

IN CONSTANT DANGER

DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL IN
BLEAK WASTES OF LABRADOR.

Travels 4,000 Miles a Year For the
Sake of Charity—Has Spent Fif-
teen Years Among People of Far
North—Carries Physical and Spir-
itual Comfort to Inhabitants of
Land of Snow.

"I was asked to name the most
I man on the North American
continent, the man who nearest ap-
proaches the heroic ideal, I think I
name Dr. Grenfell," said Lord
Dunsborough the other day in discus-
sion of the builders of modern Canada.
Dr. Grenfell is the Fa-
ther of Labrador—a man uni-
versally known as the man of the hour,
a plain-spoken, weather-beaten, de-
precatory physician, who for fifteen years
has annually steamed and sledged
three or four thousand miles from
Cape John, of Newfoundland, around
Cape Norman into the Straits of Belle
Isle and from Ungava Bay and Cape
Chidley, of the Labrador, southward
to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and
who in consequence was recently made
a Commander of St. Michael and St.
George by King Edward.

As Norman Duncan tersely pictures
this most sinister circuit that man
of missionary ever rode, it is studied
with reefs, drift ice and sea, and over
all the fog-thick, widespread, per-
sistent, impetuous in coming, myster-
ious in movement, compounding the
flash and thunder of dangers both
open and hidden. It blinds men who
enter it as they grope along in their
skiffs and schooners, as does this
medical man, where positive
knowledge only violates the peril.

Violent winds are treacherous en-
ough on the ordinary sea coast, but
they are as toy revolvers barking
against rock-bound Labrador.

In his cockleshell steamer, the
Strathcona, this physician darts here
and there, visiting those of his thirty
thousand parishioners who need medi-



DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

cal or surgical attention—all summer
long, during the great fishing season
on and off the Dogger Banks, respond-
ing to calls, gathering patients for the
various hospitals and literally bear-
ing his life in his hands.

Often in cases of emergency opera-
tions are performed aboard the
Strathcona, while she rolls and
plunges in the rough seas. She is
never still a moment while the waters
are open, but in November, when
navigation closes and winter clutches
sea and shore in an iron grip, the
Strathcona goes into dock, while the
ill and starving are sought out by dog
team and komatik; or else, as at pre-
sent, Dr. Grenfell visits the cities of
civilization in quest of assistance in
prosecuting the work. Thirty thousand
human beings dependent upon one doctor
and three assistants—such is the
story in a phrase.

"Now," said the famous mission-
ary, "people, particularly in comfort-
able, well-housed communities, often
ask me why on earth I am burying
myself alive in Labrador. It is not
often worth while to answer them
in words, for they might not be able
to realize the salty savor of life among
hardy fisherfolk. For instance, I spent
a recent afternoon in Wall Street
studying the 'highways' of finance—
she trusts and so on.

"Seriously speaking, we have cap-
italists courageous and genuine cap-
itains of industry in legions upon the La-
brador, but no trust—except in God.
Nor have we any unions or any arti-
ficial social distinctions. Every one
is a worker with the simple imple-
ments provided by nature, and we
are all absolutely free and equal.

"And so when anybody asks me why
we choose to remain in such a for-
bidding region the conviction is borne
in upon me that it is better to be
one's own master, even in dire pov-
erty, than to be the slave of a rich
man and reap a richer wage in
money. In other words, there are
many of the four thousand permanent
inhabitants of Labrador, the Liveyres,
as we call them, who are born in
debt, live in debt, and die in debt.
On the other hand, they can build
and own their own houses, they can
get rid of the firewood needful, and they
have no rents to bother them. They
have long periods when they are en-
tirely their own masters, when they
can do just as they like, and they
have much more time to enjoy exist-
ence than have any save the rich."

"And there are no class distinc-
tions?"
Dr. Grenfell smiled. "None worth
mentioning, except in sporadic cases."
He checked, and continued: "There
is a tradition in Labrador that a cer-
tain woman once boasted of her high
connections in England, as women
must and do occasionally the earth
over. But when she was closely ques-
tioned about a certain high and
mighty relative she replied in non-
chalant fashion that he was some sort of
representative of foreign govern-
ments."

