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Laced Boots, \$2.25. Reduced from
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DR. GRENFELL'S THRILLING STORY OF HIS EXPERIENCE WHILE ADRIPT ON AN ICE PAN

The full story of Dr. Grenfell's remarkable escape from death on an ice pan off Labrador last year is now contained in a little volume, "Adrift on an Ice Pan," just issued by Houghton Mifflin Company. Some extracts from this book give an outline of the great struggle of the missionary of the North. These are, of course, incomplete, and should give merely a whiff to readers who should feel impelled to get the whole story. The doctor thus tells his tale.

It was Easter Sunday at St. Anthony in the year 1898, but everything was covered with snow and ice. I was walking back after morning service, when a boy came running over from the hospital with the news that a large team of dogs had come to get a doctor on a very urgent case. So, having packed up the necessary instruments, dressings, and drugs, and having fitted out my dog-sled with my best dogs, I started at once, the messengers following me with their team. I had reached a village about twenty miles on the journey before nightfall.

During the night the wind shifted to the northeast, which brought the fog and rain, softened the snow, and made travelling very bad, besides heaving a heavy sea into the bay. I drove next morning would be somewhat over forty miles, the first ten miles on an arm of the sea, on salt-water ice. The sea of the night before had smashed the ponderous covering of ice right to the landward. There were great gaping chasms between the enormous blocks, which we called pans, and half a mile out it was all clear water.

An island three miles out had preserved a bridge of ice, however, and by crossing a few cracks I managed to reach it. From the island it was four miles across to a rocky promontory—a course that would be several miles shorter than going round the shore. Here as far as the eye could reach the ice seemed good, though it was very rough. Obviously, it had been smashed by the waves and then packed in again by the strong wind from the northeast, and I thought it had frozen together solid.

All went well till I was about a quarter of a mile from the landing point. Then the wind suddenly fell, and I noticed that I was travelling over loose "slush," which was like porridge and probably many feet deep. By stabbing down, I could feel the whiplash through the thin coating of young ice that was floating on it.

Peril Came All At Once.
So quickly did the wind now come off shore, and so quickly did the packed "slush," relieved of the wind pressure, "run abroad," that already I could not see one pan larger than ten feet square; moreover, the ice was loosening so rapidly that I saw that retreat was absolutely impossible. Neither was there any way to get off the little pan I was surveying from.

There was not a moment to lose. I tore off my oilskins, threw myself on my hands and knees by the side of the komatik to give a larger base to hold, and shouted to my team to go ahead for the shore. Before we had gone twenty yards, the dogs got frightened, hesitated a moment, and the komatik instantly sank into the slush. It was necessary then for the sled to pull much harder, so that they now began to sink in also.

I managed to loosen my sheath-knife, scramble forward, find the traces in the water, and cut them, then, on the leader's trace wound round my wrist.

Being in the water I could see no piece of ice that would bear anything up. But there was a small piece of snow, frozen together like a large snowball, about twenty-five yards away, near where my leading dog, "Brin," was wallowing in the slush. Upon this he very shily climbed, his long thin legs fathoms almost reaching there before he went into the water. The other dogs were hopelessly bogged.

He Thought All Was Over.
It was impossible to make any progress through the slush by swimming, so I lay there and thought all would soon be over, only wondering if any one would ever know how it happened. There was no particular horror attached to it, and in fact I began to feel drowsy, as if I could easily go to sleep, when suddenly I saw the trace of another big dog that had himself gone through before he reached the pan, and though he was close to it was quite unable to force his way out. Along this I hauled myself, using him as a bow anchor, but much bothered by the other dogs as I passed them, one of which got on my shoulder, pushing me farther down into the slush. There was only yards to go, so more when I had passed my living anchor, and soon I lay with my dogs around me on the little piece of ice. I had to help them on to it, working them through the lane that I had made.

The piece of ice we were on was so small it was obvious we must soon all be drowned, if we remained upon it as it drifted seaward into more open water. If we were to save our lives, no time was to be lost. When I stood up, I could see about twenty yards away a larger pan floating amidst the slush, like a great flat raft, and we could get on to it we should postpone at least for a time the death that already seemed almost inevitable.

Landed on the Ice Pan.
I pointed out to "Brin" the pan I wanted to reach and tried my best to make them go ahead, giving them the full length of my line from two coils. At first, nothing would induce the two dogs to move, and though I threw them off the pan two or three times, they struggled back upon it. To me this seemed to spell "the end." Fortunately I had with me a small black spaniel, almost a featherweight, with large furry paws, who acts as my mascot and incidentally as my retriever. This at once flashed into my mind, and I felt I had still one more chance for life. So I spoke to him and showed him the direction, and then threw a piece of ice toward the desired goal. Without a moment's hesitation he made a dash for it, and to my great joy got there safely, the tough scale of sea ice carrying his weight bravely. At once I shouted to him to "lie down," and this, too, he immediately did, looking like a little black fuzz ball on the white setting.

A PERFECT PHYSICAL GIRL LOCATED

New York, July 2.—After a contest which embraced all the principal cities of the world, the gold medal of the Physical Culture Society of New York has been awarded to Miss Margaret Claire Edwards, of Napa, Cal., for the most perfect physical development of a girl under 17 years of age.

Her physical measurements are: Neck, 11 1/2 inches; arm, 9; forearm, 8 1/2; chest, 34; waist, 24; bust, 34; normal, 31; contracted, 27; expanded, 32 1/2; bust, 33; waist, 23; hips, 34; thigh, 19; calf, 13; ankle, 8.

