

Dr. Grenfell and His Dogs.

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less imaginable, for even the toughest of men could scarcely hope to live through such a night as this would be. But W. T. Grenfell is made of even sterner stuff than the dwellers of the northland, and where mere physical endurance would have failed, his mother wit has often come to his assistance and rescued him from many a tight place.

Now he began to make preparations for a night on that frail pan of ice. First he got all the water possible wrung out of his clothes. Then he decided that the lives of some at least of his dogs would have to be sacrificed. It was a hard decision to have to make and one harder still to carry into effect. His dogs had been his constant companions for several years; they had been his faithful and affectionate servants, and many a time had their strength and intelligence brought him safe to the end of a hazardous journey. But sentiment had to be ruthlessly thrust aside in obedience to the instinct of self-preservation, especially when his salvation meant so much to others. Three of the team would have to be slain, but how? His instruments had all been lost when the sled went into the water and the only sharp instrument he possessed was a slight pocket knife. To master these heavy dogs in such a situation and despatch them with such a weapon was a project born of desperation; but he saw clearly that it was the only chance of lengthening out his life for the hours that would have to elapse before morning dawned and brought another chance of rescue from the shore.

At last the sickening task was done. That the struggle was a fierce one is shown by the fact that the doctor's arms and legs were badly bitten by the poor, maddened brutes in their efforts to fight him off. Then he removed the skins from the bodies of the three dead dogs and used them to shield his body from the searching wind. Turning the fur inward, with one he improvised a cap to take the place of the headgear that had been lost in the water. The other two he wrapped around his legs. His skin boots, too, were ripped abroad and fashioned into a kind of cape for his shoulders. The rope of which the harness for the dogs is made is always covered with strips of woollen material to prevent chafing. These strips the doctor unfastened and then wound them about his legs to keep his skin covering in place. He also unravelled the rope, picked it to a kind of oakum and used the soft material to fill up the openings in his uncouth clothing.

These preparations had taken some time. In the meantime the night had fallen. It brought disappointment as well as added discomfort to the lone man on that tossing cake of ice. He had hoped that with the coming of darkness some signal would be made from the shore by his friends as a token that they had seen him and were making the necessary preparations for his rescue. But the night wore on and no beacon of cheer shone through the wintry darkness. So, perforce, he abandoned all hope of being seen until the morrow, should its dawning light see him still afloat. Disappointment discourages some spirits, others it renders desperate. It set Grenfell to devising other ways and means of making his unenviable position a little more comfortable. This he accomplished by piling the bodies of the dogs on the windward edge of the ice and then behind this improvised shelter he lay down and forgot his danger in sound slumber!

Some hours afterward he awoke

with a start. He had no means of discovering the time, but noticing a faint light in the eastern sky he inferred that daylight was breaking. He arose with gladness in his heart that the night was at last past. But he had miscalculated. It was but the rising of the midnight moon and her rays served only to remind him the more clearly of the desperate nature of his case, there adrift on the waters of the stormy Atlantic. Toward morning he aroused himself and set to work on another design to facilitate his escape. His idea now was to improvise some means of signalling the shore as soon as the day was far enough advanced. Rather a difficult matter, one would suppose, considering his situation on a small pan of ice, bare except for himself, the four surviving dogs and the bodies of the three that had been slain the evening before.

Here the originality of the man again asserted itself. Using his pocket knife, he dissected the legs of the three dead dogs and fastened the bones together as a kind of staff. The greatest difficulty of all was to find the signal flag. This entailed still further hardship, necessitating the removal of his shirt and so exposing himself to the frosty air. The expos-

ure was beginning to tell on him, and small yonder. He had now been adrift for twenty-four hours, forced to remain during that time in wet clothing, which was chilled by the cold wind, and hunger and thirst was beginning to make him feel faint and exhausted. But he kept energetically at work, refusing to abandon hope of rescue. So busily was he engaged in making his preparations for signalling the shore that he failed to notice the approach of a boat until the reflection of the sun's rays from the wet oars caught his eyes and he realised that he was saved.

The kindly treatment of the fishermen effected the rest. They had had a kettle of hot tea prepared in the boat and this soon sent some heat into the doctor's chilled body. His feet and hands had been rather badly frostbitten, but otherwise he was quite well within a couple of days. In fact within a night or two we hear of him addressing a missionary meeting at one of the near-by settlements and receiving such whole-hearted congratulations on his escape as showed the hold this remarkable man has on the affections of the people to whom he delights to minister.

THE HUMAN SIDE

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

THE SPECIALIST.

THE specialist entered the operating-room. His step was quick, his probing eyes swept the faces there, from house-surgeons and nurses to the wan face of the woman, standing beside the cot. Then they rested and became concentrated on the little crumpled form of the child.

There was awe on the faces of the watching doctors, awe mixed with pity, for they were all young men. Some day they hoped to be a great man like the specialist. They hoped to be able to hold their soul's emotions submissive to their duty to science, as he did.

There was a look of wonder on the specialist's cold face as he raised his head and thoughtfully drew on his gloves. His examination had not taken long.

He motioned to one of the doctors and drew him aside. "It's only a matter of minutes," he said brusquely. "I can't see why you sent for me, unless," he said slowly, "you rightly divined I would be interested in a case such as this. The whole base of the skull is fractured. Never saw anything quite like it before."

He turned and passed quickly down the long room, toward the door.

The doctors and nurses bowed respectfully as he passed, but he saw them not. The wail of a stricken woman came to his ears. He had become innured to such cries, but a new note in this one made him stop and glance back. The mother was kneeling beside her dying child. He glanced at the scene carelessly.

