There is not a great deal to add to Miss Houghteling's report of this work presented in June. The summer staff together with those provided for the winter work included not less than 104 appointments, divided as follows:

Medical and Dental work—34.
Teachers and Orphanage workers—26.
Industrial and Clothing Department workers—12.
Child Welfare workers—not medical or dental—1.
Student helpers—"wops," etc.—27.
Miscellaneous unclassified, such as companions at nursing stations—4.

There were some shifts in personnel as the summer passed but this is quite usual and it is a pleasure to know that from those in charge as well as from the workers themselves the usual enthusiastic reports have come in.

Many of the summer workers who have come back are anxious to return to the coast next year and the list of inquiries and applications for service in 1926 which have been received already is larger than last year's list at this time.

It is with a feeling of real regret that we must record Miss Houghteling's retirement from the management of this branch of service. She has devoted her thought and energy to the problems which are not always easy to solve and it has been largely due to her knowledge of the requirements and her keen judgment that the selections have been admirable and the relations so happy.

ALFRED A. WHITMAN, Executive Officer.
ASSOCIATION ITEMS

GRENFELL LABRADOR MEDICAL MISSION

It is always a pleasure and satisfaction to me publicly to acknowledge the loyal and devoted cooperation of Canadian Branch workers for Dr. Grenfell's Mission, and to say how these gifts facilitate the work of our staff on the Coast, and gladden their hearts in the discharge of duty.

May I explain, just here, how troubled members of the staff often are that acknowledgment of supplies is not possible for lack of name and address of donors. Please enclose name and address in the bales to make acknowledgment easy. It is also an excellent plan to notify the station to which shipment is made, when the goods leave the local branch, so those in charge may be on the lookout for same.

A short article, dealing with the branches at Montreal, Toronto, and Ottawa has already been published, and St. John is given below; this report deals with the work of the remaining branches.

London, Ont., has a most vigorous organization, with Mrs. Arthur T. Little as the presiding genius. This branch is making a determined effort to raise its cash contribution and is succeeding admirably. This year (1925) the funds raised are well on to the objective set, $1,000. The membership stands at 125, with a strong committee assisting the president. One gift of outstanding interest was $200 from Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Spencer, toward the new St. Anthony Hospital, in response to the magazine appeal.

This branch has a tea-musical each March, which nets the Mission a generous sum. The bale, this season, was purposely kept below other years both in extent and value, in the hope more cash would be contributed, and the result was encouraging.

The shipment, divided between Harrington and St. Anthony, was one to be proud of. A much needed dinner set was sent Harrington, and the supplies included bedding for hospital use, and clothing in abundance, especially knitted goods. Certainly London Branch workers are open to congratulation.

Hamilton, Ont., boasts two branches—a men’s, collecting cash, and a women’s to look after hospital needs and warm clothing. The cash sent forward was $635, while Miss Kate Gunn reports for the Ladies a good year’s work. Mrs. Hobson sent the usual generous supplies for the “Dorothy Hobson Cot”, beside which there were other supplies and 706 articles of wearing apparel. Other gifts included a knitting machine, groceries and invalid foods, books and toys, and as is usual with this thoughtful group of women, something useful for the nurses’ dining-sitting room. This year a tea set and reading lamp. A very splendid shipment indeed.

Guelph, Ont., is increasing its cash contribution each year, and now has a membership of 74. The bales which went forward last May contained a large amount of hand-knitting, which means comfort for both grown-ups and kiddies on that Coast.

Galt, Ont., had Mr. Charles F. Watson, of Toronto, as speaker for their annual meeting and were delighted with his message. The usual display was held, before packing, and the several boxes contained infant layettes, quilts, and clothing of all kinds, also a grocery shower which provides food dainties for invalids.

Brockville, Ont., has two organizations giving splendid help. The Grenfell Club, and Thain McDowell Chapter I. O. D. E.

The Grenfell Club continues to uphold its reputation for sending a valuable shipment to Harrington. The display, before packing, was held at the home of Mrs. T. W. Reynolds. Sheets and pillow covers were among the supplies this season, also a large assortment of children’s garments. Two large boxes of chocolate bars were among the donations. The Club sent its very best wishes and hoped the fishermen might have a good catch.

Thain McDowell Chapter, through Mrs. J. E. Truesdell, notifies me of the interest taken in this Mission by that group. In addition to sending a fine shipment of clothing, cash was sent to provide better surgical and dental equipment at Harrington Hospital.

Kingston, Ont., had a shower for the bale in St. George’s Hall, at which the Prince Charlie Chapter I. O. D. E., gave most generous donations. More people helped than previously and the interest is growing.

St. Catharines, Ont., continues its “labor of love” for Forteau Cottage Hospital, largely supervised by Mrs. Johnston Clench. The Grenfell Club has been active for many years and once more sent forward its valuable bales of hospital supplies, clothing, groceries and Christmas cheer.

Woodstock, Ont., carries on unfailingly from year to year, although some of those whom Dr. Grenfell inspired in the early days
CHRISTMAS PARCELS PROVIDED FOR HARRINGTON HOSPITAL, CANADIAN LABRADOR, THROUGH THE
GENEROSITY OF MISS ANNE SEMPLE, PURCHASED AND PARCELLED SO ATTRACTIVELY BY MR. W. H.
WIGGS' FIRM, THE MECHANICS' SUPPLY COMPANY OF QUEBEC CITY. MR. WIGGS IS A MEMBER
OF THE CANADIAN GRENFELL BOARD, AS WELL AS OF THE ANGLICAN BOARD WHICH PROVIDES FOR
ST. CLEMENTS' CHURCH MISSION ALONG THE NORTH SHORE OF THE GULF.

...one no longer take the active part they formerly did. The committee received an appreciative letter of thanks from Nurse Brown, at Harrington, for their shipment.

Weston, Ont., ably continues to carry on the work there, although Mrs. G. M. Lyons has been laid aside for some months by illness, and recently was widowed. Our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Lyons and her family at this time. Other willing hands have continued the work, notably Mrs. and Miss Briggs and Mrs. Joseph Nason. The supplies were evenly divided between Forteau and St. Anthony this past season, each getting a bale worth over $100. Nurse Ferris acknowledged from Forteau, and a note of thanks was also received from headquarters. Quilts, clothing, hospital supplies, and a shower of foodstuffs made up these shipments.

Georgetown, Ont., sent four bales, one of groceries and three of clothing, also the usual barrel of jam in September, which is so acceptable on the Coast. Interest still continues unabated.

Uxbridge, Ont., is wide awake and organized a paper collection in the town to raise money for Grenfell purposes. As a result $100 came forward toward the new hospital at St. Anthony, and many other generous gifts were made. The bales contained the usual quilts, clothing, etc., with fine gift-parcels for both protégés supported by this branch in recent years.

