

**A WINTER IN  
LABRADOR**

**1918—1919**



**Journal of the  
Rev. HENRY GORDON  
Cartwright, Labrador**

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# A WINTER IN LABRADOR

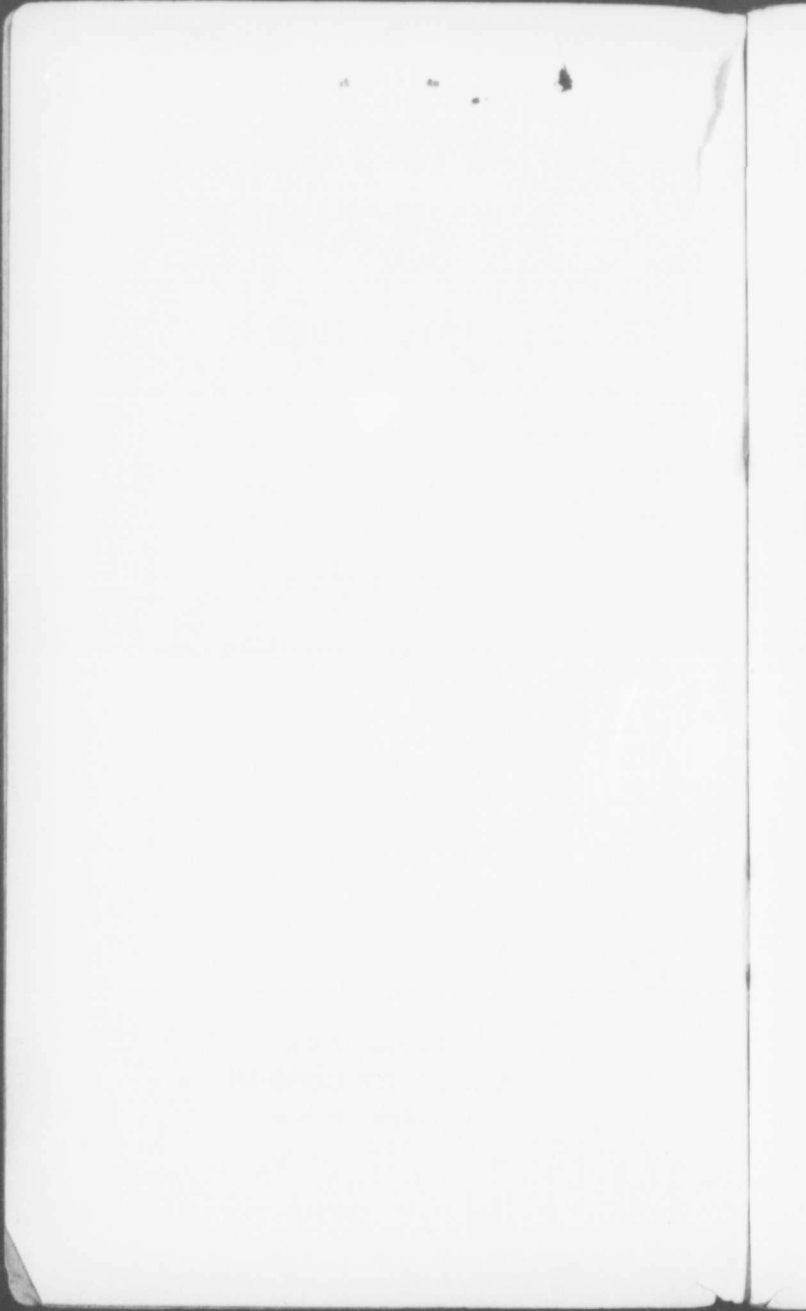
1918—1919

WITH PREFACE

by the

GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Journal of the  
Rev. HENRY GORDON  
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## P R E F A C E

BY THE  
GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND

No thought of publication was in the mind of the Rev. Henry Gordon when he wrote his Journal, the simple, straightforward record of an experience unparalleled and almost intolerable; but those of us who read it felt at once that such a record of unselfish work should be made available to as many as possible of English-speaking people, and give them the opportunity of sympathy and help.

