

of them were acquainted with the great composer. His strange appearance began to amuse the young people.

'Go ask him what he wants,' said one; but it was a long time before any of them could summon up courage to address the bearish-looking stranger.

At last one asked him politely, 'What can I get you, sir?'

Beethoven, as if awaking from a dream, looked up at the waiter with a composed but very fierce expression at being thus disturbed, and said, 'Nothing! But leave me alone!'

This he spoke in such a harsh, angry voice, that the waiter was quite frightened and hastened back to his companions, who could not help laughing aloud. This did not disturb the master; he continued busily writing his notes, beating time with his foot too, and humming aloud the melodies which he wrote down on the paper. This amused the waiters very much, but Beethoven was not in the least disturbed either by their laughter or by the entrance of the guests who gradually filled the large dining-room, and who also were highly entertained at the appearance of the musician writing, humming, and beating time. He did not remark that it was dinner-time, he did not hear the clatter of plates, neither did the smell of the dishes reach his nose.

It was a good thing that one of the guests knew him, or he might have been turned out by the waiters, as he much disturbed the dinner-table. Now one whispered to the other, 'It is Beethoven! Leave him alone, he is composing!'

The dinner lasted full two hours. The guests left the room. There was more rattling of glasses and plates, for the tables were being cleared, but Beethoven went on industriously at his work.

Now the waiter went up to him again, and said, 'Dinner is over, sir; will you not take something now?'

In the greatest state of anger and fury he exclaimed, 'Can you not leave me alone? Be off with you! and let me be quiet!'

The waiter again retired, and Beethoven continued as before, just as if he were at home at his own desk, and no one dared to address any further remarks to him.

At last he suddenly rolled up his manuscript, put the cork into the ink-bottle, and then placed them all in his pocket. He looked cheerfully up into the empty room, and beckoned to the waiter. He came up to him, and Beethoven said, 'I will pay; what do I owe?'

'Why, sir,' said the waiter, 'you have nothing to pay, you have taken nothing at all; shall I bring something now?'

'Very singular,' said Beethoven, 'I feel quite satisfied.' Then he saluted the waiter very graciously, put his hat upon his rough hair, and went away.

When the waiter told the landlord how Beethoven's appetite was satisfied by the notes he composed, he remarked, 'It would be a bad thing for us if we had such guests as that every day.'

A touching story is related of Beethoven which has formed the subject of a very pretty little poem. One evening when the great composer was wandering through the deserted streets of Vienna on his way home, he was suddenly aroused from his usual absent state, by hearing the sounds of a piano accompanying the song of a marvellously beautiful voice. The melody had such a powerful effect on the listener, that he was attracted to the house, and could not help entering it. He went upstairs and reached a room in which there was no other light but the pale beams of the moon which fell through the open window. No one forbade him to enter, no one greeted the stranger, for the young girl who was sitting there at the piano could never see him.

Roused, however, by the sound of a man's step, she got up, and said, timidly, 'Father, is it you come back at last?'

'No, it is not your father who has intruded into your room, but a perfect stranger to you, whose name is Beethoven. In the song which you have just sung my spirit was drawn to yours. There was such a depth in your tones which seemed to come from a full heart.'

The pale maiden looked up and greeted

Work in Labrador.

THE KOMATIK.

Two inquiries have come in about the komatik, first, 'How do you pronounce it?' and, secondly—from one of our readers who missed the beginning—'What is a komatik, anyway, and what is it for?' To dispose of the first question is easy. You pronounce it with the emphasis on the first syllable, 'kom,' the short o as in 'not,' and the secondary emphasis on the last syllable, with the short i, as in 'tick.'

Now, what it is; well, it is train, waggon, carriage, ambulance, or any other kind of

Grey, have died of distemper. However, there were others to replace them and the komatik has been busy all winter, carrying the doctor in all directions where his presence was needed. During this past winter Mr. William Wallace Bobbit had the team in charge as the driver, but this spring he resigned and Mr. Sam Cox has taken up the work. The komatik in this photograph is in front of the Harrington Hospital.

Just what is being done in providing and supporting the komatik is easy to think up if you realize that through the winter months it is the only means by which the doctor can reach many of his patients, that without it many would have to suffer and others die



OUR KOMATIK, 'WINTER MESSENGER.'

conveyance that is needed on the Labrador in winter, for it is the only conveyance they have, and what it is like you don't need to be told, for here is the identical komatik in which we are interested, the 'Winter Messenger,' which the readers of the 'Witness' Boys' Page built and ran last year, and for the running of which for this past winter we are collecting the funds again. This photograph is sent to us by Dr. Hare, of Harrington, who has our komatik in charge, and the passenger who seems so much at home in it is Old Peake, the head dog of the team. There are six dogs in evidence in the photograph, but in Dr. Hare's latest letter he says that two of the best dogs in the team, Topsy and

without a doctor to even tell them what was wrong, much less bring aid and comfort in the form of medicine, and proper food. The contributions last year built this komatik, fed the dogs all winter and provided for other expenses in connection with its running, but this winter, of course, there was not the initial expense of building the komatik as this is still strong and sturdy, but we do want to be sure of covering all other needs, and we have not enough in yet to do that. Next winter we expect the reindeer to replace the dogs, and so the expense of their feed will drop off, as the deer can forage for themselves. This year, however, the reindeer arrived too late to be of such service.

him bashfully. 'Alas! I am blind,' she said, 'I have never seen the light of day.'

Tears streamed from her sightless eyes and glittered on her cheeks in the moonlight. The great composer, deeply moved, looked sadly in her face, till at last, to comfort her, he broke his long silence. 'What the Creator has denied you,' he said, 'is only half a world, the other half still remains, and it contains much which is still beautiful. You have music for your inheritance, so dry up your tears, for the happiness which is given you in it outweighs many thousand eyes. Notes, and melodies, and lovely tones, are to you what the splendor of form and color are to us.'

Then Beethoven sat down before the piano. Soon the sweetest tones streamed from the instrument, now gentle as a whisper and full of deep and melancholy feeling; then louder and fuller tones swelling increasingly, till a wild storm on the sea was represented by his notes. Now and then a cry of anguish seemed piteously to penetrate the raging noise of the storm, which at last subsided, and was succeeded by a chant as from a choir of angels. The poor girl smiled happily, her sad face brightened up and the blind maiden for a while quite forgot her trouble.—J. F. C., in 'Chatterbox.'

to help,' Truro, N.S., \$1.00; A Friend, \$3.00; Total... \$ 6.00

Received for the cots:—'One who wishes to help,' Truro, N.S., \$1.00; James Bell, Ripley, \$1.00; W. O'Neill, Star City, Sask., 60 cents; Total... \$ 2.60

Received for the komatik:—'One who wishes to help,' Truro, N.S., \$ 1.00
Previously acknowledged for all purposes... \$ 1,732.13

Total received up to May 26... \$ 1,741.73

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

For Postal Crusade.

From two little pilgrims... \$.50
From Mrs. P. M. Tully... 1.00
From Mrs. E. Bell... 1.00
For the 'Messenger' Postal Crusade... 2.00
From two friends at Moose Creek and Maxville... 2.00
From a Lover of the Lord... 10.00

\$ 16.50

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Adolphe Andrews, Lambeth, Ont., \$2.00; 'One who wishes

All money for this cause, the sending of good undenominational literature to India and other places, where it is much needed, should be sent to Mrs. M. E. Edwards Cole, 169 Nicholas street, Ottawa, Ont.