Lindsay, Ont., through Mrs. Thomas Stewart, sent four barrels of clothing and the largest cash contribution in the history of the Association, which is encouraging. The workers sent their best wishes and hoped a blessing would follow their gifts of cash and supplies.

Peterboro, Ont., Branch greatly misses the guiding hand of the late Mrs. James Woods, but still continues its work as usual. Last spring splendid bales went forward, containing mostly new garments and hospital supplies.

Quebec, Que. I was fortunate enough to be present at the annual meeting of this branch, when returning from New Brunswick last May. The Y. W. C. A., which is commodious and convenient, extended hospitality for the tea and shower, when the display was held. Each branch seems to have a specialty, and the baby layettes in Quebec were a dream. Done up separately, in sets, and each with a woolen baby jacket, hood and booties in some pretty color, I can well imagine how some mothers’ eyes will sparkle when they see the pretty things for the new arrival. The usual grocery shower from St. Andrew’s League Aid was in evidence. I would also like to mention the great kindness of Mr. W. H. Wiggs and Messrs. Whitehead and Turner in sending down many extras for the comfort of the Harrington staff and patients. Mrs. Turner, Sr., together with other ladies, has never forgotten the box of Christmas cheer for Harrington. These tokens of thoughtful generosity are greatly appreciated and enjoyed.

Cannington, Ont., sent a box containing many quilts and much warm clothing of a miscellaneous nature.

Forest Home, Ont., never fails and their quilts, sent each year in the bales, are wonderful, as well as much knitting and other gifts.

Halifax, N. S., sent a shipment of warm clothing through Mrs. W. L. Payzant.

To all Branch officers and their faithful committees I hereby extend the grateful thanks of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell and his associates. These bales represent the “good measure, heaped up, pressed down, shaken together and running over,” which is the indication of devotion. To any who have not notified this office of donations sent, I also wish to extend thanks. These gifts lighten the burden and responsibility of Dr. Grenfell
in many ways, and leave him free to devote his time and attention to the main issues connected with this Mission, which is now a big task with many outstanding features and departments of great value and strength.

ST. JOHN, N. B., BRANCH
Annual Report of St. John, N. B., Grenfell Branch, with Rothesay and Hampton as Auxiliary Units:

President .................. Mrs. W. A. Harrison
Vice-Presidents..........) Mrs. George Blizard
Secretary ................ Miss Frances H. Stetson
Treasurer ................. Mr. W. L. Caldow

The report read at the Annual Meeting on Nov. 20, 1925, showed the society in a healthy and growing condition.

Receipts.
St. John .................. $566.73
Rothesay ................. 122.00
Hampton ................. 12.00

Total ................... $700.73

From many splendid details given by the secretary, Miss F. H. Stetson, in a comprehensive and encouraging report, the following is taken:

Since our last annual meeting we have accomplished a good deal and I feel sure that the interest in Dr. Grenfell's work is more widespread than it was a year ago. A request sent to all the missionary societies of various churches asking for at least two extra garments to be made for the Labrador bale resulted in splendid help, greatly increasing the value of the shipment. Also, during the Lenten season, a number of ladies met at the secretary's home every week to sew, and as a result of their labors had fifty shirts to show for six weeks' work. To Mrs. James F. Robertson and to the firm of Manchester, Robertson & Allison, Ltd., special thanks are due in connection with the collection of garments and the packing and shipping of the bale.

The annual tea and sale of industrial products was held in the Stone Church Parish House, through the courtesy of Rev. A. L. Fleming. Miss Cleveland, industrial superintendent for the Mission, chanced to be passing through St. John about this time on her way out for a short holiday, and her presence and the message she brought of conditions and needs was very helpful. Miss Cleveland also found time to visit "Netherwood" Girls' School, at Rothesay, where she fired the students with fresh enthusiasm regarding Labrador.

Especial mention was made of the great need for a new hospital building at St. Anthony, and help was solicited toward the financing of the new structure now in the course of erection. St. John Branch has taken 40 brick cards and folders in the campaign for funds, so that splendid help should be forthcoming next spring.

Rothesay, N. B., through Miss Anne M. Puddington, reported the support of their Labrador orphan once more secured (one-half from "Netherwood" Girls' School), and eleven active members. Rothesay also helps with the preparation of garments for the bale, and with the sale of industrial products.

Hampton, N. B., was represented by Mrs. Fred V. Wedderburn, Secretary-treasurer, who said the new branch had six active members and several people at work sewing or knitting for the spring bale.

Such hearty support and cooperation through St. John, Rothesay and Hampton, is greatly appreciated by Dr. Grenfell and his associates, who feel their hands greatly strengthened by the knowledge of active interest from the home base.

ANNIE M. WARNE, Secretary.

NEW ENGLAND GRENFELL ASSOCIATION

THIRTY years ago this winter Dr. Grenfell made his first visit to Boston and the United States.

Pioneer work is always interesting—at least to the pioneer. Andover, Mass., and Cambridge were the only places which had the privilege of hearing the doctor speak as his visit was a brief one, en route to his home in England. The First Church (Congregational) Cambridge, near the Washington Elm, gave him a warm greeting and the boys of that church claimed him at once as honorary member of their unique organization known as the "Captains of Ten."

The name of Grenfell from that day has been an inspiration whenever and wherever it has been heard or spoken—always an adventurer for God and service to man.

We are very glad to welcome Dr. Charles S. Curtis (a Harvard Medical and surgeon in charge of the St. Anthony Hospital) on his recent arrival in the States, on furlough. Dr. Curtis went north in 1915, and the Mission has noted constantly his untiring efforts and efficiency as leader as well as surgeon in the St. Anthony settlement. He has kindly agreed to give us a little of his time while on furlough for lecturing about the general work of the Mission, as well as the plans for the new St. Anthony Hospital. Next to Dr.
Grenfell, no worker on the Coast could be more welcome to our New England field than Dr. Curtis, who will have a fine set of slides. He will be accompanied in many of the places by Miss Hester Parks, our new Field Secretary, who will try to increase the memberships in our New England Association, and thus enlarge our support for the children's homes, hospitals, and other sides of the work, including the new St. Anthony Hospital.

Miss Elizabeth Criswell, who is Director of the Child Welfare Department, has been helping us for six weeks in our plan to organize branches in the larger towns and cities of New England. December not being the most favorable month for doing this, and Miss Criswell's time with us being limited, we were able to visit only a few of the cities and plan the organization details, beginning with Portland. We expect Hartford, New Britain, New Haven and a number of other cities where Dr. Grenfell has been lecturing, to follow in line. The Industrial sales have also helped very much to create an interest as well as to support this particular line of the work.

Dr. Grenfell's recent broadcast over the radio, from Boston, was heard in Labrador.