It is impossible to read these pages without a sense of the deepest admiration for the self-reliance and courage with which one clergyman, a man of fine education and culture, can devote himself to the care of a wild district, almost as large as Newfoundland itself, or as a good slice of the Old Country, inhabited by a few fisherfolk and trappers settled along the shore of remote inlets at great distances from one another, almost cut off from each other through a great portion of the year.

At any time there is enough to excite marvel in the winter life of the Labrador. Huge cliffs jutting out into an icebound sea, behind them frozen inlets edged by snow-laden firs and sparsely dotted with cottages buried in snow, farther inland a wild waste of snow-covered barrens separating forests primeval; one parson or one doctor at the most, making himself responsible for areas aggregating many English counties.

A hard life at any time, but in the autumn of 1918 the settlements on this coast were suddenly smitten by the scourge which had swept the civilised world. By a cruel irony, the last steamer which visited that coast for the year left behind the infection of Spanish influenza. Without a warning, Mr. Gordon found himself face to face, at one time almost single handed, with sickness and death in its most distressing and paralysing form. How he fought and faced it is the tale of the Journal.

It is remarkable that the daily notes of this Journal show scarcely any trace of repining; for there must have been times when there was a feeling of desertion by the outside world. Not that there was any real lack of sympathy; it was only many weeks after the scourge had done its worst that the news of the trouble came through to St. John's. The Government at once considered what could be done, but at that time of year it was felt that any relief expedition would have involved grave risk to the lives that carried it, with the certain knowledge that it was too late to arrest or aid the plague. The lesson to those responsible for administration was a bitter one.

There are some (and highly intelligent) members of the community, who would wish to remove elsewhere the whole population of the Labrador coast. A futile proposal; and indeed unworthy. These men of the Labrador are many of them a fine type. They have shown their patriotism in a marked degree, and they are a hardy race who desire to live close to the wild grounds where they get their living. Such men, not only in Labrador but in Newfoundland itself, form an attachment to wild solitary, harbours. Even in Newfoundland not far from St. John's it is found that a proposal to a fisherman to move nearer to a centre is bitterly resented. The man is happier in his little cove. It seems to me useless to coerce this side of human nature, and therefore it is better to help it. That is the view of such men as Gordon, Paddon, and particularly Dr. Grenfell from whom they get their inspiration. It is our part to aid and not discourage that view. I cannot do better than apply to Mr. Gordon's work a citation from Dr. Henry van Dyke, the United States publicist, which I cull from his account of Dr. Grenfell: "I regard the work he is doing in Labrador as one of the most simple, direct, and vital applications of the gospel of Christ to human needs that modern times have seen."

C. ALEXANDER HARRIS.

## Some Introductory Remarks

Very reluctantly have I consented to the printing of these disordered notes. The strong requests of many friends who have read them, together with a feeling that good may result to a people whom I love, have combined to urge me on to a decision.

For the form and arrangement of the Journal, I make no apologies. It is printed as it was written, without any revision or alteration, and it was written at many an odd time and in many an odd place.

The making of journals may with some be a beautiful art. It is hard to be artistic when one is dead-beat, and the folds of a sleeping-bag conduce more to slumber than to journalising.

If these notes serve in any way to draw attention to the Labrador coast, I shall be amply compensated. The wide world over, there cannot be found such a *Terra Incognita* as Labrador. Thousands visit her shores summer after summer, and yet she remains a land of mystery and of dread. Where pictures of Labrador life have been given to the public the colours have almost invariably been of the gloomiest and dingiest hues. The barren rocks and marshes, the bitter frosts and snows, the savageness of the dogs, the poverty and misery of the people, — these are the things that nine out of every ten think and believe about Labrador. That such should be the case is nothing short of a grievous crime. Not only does Labrador rejoice in some of the finest scenery in North America, but she also possesses a people of an exceptionally fine type. If they are backward, or if they are poor, who is to be held responsible but those who have kept them so? That they are capable of the highest attainments has been abundantly proved; that they are naturally clever and ingenious is well known. Opportunity to develop, physically, mentally, and spiritually, is their most urgent desire, and who would deny them their right?