Miss Edwards' home is at Napa, Cal., and Dr. J. C. Anthony, of San Francisco, took her measurements. When an infant she was so small that many said she would not live. Her mother, Mrs. Edith L. Edwards, a teacher in the public schools of Napa, not long after the girl's birth began training Margaret to the end that she might become a stalwart and handsome woman. That she gives promise of being both is evident.

Her mother and friends say Margaret eats but one meal a day, uses practically no meat, and even a smaller amount of candy. Bernard Macfadden was one of the judges who unanimously admitted that Miss Edwards more closely approximated the ideal standards of strength and beauty than any other of the thousand and odd contestants.

tion caused by waving it made my flagpole almost the itself in knots. Still I could raise it three or four feet above my head, which was very important.

No Sensation of Fear.

I can honestly say that from first to last not a single sensation of fear entered my head, even when I was struggling in the slush ice. Somehow it did not seem unnatural; I had been through the ice before, and I was very sleepy, and the idea was then very strong in my mind that I should soon reach the solution of the mystery that I had been preaching about for so many years.

The Glitter of an Oar.

I laid out some matches to dry, while I searched about for my snow-pan to see if I could get a piece of transparent ice to make a burning-glass. I had found a piece which I thought would do, and had gone back to my sled, when I suddenly thought I saw again the glitter of an oar. It did not seem possible, however, for it must be remembered it was not water which lay beneath me and the land, but slush ice, which a mile or two inside me was very heavy. Even if people had seen me, I did not think they could get through, though I knew that the whole shore would be trying to see me. I gave it up, and went on with my work. But the next time I went back to my flag, the glitter seemed very distinct, and though it kept disappearing as it rose and fell on the surface, I kept my eyes strained upon it, for my dark spectacles had been lost, and I was partly snowblind.

I waved my flag as high as I could raise it, brooding on it. At last, I saw the glint of the white oar, I made out the black streak of the hull. I knew that if the pan held on for another hour, I should be all right.

At last there could be no doubt about it: the boat was getting nearer and nearer. I could see that my rescuers were frantically waving, and I heard some one shouting distance. I heard some one cry out, "Don't get excited. Keep on the pan where you are." They were infinitely more excited than I.

Rescued at Last.

As the man in the bow leaped from the boat on to my ice raft and grasped both my hands in his, not a word was uttered as he pulled me up. The strong emotions he was trying hard to force back, though in spite of himself tears trickled down his cheeks. It was the same with each of the others of my rescuers, nor was there any reason to be ashamed of them. These were not the emblems of weak sentimentality, but the evidences of the realization of the deepest and noblest emotion of which the human heart is capable, the vision that God has used for us His creatures, the sense of that supreme joy of the Christ—the joy of the "fisher of men." After the hand-shake and swallowing a cup of warm tea that had been thoughtfully packed in a bottle, we hoisted in my remaining dogs and started for home. To drive the boat me there not only five Newfoundland fishermen at the oars, but five men with Newfoundland muscles in their backs, and five as brave hearts as ever beat in the bodies of human beings.

WATERBOROUGH.

Waterborough, Q. C., July 2.—Miss Gladys Mott, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Mott, who has been with her uncle and aunt, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Mott, of Webster, Mass., for nearly a year, has returned home. Miss Mott attended High School while in Webster, and graduated with honors.

Mrs. O. S. Dykeman and children, of St. John, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Mott, returned to St. John by steamer May Queen. G. Edgar Tobin, who has been chosen to fill the vacancy left by Rev. H. H. Gillies, who has gone west, will be here in a few days. Mr. Tobin will hold service in St. Luke's church on Sunday evening, July 4, at 7 o'clock p. m.

PUBLIC LANDING.

Public Landing, July 2.—The public half-yearly examinations of the school in district No. 12, taught by Miss Isabella A. Leonard, was held on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 30. Thirty visitors were present. Much to the regret of all, Mrs. Leonard severed her connection with the school. The Abbie C. Stubbs, a large three-master, is here loading pill for the O'Leary Co., New York. Mr. Whittard Brittain, of St. John, has moved to his summer cottage at Public Landing for the three months' holidays. A large number of friends are

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NOTICE.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon on the **Sixth day of July, A. D. 1909** at the office of the Secretary-Treasurer of the Municipality of Restigouche at Dalhousie, N. B., for the purchase of Ten Thousand Dollars of Municipality of Restigouche Debentures, issued by the said Municipality in amounts of five hundred dollars each, payable at five per cent, ten of said Debentures maturing on the fifteenth day of June, 1914, and the other ten maturing on the fifteenth day of June, A. D. 1919. Tenders will be received for the whole or any part of the said issue and for further particulars apply to

ALEXANDER J. LeBLANC,
Secretary-Treasurer,
Dalhousie, N. B., June 23, 1909.

BELLEISLE CREEK.

Belleisle Creek, July 1.—The Misses Smith and Pearson left for their homes yesterday morning.

Mrs. J. M. Scott and children, St. John, came through to Belleisle yesterday morning.

Miss Lottie Gregg will take charge of the school this coming term.

Hugo Kelly is telling his Chicago friends that he was under a pull with Frank Klaus at Pittsburg, having been held that if he stopped the latter his share of the purse would be withheld. Fine business.