The Doctor's visit has renewed the desire of many of his friends to secure his books, which can be purchased through this office. Many of them are autographed, and even have delightful little pen and ink sketches by the Doctor himself on the flyleaf.

We made our last shipment to the coast for this winter in late October. This shipment included two pure-bred Holstein cows, a gift from Dr. Allen of Vermont. The two cows spent the week previous to their shipment in the stock-yards in Cambridge, and while we were unable to visit them there during their brief stay in Boston, owing to pressure of office matters, we did hear their vociferous greeting over the phone, when arranging for their brief stay with the clerk in charge of the stockyards. We also had the privilege of purchasing cattle blankets, with special fastenings, and implements for use en route to the North, which details proved to be an education itself, since the New England office staff consists entirely of the weaker sex. It was a great relief to us to learn of their safe arrival at St. John's Newfoundland, and eventually at St. Anthony. They were accompanied on the boat which sailed from Boston to St. John's by Miss Evangeline Given, the latter with headquarters above deck, who was en route to the St. Anthony Orphanage, to assist there this winter. Miss Given reported to us that the cows were so aristocratic and felt so superior, being Grenfell Mission cows, that they refused to associate with the other livestock on board, and would not even drink from the same pail, demanding a special one for themselves. It was lucky we purchased one to send along with them!

When Dr. Grenfell heard of the gift of the two cows, he was delighted, but was at a loss to know how they could be fed at St. Anthony, having no cattle feed on hand. By an act of Providence, a ship was wrecked off the coast of St. Anthony soon afterwards, and 150 bushels of grain were safely rescued from the wreck, and given to the mission for these cows. The Doctor says that although he did not pray for any such disaster as a shipwreck, he did pray that food might be forthcoming for the cattle which had been given him. And so the tale of the two cows ends for the time being.

We were glad to assist a party of six workers leaving for the North in early December, including Miss Cleveland, the industrial director; Miss Hurtle, a nurse, and others. A week later we sent one worker, Miss Sally Davis, who is to be the principal of the Grenfell School at St. Anthony.

It had long been the desire of the New England volunteers to hold a reunion, and it was accomplished December 2 through the efforts of a good committee, of which Dr. John M. Little was chairman. An account of this meeting is given elsewhere. We hope that this will be an annual event, and that many more of the volunteers will be able to attend the next one.

Will not every contributor to this New England Grenfell Association secure at least one new subscriber this winter—and more if possible? We need your help.

Dec. 1925. E. E. White, Sec.

A BIRTHDAY THOUGHT

LAST Christmas the Beginner's Class in St. John's Memorial Chapel at Cambridge sent as a Christmas card to Dr. Grenfell a list of the members of the class, and after the name of each little boy and girl was a gold star, which stood for a brick in the new hospital at St. Anthony.

Dr. Grenfell's birthday comes on February 28. Why not a whole sheaf of "birthday cards" from the little folks' classes everywhere?
NEW ENGLAND GRENFELL REUNION

It was a great satisfaction to inaugurate our annual New England Grenfell reunion so successfully. A get-together banquet was staged at the University Club, Boston, on December 2, and 82 were present with all the enthusiasm of recent and former times. Many regrets were received from friends unable to attend. We hope Rhode Island and Connecticut will be represented next year, and then our New England district will be complete.

But there were doctors, nurses, teachers, and wops aplenty, all paying tribute to Dr. and Mrs. Grenfell—our guests of honor. Dr. John M. Little, president of our New England Association, was master of ceremonies, and kept the ball rolling in a lively manner. He introduced the speakers, and fortunately for them, didn’t have to “ring off” a single one.

Mr. Francis B. Sayre, representing our Board of Directors, spoke eloquently of Dr. Grenfell and the work of the Mission. Dr. Curtis brought us the latest word from the North—“the longest speech he ever made.” Mr. Whitman, the new Executive Officer, said “How do you do,” and a little more. Miss Cleveland and Miss Criswell put in a word for their special hobbies—the Industrial and Child Welfare Departments, respectively. Dr. E. F. Sullivan gave a plea for dentistry, and Douglas Krumbhaar told of the proposed Grenfell activities at Harvard. A warm tribute of appreciation was paid to Miss Emma E. White, who has been with the Mission from its beginning, thirty years ago.

And then the coast was clear for Dr. Grenfell. He had his slides with him, which were of particular interest to some of the Ancient Mariners (?) who could see great changes all along the line. He was delightfully reminiscent, as usual, and brought forth many a laugh, even at the expense of some present. We hope that next time he won’t have to dash for a train, because everyone was quite prepared to talk over old times until the crack o’ dawn.

Hester Parks,
Sec’y. of the New England Grenfell Alumni.

THE AGRICULTURE FAIR AT FLOWER’S COVE

This story is written by Miss Ruth Heidger, who substituted for Miss Mahoney while on her furlough. Miss Heidger organized the Fair and did all the work even though she was on the Straits but two weeks before the Fair came off.—Editor.

If the weather man had been lying in wait to give us bad weather, he certainly could not have succeeded better than he did, for we had the worst day possible after a week of perfect sunny days. Until Saturday of that week, the sky had been the blue that only a Newfoundland sky can somehow manage to be, and the Straits had been as smooth as glass. In fact, it augured so well that Miss Sloan, the teacher at Eddy’s Cove, walked the whole eighteen miles on Friday to be with me in Flower’s Cove over the wondrous performance.

The Fair was to be held outdoors on Saturday, if a good day. All the entries were to be in before 12 o’clock, as the judging was to begin at 1 o’clock. If it were rainy, which seemed not at all likely, the Fair was to be in Angus Genge’s new store building. It was most kind of him to let us use it, and I really don’t know what we should have done if we had not had that shelter. When I awoke, expecting a beautiful day, the rain was coming down in bucketfuls! The wind was blowing a gale, and the day was as cold and gloomy-looking as I have ever seen.

Miss Sloan was very comforting, but I felt she had as little hope as I of there being any visitors to the fair. Nevertheless, after a pretty silent breakfast, we pulled ourselves together and began on the decorating problem, for the new store was just an open building and did not look very festive. I had discovered about fourteen flags, most of them with the picture of Queen Victoria on but they were gay British colors. I found a huge American flag and an International Grenfell Association flag. The smaller flags we arranged around the sides of the building but the American, the British and the I. G. A. were put in the center of the wall so they would strike the eye of a person when entering. Pictures cut from Dennison paper were pinned to the wall, and some pasteboard birds, found in the clothing store, were strung on black thread and hung in flying formation. Then the Victrola with the jazziest tunes we could find was installed and we were ready for the celebration to begin. And still the rain came down “a-teeming.”

I was nearly in tears, but the place did look festive and the tables were ready. We had a vegetable table; a bread and butter table; a preserved berry table; a chicken pen; and
the cows and calves were to be exhibited in Angus Genge's pound. No exhibitions had come in; only one man and about six children had come in, but Miss Sloan—and I don't know what I should have done without her cheery presence—said not to be discouraged as all clocks were different and the nursing station time was one hour faster.