Again the keen but kindly face

wrinkled, but was soon ironed of its
creases as Dr. Grenfell vouchsafed a
bit of his history. He had gone from
London to Labrador, he said, fifteen
years ago, after graduating from Ox-
ford, setting sail from Yarmouth in a
ninety-ton fishing schooner. Since
then, according to record, in the face
of privations, peril and prejudice, he
has, with a genial smile but indomit-
able purpose, attended thousands of
patients free of charge, preached the
Word, clothed the naked, fed the
starving, sheltered the homeless,
championed the oppressed—evil, pov-
erty and disease single-handed.

"It's been jolly good fun," said he
simply.

His original inspiration in taking
up this work was a sermon he heard
the evangelist, Dwight L. Moody,
preach in London. Years afterward
the two men met and Grenfell thank-
ed Moody for the sermon. "And what
have you been doing since?" queried
Mr. Moody. "What have you been do-
ing since?"

Perhaps the best answer to this
question is incorporated in the follow-
ing specimen letters of appeal received
by the Labrador doctor:

"Doctor please I want to see you.
Doeher sir have you got a leg if you
have Will you please send him Down
Praps he may fit and you will oblige."

Reverence dr. Grandfoll: Dear sir
we are expecting you hup and we
would like for you to come so quick
as you can for my water is very sick
with a large sore under his left ham
please come as quick as you can to
save life."

Or this concluding summons, which
reached the physician in remote St.
Anthony just before he started for the
States:

"Dear doctor and friend—She is dy-
ing. Please to hurry."

All of which merely indicates what
the sailor doctor has been doing since
merely indicates, for among other
benefactions directly traceable to his
neighbor and counsellor of Santa
Claus is a mission founded at St. An-
thony, near the extreme northeast
coast of the Newfoundland coast. An-
other one, well equipped and commo-
dious, is at Battle Harbor, a rocky
island off the Labrador coast, near
the Straits of Belle Isle. A third one
is at Indian Harbor, half way up
the gray, ragged coast, which is open
through the fishing season between
early spring and November; and, finally,
the stanch little hospital steamer
Strathcona, which Dr. Grenfell
lives and travels four thousand
miles annually, with such disregard
of danger, in the guise of scouring
gales, raging seas and the eternal
menace of icebergs, as to have earned
him the nom de guerre of benign mad-
man among the fisher folk.

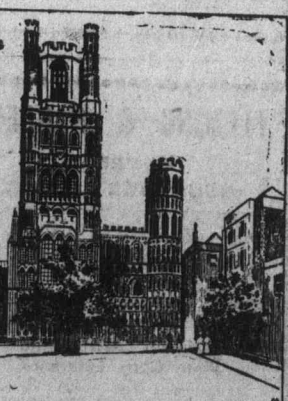
No charge is made for medical or
surgical attention throughout the
whole length of Labrador, if the pa-
tient is unable to pay. However, the
practice of his profession is only one
item in the account between the doctor
and his thirty thousand dependents,
so to say. No physician of record
has such a clientele, and probably
none has ever had.

"As a rule," he said, "it costs
about \$30,000 a year to keep up the
work, a part of which is defrayed by
our new co-operative stores, which are
a great improvement over the old
trading system. Formerly the country
was necessarily idle and non-produc-
tive for fully five months in the year.
But we are now opening up mills,
though a doctor is supposed to know
more about pills than mills, and a
few other industries by which the
people can employ themselves through-
out the long winters.

"This year—this winter—is going
to be a particularly hard one for us,
because of the wholesale disasters
that have visited the great fishing
fleets. Twenty-one vessels have been
lost off the Labrador and Newfound-
land coasts this season, and that
means added privations for hundreds
of families. Why so many disasters?
For two reasons mainly—the unusual
severity of the weather and the fact
that there are only two lights on the
entire coast line of a thousand miles
or more. However, we now have three
wireless telegraph stations on the
Labrador coast, and there will come
a time, I hope, when every fishing
fleet will have a flagship equipped
with wireless apparatus. That alone
will save hundreds of lives every year.

