

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Told at Sea.

(The 'Boy's Own Paper'.)

But five of us left, only five  
Of the crew of the 'Jessica' left alive;  
All the rest had been washed away  
By the sea that broke over us where we lay  
Drenched with sleet and numbed with cold.  
One by one they had lost their hold;  
Out of the rigging, one by one,  
They had dropped in silence or with a groan,  
Till at break of day there were only five  
Of the crew of the 'Jessica' left alive.

There was the mate, and William Lee,  
And Morris, and Harry Maclean, and me.  
Hour by hour we clung to the mast,  
Doubting each minute would be our last;  
Wondering which would be first to go,  
And if ever our folks at home would know,  
Or if, as the days and weeks went by,  
They would think of us still when the wind  
was high,  
And watch for us still, and look some day  
To see the 'Jessica' in the bay.

And the cold crept higher in every limb,  
And our hands grew stiff and our eyes grew  
dim,  
And I thought of heaven and tried to pray,  
But never a word could I find to say,  
For the frost was creeping to heart and brain,  
And we none of us thought to see land again—  
We almost wished for the end at last,  
And still there were five of us on the mast.

Suddenly Morris raised his head;  
He had been so quiet I thought him dead.  
(He and the mate were close by me.)  
'Didn't you hear it, lad?' said he.  
'Didn't you hear it? Listen again.'  
But I could hear only the splashing rain,  
And the shrill wind tearing the shrouds o'er-  
head.  
'They are hailing us—listen again!' he said.  
And, sure enough, I could hear it then,  
A man's voice hailing us shipwrecked men.

It was only a cockle-shell of a bot;  
How they had managed to keep her afloat  
On that stormy sea I couldn't say.  
Close alongside of us they lay,  
And we stared at them wondering, without a  
word,

Till the mate cried, suddenly, 'Praise the Lord,  
We are saved at last!' But he spoke too fast,  
For, you see, there were five of us on the mast,  
And only room in the boat for four!  
'We'll risk that, mates, but we can't do more;  
For certain,' said they, 'If we take all five,  
We shall none of us reach the land alive.'

We looked at each other and no one spoke,  
And a desperate longing for life awoke,  
And set the blood stirring in every vein.  
They were right enough, we could see it plain,  
But I thought of my children and of my wife,  
And that terrible hunger and thirst for life  
Choked me, so that I could not say,  
'Save the others and I will stay.'

So we looked at each other in fear and doubt,  
Till presently William Lee spoke out:  
'Cheer up, lads! I heard him say,  
'Four are to go and but one to stay.  
You go on board, and don't mind me;  
I'll stick to the vessel,' said William Lee.

It didn't seem right, but what could we do?  
Three of us had wives and children too;  
Lee's wife lay under a churchyard stone,  
And he'd no one belonging to him, save one,  
A little lad with a curly head.  
'I know you'll be good to my boy,' he said;

That was the last we heard him say,  
As we got on board her and rowed away.  
We don't talk of him often, my mates and me,  
But we haven't forgotten William Lee.

## 'With Komatik in Labrador.'

In a letter written to the 'Toilers of the  
Deep,' from Roddickton Mill, during a winter  
season, Dr. Grenfell has given some most interest-  
ing glimpses of travel with komatik or dog  
sled:—

We are all enjoying this more than subarctic  
winter immensely, and rude health accom-  
panies us in all our travels, and I see in my  
young English friend, who is wintering with  
me, those signs of blessing imparted by the  
outdoor life and the perfect, bracing, germ-  
less atmosphere. There are places here, where  
a good sanatorium, nestling among these coniferous  
forests, would confer, I am certain, infinite  
blessing on many invalids. For having  
spent several winter holidays in the high Alps  
of Switzerland, I feel convinced our climate  
could confer equal benefits, if care was only  
taken to provide necessities and adapt the op-  
portunities for recreation by proper outlay in  
preparation.

There were not many sick, I am glad to  
say, on my first trip to the north—one opera-  
tion to be performed was only enough to lend  
sufficient professional interest to the trip to  
enable a physician to feel that if he saves one  
here or there suffering and danger that there  
is no one else to relieve, his mind may be easy  
that amidst the 'serving of other tables,' his  
time is not altogether being thrown away. On  
these trips I have been vastly helped by various,  
but to civilized-country people's minds,  
rather odd, circumstances. Some 50 barrels of  
whale meat have been my chief aid. For a  
team of a dozen powerful dogs, well fortified  
with fat whale meat, is like good Scotch coal  
to the 'Strathcona's' engines—just as much mo-  
tive power. The next main help has been the  
magnificent order of tabloid preparations and  
'condensed' (so to speak) dressing and surgical  
appliances sent me. It is only when you are  
called on to dispense by a komatik, at a tem-  
perature of 10 deg. below zero, that you can  
appreciate the value of rapidity, and the beau-  
ty of a box of tabloids of a combination of  
drugs embodying just exactly the therapeutical  
actions you wish for.