So I took heart, and sure enough within an half an hour the people began to come, each with an exhibit of vegetables, or preserves, or a cow, or a calf, and having started coming they never stopped. In fact, they came so fast and with so many things, we had to call in volunteers to help tag and arrange the products. It was Flower's Cove's first fair, you see.

The judges were the Rev. Mr. Richards; Mr. Jannes, the Church of England teacher; Mr. Walsh, the Catholic teacher; and Mr. Combden, the Methodist teacher and lay reader. They began on their task of judging, and I was certainly glad I did not have their job. They started with the bread and butter table, then proceeded to the vegetables, the chickens, the cows and the calves. They worked with much dispatch. After judging everything inside, the judges put on oilskins and waded out to the pound to judge the live stock, only to find that one big black cow had pushed the fence down and all the cattle had started on their way home. The owners had to go after them and bring them back. Angus Genge took the prize for the best cow, and was so proud of it!

While the judging was going on, we held the races in the pouring rain—boys' and girls' running races, three-legged races and sack races; only the motor boat and dory races had to be called off because of the storm. The dripping winners of the races repaired to the shed to get their prizes. In fact all crowded in to hear the results and to see the distribution of prizes. There seemed to be not a bit of dissatisfaction in the judging nor in the bestowal of awards. Everyone appeared satisfied.

The motor boat race was to have been the grand climax but as that had to be given up, I announced a men's running race with a Big Ben alarm clock for first prize and a dandy woolen scarf for second. There was great commotion and twenty men ran from the store path to Aunt Eliza Whalen's and back. Ule Diamond took first prize and George Spence the second.

The Fair ended at five o'clock and was pronounced a success by all who attended. I was surprised to find that over 200 people had crowded into the little store building. When Miss Sloan and I reached the nursing station, we sat down before the fire to dry ourselves and had decided to have a supper of tea and toast and to go right to bed, but some of the Harbor boys and girls came in. Before we knew it, nearly 100 people were either in or waiting to come into the waiting room. I was so surprised and tired I did not know what to do, but then I said: "Well, I know nothing about any dance, but since you are here, you might move out the furniture and go to it!" They certainly turned to with a will, and the old "adhesive-patched" accordion was soon wheezing out its jolly Newfoundland tunes. Such a good time as they all had, and when the party broke up at twelve o'clock the rain had ceased, and the moon was shining.

THE FUNERAL OF MISS DALZELL.

The friends of Miss Jean Dalzell, the nurse who died at her post at St. Anthony Hospital, Oct. 16, 1925, will wish to know the details of the funeral. The body arrived in St. John's, Newfoundland, from St. Anthony, at 8 a.m., on October 30. The funeral was held that afternoon at 2.45 at St. John's (Stone) Church. Her sister, Mrs. Clarence Newton, of Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, N. B., had been in St. John's for two weeks awaiting the body.

As their parents died when Miss Dalzell was very young, Mrs. Newton had been both mother and sister to her; consequently the death was a sad blow to her.

In a letter to Dr. Grenfell Mrs. Newton says: "But there is the comforting side as well; it had always been her desire to do some real work for those who could not help themselves, and I feel, though she was spared but a short time to carry on the work she so loved, her labors have not been in vain. May you and your splendid staff be long spared to go on in the glorious work."

Miss Dalzell is the first nurse to die in the service of the Mission. Would it not be fitting to make one of the wards in the new hospital a memorial to her to be known as the Dalzell Ward?—Editor.

To produce beautiful works, the sole condition necessary is that which the great Goethe indicated: "Fill your mind and heart, however large, with the ideas and sentiments of your age, and the work will follow."—Taine.
MORE LEAVES FROM DR. GRENFELL'S DIARY

[We left Dr. Grenfell's diary last time where he was rejoicing over the happiness and comfort of the children in the new Orphanage. We take it up again with his note on the passing of one of the older men—the

O

NE of our oldest friends here had died in the winter. Comparatively a well off man, he had, however, made up his mind that it was time he passed on to other worlds, so he had made his coffin, his will, and set his house in order, provided for his wife and children, and then lay down and died. I have the firmest belief in "Where there's a will there's a way." I remember losing a patient, who dared not go back to her home, with no other discoverable cause for death but no wish to live longer.

The people from Trap Cove and Matty's Cove have sent over to ask for a talk on "Around the World," having heard of the Sunday night gathering. We do need some better ways to break the monotony of life, when people are responding to the larger opportunities for education and beginning to have a mental hunger.

July 9. The gathering last night was a real pleasure. We had forgotten the time-honored method of welcoming a visitor, and when large sealing guns began to explode with a volume of flame and a crash like thunder, as we landed, I confess to a feeling of uneasiness, for I have had more than one accident to deal with because the enthusiasm of the owner had fed to "the little darling," as he called his gun, more than five fingers of coarse gunpowder. Flags flying and a full house make up for a lot of handicaps, and when we parted near midnight, and a large trap skiff was despatched to tow our little rowboat home, we realized that a good time and a happy memory are not dependent on mere dollars and cents.

"The mail steamer is stuck in the ice near Cape Harrison," was the wireless man's report yesterday, and it is July 9; a late year this. Fish are only just coming to the land, and the big salmon schools have not yet begun to go up our rivers. Some of the men have made quite fair catches. Others, as yet, have little or none, but the snapper fishermen are easily leading. "Early to bed and early to rise" are nowhere shown better to be the adjuncts of wisdom and wealth than they are here.

July 11. The new STRATHCONA steamed in last night. Captain Kirby and his brave crew had carried her safely across the Atlantic and "never had her tested to her full capacity of seaworthiness, by a long way." Now my fellow workers and passengers will feel we have a sound boat under our feet. Thanks to the underwriters, to Lady Strathcona, to Sir Otto Beit, and the other friends, she was handed over to us right here at the Mission wharf free of one cent of debt, and all ready for the season's work.

One excellent helper, Mr. Newman, a lieutenant engineer, with much experience both in war in active command, and in peace in an engineering business, is staying with us all summer to help us keep her up to the 100 A1 rating that she holds, and to teach all he can about her to our Newfoundland boys, who will soon be responsible for her engines. We can't thank Captain Kirby and his crew sufficiently. He is a real sailor, and reflects credit on the great service to which he certainly possesses the traditional valor and sea genius. Lieutenant Newman comes to us from Great Yarmouth and when his second engineer landed he at once recognized Mr. Blackburn as having "lived on the same road at home"—a small world after all.

