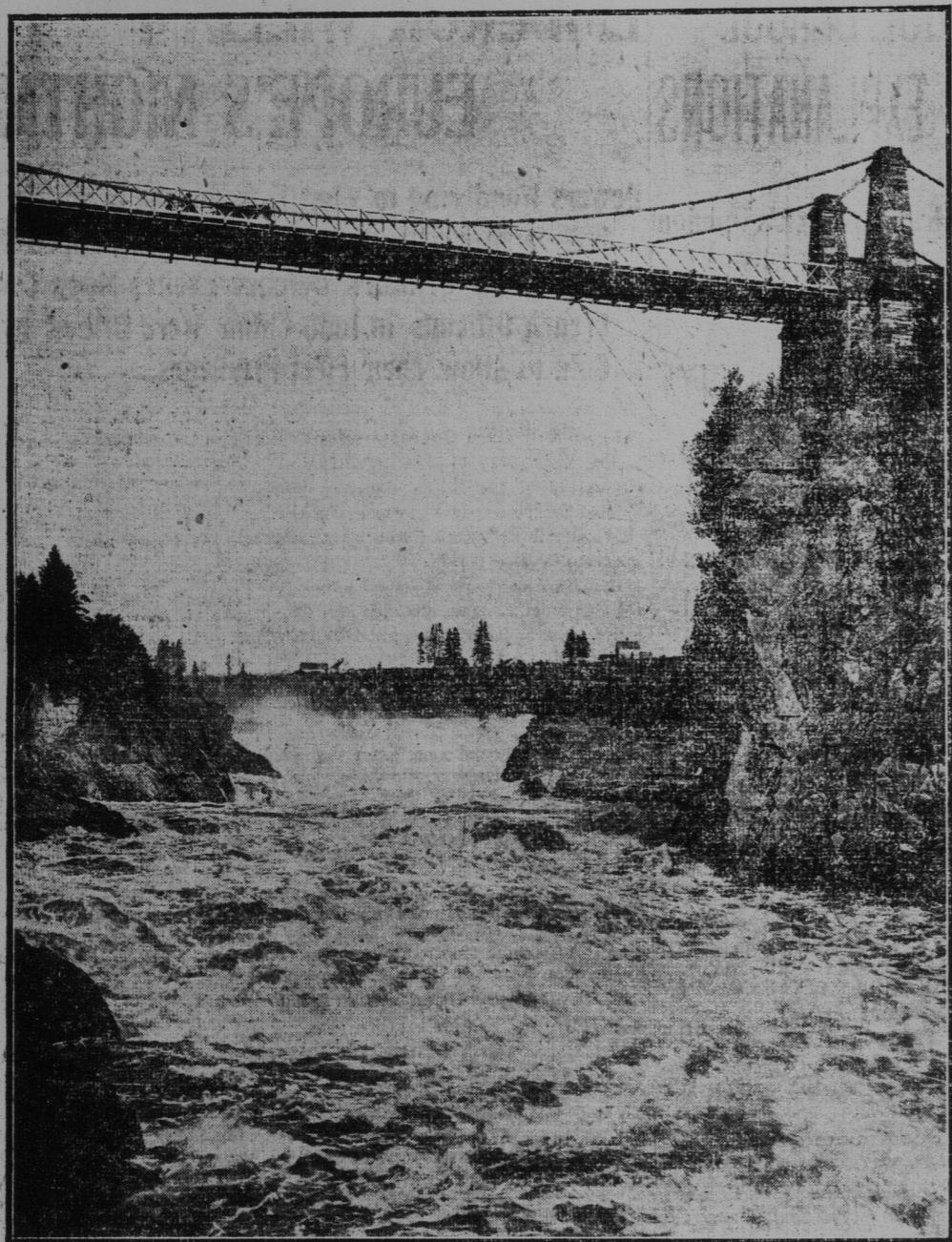


THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1905.