The population of Labrador is a polyglot one. Original Esquimaux, original Indians form now but a minor portion of the race, and an ever-diminishing one. The

true Labradorian, or "Livyerer," as he is called, is a mixture of white and dark. British servants, sailors, carpenters, coopers, tinsmiths, or shipwrights, who came out in the employ of trading companies of a century ago, these were the progenitors of the Labrador race. What they saw in the country to induce them to settle down for life is their own secret, though some of us can come very near to guessing it. Inter-marriage with the native races was a natural consequence, and to-day their descendants bear their good old British names, and display many an inherited gift which is a constant source of wonder to the unskilled visitor. A few of these hardy settlers were able to induce their own womenkind to share their lot, and this fact accounts for the presence on the coast to-day of a little handful of pure-strain planters.

Mixed races are always a problem, especially when brought into regular touch with a visiting white population, as is the case in Labrador. It has still to be realised that every white man is not a Christian, or even any fair percentage mindful of the awful responsibility of example. Labrador knows much about this. Vice invariably attracts more than virtue, though virtue can and does outpace vice when right associations are available.

Organised work of any kind is very difficult indeed on this coast. The tiny population is thinned out over a vast area of territory, single families often being separated from each other by many miles. Time and necessity will eventually change this. At present it is hard to convince.

Education is undoubtedly the greatest need of Labrador to-day. Various attempts have been made to spread a little teaching along portions of the coast, but with little success. An itinerant teacher can accomplish but little in the few weeks he spends in the lonely homesteads he may visit; and, alas! the most needy families are the very ones that are unable to put him up. At its very best, and with a whole host of workers, this system can never be satisfactory. To meet the needs of the case, the only feasible scheme seems to be that of the central boarding school, to which all the children may come and in which they can be looked after whilst they are taught. Already, steps have been taken towards the carrying out of this project. With a pluck and interest which are simply wonderful, the people themselves are doing their utmost

to help on the scheme, and the sum of \$1,400.00 has been raised on the coast itself. This represents sacrifices which one cannot expect to see continued, and naturally it is to the outside world that we must look for our main support.

If the need of this institution was urgent before, it is now a matter of vital necessity. Like a tidal wave, the deadly scourge of Spanish influenza swept down on our coast last fall, and took with it a graver toll than one cares or dares to think of. By some inexplicable law, it was the very backbone of the race that suffered most; fathers and mothers in the prime of life. Whole families of children were left homeless; some, alas, to die of cruel starvation! To deal with the situation has been a very anxious task. Temporary homes (already overcrowded) have been found for this winter, until a building of some sort can be erected. To the School must now be added a permanent Children's Home, and this must be available with as little delay as possible.

To all who read this Journal, I would commend this urgent need, and will be pleased to acknowledge personally any gifts and contributions that may be forthcoming.

HENRY GORDON.

CARTWRIGHT, LABRADOR,  
NEWFOUNDLAND.



## Journal of the Rev. Henry Gordon

### CARTWRIGHT, LABRADOR

September 20, 1918

A very successful visit to St. John's was brought to a conclusion on Sept. 16th, when I boarded S.S. "Seal" homeward bound to Labrador. One was able to look back with much joy and gratitude, and forward with hope renewed. Our Labrador Boarding-School scheme had been definitely launched, and a sum of \$1,200.00 booked to its credit. Even more encouraging than this, a very real interest in its welfare had been created in the hearts of several of St. John's keenest laymen. For the present I had secured the services of four teachers, two of whom were returning for their second year. These were to follow on by S.S. "Sagona," which was expected to leave a few days after "Seal."

A brief call at St. Anthony on the morning of the 19th gave the opportunity of a few moments' conversation with Dr. Grenfell and his wife. Late that same night we reached the first Labrador port of call, Battle Harbour, where I left "Seal" to proceed north on my own little "St. Helen."

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#### Friday, Sept. 20th.