Now that the little ship is cleaned up, I have been into her cabins. Some of them had to be filled with coal and stores of every kind, for the voyage. The first thing that entered my mind was a selfish one, "Comfort in cruising at last." For the first time in many years there is a comfortable bunk in a comfortable cabin. The old STRATHCONA was so leaky that for some years we have slept and taken our meals on deck or in the old wheelhouse, and she was so cold that when to save coal we let out fires at the week-ends, we had to wear overcoats in the cabin to keep warm. This boat was a yacht, evidently fitted originally regardless of cost, all of which, however, had to be sold at a complete sacrifice with the aftermath of the war. So now we can carry the heads of our departments when necessary—the industrial, the child welfare, the nurses—and really do efficient work in the time at our disposal.

July 12. The tannery here is working well. It has become a Limited Liability Company, for all of our people. It is giving higher prices

*St. Anthony's welcome to Dr. Grenfell, described by Miss Cleveland in the October magazine.
than any one else for oil and sealskins, is securing a big business, and in an outpost like ours is teaching the people to think bigger and giving much employment. The Eskimo ladies' bootmaker (brought from North Labrador), greeted me with much "Ilifianamek," with a long emphasis on the meeecik. Means "we are glad to see you again." So was I—very.

John Newell, trained at Pratt Institute, is the head of the tannery, and he is quite glad to get orders direct by post for sealskins for coats for ladies, for sealskin boots for campers, or for ornamental embroidered soft slippers with fur edge, if desired. Friends may write to him direct at St. Anthony, Newfoundland.

The connection with Pratt Institute has been invaluable to this coast. Through its training it has just made us independent of outside labor to a large extent. When we think of the hundreds, nay, thousands of efficient, trained and inspired lives it turns out every year, we just envy the Pratt family the real joys that wealth can afford when consecrated to God's service.

Mr. John Clouston, our old friend, has also begun a new industry in our village. He is buying herrings—what a blessing! We have so many, and had no market that made it pay to catch them, nor are we permitted to use them as manure on the land. Scotch canned herrings can be ordered from him. He is also putting up our fat cold water salmon, ten times as relishable as the warm water salmon of the Pacific. They come out of the tins like fresh fish. It will help our fishermen a lot. He also is putting up some excellent berries in cans. The dwarf cranberry that he has picked "just before it is ripe" makes a jam or jelly or spice for meat that we find less tart than the big swamp cranberry of New England, and yet with all the special taste and fragrance intensified. Over and over again we have been asked to get more tins of these two products—tinned salmon and tinned cranberries. We had nowhere to get them, but now we are to have the joy of seeing our berries used, our people given labor and new friends made for the people and country we all love so well. We hope many readers will write to Mr. John Clouston, St. Anthony, Nfld., for some tins to try out.

I do not think every one "interested in Missions" really and honestly thinks he is helping along the Gospel of Love in the outermost parts of the earth as much by buying a splendid case of food or some good wearing apparel by mail from a store giving labor to poor folk, as by offering a prayer to God that He will provide bread and garments for the children of the hungry and naked. But by giving orders thus, whether we believe it or not, we are helping to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, as we here know very well. We are thus preaching that gospel as He whom we try to follow would have us preach it.

There are many more good things to tell, but it is late, and there is just ten times as much to do, it seems, as there is time to do it. My diary has become my most arduous task and calls for more self-conquest than all the laws of the decalogue.

July 13. We had to break a child's leg today and reset it. It was an old knock-knee and beyond other cure in this part of the world. This evening the child is sleeping with his leg in plaster, "straight" for the first time. A little child ran up to me yesterday and took my hand.

"Who are you?" I asked.
"I'm Tony S——" "Where did you come from?"
"Flower's Cove. You brought me here."
"That's the little starved boy Miss Baier asked us to take two years ago," said the fisherman I was talking to. "He's the light of the wife's eyes."

I was watching him scamper about with no great recollection of the child, when again the man spoke, "Doctor Curtis had to break both his legs; he couldn't stand up."

The child came and showed me the fast vanishing scars of the old wounds. We aren't amazed. His "kingdom has come" in this way many times since the people in the temple were so puzzled as to how it all came about.

This morning I was watching a blind man weave. I must admit that I was a bit amazed. To see that well-clad and well fed man, and know he was the man whom with his family years ago we brought in on sledges, paralyzed with the hunger disease called beriberi, was amazing. As we watched him straighten out a muddle in the threads and knew we, with all our faculties unharmed, couldn't have done it—well, we smiled inside.

The boys have put up the first uprights of the new hospital, on the concrete walls of the foundation. As I passed along the road in the dark the white poles almost frightened me. There should be a flag on every one. They spell "one more step onward." I think of the eyes that will look at that building when it at last is finished, the hopes and tears as our poor fellow creatures sight it from the harbor, and drag their suffering bodies to its ever
open doors. I think of the joys and sorrows of those that will leave its doors, and of the channel of love and the message of the Gospel it will be for generations.

There's that old stone crusher going again! Its old bangety bang strikes right into my heart and soul. "All right—all right—all right—God's on His throne," it clangs.

July 21. We sailed in Strathcona II yesterday morning with myself as master, Mr. Newman as chief engineer, a crew of five men and with Roy as volunteer cabin boy—one of the hardest jobs on the ship, so far as work goes. He isn't finding it romantic so far, but he is certainly working. Mrs. Grenfell is in charge of all stores and linen and is acting as chief steward and purser. Miss Marie Donlan, volunteer stenographer and secretary is far from the least important member of the crew, now that wires and wireless and endless organization make many needs essential.

We have dismantled the Marconi room and turned it into a dispensary and examining room. It is very small, but it has so far functioned successfully, at the rate of 28 patients a day. Our decks are loaded with freight for the stations, with sacks of coal, reading matter, clothing, and our two boats. We have exchanged our heavy sea lifeboat for a light-going boat, which is easier to handle.

The past week has been very eventful with us, as we noticed how much the branches of work had grown. The teachers of the school, under the inspiration and with the backing of Miss Houghteling, have remade that department. I was myself startled to see the carpentry department, and especially the cooking school—that is going to be just invaluable.

The Child Welfare Work, under Miss Criswell, is a real strategic move for better days on this coast—and her generalship is only second to that of Miss Marion Moseley, whom all the Coast loved so well.

This cooking department of St. Anthony School is the most efficient landmark conceivable. The lack of knowledge of how to use the many kinds of foods that are obtainable locally, or at very cheap rates, has been a real handicap. The devil one doesn't know is the worst kind of a devil, and our isolation and the history of our settlements fully accounts for the lack of familiarity of our people with many of the most useful modern foodstuffs—so arise prejudice and convention against corn meal, brown flour, and most things except pork, molasses and "loaf," or white bread, with occasional fresh meat or fish. But ability to cook appetizingly is a bigger factor in the public health of a people than one might think.