SCENES AT PICTURESQUE GRAND FALLS WHERE MILLIONS ARE TO BE SPENT TO ESTABLISH NEW INDUSTRIES



THE LOFTY BRIDGE WHICH SPANS THE ST. JOHN RIVER NEAR GRAND FALLS

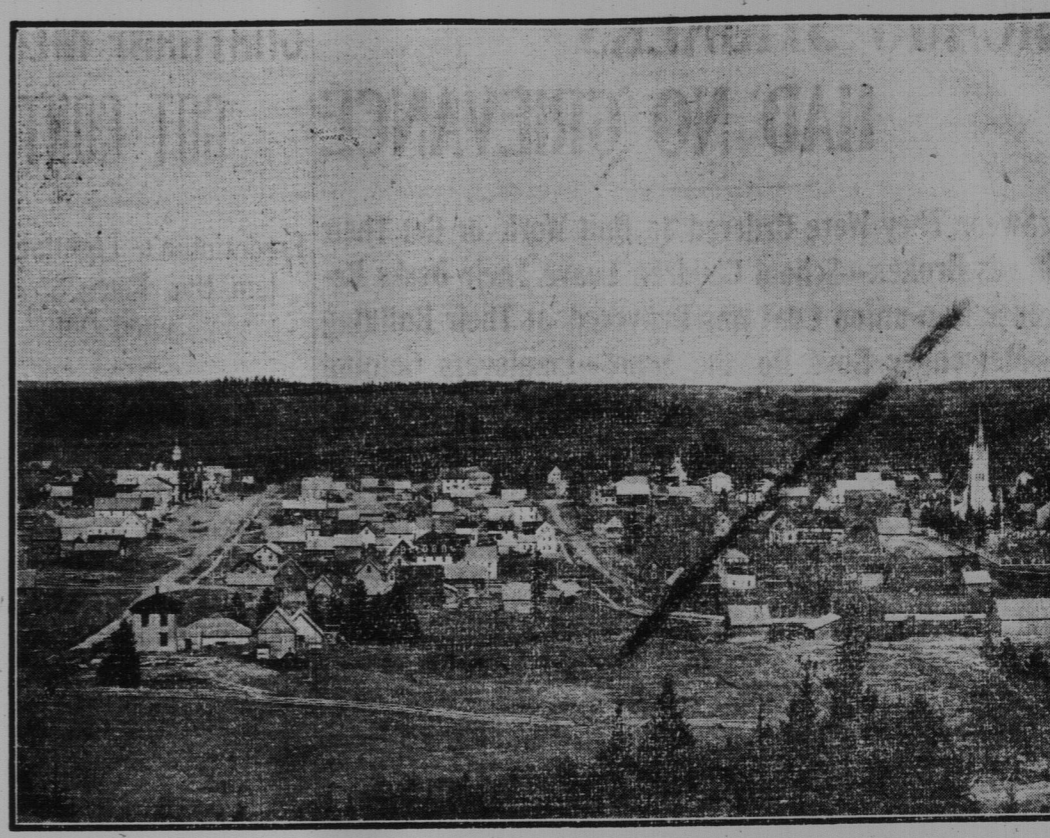
The pictures here shown are of a New Brunswick town and surroundings long noted because of the scenic attractions of the Grand Falls; but a new interest attaches to the place now. Men of money and men of shrewd business ability have come. They see that great things can be done by controlling the immense driving power which is in the tossing, tumbling, whirling waters as they plunge down the great drop. They mean to harness that power and with it operate pulp and paper mills, a plant for the reduction of the bog ores which are so extensive in parts of New Brunswick, electric power to be generated and sold for lighting and motive uses even as far down river as St. John city.

Here is a picture of the town of Grand Falls as it looks today. Where the photographer stood to get this picture is a hill whereon will be erected a large pulp mill. He saw and has here produced a scene of a compact pretty town but in the mind's eye of him who has studied the plans of the capitalists referred to there is another picture—that of a bustling, thriving city, which he believes is to follow the work which is now being thought out.