"I must write a treatise on this case," he murmured. "Never knew another like it, in all my experience."

A single ray of the setting sun crept through a chink in the shutters and glided down the room. The specialist watched it climb and rest across the pinched white face of the child. It made a golden halo of the tangled yellow curl, that nestled on the forehead of the little one. Perhaps there flashed before the mind of the man, a scene very similar to this one, that belonged to the olden, golden days that lay years and years behind; for into his eyes there stole a light that killed their hardness. Perhaps

his soul struggled beneath the bonds that leashed it down, for he took a step or two backward, toward the cot.

But the ray of sunlight crept suddenly and quickly away and out, and with it passed the soul of the child.

And down the dim steps of the hospital, the specialist passed briskly, the cold, probing expression once more in his eyes.

"Never saw anything quite like it before," he kept murmuring.

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SPITE WORK.

"AS I wor after sayin', Big McCloskey niver loiked me fer some rason, I dunno. Ivery chanst he had t' do me a dirthy turn, he took it, he did. He wor a great fighter, as you know, Dennis, an' I bore wid him gently as behouldin' a good Christian an' a small man an' hoped steadfast fer th' bist, as McCloskey had th' name av bein' werry careless wid dynamite.

"As ye have heern, Dennis, he was blowed til fragments, blastin' on th' Crowbeak claim, wan year agone come nixt August. I won't be spakin' ill av th' dead. Let thim say as will, as it war a good thing McCloskey wor blowed up. I niver will. May he rist in pace, poor feller.

"I'll jist telt ye how th' big goodfer-nuthin' scamp made me lose me hard-earned money outen simple spite, so I will. I'll telt ye about th' fight betwixt Big McCloskey an' Terror Murphy—a lovely darlint av a lad he was—an' let ye judge fer yerself what a mane man wor McCloskey. It do same as young Murphy called McCloskey a liar, an' av course that mint only wan thing in our camp.

"Th' bye weighed wan hundred an' t'irty an' McCloskey weighed over two hundred, th' big—anyhow, they fit an' I bit ivery cint I could scrape up on little Murphy. I didn't have til look fer takers, they come til me, they did. Some av th' byes wor bettin' four till wan on McCloskey.

"As soon as they stood out ferninst each other, there in th' ring, wid th' pine torches flamin' high an' Tommie Baker as refera, I felt glad, Dennis, as I'd bit eight dollars on th' bye, I did. I knowed he'd lick McCloskey.

After th' sicond round I borried two dollars an' put that up too. That mint as I'd win farty dollars, Dennis.

"In th' fourth round, whin McCloskey swung a vicious lift an' missed by a shade an' th' bye planted a solar-plexus upper-cut t' th' pint av his nose an' sent him til th' mat, I could contain me feelin's no longer. I yelled t' Murphy t' eat him up, I did. 'Kill him,' sez I, 'an' we'll kape you in spendin' money all th' rrist av your days, Murphy,' sez I.

"Then what happened, d'ye suppose, Dennis? I'll telt ye what happened, jist til show ye what mane, petty spite'll do. It do same as Big McCloskey heern me tell Murphy t' ate him up, an' jist outen pure spite, knowin' as he did as I had money on th' bye, he got offin th' flure an' give poor Murphy an awful trouncin'. An' I lose me money, Dennis."

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BEAUTY.

It is in the rosy, crimson glow of skies at sunset.

It rests deep in the seas, where red coral-wreaths clutch sands of gold not borrowed from the sun.

It climbs from earth to heaven in a morning dress of white and purple.

It rests upon the woodland where the flowers are.

It is in the valleys and all the quiet, restful places of the world.

It is everywhere where thought is born and life palpitates. Without it there could be neither thought nor life.

God made it when He made the soul and like the soul it is undying.

It is the companion of true love.

In life it is the link that binds, in death the halo that sanctifies.

Look for it on the hills, or seek it in the shadowed places of earth. You will find it everywhere.

It rests in the deep sky and on the wide sea. It glows untarnished amid pollution.

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BILLY.

"SAY, Mister, Billy died las' night and I'm wantin' a little box ter plant him in.

"Who was Billy? Say, you don't suppose he was a ostrich, do you? Why, Bill was a triller, that's what he was; a warbler, and don't you forget it. All th' boys knowed him an' all th' gals was clean stuck on him.

"How old was he? Mister, I ain't qualified to answer dat query. Bill didn't have no age, I guess. Hadn't nuthin' but voice. Cracky, but jest couldn't he sing dough? But nobody ain't goin' ter hear Bill sing no more.

"How about de box? What's dat? I'd best see a undertaker? Say, boss, dere ain't no call ter be funny right here. I ain't in no trim fer it. Get busy with de sale. Gimme de box, an' here's your chink.

"Feelin' bad? Who, me? Oh, no, it's a mistake. Why, Mister, I ain't got no call ter be feelin' bad, have I? Why, dis world's jest plum full o' joy fer me, jest chock, plum full. I've had so much o' th' glad stuff in this life o' mine, dat sumthin' had ter be cut out, an' sumthin' has.

"Eh? Did Billy sell papers? Mister, I'm sorry fer you, I am on de dead. Jest han' me out dat little box wid de flower painted on de lid. Thanks, here's your money.

"Now, Billy wasn't a boy, he was jest a canary—jest a little, no-count canary."

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JUNE.

Her kingdom is a world of blossoms sweet,

Her touch is rest, her kiss swift to condole;

Her days with tender teachings are replete;

Her nights, the benedictions of her soul.