"Then," pursued the doctor earnest-
ly, "I am doing my best to stock
the country with reindeer. They pro-
vide very rapidly, and twenty herds
would triple themselves in an exten-
sive short time. The result will insure
a great portion of the liveyres against
dire hunger, if not starvation, in the
remoter regions. Alaska, you know,
has been saved by an appropriation
of \$10,000 from the United States Gov-
ernment for this purpose."

An Ancient British Sanctuary.
Ely cathedral has recently celebra-
ted the eight hundredth anniversary
of its dedication. The picture shows
the west front of the stately edifice.



ELY CATHEDRAL.

It is cruciform in design, 537 feet in
length by 179 feet across the great
transverse. It is Gothic of almost
every style from early Norman to per-
pendicular. The great church has been
restored perfectly since 1845.

Weak Women

To weak and ailing women, there is at least one
way to help. But with that way, two treatments
must be combined. One is local, one is constitu-
tional, but both are important, both essential.
Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the Local.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional.
The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a topical
mucous membrane suppository remedy, while the
latter—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—is wholly an internal treat-
ment. The Restorative reaches throughout the
entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve,
all tissue, and all blood ailments.

The "Night Cure," as its name implies, does its
work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed
mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and
discharges, while the Restorative, causes nervous
excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition,
builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed
strength, vigor, and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's
Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic
to the system. For positive local help, use as well
the "Night Cure."

Dr. Shoop's
Night Cure

H. GUNN & CO.

The Pulling Power of Horses.

We think almost every farmer will
confess that he knows of no rule of
judging how much a horse should
pull on a load to be within his
strength and endurance. No wise or
humane man wants to over work his
team. In ploughing, in particular,
and in other kinds of steady pulling,
it would be well to know if there is
any well ascertained rule whereby we
can measure the problem.

The Illinois Agricultural College has
made some very interesting and val-
uable investigations on this point by
experiments in ploughing. The sum-
mary of conclusions is, that the number
of pounds a horse should pull on a
load, as measured by a dynamometer,
should not exceed one-eighth of the
weight of the horse. The advantage
of weight in a horse for heavy pull-
ing is thus readily seen. The matter
of weight operates with a horse just
as it does with a locomotive. It en-
ables both to stick to their foothold
or point of traction, and thus exert
their pulling power to greater advan-
tage. The English as well as Euro-
pean farmers in general have always
advocated the use of horses of heavy
weight in farm work. The light thrown
on the subject by the Illinois Experi-
ment Station would seem to point to
the same conclusion.

GROWING OLD
WHILE YET YOUNG

What a number of women there are
who feel that these words exactly
suit their case.

There are thousands of females all over
our land, broken down in health and
dragging out a miserable existence, over-
burdened with disease peculiar to their sex,
apparently growing old while yet young.

From early morn till late at night they
have been on the go year after year, attend-
ing to the household duties. Is it any
wonder then that sooner or later there
comes a general collapse? Palpitation of
the heart, nervous prostration, smothering
and sinking spells, weakness, dizziness,
sleeplessness and many other troubles fol-
low. What a woman wants is something to
build up the system and for this purpose
you cannot equal

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE
PILLS

Mrs. W. J. Russell, Vasey, Ont., writes:
"As one time I suffered greatly from my
heart and nerves, and the shortness of
breath was so bad I could scarcely do my
housework. A friend of mine advised me
to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills,
which I did and I only took them for a
short time before I was better."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve
Pills is 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for
\$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on
receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co.,
Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Canada's Growing Population.

Statistics can be eloquent, and a
wonderful story is told by the Cana-
dian immigration returns for the fiscal
year ending June 30, 1906.

The total immigration for the 12
months was 189,064, as against 146,266
in the previous year, an increase of
42,798, or 30 per cent. The summariz-
ed returns are as follows:

	1905.	1906.	Inc.
British	64,359	86,796	1,437
Cont'l	37,364	44,472	7,108
U. S.	43,543	57,798	14,255
Total im.	145,266	189,064	42,798

The British immigration is subdivi-
ded as follows:

	1905.	1906.	Inc.
English	48,847	65,136	16,289
Welsh	770	797	27
Scottish	11,744	15,246	3,502
Irish	3,998	5,018	1,020

The proportion of men to women
among the newcomers is three to
one. The marvelous growth of immi-
gration in the past decade is illus-
trated in these figures:

	1896.	1906.
1896	16,835	
1897	21,716	
1898	31,900	
1899	44,543	
1900	23,895	
1901	49,149	
1902	57,379	
1903	128,364	
1904	150,330	
1905	146,266	
1906	189,064	

At this rate Canada will get over a
million immigrants in the next five
years, in addition to the natural in-
crease of the population.