It has been calculated that the plans of Barton E. Kingman, of New York; F. E. Styles, of Providence (R. I.), and the others who are with them in the big industrial enterprises which are to have the Grand Falls power as their inducement, will spend \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000 in developing the power and establishing the works referred to. While all is not to be done in a day, Mr. Kingman on a recent visit to this city said that he expected a start would be made in a year and that the best proof of their faith in their plans and their intentions to carry out big undertakings is that the company have made a deposit of \$50,000 with the Brunswick government as an evidence of their bona fides in the matter. This deposit was required by the government as, before giving the privileges of the water falls, the executive wished to make clear that behind the proposition was a genuine intention to build up and operate large industrial works.

In addition to the spending of a large sum of money as indicated, the establishment and running of the works means employment to a great number of men and a pleasing point in this connection is that New Brunswick men are to have the preference—that is what Mr. Kingman told a reporter only a short time ago.

The second picture here shows a view of the falls taken from below. It gives the good idea of the great mass of water with the billows of mist rising as the river dashes down to hurry away in rapids below.



THE TOWN OF GRAND FALLS WHERE BIG INDUSTRIAL BOOM IS PROMISED

The third picture shows the high bridge over the river near the falls. The views will be of interest in connection with the plans, now being worked out, for a new Grand Falls, a busy industrial centre.

Railroad Building by Machinery.

Formerly if a railroad embankment was to be made, a small army of laborers would be sent to a gravel bank, and the material would be shoveled on cars and then shoveled off again at the point where the fill was to be made. Today huge steam shovels and a half-dozen men will load a train of cars in a few moments, and then scrapers operated by machinery,

controlled by one or two men, will scrape the material from the cars and dump it in piles along the sides of the track at the point where the new fill is to be made, in even less time than was consumed in loading it. Mechanical scrapers running along the sides of the track are dug and kept in proper condition by ditching machines, which not only remove the material but lead it on cars, ready to be hauled away.

Railroad bridges of moderate span are built and riveted up complete at the shops and are then unloaded from the cars by derrick cranes mounted on flat cars, which land the new bridge along the side of the track adjacent to its final location, or

often place it directly on its permanent and final position on the masonry abutments.

Another Version of the Kaiser's Remarks.

Berlin, May 12.—The Frankfurter Zeitung today gives the following version of the remarks made recently by Emperor William at Strassburg to officers after a review of troops:—
"As we hear it, the emperor the day before yesterday, said to the officers after a review that certain aspects of the Russo-Japanese war emphasized the necessity for sober, moral living among the officers and men. He pointed out also the significance of the race grouping in East Asia, which might become important for the German army."

"DR. LUKE OF LABRADOR," WHO IS TO PREACH HERE, IS THE SAINT OF THE FROZEN NORTH—THE MAN AND HIS WORK



A FISHING BOAT FROZEN IN WINTER

"Dr. Luke of Labrador," or rather the original of that famous character of Norman Duncan's book, will be in St. John on April 21, and will speak here. He is Dr. Wilfrid Grenfell, head of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, the headquarters of which are in London (Eng.).

In the realm of philanthropic achievement few men have accomplished more than Dr. Grenfell. The institution he superintends is inter-denominational and its objects are "to carry the tidings of God's love to those fishermen on both sides of the Atlantic and to mitigate and improve their condition, physically and mentally by all practicable means."

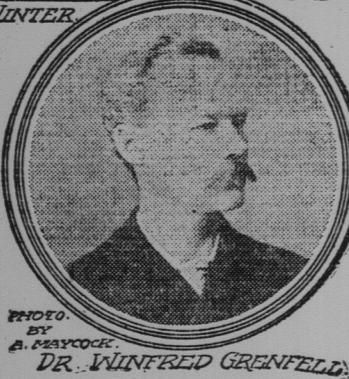
This great work is necessarily very costly, and Dr. Grenfell, who besides being a medical doctor, is a clergyman, sea captain and master of several trades, is conducting a lecture tour for the purpose of raising funds to carry it on. This courageous missionary has been working among the deep sea fishermen for twenty years, twelve of which have been spent on this side of the Atlantic.

About 2,000 miles of the Labrador coast and the northern reaches of Newfoundland are his parish. His parishioners are the thirty-odd thousand men, women and children engaged in the fishing industry off these coasts.