THE NATIVE ENGINEER WHO RUNS THE CONCRETE MIXER

Miss Baier also has been making much progress with the Orphanage. Since I left she has placed so many of the children in good positions that I asked, somewhat hesitatingly, if she could take the batch of five children assembled by Miss Storr. She told me she could squeeze in eleven if seven were boys. Girls, as in China, are more often seeking protection, for boys can help and are sought often, not for ancestor worship as in China, but for fish hunting. Every one who visits St. Anthony agrees that the School, the Hospital, the Industrial are interesting, but the pièce de résistance is the Orphanage, and the batches of healthy, laughing, romping girls and the stalwart boys who are growing up there are a joyful realization of a dream that could make the most confirmed pessimist happy.

Every morning here about 3 a.m. the air is filled with songs of the robin, the fox sparrow and other sweet singers. When the hum and rustle of day begins their voices are drowned in the general clamor of the voices of children saved from suffering, redeemed for service, with healthy bodies instead of half-starved ones; with bodily machines that will serve their now developed minds, and I sincerely believe enlightened souls, well and truly. I pray that all the hundreds of friends
who helped with a brick in the building, with furniture in the rooms, with clothing and supplies from time to time, may be conscious of what their opportunity to make these "investments" is meaning to so many children and to all those whose generous and loving service is given in the drudgery end of the work.

If you have received as yet no direct dividends—do read this carefully, and think well over it. What better investment could you have made with that part of your talent? If you believe God gave you life, opportunity and responsibility, and you have had a share in so wonderfully successful an enterprise, I am certain you can understand the joyfulness of the men who walked to Emmaus with the Master and whose hearts throbbed within them as they were "on the way"—that seems to us to be really "the way." It certainly was His way, and no one will quarrel while they discuss it. Modernism and fundamentalism are forgotten when love in practice takes the field.

The new Episcopal clergyman for this parish, a section of at least 50 miles of coast, arrived last week. The whole village of St. Anthony united to welcome him on Sunday evening. The Methodist, or "Union Church" as they now love to call it, closed their Sunday service, and so did the Church of England, or "C. of E.'s," as they are called here. An overflowing audience gave the new arrival a real "glad hand" and all denominations were represented—Salvation Army and Roman Catholic showing equal interest that all who work for the Kingdom of God here in the North shall pull together—like the divided fingers of a good right hand. We all prayed it might be God's own.

Those who believe in prayer will want to remember this young man as he starts on his knightly venture. We had the joy of handing him the keys of the new parsonage—"the best house, on the best site of the harbor," he insisted. [Churchman of New York, please copy—for you were responsible for it. I am leaving the joy of sending you a picture of it and a word of thanks to its first occupant himself. Also we must thank the good people of the Church Colonial Society of London who have helped me to raise "a living wage."] A clergyman here needs a few pennies to use when he finds real want as he goes his rounds. He knows well how to put the mites into the Lord's treasuries without pauperizing, and without any danger of the man who carries the treasury into which it goes.

It really was a glorious night for us. We thought of all the creeds and sects to which we could furnish adherents, for once forgetting all differences and pulling together, and we felt England and America both were interested and had helped and given this "utterly unimportant enterprise" an international importance. It helped us to understand how God can be interested in us.

It has been very encouraging in the three harbors we have visited to see the real interest our friends, who "do their business in great waters," have shown in this new little ship. I often think, when poorer people see the materialization of money in arrangements for comfort, and even efficiency and safety that are beyond their reach, and which they can never hope to possess, that envy, not gratitude, is most likely to be aroused. I wonder if the positions were reversed and I had been deprived of "modern education" and had to toil so often and catch nothing, and if I had to feel the pinch of want and scarcity for those I loved best on earth, whether I could be big enough to rejoice with others, even if it did mean somewhat better service to myself. Jealousy is so much more common and easy than gratitude.

STRATHcona II is small—very small, but she is complete and beautiful, and so well fills the bill that the Directors appointed for her. They insisted that she should not be a cargo boat, as well as a Mission boat. I had hoped, as I went round, to be able to carry the freight from the central station at St. Anthony, where the schooner brings it to all the stations. The Directors willed otherwise. It makes me feel we must be getting old or selfish, and sometimes gives me an uneasy feeling, that Christ chose so much humbler a job in which to live His Gospel out—but—as the STRATHcona has no special fund for upkeep, she might encroach on the funds that could be better used for general purposes. But I believe Jesus would wear a dress suit or a suitable garment for a modern function, as He would a blue guernsey, duffle trousers and our modern rubber boots in the fishery. He was so human that He could be human today, and I do believe He would wear overalls in our engine room, a white apron in our galley, or a gold-laced hat on our bridge.

This beautiful boat is admirable for her work. She slips through the water quicker and with less fuel than the old STRATHcona, and her hull is shaped so that she responds much more quickly to her sails. The engineer came on deck yesterday, soon after we had got the canvas on her, and volunteered, "It is easing her engines twenty revolutions
to the minute." Today, just as we had threaded our way out of Cook's Harbor, through the intricate twists of the channel, the engines stopped suddenly, and the dial rang up "Stop" from the engine rooms. The heavy steel rod of the main cylinder valve had suddenly broken. If that had happened on a lea shore in a seaway, where we are not unfrequently traveling, it probably would have spelt loss of the ship and ourselves as well. We had just set sail, and the little boat responded beautifully. As we get to know her capacities we shall probably increase the sail area. We are lying now at anchor as I write, while the engineers are making repairs, with a four-fathom shoal and a small rocky island close alongside.

The expense of crossing the Atlantic has been more by far than I anticipated. The rating given with the boat was 100 At at Lloyds. But as she came out under Board of Trade register and was so very small, the regulations she had to comply with mounted very high in proportion. She ran into a gale of wind in the Channel, and Captain Kirby, volunteer officer in charge, had to run into Southampton for repairs that cost £242. Her insurance also across the ocean was ominously high.

Discussing matters with Doctor Curtis, I happened to say I was feeling discouraged, that after all our care she had indeed exceeded her quota. Later in the evening, one of the volunteer workers of several summers' experience met me on the road. He wished to help remove any such discouragement by helping me personally with a gift, which he refused to reconsider. "Coming out of the blue," as I verily believe, it just made me ashamed. Why do we remain so human? Do advancing years mitigate the ingratitude of it all?

Another incident today helped to keep me humble. A fine old white-haired fisherman was out in the ocean at anchor, fishing. We came along full speed and sail up. Suddenly the watch on the bow shouted, "Port," and in a moment we had run into the little boat. The helm was "ported" all right à l'anglaise—but that is "starboarding" à l'américaine. We certainly might easily have killed him; we did stave in some planks of his boat. Yet he never uttered one angry word—not a sound of a swearword. "I'm afraid I'll lose a couple of quintals of fish going in to repair," he said and waved us good-by. I don't think I could have done it, if I had been in his place. We arranged to give him the fish. For it so happened there was a great deal running at the time there, and one of my dearest friends had been up all night with his boys "putting it away," that is, splitting and salting it. He has "put away" 90 quintals yesterday and 100 today, and had given away ten quintals each to three other boats, and had a big "cod bag" full of captive finny prisoners awaiting their fate, tied to the head of the wharf.