MONEY IN CANARIES

More profitable than poultry. Experience unnecessary. We
give advice free. Our new book, "Money in Canaries,"
tells all about it. With book, we send free, if you send this
coupon, a new packet of bird seed. Also, "How to Kill Birds"
and "Bird Magazine." Send us: (to-day's stamps or coin.)
Refundable. Send you bird from us. Birds shipped anywhere
any time. Write us before buying. Address: COTTAM BIRD SEED
39 Bathurst Street, London, Ont.

THE MAN'S IDEAL HOUSE

IN IT BEAUTY AND UTILITY AND
HONESTY SHOULD BE ONE.

How Perfect Utility Becomes Good to
Look Upon Through the Quality
of Being Able to Do the Work De-
signed by the Maker of Any Thing
—How Dishonest Construction and
Fraudulent Gauds Act On a Man.

My first idea about a house is that
it should be built to live in. Through-
out the house, in all the building of
it, this should be the paramount idea.
It must be granted that this idea is
lost sight of by countless persons
who build houses for every purpose
under the sun except living in them.
Perhaps it is because of the practical
utility and have come to believe that
utility and beauty should be one, and
that there is no utility that need not
be beautiful. What finer beauty than
strength—whether it be a steel or
massive masonry or a delicate wom-
an's hand? A plain black leather
strap is beautiful. It is all strength
and all utility, and it is beautiful. It
efficiently performs work in the
world, and it is good to look upon.
Perhaps it is because it is useful that
it is beautiful. I do not know. I some-
times wonder.

A boat on the sea is beautiful. Yet
it is not built for beauty. Every grace-
ful line of it is a utility, is designed
to perform work. It is created for
the express purpose of dividing the
water in front of it, of gliding over
the water beneath it, of leaving the
water behind it—and all with the
least possible wastage of stress and
friction. It is not created for the pur-
pose of filling the eye with beauty.
It is created for the purpose of mov-
ing through the sea and over the sea
with the smallest resistance and the
greatest stability; yet, somehow, it
does fill the eye with its beauty. And
in so far as a boat fails in its pur-
pose, by that much does it diminish
in beauty.

I am still a long way from the
house I have in my mind some day
to build, yet I have arrived some-
where. I have discovered to my own
satisfaction at any rate, that beauty
and utility should be one. In apply-
ing this general idea to the building
of a house, it may be stated in
another and better way, namely, con-
struction and decoration must be one.
This idea is more important than the
building of the house, for without the
idea the house so built is certain to
be an insult to intelligence and
beauty.

I bought a house in a hurry in the
city of Oakland some time ago. I do
not live in it. I sleep in it half a do-
zen times a year. I do not love the
house. I am hurt every time I look
at it. No drunken rowdy nor political
enemy can insult me so deeply as
that house does. Let me tell you why.
It is an ordinary two-story frame
house. After it was built, the crim-
inal that constructed it nailed on at
the corners, perpendicularly, some 2-
inch fluted planks. These planks rise
the height of the house, and to a
drunken man have the appearance of
fluted columns. To complete the il-
lusion in the eyes of the drunken
man, the planks are topped with
wooden Ionic capitals nailed on, and
in, I may say, as relief.

When I analyse the irritation these
fluted planks cause in me I find the
reason in the fact that the first idea
for building a house has been violat-
ed. These decorative planks are no
part of the construction. They have
no use, no way to perform, but they
are plastered gauds that tell lies that
body believes. A column is made for
the purpose of supporting weight; this
is its use. A column when it is a
utility is beautiful. The fluted wood-
en columns nailed on outside my
house are not utilities. They are not
beautiful. They are nightmares. They
not only support no weight, but they
themselves are a weight that drag
upon the supports of the house. Some
day when I get time one of two
things will surely happen. Either I
shall go forth and murder the man
who perpetrated the atrocity or else
I shall take an axe and chop off the
lying fluted planks.

