

Outport Nursing Scheme

EXTRACTS FROM NURSES' LETTERS.

"I have been kept on the go all the time lately. I am getting quite used to the motor boats and am getting the good again at rowing. The nurse thinks it great that I can take care of my own people. I have been up to their station. I have been up to their station of seven."

"Captain—after breakfast. He said I needed a rest. I got home about 11 a.m. and was just going to bed when two men came to ask me to go to see a young man who was a rowing boat—7 to 9 miles from the shore. I went in a rowing boat and I sculling and 2 sails and we got there in two hours. I was there about three hours doing various treatment and left written instructions with the mother, a very capable woman. The boys as they called themselves came to row me back. It had turned bitterly cold. The mother warmed a brick and put it in the boat for my feet and they helped me up in a quilt and 7 coats and about 100 yards of material. I was about half an hour the wind got up and it started to snow. We were against the wind and all the while they rowed with all their might. I took up three hours to get home and was going back too. I was about 100 yards from the shore when I saw the distance four miles. I was about 100 yards from the shore when I saw the distance four miles. I was about 100 yards from the shore when I saw the distance four miles."

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hard wooden settee where she had been carried after the accident. I am sure she had not been washed or anything since. The leg was so bruised and swollen I could hardly tell if it was broken or not at first. I got the son to help me get her to bed and then I undressed her and washed and fixed her up the best I could. She very nearly collapsed after it, so I gave her a stimulant and packed her up with hot wraps and bricks and after about an hour succeeded in getting her warm. I then did about 14 other consultations, which took me about 3 hours, as one or two had treatments to be done. Then I went back to my old lady and found she had had a good sleep. She declared it was the first for the week. She certainly was a lot better. I left instructions with her son as he seemed the most intelligent person around. The minister told me the other day she was getting better in herself, but the leg was painful."

"Don't Regret Coming to N.F.
"I have three mats promised me for the floor of my surgery, and have had gifts of \$2.70 towards the room. People often want to give me something for myself, so I tell them I don't take gifts, but they can give me something towards the cost of fitting up my surgery."

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mean to those women during the long months of expectancy, before their babies arrive—the anticipation and fear of what may happen, feeling no confidence in the treatment they will receive and only the knowledge of many of their friends under similar circumstances having died! Should it not be recognized as a National duty to right this deplorable state of affairs? and to preserve the life of the future generation of this Colony as far as human aid can do? I would like to see women of the Colony coming forward intent on this good and patriotic work, adapting themselves for it by necessary training!

The Aims of Faith.

"A man came to see me this morning—he has suffered from neuritis all his life, has consulted many doctors with no good result. I asked him how he thought I was going to cure him when so many medical men had failed? He answered, 'I was told to come to you because you could do such wonderful things and you would charm it away.' I could not help but laugh and said, 'It's a good thing to live in the 20th century or I should be burnt as a witch!'"

"There's one case I'm very proud of—a baby 17 months old has a very bad septic foot—it has been bad three months. The father came for me a week last Sunday. I lanced the foot and got a lot of pus out. The child is brought for treatment every second day and the foot is really improving. I shall be proud of it when it is really better."

"I had two very strange experiences lately. I went to—a week ago in a motor dory. I got there all right, but on the way back there was a swell on the sea. The men wrapped me up in a blanket, travelling rug and sailcloth and fixed me up in the bottom of the dory. (It was too rough to sit on the seat). When we were on the way something went wrong with the engine, it stopped dead. The men begged me not to be frightened, and somehow I didn't feel at all afraid. We were being tossed up and down like a piece of cork for half an hour, then the men got the engine going and we were soon at— I had some visits to pay there. I walked back to— The next day I was informed that three boats had put out from— to come to our assistance—they could see we were in difficulties. Anyway I was very comfortable in the bottom of the boat so I would have drowned quite calmly. Well, last Saturday night I was called to a sick baby at— Mr.— offered to go with me. I couldn't possibly go alone. The snow was up to my neck in some places and Mr.— had to lift me through the drifts. When I arrived home I was wet through up to my waist. I went straight to bed, but Sunday morning was too hoarse to speak. I was in bed all Sunday and Monday, but please don't worry about me I'm all right again!"

