

## Canada's Call.

Loud as the voice of her deep booming waters,

Clear as the lilt of her song birds in May,  
Canada calls to her sons and her daughters:  
Lift high your standard of manhood to-day.

Here in the dawn of a great nation's morning,

Rings the clear voice of our country's appeal,  
Calling for heroes whose self-interest scorning,  
Do what they know and dare what they feel.

Canada calls! Then let the response be  
One that shall honor our glorious land;  
Let us be all we would pray that our sons be,  
All that our hopes and traditions demand.

Not in the wealth of her prairies so peerless,  
Not in her output of silver and gold,  
But in a people, free, righteous and fearless,  
Lies her supremest of treasures untold.

Pure as the gold in the heart of her mountains,  
Strong as her torrents that leap to the sea,  
Straight as the pine tree and clear as her fountains,  
Honest and fearless, face-forward and free. —Selected.

## Our Day.

To all of us who are Canadian born, and to all of us who have made Canada our own country by choosing it for our home, Dominion Day is as specially our holiday, our fete-day, as our own personal birthday. The 300th birthday of Canada we are to celebrate at Quebec this year, and we will all rejoice to share in that wonderful celebration, but Dominion Day does not lose its meaning because of that. It is all the more important, all the more worthy to be remembered, for without Dominion Day we would hardly have been able to join hands in this greater celebration. We would still be only a lot of small provinces, each trying to get the best for itself and jealous of all the others, and wasting time and thought and wealth in the process. Now we have one great Dominion, and while each province keeps its own individuality, each is working for the good of the whole country, and as a result each is sharing in the prosperity and strength gained as surely as each easily snapped willow rod in the old fable shared the strength of the bundle which could not be broken.

That old story of the rods that were bound together is a good one to remember when our pride in our country leads us into stupid boastings.

There are some small boys and some older folk, who being Canadian born, think it great fun to taunt those who have come from across the sea and mock at the men and boys who speak broken English. They forget, like the child who taunted the little girl next door, for being only an adopted child, and they deserve very much the same kind of an answer, 'Your mother just had to take you, but my mother choosed me.' Do these new countrymen of ours love our country any less than we do because they chose it? Are they not likely to love and appreciate its beauty and wealth and freedom even more than we who, having always enjoyed its privileges, are so apt to forget them? Let us welcome them all, dropping the stupid nicknames and forgetting the silly taunts that irritate and bring out the worst side of a man's character. The hand stretched out in welcome will be gladly grasped, and every hand touched in friendly welcome will add one more to those who work together to make and keep our great country, not only beautiful and prosperous and powerful, but known to all the world for the fearless freedom and righteousness of her people.

'There is no land like our land' we say, and truly we may well be proud of a Dominion which is from 'Sea to sea and from the river unto the ends of the earth,' but let

us not forget him 'whose Dominion is an everlasting Dominion.'

'Beware that thou forget not the Lord, thy God, in not keeping his commandments, and his judgments, and his statutes . . . . Lest when thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses, and dwelt therein; and when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy gold and silver is multiplied, and all be lifted up and thou forget the Lord thy God . . . . and thou say in thy heart, my power and the might of my hand hath gotten this wealth. But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God; for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth . . . . And it shall be if thou do at all forget the Lord thy God . . . . ye shall surely perish.'

## Work in Labrador.

### SOME OF THE NEEDS OF THE LAND.

Some idea of the difficulties under which Dr. Grenfell's parish is at present laboring, may be gathered from a recent letter from him on the subject. It must be remembered, however, that Harrington, where the new launch will be stationed, is not under the Newfoundland Government, but in Quebec, on what is called the Canadian Labrador. It is on the telegraph line which Dr. Grenfell mentions in his letter as being carried by the Canadian Government partially along the Newfoundland coast, and is so in touch somewhat more with the outside world than are other parts of Labrador.

St. Anthony, April, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

This part of the colony is eagerly looking forward to the programmes of the respective parties in the coming election. Nothing has up-to-date so greatly set back the development of Labrador and North Newfoundland as lack of proper communication. For lack of it all kinds of hindrances to business occur every year, and unnecessary sufferings and deprivations overtake both our summer and winter residents. The five Marconi stations established two years ago are not yet in direct communication with Newfoundland, while in winter all the northern part of the colony is still entirely dependent on irregular mails carried by dogs. That this is not conducive to the expansion of local business or the settling by English speaking people is inevitable, and until the telegraph wire, that almost rudimentary appanage of civilization, finds its way along our coast, any improvement of condition of life and development is seriously handicapped.