A thing must be true or it is not
beautiful, any more than a painted;
wanton is beautiful, any more than a
sky-scraper is beautiful that is in-
trinsically and structurally light and
that has a false massiveness of pillars,
plastered on outside. The true sky-
scraper is beautiful—and this is the
reluctant admission of a man who dis-
likes humanity fostering cities. The
true sky-scraper is beautiful, and it
is beautiful in so far as it is true. In
its construction it is light and airy;
therefore in its appearance it must
be light and airy. It dare not, if it
what it is not. And it should not bulki-
on the city-scape like Leviathan. It
should rise and soar, light and airy
and fairy-like.

Man is an ethical animal—or, at
least he is more ethical than any
other animal. Wherefore he has cer-
tain yearnings for honesty. And in
no way can these yearnings be more
thoroughly satisfied than by the hon-
esty of the house in which he lives,
and passes the greater part of his
life.

They that dwell in San Francisco
were dishonest. They lied and cheat-
ed in their business life (like the
dwellers in all cities), and because
they lied and cheated in their busi-
ness life they lied and cheated in the
buildings they erected. Upon the tops
of the simple, severe walls of their
buildings they plastered huge pro-
tecting cornices. These cornices were
made believe to be part of the con-
struction, and they were lies. They
earth wrinkled its back for twenty-
eight seconds, and the lying cornices
crashed down, as all lies are doomed
to crash down. In this particular in-
stance the lies crashed down upon
the heads of the people fleeing from
their reeling habitations, and many
were killed. They paid the penalty of
dishonesty.

Not alone should the construction
of a house be truthful and honest, but

the material must be honest. They
that lived in San Francisco were dis-
honest in the material they used.
They sold one quality of material and
delivered another quality of material.
They always delivered an inferior
quality. There is not one case record-
ed in the business history of San
Francisco where a contractor or
builder delivered a quality superior
to the one sold. A seven-million-dollar
City Hall became thirty cents in 28
seconds. Because the mortar was not
honest a thousand walls crashed down
and scores of lives were snuffed out.
There is something, after all, in the
contention of a few religionists that
the San Francisco earthquake was a
punishment for sin. It was a punish-
ment for sin; but it was not sin
against God. The people of San Fran-
cisco sinned against themselves.

An honest house tells the truth
about itself. There is a house here
in Glen Ellen. It stands on a corner.
It is built of beautiful red stone. Yet
it is not beautiful. On three sides the
stone is joined and pointed. The
fourth side is the rear. It faces the
backyard. The stone is not pointed;
it is all a smudge of dirty mortar,
with here and there bricks worked
in when the stone gave out. The
house is not what it seems. It is a
lie. All three of the walls spend their
time lying about the fourth wall.
They keep shouting out that the
fourth wall is as beautiful as they. If
I lived long in that house I should
not be responsible for my morals.
The house is like a man in purple and
"one then, who has not had a bath
in a month. If I lived long in that
house I should become a dandy and
cut out bathing—for the same reason.
I suppose, that an African is black
and that an Eskimo eats whale-blub-
ber; I shall not build a house like
that house.

Last year I started to build a barn.
A man who was a liar undertook to
do the stone work and concrete work
for me. He could not tell the truth
to my face; he could not tell the truth
in his work. I was building for pos-
terity. The concrete foundations were
4 feet wide and sunk 3-1/2 feet into
the earth. The stone walls were 2
feet thick and 9 feet high. Upon them
were to rest the great beams that
were to carry all the weight of hay
and the forty tons of the roof. The
man who was a liar made beautiful
stone walls. I used to stand along-
side of them and love them. I car-
essed their massive strength with my
hands. I thought about them in bed
before I went to sleep. And they were
lies.

Came the earthquake. Fortunately,
the rest of the building of the barn
had been postponed. The beautiful
stone walls cracked in all directions.
I started to repair, and discovered the
whole enormous lie. The walls were
shells. On each face were beautiful,
massive stones—on edge. The inside
was hollow. This hollow in some
places was filled with clay and loose
gravel. In other places it was filled
with air and emptiness, with here and
there a piece of kindling wood or dry
goods box to aid in the making of
the shell. The walls were lies. They
were beautiful, but they were not
useful. Construction and decoration
had been divorced. The walls were
all decoration. They had not any con-
struction in them. "As God lies, so
man lies." I let that lying man live,
but . . . I have built new walls from
the foundation up.