After a night on Parson Pitcher's sofa, I got busy preparing "St. Helen" for her trip. Everything was soaking wet, both outside and inside. The anchor was inextricably fouled with some mooring chains, and had to be parted from the rope. By dint of much hard labour, all was ready at last, and at 11.0 A.M. we were off. The engine fortunately was in good working order, so that I was able to keep my attention on the wheel until clear of all obstacles. Outside the harbour, a big easy swell was at work, breaking in great clouds of spray over the numerous ice-bergs. For several hours our course lay right along a continuous succes-

sion of these huge monsters, with their wonderful variety of shape and colouring. Further out to sea, one could see a fleet of schooners homeward bound to Newfoundland. A strange feeling of loneliness seemed to come over one. Towards dusk, when passing Square Islands, I caught sight of a big yacht entering the harbour, which I took to be the "Amber Jack" of Battle Harbour. She had been down to Sandwich Bay in search of mica. Night came on whilst we were off Cape Bluff. It was rather eerie work steaming in for the narrow Run in the darkness. About 7.0 P.M., I dropped anchor under the lea of Stone Island, as near Duck Harbour as I could guess. Day's run, 40 miles.

#### Saturday, Sept. 21st.

Awoke to find it blowing a gale from the S.E., together with heavy rain. As far as the end of Squasho Run, the water was smooth, but on turning out towards Boulster's Rock, the spray began flying all over me. After two attempts to make out past Partridge Head, I had to give it up and run into Boulster's for shelter. Towards evening, S.S. "Seal" arrived, departing after a short stay. Tom Turnbull came off and moored me firmly for the night. Day's run, 10 miles.

#### Sunday, Sept. 22nd.

A very urgent wireless message begging me to make all haste to Spotted Islands, if I would see Sam Holwell alive, constrained me to depart from my usual practise of lying up on the Sabbath. The gale had subsided during the early part of the night, so about 2.0 A.M., I got up anchor. In order not to arouse the folk on shore, I started to tow outside in the punt, but had to give this up and start the engine in order to save "St. Helen" from going on to the point. Then the punt's painter got wrapped round the propeller and, in clearing it, we brought up on the chain of a large Banker. Outside the harbour, a very heavy sea was at work, showing up the shoals in the dark. Just as I entered Seal Island Run, I caught sight of "Seal's" smoke rising up out of Sandy Islands. She was in Batteau as I flew past before a strong breeze, which sent the lop curling up over "St. Helen's" stern. Very rough off Domino Head. Close to Spotted Islands the punt broke away, and we were almost ashore in the business of picking her up. Anchored in the harbour at 9.0 A.M. Distance run, 40 miles. Found poor Sam Holwell *in extremis*. Was glad to be in time to help



him square up his affairs. Mattins, 10.30. After dinner, "Seal" arrived. Her crew were surprised to see me in harbour. Evensong 6.30.

#### **Monday, Sept. 23rd.**

Picked up a companion in the person of Tom Coombs, who wanted a passage down to Sandwich Bay. Started about 5.0, wind fresh from N.W. Indian Tickle by 8.0. After several hours punching into a heavy sea, decided to run back to the Tickle — only a waste of gasolene. Must at all costs get to Cartwright before "Sagona," but do not expect her till to-morrow. Lay at anchor all day. Distance run, 15 miles.

#### **Tuesday, Sept. 24th.**

Started out of sleep at 2.0 A.M. by sound of steamer's horn. Got under weigh with all speed. Still blowing hard, but now a case of necessity — and a race. Four teachers and all my winter's freight on board "Sagona." A cold, hard battle to windward brought us to Long Point by dawn. Steamer then off by the Wolf Islands. A very big sea off Cape North, and all the way across Blackguard Bay. Steamer's smoke rising out of Grady, as we turned into Sandwich Bay. Ran into Cartwright about 11.0, well ahead of steamer. Rest of day fully occupied with landing stores. Day's run, 38 miles.

#### **Wednesday, Sept. 25th.**

A busy day with freight. Got all up to the Parsonage and unpacked my new gramophone (a present from St. John's). After supper we had a short concert.

#### **Thursday, Sept. 26th.**

Ran out a distance of 8 miles to Snack Cove to visit a couple of sick folk, and arranged with a girl to come in to live with Miss Udle, who is our Cartwright teacher for this winter. Weather very fine nowadays. Quite frosty by nights.