In all this wild coast district, there are but three hospitals—two of fifteen beds each in Labrador, and one of ten beds in Newfoundland. There is a hospital steamer called after Lord Strathcona has a crew of six men, in charge of the doctor-missionary, and she cruises from St. John's (Nfld.) to the Hudson bay straits in the summer months, visiting the hospitals and the various fishing fleets. The Strathcona is a veritable ship of mercy and

After the dragging months, which crawl and creep, to see her prow again, is like the experience of sleep after long stress of pain.

As auxiliary launches complete the outfit of the mission. The annual approximately \$20,000. The government of Newfoundland gives \$1,500 a year, and balance has to be met by voluntary subscriptions. Everybody can help



DR. WILFRID GRENFELL

Dr. Grenfell in his noble and heroic work by subscribing whatever they are able to the fund. Fifty dollars will support one cot for a year.

Dr. Grenfell is a robust, jolly fellow, thoroughly interested in life. He loves the adventurous side of his career, he makes light of the deprivation and hardship and danger of it; he is not by any means of the sentimental, weak-kneed missionary type. He is indefatigable, devoted, kind; and he is in the best and most efficient way heroic. He does not know that he is heroic; he hasn't time

to pause and reflect upon the dramatic quality of the situations into which his work frequently leads him.

The Work of a Hero.

Within thirteen years he has established three hospitals on barren coasts, and has initiated various enterprises by which the people may be helped to help themselves. He is not only a physician, he is more a physician than a preacher, to be sure, but he is as much an industrial organizer as a physician. The writer visited his hospital and sailed with him for a brief space; and the work of this mission is not only needed beyond belief, but it is being done by a thoroughly capable man, actuated by the finest motives of which the human heart is capable. The man and the mission are worthy of sympathetic interest—worthy of hearty support of every sort. Support is needed, as a matter of course; money is needed, that the good work may be continued, and extended to the remote parts of the coast. He knows beyond all question that every dollar—every penny, even—contributed to this will not only be carefully administered, but without fail and almost immediately, to the sore spot. Only God and Grenfell really know what blessing half a dollar will work on this wretched coast!

By the courtesy of his publishers of this magazine the writer is permitted to say that his contributions may be sent to Messrs. Brown Bros. & Co., Wall street, New York.—Norman Duncan, in McClure's Magazine.

An interview with Dr. Grenfell was given to a Toronto newspaper man recently. The following particulars are the stories of the hero of Norman Duncan's stories:

The doctor came out with a quick, nervous tread; a stocky, dark-suited man, slight mustache—before anything else could be noted, he had the reporter's hand in a bear's grip and had shot down in a chair.

By this time the prosiding genius of Labrador could be noted more accurately—a broad, fresh face, eyes—blue not discernible, but so keen they were probably as blue as the sea they photograph habitually. A strong, close-knit man, not an ounce of him out of commission; muscles like iron and nerves like electric wires, coming to alter his schooner Strathcona among the icebergs, daring with his keel on the rocks; preacher, doctor, ship's captain and pilot, saw mill operator, educator, judge, and jury, and community builder. He is the stout-hearted father of a wild people that go down to the sea in a weed and cast out their nets and the fog and the storms. What wonder that Dr. Grenfell is a perfect gentleman—when, with such a life, he is so manly-sided a man?

"What do you wish to know?" he said in a light, musical voice with a clear English accent. His keen eyes looked hard at the visitor.

"As much about the man Dr. Grenfell as possible, and work that make such a man for your most admiring, Doctor, that men of your stamp are not common. Confess, first of all, that you are the original of Dr. Luke."

"He smiled as he clasped his left knee. 'Well, I know Duncan extremely well. He spent three weeks with me in Labrador. I have tried to make him say that Dr. Luke is not me—but as most of the

stories are about my work, I'm afraid I must plead guilty. That book helped our mission wonderfully. I have great faith in literature—not merely the dollar."

Something About Labrador.

The doctor described the life of Labrador. "The Eskimos are the oldest families in the land. Poor beggars, with all their blood they've got to come down to complete the country on the earth, except, perhaps, the seals are scarce and the walrus all but extinct. God is the coin of the realm. But as to life in Labrador, why, bless me! it's a hundred times ahead of Iceland. I've been around Iceland, and all over it—not a stick of timber and nothing to burn but sod-peat; the most desolate country on God's earth, except, perhaps, North Norway. Yet these Norsemen are good people."