And now to my own house, beauti-
ful, which I shall build some seven
or ten years from now. I have a few
general ideas about it. It must be
honest in construction, material, and
appearance. If any feature of it, de-
spite my efforts, shall tell lies, I shall
remove that feature. Utility and
beauty must be indissolubly wedded.
Construction and decoration must be
one. If the particular details keep
true to these general ideas, all will
be well.—Jack London, in The Queen.

Biggest Parcel Postoffice.

The biggest parcel postoffice in the
world is at Mount Pleasant, London,
and at Christmas time 3,000 vanloads
of parcels per day are driven in and
out of its yard. The extent of this
Christmas rush is best realized when
it is remembered that the number
of vans entering and leaving the yard
daily at ordinary times is only 600.
The parcel post handles about 75-
000,000 parcels, throughout the King-
dom, in a year, and of these about
33,000,000 pass through the office at
Mount Pleasant, and in them are
packed 100,000 parcels per day.

Under the main hall of the build-
ing is a basement measuring 300 feet,
that 200 feet, and 16 feet in height.
This vast room is packed from floor to
ceiling with reserve baskets—25,000 of
them! And these reserves are mobil-
ized at Yule tide and see life in a
whirl of excitement which makes up
for their 360 days of banishment.
To fill these baskets one requires
about 500,000 parcels, weighing some
1,500 tons, and every one is filled ten
times over—this in addition to the
baskets in regular use—during the
Christmas rush.

History as She is Wrote.

Agnes Deans Cameron thinks with
an old master of Harrow that the
schoolmaster should not allow his
boys to wear him out before his time,
but should find in their quaint turns
of thought and unconscious humor
which should keep him always
young. She quotes some extracts
from history examination papers
which ought not to cause a teacher
to turn gray. Here are some of them:
"Henry VIII. was a frequent widow-
er, conceited, cunning, cruel and cor-
rupt. He burned the Pope's bull in
effigy, beheaded his best friend, made
himself Defender of the Faith by a
Latin law, and had inordinate ambi-
tion and an ulcer in his leg. Henry
sternly denied the validity of the
proud Pope of Rome, and at last worn
out by an internal discord died more
in sorrow than in anger."

"The conquest of Ireland was be-
gun in 1170, and is still going on."
"The United Empire Loyalists were
fought with future." "Isaac Walton
was such a good fisherman that he
was called 'the judicious Hooker.'"

Most Decidedly.
"Do you know that one man owns
all the hand organs in town?"
"That's a grinding monopoly."

If You Consider Food Value, You Will
Surely Use "Beaver Flour."

First of all, "Beaver Flour" is a BLENDED
flour. It is the heart of the finest wheat in the
world. It contains all the food
elements of two distinct soils—two different climates.
The muscle-building Gluten—the brain and bone
making Phosphates—the fattening Carbohydrates—
are all perfectly balanced in

Beaver Flour

None of the health and strength forming elements
have been extracted or injured by bleaching or
electricity. The grade of wheat used requires no
artificial treatment.

BEAVER FLOUR
supplies all the wheat
that is food, in its most
nutritious form. Bread,
Biscuits, etc., are val-
uable, nourishing foods
when baked
of BEAVER
FLOUR.

Tell your
Grocer you
must have
Beaver Flour.

Dealers, write us
for prices on Feeds,
Coarse Grains and
Cereals of all kinds.
T. H. Taylor Co.,
Limited, Chatham.



DISTRICT

NORTH ORFORD.

D. B. Brown sold two valuable horses
last week.

Miss S. Hetherington is recovering
from her recent illness.

Jack Secord is confined to the house
with an attack of la grippe.

A number of farmers are prepar-
ing to build barns in the spring.

Edwin Vickery, of Walkerville, is
renewing acquaintances in the vicini-
ty.

Mrs. Robertson and Miss N. Mc-
Knight, of Thorncliffe, were the

guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. Macpherson
on Sunday last.

A number of the young folks are
enjoying the good skating on the
River Thames this week.