Travelling Under difficulties.

"Yes, we have a white world now—it is very beautiful. But oh, dear me, I wish it weren't so difficult to get along. On Xmas Day we had some snow squalls all day. At 9.30 p.m. a knock came at the door and a man said, 'Please nurse, will you come to—?' My friend said, 'You cannot possibly go to-night.'—It was 3 or 4 miles, but I explained it was a maternity case and I must go. So off I trotted with 2 men—one man walked in front to break a path, but in some places the men had to carry me through the snow drifts. I never experienced anything like it in my life, but I felt fully repaid for any discomfort after my case was over, because I know if skilled help had been at hand that woman would have died. At 3 a.m. we trotted back again. I was very tired. I have had 12 maternity cases since I came, and only 3 of them have been straightforward cases; most of the women work on the flanks and carry heavily laden hand barrows. I think this has a lot to do with complicated cases. I am pleased to say that all have done well. I have taken 6 more teeth out this week. I'm so glad I attended a dental clinic before coming out. I shall very soon have earned the money to pay for the forceps!"

"I'm perfectly happy and contented with my lot and I know the people here would do anything for me. 'I do not regret coming to the Outports. I realize how very serious the situation really was.'"

"Weigh yourself the day you commence to take Brick's Tasteless, then weigh yourself two (2) weeks later and note the increase.—Jan 27, 21"

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Whitbourne Notes.

The new moon of the 7th was ushered in with a terrific snow storm here, which began on Sunday night, the 6th. The storm raged and swelled in violence all Monday and Tuesday, and part of Wednesday, and most of the inhabitants of Whitbourne were forced to remain indoors, or be smothered or lost in the fearful snow drifts which are abnormal here and in places are 20 feet, and nearly everywhere 15 and 10 feet. All roads are impassable at date of writing; no sleighs can move anywhere at present. To-day, fortunately, the banks of snow are hardening, and a few venturesome souls try walking on top on a level with the telegraph wires. One almost despairs of ever being shovelled out. A gradual thaw would be a solution, but there would be danger of a flood with the present state of affairs. The men will have to form a shovelling brigade, for at this time of the year, it means a great loss of time for the woodsmen who are very short of wood-fuel. It is hoped the Government will give some help in combating the snow drifts around Whitbourne.

The Anglican Church of St. John the Baptist.

had a very narrow escape from being burnt down. After the Sunday evening service on the 6th, everything appeared to be safe, with the fires burnt out in the stores and the church was locked up for the night. On Shrove Tuesday, the sexton's son going into the church in the morning, discovered a large hole had been burnt in the centre of the floor, in the middle aisle, immediately under the "T" elbow of the funneling connecting the two stores. This had apparently given way during the storm, and caused the fire by the burning soot and ashes dropping on the coals in the grate, and igniting it, burning through the floor down to the sill underneath, and then in some unaccountable way, one might say, miraculous way, the fire went out. The church people of Whitbourne have great cause for thankfulness in that they have a church today, Church and Parsonage and the neighboring houses all would most certainly have gone, as the easterly gale was directly this way, and would have swept all before it.

We regret to learn of the serious condition of Mrs. Reay.

The esteemed wife of Rev. J. Reay, of the Methodist Conference. Great sympathy is felt for Mr. Reay in his trouble, and all

hope for Mrs. Reay's recovery. (D.V.)

Whitbourne sustained a great loss last autumn, when Mr. and Mrs. Harold Leslie and their family moved to St. John's, after nearly thirty years' residence here. Mr. Leslie was the Anglo-American operator, and for many years Postmaster and Collector of Customs here, and the public always found them courteous and obliging. Charitable and good neighbors, their going from us leaves a blank hard to fill.