"We have a grant of 125 square miles at Englee from the Newfoundland government," he said. "The saw-mill built our houses, our store, our wharf and our two freight ships. Our main vessel is the Co-operator. Her plan is to establish a plank by a line that could neither read nor write. We want a bigger one now—say 125 tons."

The Strathcona runs six months every year. I am her captain. We carry patients from the fisheries to the hospital and distribute literature. Our people are learning to read. We have now a circulating library, no longer with colored newspapers, which I threw off in bundles at the fishing stations a few years ago. The interest taken in these was so remarkable that I wrote to Mr. Carnegie asking for a gift. I got it. We shall spend it in books."

Sickness in Labrador.

"Have you much sickness among your people?"

"Considerable. Our three hospitals are kept pretty busy. I'm taking two Boston surgeons with me this summer. Blood-poisoning is our chief trouble. There are always accidents, of course, and a large number of our people have consumption, caused by contagion from shack life."

"No appendicitis, I suppose?"

"No, nor any nervous prostration," he said, with a smile. "Our people are not imaginative. It's a good thing they're not. They don't pine for inland civilization. Do I? Well, I don't give myself time. There's too much practical work. Every day I regret that I never had a good technical education. There's water-power going to waste by tons right back of our village. If I knew how to rig a turbine and dynamo do you think I'd be running the saw mill by steam? We've had to make everything ourselves in that country. For much the same reason that we got out like this and have the glorious privilege of going to a big hospital."

"Still we are always contented. Our greatest need is money to carry on the work. Our people are teaching as far as possible to help themselves. They are hard-working folk who will not beg. The men have fine physiques. They are simple-

mannered people. Seldom do they quarrel. When they do or there is any dispute I am usually the judge and the jury. If the man who is in the wrong doesn't admit it or make reparation, I tell him I'll put the law to him down at St. John's and if that doesn't bring him to reason I'll probably give him a taste of Labrador justice."

There was nothing delicate about this wholesome, practical philosophy and not the shadow of a brag. The big-headed sailor-doctor got up to receive another caller. Almost as abruptly as a pile-driver he took leave of the reporter with another tremendous handshake—the strange figure whose big-headed, level-headed virility is too modest even to be picturesque. Every once in a while little Britain in her plenitude of civilization throws out a man with the aboriginal instinct of Stevenson, a Rhodes, a Strathcona. "Dr. Luke of Labrador" is another of these distinguished exits. He made money—money for the far-out fisheries of Labrador, the toilers of the sea.

DEATH IN BATTLE

(Boston Globe.)
In most foreign wars the percentage of killed has been small compared with the amount of ammunition used. In the "Battle of the Nations" in 1813 it is related that 12,000,000 cartridges were used on the side of the Allies, together with 170,000 gun charges, and that these killed or wounded

48,000 on the French side. That, however, would mean that only one shot out of each 230 struck a human target.

The progress made in surgery is responsible chiefly for the saving of much life upon battlefields. Wonderful strides have been made in the surgical treatment of gunshot wounds since the days of Vigo, the celebrated Italian surgeon, when it was the custom to cauterize a wound and then pour boiling oil into it. Ambrose Pare, a French surgeon, began to stop the almost brutal treatment of wounded men, and in those times there has been a great reduction in mortality from bullet fractures by not amputating so much as formerly. Many wounds are now treated antiseptically and many precious lives are thereby saved.

The surgical experience acquired as late as our civil war, where the former percentage was from eighty-three or eighty-seven of fatalities from wounds in the face, modern surgical treatment has reduced it to about eighteen per cent.

