

on the charity of neighbours. Of course, some said that people couldn't get to a hospital in winter, as the sea is frozen then. But the doctor said he was willing to stay and see what could be done. So when every one else started for home, the doctor was left on Caribou Island, and half the mission crew said that was the last they expected to see of him. He set to work in earnest, however, and not only was alive in the spring, but had travelled twelve hundred miles with his dogs, and visited far and wide up and down the coast.

The southern hospital has never been closed since that day. Indeed, it has been doubled in size, and is now full to overflowing all the summer long, while once in winter seven komatiks, drawn by over sixty dogs, accompanied the doctor back to hospital one day, each carrying a patient.

The hardest thing the doctor found to contend with, was the great poverty of the settlers in the winter, and the diseases that arose from lack of proper food. Every spring he met with cases of true scurvy, the disease that once carried off so many of the sailors on their long voyages to the Spanish main, but is seldom or never seen in civilized countries nowadays. More than once