

Kansas finds it worth while to make a yearly trip to New York to study just the teeth of skeletons received since his last visit in only one museum in that city. This knowledge he uses to advance methods of dentistry, to save not only the teeth of his own patients, but also those of any one going to dentists who derive benefit from his publications. A surgeon visited the same museum and many others solely to measure and study the three large pelvic bones of the female skeletons. This opportunity he expected would result in the saving of many lives. What he learned might be used by many other surgeons who would read of his discoveries. From these facts it is evident that all human bones should be saved during archaeological excavations—not

merely entire skeletons or only whole bones, but even a stray tooth, a bone of the pelvis, or the broken end of a bone perhaps exhibiting a diseased surface, an imbedded arrowpoint, or a fracture. The humblest bone or fragment may help to increase human knowledge, which in turn may relieve suffering or be useful to mankind in some other way.

It is very desirable that all finds of prehistoric human bones made in Canada be promptly and fully reported to the Museum of the Geological Survey, Ottawa, and the bones, instead of being neglected or reburied, be kept as found until they can be investigated by an officer of the Museum or, where this is impossible, that they be carefully labelled, packed and sent to the Museum.

NOTES ON MIDWINTER LIFE IN THE FAR NORTH.

By E. J. WHITTAKER.

During the summer of 1917, the writer spent some days at Hay River post, N. W. Territories. This post is pleasantly situated at the mouth of the river of the same name, which flows into Great Slave lake at its western end. While there, we enjoyed the bounteous hospitality of all. We were especially well treated by the English Church mission, the Rev. Mr. Browning, its pastor, and by M. Louis Roy, the trader of the Hudson Bay Company. While awaiting a steamer at the end of the season's work, our stay there was especially pleasant. Fish of all kinds were abundant, and so were potatoes and other garden truck from the mission garden. Such is the rapidity of growth in these northern latitudes where the sun was above the horizon for twenty hours out of the twenty-four, that potatoes planted only forty-five days before were quite large. The brilliant green meadows of the alluvial islands contrasted pleasantly with the sombre hues of the evergreen forest farther back, out of whose depths flowed the brown flashing waters of the Hay, which not so many hours before had flung themselves in a wild torrent over the Alexandria Falls, some fifty miles up the river. This summer aspect contrasts sharply with that of winter, as is indicated in the following paragraphs taken from letters describing the vicissitudes, as well as the pleasures, of life in midwinter in the same region.

In a letter from Mr. Roy, the company trader, the following appears: "We have been very short of goods this winter, and I have been obliged to haul from other posts, and my poor dogs have had no rest at all. I, myself, made three trips, one each to Buffalo lake, Resolution, and Providence. It was terribly cold on that trip to Providence, 65° below, and a head wind. We were unable to use

our knives and forks, as they would stick to our lips, and the first occasion we tried it we had a bad time. We would have to put our fingers close to the fire every little while to keep them from freezing. We certainly ate in a hurry then. In the middle of the night, we had to get up to put wood on the fire, as the cold was so intense that the warmest sleeping bag would not keep it out. We would hitch up and 'march' at four o'clock. We have had a terribly cold winter and lots of snow. The cold is so intense, and storms so frequent, that the Indians do not visit their traps very often, and there is scarcely any fur being caught. It is the poorest year for fur I have ever seen. They say that east of the Slave river the Indians are living in plenty as the caribou have come closer and in greater numbers this winter than for years past."

Mr. Browning, according to his letter has been enjoying at his mission a few of the luxuries of a more southerly clime, but has had his troubles too. In his letter, he says: "Lately we have been living quite high. The mission garden gave us a plentiful supply, and we are enjoying lots of beets, carrots, cabbages and onions—not too bad for this out-of-the-way spot. We are getting lots of fish, both trout and whitefish, but the former are very large and almost too fat. I have some parsley growing in the cellar, also some rhubarb. When we run short of provisions, parsley sauce is not bad with whitefish. We are all well now, though most of the workers were down with diphtheritic sore throat, and all had a period of quarantine. Fortunately, it did not get to the village.

"I had the pleasure (?) of a trip with dogs to Chipewāyan and back. I do not mind going behind the dogs as a rule, but to get up one morning,