

Labrador shore of the Gulf, the Strait shore of Newfoundland, the populous east coast of the Northern peninsula of Newfoundland, the only doctor known to the Eskimo and poor 'liveyers' of the northern coast of Labrador, the only doctor most of the 'liveyers' and green-fish catchers of the middle coast can reach, save the hospital physician at Indian Harbor. He has a round of three thousand miles to make. It is no wonder that he 'drives' the little steamer, even at full steam, with all sail spread (as I have known him to do), when the fog is thick and the sea is spread with great bergs."

The hospitals which Dr. Grenfell has established at Battle Harbor and Indian Harbor are an inestimable boon to the thousands of people exposed to sickness, accident and danger along this stormy coast. The doctor himself, in his hospital ship, the "Strathcona," goes skirmishing up and down the coast wherever he is most needed. He has a hospital bay in his ship, with swinging cots to neutralize the rolling of the steamer in stormy seas, a well-equipped dispensary and even an X-ray apparatus and operating room for minor surgery. In this he brings the patients who need more special or prolonged treatment to the hospitals on shore, where skilful doctors and devoted trained nurses give their best offices to the patients under their care.

Sometimes there is a touch of pathos in the ministrations that come too late to heal. On the same steamer by which we arrived at Battle Harbor was an Eskimo woman, on her way to visit her sick daughter at the hospital. The girl had been under treat-



A GROUP OF LIVEYERS.

ment for some weeks for tuberculosis, a not infrequent disease, notwithstanding the almost complete absence of germs in the pure northern air, on account of the unsanitary condition of the native houses. The daughter had died the day before the mother reached the hospital. Dr. McPherson, the physician in charge, asked us to conduct the funeral. It was a pathetic scene. The coffin of the young girl (she was only fifteen) was brought from the mortuary on the hill-side upon a fish barrow, borne by four sturdy fishermen, and placed in a large fishing boat. We sat beside the poor mother and tried to comfort her sorrowing heart. "It's more than these would have attended her burying," she said, "if she were at her native village."

It was a bleak, cold day. Dense fog enshrouded every object and added to the pathos of the scene. The fishermen rowed slowly down the channel against the incoming tide into a tiny bay. Here was the only spot in this rugged, rocky neighborhood where was depth enough of earth in which to dig a grave. The little God's acre had been consecrated by the Bishop of Newfoundland on his last visit to