Another fact in our favor is the abundance  
of rabbits. Until now I thought this insignifi-  
cant rodent was only likely to intrude on do-  
mestic economy by being a nuisance—as he  
proved himself in Australia—and indeed here  
the fur trappers are crying out, because the  
foxes won't come to their bait. But to us it  
has meant a good fresh meat stew in more  
than one tilt, and has even meant fresh light  
to the eyes of our supperless dogs, when they  
have been far from the centre of supplies. A  
great relief also to the mill is the quantity of  
venison killed in the bay. Few logger fami-  
lies but have added a deer to their larder, and  
only yesterday, having driven over to see a  
poor fellow with an abscess in his head in the  
backwoods of the bay, have chanced on a fry  
of fine venison for dinner. This has allowed  
the mill manager to husband his salt beef and  
pork, and to look with less apprehension to  
the months before supplies can be received.  
Our game being over, and our journey to the  
north having cleared up, as far as we knew,  
the sick that we could much benefit, having  
held our Christmas-tree gatherings at six  
places, and having left directions for all chronic  
cases around hospital, on the 20th we started  
for the south, on our first long trip, leaving the  
care of the night school class and the club

and football teams with John Currie, and des-  
patching him also to Kirpon to hunt for a  
cook and servant to enable us to get into hos-  
pital to live, by our return. It was really cold  
going to Lock's Cove, and our heavy packs,  
about 450 lbs., besides ourselves, made it colder  
over the white hills than we cared about—one  
had to carefully look after one's nose and ears.  
Still we managed to put an hour after rab-  
bits when the sun was high, and reach our  
host's house, Mr. Elliott, of Lock's Cove, be-  
fore dark. Here we had left 'rations' from the  
'Strathcona,' and owing to Mr. George Reid's  
kindness, got also a free feed for our dogs of  
herring and cod oil—not very enticing, per-  
haps, but full of caloric properties and thor-  
oughly appreciated by our fourfooted friends.

I should remark here that, beside my own  
team, my friend's team (Mr. Brown), consisted  
of twelve dogs, also under tutelage of one Will  
Reardon, of Goose Cove—my own being under  
the regular hospital driver, Rube Sims—than  
whom no man knows the country better, and  
no man can handle a heavily-loaded komatik  
on a dangerous road, or among trees, better.  
Before night we saw our sick folk, had a gath-  
ering for prayers, as our custom is, and still  
had time to profit from some books belonging  
to one of our loan libraries. These are becom-  
ing more and more valuable, as slowly, though  
in some places very slowly, people are learning  
to love reading and want to borrow them.

We saw here an agile lad of some thirteen  
years, from whom Dr. Simpson last winter  
removed the shaft of the tibia. His leg is per-  
fectly recovered, and truly in this one case the  
lame was made to walk, and a bright, happy,  
active life lies before this jolly boy, instead  
of the wretched weariness of a cripple's life,  
on a coast where lameness or one leg means  
absolute dependence on others. The girl also  
from here, whose hip joint was removed by  
Dr. Macpherson for hip disease (tubercular),  
was married this Christmas at St. Anthony,  
and a deputation of us drove over to her wed-  
ding—a more than usually happy consumma-  
tion of this dread disease, inasmuch as she had  
seen her father unable to rise from bed, slow-  
ly dying, for three years, of the same com-  
plaint. The great bay was an exquisite sight  
as we turned in at night. Smooth ice covered  
it right across, and we were told, 'It is safe,  
doctor, to drive out of the harbor tickle, and  
straight across the bay.' So we dreamt of ar-  
riving in about two hours at our next halting-  
place at a good stretch gallop.

Alas for the slip betwixt cup and lip. A  
strong wind in the night bore in a heavy sea,  
and we could see 'lakes' of open water in the  
ice at daylight next morning, besides the fact  
that all along the shore the surf had broken  
through, so that we could not get on the main  
sheet to try a run for it, even if we dare.  
'Round the ballicators, sir, we shall have to go,'  
said Rube, as he came in to share a steaming  
bowl of crushed oats for breakfast, 'and we'd  
better be off soon, sir, or we shan't be in by  
dark.' So once again we got under way, and  
soon were enjoying the excitement of a dog  
drive. At last we found the broken ice near  
the shore in sheets large enough to carry us,  
and though we greatly feared we should make  
no landing on the other side, we ven-  
tured off, and soon were realizing the  
dream of going over young ice unclog-  
ged by old falls of snow. Effecting a land-  
ing meant saving of many miles, and it was  
an exciting moment, when at last 'we made  
the land,' with a smart dash over the heaving  
masses near the landwash. When at last we  
had topped the high marshes and broken the  
back of the journey, we ventured to call a halt