Among patients seen today have been some real encouragements. Take for instance one of the fishermen in this "room." He hurried over our rail almost before our anchors were down, one hand in a sling. "I had rather see this ship coming in than a hundred dollars," he said. "I walked the road and the hill all last night with the pain running up my arm, and the swelling creeping above my wrist." It was a simple case of poisoned material held back by the horny skin that at this time of year is like the hide of a pachyderm on most of our hands. Relief was instantaneous, and accompanied by an inaudible sigh of relief instead of pain. "That's not the real trouble," he told me. "It is being useless just the very days when every ounce of work is needed." He will be working, even if still a little handicapped, in a couple of days, "because the Strathcona II happened along."

Another similar case, however, was open already, and had "gone very bad," and the man told us he was just being driven to a resource an old Indian woman had told him of, "to make a poultice of live maggots from fish, and let them eat away the dead flesh." Some of our native remedies are excellent—better than "Hoyle"—but some are beyond description.

My next patient was a cow. This invaluable possession of a family—and a poor one at that—had been infected in the udder by a fly bite, and for months the family had not dared to touch the milk. In the interim a calf had been born and it was drinking the milk, but the family held back for fear of poison. An examination showed the milk to be perfectly good, and tonight some little needy ones are getting that elixir vita, as a result.

Some of our chief troubles on this Coast are alimentary ones. The stomach is a machine. It has to be kept in order itself—to be repaired by good food or it will never "do its job rightly." Experience leads us to believe that as a machine it needs vitamins and fats, but especially varied diets. It gets "uninterested" when it is never supplied with anything but loaf, oleo, tea and molasses, even if pork and potatoes are added.

July 22. Dense fog in the Straits. But we made an excellent landfall at Red Bay. The Industrial Work has made great strides under the guidance of Miss Pike—a great individual
ity and thoroughly trained. The Governor’s wife, Lady Allardyce, has made great progress with her Industrial Work and has now a shop in St. John’s, and is also supplying some nurses like ours to isolated ports. We are delighted to have this commentary on our own efforts, begun in so small a way twenty odd years ago under the general leadership of Miss Jessie Luther of Providence, R. I. The Cooperative Store here is now 29 years old, and is still going strong. It has done much to support the people of this section of coast.

July 24. The little launch did good service yesterday. Caught in dense fog and unable to make a harbor, we sent her ahead with Lieut. Newman, and then picked our way in after him. In the fog, in answer to our siren, we heard a voice shouting back to us. There is no better proof that men are not born equal than experiences of the way they react to impulses in times of danger. Many boats were fishing somewhere in that fog bank, but only one man kept periodically shouting in answer to our horn. When in his shiny oilskins, he loomed into view, we knew him instantly as the most snapper fisherman around—a man who acts naturally and quickly to impulses of every kind.

This same day I shook the hand of a great big fisherman as he jumped out of his boat to greet me, “Glad to see you in the flesh," I began. “I didn’t expect you would," he replied. “I upset the dingy last week reaching for my trawl buoy, and found myself in the water—oilskins, boots and all. I thought it was ‘good-by,’ but by grabbing the sternpost I managed to straddle the keel, and though most under water, held on. I kept shouting, of course, but the men seemed not to notice. One man told me afterward he never thought it was any one in need of his help, but some one in high spirits. I drifted on and on across the grounds and in a few minutes would have been sweeping down the Straits, when a boy (F.B.) heard my voice and tried to find out where it came from. He thought he saw a man on an ice-pan, but he threw down his lines, came to me and saved my life.”

Nurse Stewart, one of the admirable nurses of the Child Welfare Department, joined us here for as far as Forteau. It was very foggy until we ran in close under the Forteau station. Doctor Eves and Doctor Pryor were operating when we went ashore, and four little bodies swathed in blankets lay in four little beds in the mission room, with a commandeered worker watching over each.

July 26. Once more we have found a harbor in thick fog—Bonne Esperance—where we met Doctor Cook and Sister Murray, of Harrington Hospital, in the beautiful Northern Messenger. Skipper George Whitley and his wife and family entertained the united assemblage, and we heard from our new colleague, Dr. Cook, much of his hopes for his long and difficult work.

Harrington needs the new life that only consecrated and continuous leadership can give it.

Last night (Sunday) we had service in a great big fish store, beautifully partitioned off for the purpose by the owner, Mr. Edward Grant, of Blane Sablon. The singing was a real joyful noise, and though my ears respond poorly to varying harmonies, even a stone-deaf human machine responds to something that does not depend on music, as we speak of it. But still it is a very real thing. It has an uplifting force that neither physical nor chemical energy can begin to afford, for it starts new divine energy circulating in that marvelous machine, the individual body. That is what we hope we are to have at Harrington. Results of it are recorded in a united and better school; better welfare and health efforts; better cooperation in productive and health efforts and distribution; better development of natural resources. Reindeer, berry industries, tanneries, saw mills, cooperative stores and a hundred other slow growing fruits hang from the boughs of the great tree in which the weaker find shelter and help but which grows always from the tiny mustard seed of one consecrated human heart.

Wisely was that seed called a mustard seed. It is capable of so much heat and energy.

Here we picked up the traveling lighthouse inspector and his boat, which we towed 20 miles across the bay with much pleasure—for we owe the Canadian Light Service people much. Mr. Prowse, of Charlottetown, Mr. Phillips, Captain Hearn, the genial skipper of the Montcalm—how many kind and helpful deeds they have done for us in the past, and how many words of comfort they have given to tired and lonely workers. No man will ever know how much they give on their annual visits. They have all our good will and gratitude.

We also picked up a wandering magnetic research scholar. Also, however, like the real botanist, who disdains to know the real name of the individual flowers, he could not help me to adjust my compass, which is much “out,” and so led me two miles wrong today in the fog.

July 30. To visit once again George and Mrs. Whitley at Bonne Esperance, where the first Labrador Mission began was an inspira-
tion. The permanence of the impress of the consecrated life of Mr. C. C. Carpenter, their first missionary, wipes off the slate any lingering doubt as to the unending value of love in a consecrated life, however humble its environment. Notwithstanding all the worries and anxieties of a large investment and a very mediocre prospect of return this year, the conversation was all the while on the great success last winter of the united school movement in St. John's, in which the skipper has played a most important rôle in raising the half million dollars required. The insidious handicaps of denomination—mismained religious schools—can, he said, easily be done away with by providing better ones. Therein lies the secret of Christ's Christianity. We were loathe to leave that lovely spot, made a home to all who come along, and carrying all that wonderful atmosphere to the wanderer that the word "home" involves. The engineer and I ended the day with our fishing rods. In two hours we caught more trout than we could carry. Many of the fish weighed between one and two pounds. Several times we caught two at a time. The moon was up before we even thought of time, and it was after midnight before we again reached the STRATHCONA.

