



A MONARCH OF THE NORTH. HUGE ICEBERG STRANDED NEAR BATTLE HARBOR.
Photo by Dr. S. W. Grenfell and Cluny MacPherson. S. S. Strathcona shown through arch.

fangs. On our steamer was a little lad of six years old, dressed in Eskimo costume, the son of the Hudson's Bay agent at Cartwright, who had been rescued from the jaws of the wolfish pack of dogs. He received forty-two wounds in his body. The dogs were hanged for their misdemeanor. We asked why they were not shot, if it were for moral effect? We suspect, however, it was to avoid injuring their skin, which had a commercial value. Not all their victims are so fortunate as to escape. One Eskimo child was eaten by the ferocious brutes. The nurse at the hospital was severely bitten. No cow or goat or sheep can be kept along the coast, so only condensed milk can be had, of whose cloying sweetness one soon wearies. We purposed making an overland journey from one deep bay to another while the steamer made a long detour around the cape, but as the hour grew late we were admonished that it was

unsafe to make the attempt on account of the dogs.

Norman Duncan thus describes these animals: "The Labrador dogs—pure and half bred 'huskies,' with so much of the wolf yet in them that they never bark—are for the most part used by the Doctor on his journeys. There would be no getting anywhere without them; and it must be said that they are magnificent animals, capable of heroic deeds. Every prosperous householder has at least six or eight full-grown sled-dogs and more puppies than he can keep track of. In summer they lie everywhere under foot by day, and by night howl in a demoniacal fashion far and near;* but they fish for themselves in shallow water, and are fat, and may safely be stepped over. In winter they are lean,

* We thought that Battle Harbor must have taken its name from some prehistoric dog-fight. As we approached, their howling and yelping made the night hideous.