A wire from Battle to Fortean along twenty-eight miles of our own coast, would be of great value, more especially if the Marconi stations were kept open during the winter months. This would put our entire East coast in touch with civilization, through the long wire the Canadians have been good enough to continue for our benefit so far down our Newfoundland coast. The taxes directly paid in Labrador itself are by no means inconsiderable. The new mills, the Hudson Bay Company and Revillon Frères, the world-wide fur-traders, are large contributors to this revenue. Add to this the money brought into the Government indirectly by the large population who spend so many months every year in Labrador and reap over a million dollars as their harvest of the sea there, and the total must very far exceed the amounts allocated for all purposes. Out of less than \$30,000 spent, \$20,000 are for summer mails by the small steamboat in the Straits, and that on the East Labrador coast \$2,000 is spent on collecting the revenue, this is paid to residents of Newfoundland. Our one Labrador Fish Warden gets \$7,000 a year, and the only river he guards is regularly netted under his nose. The balance of the expenditure inclusive of \$1,200 between three hospitals is spent on the care of the sick and a few minor services. \$2,000 is the annual grant for education in Labrador. Moreover, this latter being still entirely on denominational lines is thus rendered less effective than it might otherwise be. The best educated people on the coast are the Eskimo, and for that the Moravian missionaries are entirely responsible. I believe there is not a single adult Eskimo who cannot read and write, and who does not understand enough mathematics to

hold his own in a bargain, while many can play several musical instruments, and do part singing. Labrador is still unrepresented in the Legislature and no member of the Government is especially told off to care for its interest.

Our reindeer are doing well still. Two injured by dogs two weeks ago are now well. Two deer hauling logs on slides out of the country a fortnight ago, were attacked by a team of dogs that went in after firewood on their path. The men drove off the dogs with the heavy sticks used for keeping the logs on the slides. But one savage brute, though stunned, again attacked and nearly killed one stag before it could be beaten off a second time. The unfortunate deer could not help themselves, being harnessed into the logs. We threw the deer when at last we got out to the stable, and sewed up the wounds as best we could, and though one deep large wound has become partly gangrenous, the poor beast is pulling around nicely now.

The dogs are certain to be a serious menace always to domestic animals, and though they seem essential to the people, are one of the most serious drawbacks to the development of those valuable additions to the fishery which our land and homesteads are well able to offer the fishermen. Earnestly, we look forward to the day when the deer will replace them. But at present they are all round the coast, and any moment the animals you are driving are likely to be attacked and murdered under your eyes. It is not safe to go about with loaded firearms, though it is almost as necessary to convey in the reindeer teams going in for logs as it was for the British Navy formerly to protect with armored cruisers the harmless trading and fishing fleets on their journeys to and from the same shores.

The deer industry is a very pretty and a very interesting one. While working we are obliged to keep our teams at night tethered out where they can dig moss for themselves. For we dare not keep the main herd near the logging paths, and it would be absurd to spend half each day catching the ones you wanted. Sometimes these break away from their moorings much as our schooners do only too often. Then it becomes a puzzle to locate them again unless there is a fresh fall of snow. One lost last week was captured by scouring the country with a couple of the deer with bells on, also by the men ringing a hand bell. On another occasion one morning, we found our straggler placidly feeding alongside one moored out with a bell on. Today a rather fresh arrival got so excited when we were moving him to a new moss ground for the night, that he tore off the stumps he was tied to. We had to lasso him and throw him down, and then refasten the line on his head. The fact that it had slipped back on his neck gave him the power to tear almost anything to pieces. In the summer the Lapps inform me it will be harder to keep the deer together, or rather to find them when they have strayed, and it may be necessary to take on an additional couple of apprentices. The only available spots for moss for tying our working deer out on now, are the tops of the hills, and unfortunately these have no stumps to tie them to. We are seriously contemplating graplins or kedge anchors for these next year, if by then we have not mapped the good spots for moss lower down where bushes and stumps are plentiful also.

W. T. GRENFELL.

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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.