The soldier is provided with many chances for escape from death through surgical, hospital, sanitary and other arrangements, but the equally gallant sailor has not so many advantages. It was Admiral Farragut's idea that sailors had a better chance for their lives on wooden vessels than upon iron ones. His theory has not been tested sufficiently. When-

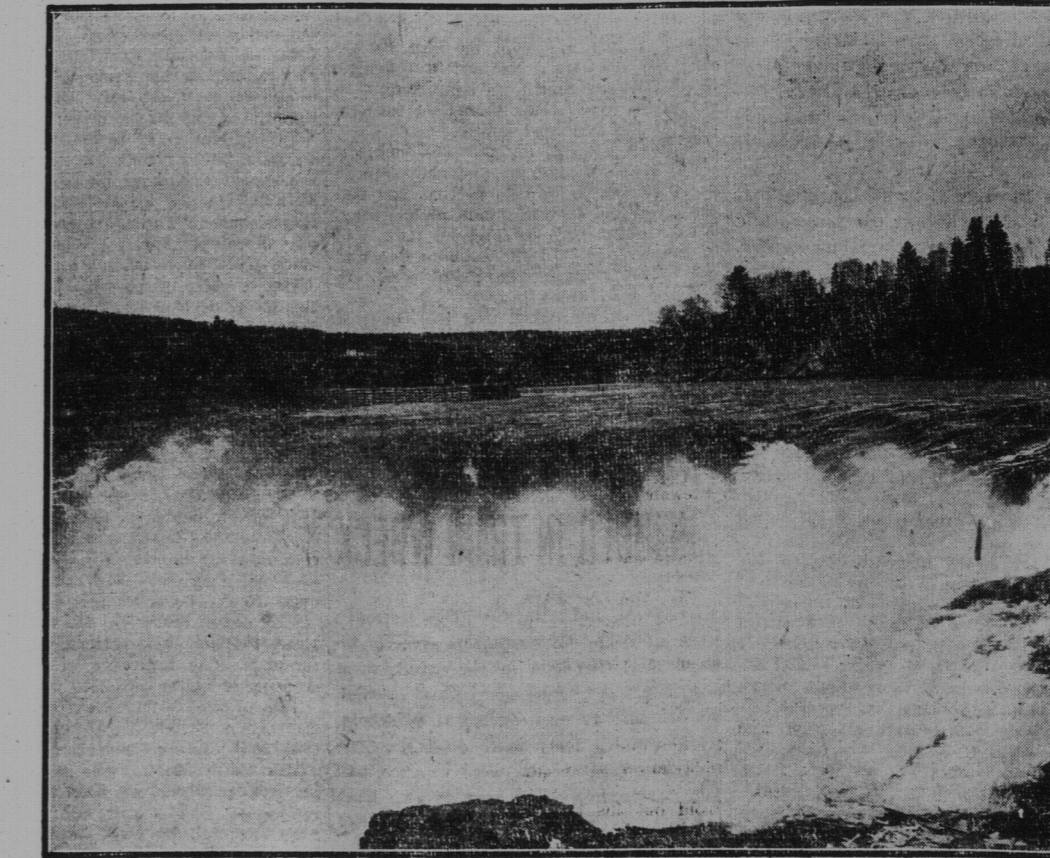
ever a large number of modern sea-going warships have a decisive battle, we shall know more fully what a sailor's chances are in battle.

War, however, on land or sea, should be abolished for the good of the whole world.

Police Loquacity.

Loquacity is said to be a characteristic and a prerogative of womankind. The following conversation between a policeman and a street car inspector is typical of thousands of others which take place every day, and goes to show that the sex which prides itself on its consciousness is not averse to talk for talk's sake:

Policeman—"Hello, Mike."
Inspector—"Hello, Tom."
"How are you?"
"Fair; how are you?"
"Good. How do you feel?"
"All right. How are you?"
"Tip-top. How's your health?"
"Good. How's yours?"
"Fine. What's the good word?"
"Oh, so so. How do you find yourself?"
"All to the good. How's the missus?"
"All right. How about your wife?"
"Oh, she's middlin'. How's your wife's health?"
"Good. How've you been?"
"Oh, I can't complain. Fine day, ain't it?"
"Great. Well, glad to 've seen yer. So long."
"Same here. So long."—Brooklyn Eagle.



THE GRAND FALLS, N. B., BILLOWS OF MIST FORMED BY THE GREAT CATARACT