Feb. 11th.—A fine day with sunshine

is cheerful to-day. We hope we have experienced the worst snow storm for this winter. Early this morning the men of Whitbourne got busy with their shovels and succeeded in opening up some of the main roads. Cheerful! The trains, too, did a little snow butting and to-morrow we hope will reach Brigus Junction. Three snow hounds were observed in the heavens in the afternoon and a circle round the sun.

Feb. 12th.—A free thaw set in this morning.

but it began to freeze again a night. This morning several engines arrived and a working train and an express all preceded by a rotary which, followed by the express, left for Brigus Junction before noon. Another snow storm threatening—

Feb. 16th.—Storm raged all night

and to-day and has been worse than the last; the drifts are beyond words. The oldest residents say they never saw the like in 20 years' experience. Express reported stuck in the snow and rotary off the track.

Feb. 17th.—A fine day, no wind;

snow plow and four engines busy clearing up the track; progress very slow. St. John's might be 500 miles away. When letters and papers come through it will be like getting news from a far country. Unbroken silence for nearly two weeks. Snow plow and engines returned to Whitbourne at dusk, got two miles out only.

Will Newfoundland ever have an

up-to-date railway with a double track and wide gauge rails. Perhaps we shall have an efficient air service first. The train hands, engineers and drivers and section men, and all do their level best, but the odds are too much against them. With a number of rotaries and powerful engines, things might be different; but the Newfoundland climate, especially in

February, is quite vicious, there is no doubt.

Feb. 18th.—Still no mails. The only comfort is to be found in reading up "Walt Mason," and trying to feel a little philosophical and optimistic. Rumors of a mail going overland to Brigus Junction to-morrow is heartening.

Whitbourne. —COM.

The End of D'Annunzio's

The attempt of the gifted romanticist, "Gabriel of the Annunciation," to emulate the feudal barons of the middle ages has come to an inglorious end with his mock heroic farewell to Fiume. So concludes what it is hoped will be the last medieval adventure to disturb Europe. The miracle is that in the twentieth century D'Annunzio was able to keep up his masquerade so long. But it must be remembered that he is a man of genius who knows how to appeal to the imagination of his own people, and not to be measured by ordinary standards.

Those familiar with the poems and romances of D'Annunzio must have noted his strong affiliations with the middle ages. His thinking has never been that of the modern educated man, but rather of the medieval soldier of fortune, a creature of furious lusts, conceiving a certain dramatic beauty in bloodshed and ever ready to gain his own ends by warlike action. Such were the Guelph and Ghibelline captains who deluged Italy in blood. Such were the ancestors of the Hohenzollerns, and many another royal house in Europe. First seize a city, make oneself dictator and then by aggression extend it into a kingdom. That is how most dynasties began. It is impossible to guess all the wild dreams that found refuge in the teeming brain of D'Annunzio, but from writings of his more than twenty years old, it is evident that even in youth the flame of reviving in Italy a great aggressive military and naval power which should control the Mediterranean and its adjacent territories, as did the Roman Empire, was cherished in his thoughts. That he had hoped from the starting point of the Fiume adventure to achieve the dictatorship of Italy is almost certain; and that there were at one time countless Italians willing to follow in his wake is possibly true also. But the time-spirit was against him. The day of the

At one of the Jockys a sailor

on his way out approached the policeman at the gate and inquired confidentially, "Will it be all right if I bring out some tobacco to-morrow?" "All right," replied the constable. The next day, however, the constable detained the sailor and had him searched. Not an atom of contraband could be found.

"Thought better of it, eh?" said the

constable. "You're too late," replied the sailor. "I took it out yesterday!"

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Whitbourne Notes.

The new moon of the 7th was ushered in with a terrific snow storm here, which began on Sunday night, the 6th. The storm raged and swelled in violence all Monday and Tuesday, and part of Wednesday, and most of the inhabitants of Whitbourne