July 31. The sea yesterday gave our little STRATHCONA a real dressing down and diving into one green comber she washed some of our carefully preserved empty cases over the rails. They floated away behind us, their pale color sending out a sort of S.O.S. call as they disappeared forever in the fog.

It was a great disappointment to find Parson Richards, beloved of all men, away from Flower's Cove on his mission, but we saw more of Miss Mahoney, nurse-in-charge of the beautiful little nursing unit here, which she has had such a large share in perfecting. Every one on the shore goes to Miss Mahoney. "She'll know," so the people tell me—whether it is the value of some obscure mineral discovery, or how best to cure or prevent or repair any one or anything.

Miss Mahoney knows the difference between current science and divine love materialized through common (which is divine) sense. "She never spares herself, Doctor—and sure she'll be blown away one of these days walking over these barrens," were comments on her energy. You can't always go in boats around this coast, and she has to cover nigh 100 miles of coast. It suddenly occurred to me, that in the old days when I used to walk this section of coast, I met Parson Richards driving along in an old packing case on wheels, drawn by four dogs.

Sitting in her snug little room that night, I ventured, "Can you ride, Miss Mahoney?" "I was brought up in a saddle, and I could ride my whole district till the snow comes, and would be able to do twice as much visiting."

"Well, why don't you?" I said. "I can't afford a horse." That night I was able to say that we would give $25 towards the low end of a horse to carry her (she weighs but little over a hundred pounds). The gleam in her eyes was the reason we raised our offer to $50 before leaving for the ship. We also agreed to put up a proper stable, "to keep its joints from freezing stiff in winter."

There must be readers of this who can picture the messenger of living skilled help galloping all alone over our barrens—spring, summer and fall—on some new errand of mercy. She is from the Johns Hopkins Hospital. They will never get her back, if this coast can prevent it. But we feel sure that some Baltimorean will want to help on the hind legs of the greatly desired increased "horse power" for this far-away little out-station, that so kindly reflects the light and love of her Master and theirs. A few extra dollars towards the stable wouldn't "gang aglay." The investment will bring high interest.

NOTES

We should like to call the attention of our readers to the cod liver oil prepared by Mr. W. A. Munn, who for many years was secretary of the Montreal Branch of the Grenfell Association. Mr. Munn is doing a wonderful work for our Newfoundland fishermen in improving the quality of the prepared cod liver oil, thereby enhancing its value and palatability. When properly made the oil is almost odorless and tasteless, with just a suggestion of a sweet nutty flavor. It absorbs oxygen very rapidly, however, if not carefully kept, and this turns it rancid and makes it irritating to the stomach. For this reason Mr. Munn always advises people to buy only small quantities of the oil at a time. always keeping the bottle tightly corked and in a cool place.

Among the distinguished visitors to St. Anthony last summer was General M. F. Davis, of the New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y. General Davis in speaking of his visit, says: "We could talk a week about these charmingly simple, close to nature, religious, honest folk. At St. Anthony, one of the milestones of life was passed,—a day with Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, and his brilliant wife, at their headquarters Mission. . . . Grenfell is one of the great characters of this day."
THE D EEP ·S EA F ISHERS

THE DAILY NEWS of St. John's, Newfoundland, in its issue of September 9, 1925, carried an article a column and a half long describing the plans for the new Grenfell hospital and the progress made in its construction to that date. The difficulties of the undertaking are thoroughly appreciated and the News is unstinting in its commendation of the way the unfamiliar problems of such construction have been tackled. It says:

"The efficiency of the workmen is emphasized by the fact that the operations are considerably ahead of schedule time, a remarkable fact when contrasted with the working conditions prevalent since the war years in all parts of the world; but even more so when it is remembered that every part of the structure is the handiwork of men, most of whom have been more accustomed to the fishing boat and the cod trap skiff than to the plane and saw. Except for the steel, cement, and some of the fixtures, which were brought from the United States, everything is being finished or made in Newfoundland. Mr. McNeil, the master-of-works, must be a man of exceptional ability, for not one of his men had hitherto been engaged in similar operations."

"The electrical work, plumbing, and steam heating has for its overseer another Labrador man, Wilfred Mesher, who, we believe, is one of the Mesher of Cartwright. He, too, was trained abroad, and is now engaged in this connection, with the Grenfell Mission. . . .

"We congratulate the Mission on their wisdom and enterprise in this direction; and also on their courage and well merited confidence. It takes both, in these days, when local labor is so frequently subordinated to labor imported. The costs are well within the estimate, and that, too, is a thing to wonder at. If, as there seems every likelihood there will be, the Hospital at St. Anthony is opened ahead of schedule, and at a cost within the estimate, not only will the Grenfell Association have achieved a record, but Messrs. McNeil and Mesher, and the fishermen builders, a genuine triumph."

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PLEASANT COMMODATION FOR THE HOSPITAL

The International Grenfell Association is the general governing body of the various Grenfell Missions. It is, however, a representative body governed by delegates from incorporated associations which have been formed in different parts of the world to support the Grenfell work. All moneys for the Grenfell work should be given to these latter institutions, and bequests of money or property should also be made to them. These incorporated institutions are as follows, the territory covered by them being indicated:

1. The Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, incorporated under the laws of Great Britain—covers British dominions other than Canada and Newfoundland.*
4. The Grenfell Association of Newfoundland, incorporated under the laws of Newfoundland—covers the colony of Newfoundland.
5. The Labrador Medical Mission, incorporated under the laws of the Province of Ontario—covers Canada.

The form of bequest should be as follows:

I give, devise and bequeath to [Insert name of one of the Associations enumerated above, as the donor may prefer. It is suggested that the selection should be made in accordance with the country or territory within which the donor resides.

---

* In case the gift is to the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, there should be added the following words: "to be applied to the work in Newfoundland and Labrador."
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Of this book Dr. Grenfell writes the Editor: "It has a distinct mission, viz: to make folks know that our bodies are just an assemblage of very delicate machines, mostly automatic, that we are entrusted with the care of them for so long as we can keep them working, and therefore every one ought to know all he can about them. . . . This is an attempt to make it not only interesting, but amusing, and even in an idle summer vacation to get some real information about machines that to our individual happiness mean nearly everything, and to our ability to serve the world, everything. . . . Scouts, Guides, but especially parents should get this knowledge."

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These books will be forwarded, postpaid, on receipt of price, by addressing Miss S. E. Demarest, The Grenfell Association of America, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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