

FOREWORD

BY WILFRED T. GRENFELL

HAVING selected for myself a rôle in life that compels me to pass most of my days along the coasts of Labrador, I have come to love the rugged fastnesses of my adopted country, and to lament the amount of almost Stygian darkness that hangs still over it and its resources. With regard to the future of this vast area, nearly half a million square miles, I am myself an optimist. True it is that the great tide of humanity flowing ever westward has for the most part passed it by, leaving it lone and frigid in its polar waters. But the hand of man has grappled with harder problems than this presents.

A scientific man has but recently transformed the useless flora of hitherto arid deserts into food for man and beast; at the bidding of an engineer water is now flowing over the sands of Southern California, and land of perhaps unrivalled fertility is the result. Man's hand has dammed the royal Nile, so long prodigal of her unfettered waters; and a vast, new kingdom is springing into being. A college man has given his skill to acclimatizing fruit and vegetables to Dakotan frosts, and we have a plum that withstands a temperature of forty degrees below zero Fahrenheit, and strawberries that will live in the open all winter even in that climate.