#### **Friday, Sept. 27th.**

Beautiful crisp morning. Rose early and mustered a volunteer crew for a wood expedition, old Mr. Bird aged 80, Charlie Hussy aged 11 and Harold Swaffield aged 8 — some crew! Getting the loan of the Hudson's Bay Company's scow, we took her in tow behind "St. Helen," and ran about a mile across the bight. By 2.30 we had a nice pile of 300 sticks on the bank below the Parsonage, and some of us had stiff shoulders. [For

the sake of the uninitiated, a stick or "turn" of wood is a fair-sized tree with its limbs lopped off.] This over, I broached a drum of gasoline and filled up "St. Helen's" tanks. Finished up the day unloading more freight from Porter's Wharf.

#### **Saturday, Sept. 28th.**

Blowing very hard from S.W., with rain storms. Began task of dismantling the small School-room which has served as the Church for many years. We have decided to have a new church, and in the meantime shall worship in the new School-room.

#### **Sunday, Sept. 29th.**

A Westerly gale. Sky clear and bright. Mattins in the temporarily rigged School-room, a great improvement. Evensong 6.30, a great crowd present. The bay people are just gathering in before going further up to their winter quarters in the shelter of the woods. Raining in the evening.

#### **Monday, Sept. 30th.**

Still blowing hard from the West. Ran to Muddy Bay in the morning. After dinner, Alec and I loaded up an old boat with a thousand feet of inch board and started off on a trip to West Bay, a little settlement some 40 miles down the coast, where I intend putting up a small School-room. Owing to faulty stowing of the cargo, our tow gave us a great deal of anxiety in the heavy lop, so that we had to put into Pack's Harbour for the night. Distance run, 12 miles.

#### **Tuesday, Oct. 1st.**

Heavy breeze N.N.W. — impossible to stem out with our tow. Lay at anchor all morning, then decided to leave the tow and run back to Cartwright, till a better time came. In cranking the engine I got a severe blow on my wrist from a sudden back-fire.

#### **Wednesday, Oct. 2nd.**

Wind still remains in the same quarter. Quite a number of the bay people waiting for a fair time. Gave a gramophone concert in the evening.

#### **Thursday, Oct. 3rd.**

Wind veered N.E., and blew as hard as ever. Worked indoors. Another crowd came up in the evening.

#### **Friday, Oct. 4th.**

Calm and chilly, with slight snow storms. About noon the news came in that a large steamer was coming

up the run, and very soon afterwards S.S. "Nascopie," the Hudson's Bay Company's Northern ship, steamed into the harbour. This is one of the great annual events of our lives down here. For myself, it means, in all probability, the chance of meeting some fellow parson, for this is the only means of travel that our Baffin's Land missionaries have. I was quickly on board, and was delighted to meet dear old Mr. Peck, who has dedicated a whole life to the North and (at over sixty years of age) still keeps at his post. With him was the Bishop of Moosonee. He is the first Bishop to visit Baffin's Land. One felt that the old man's labours had at last been rewarded. The Bishop was a most interesting personality, most of whose work is done by means of canoes, in which he travels for hundreds of miles up the big rivers of the interior. Middle-aged and of great strength, he seemed eminently fitted for his job.

#### **Saturday, Oct. 5th.**

Made acquaintance with three men of the North West Mounted Police, who were on their way home after two years' important service away to the north in a district where white men have never been before. Thank God they were "white" men of the very best type that that force produces. Capt. French, who was in charge, showed me some unique photographs of the locality in which they had been. His companions were little if anything over twenty years of age, but made up in stature what they lacked in years. It does one worlds of good to meet men like these, brave and clean and true. After tea, all hands assembled in the School-room, to bid farewell to the Swaffields who are leaving the coast after a long term of faithful service to their Company. An illuminated address had been procured from St. John's, and I got the Bishop to present it. I think everybody was sorry to say good-bye to them. For the first time this fall, the ground was all white. Very cold night.

#### **Sunday, Oct. 6th.**

A fine frosty day, bright and calm. The Captain of the "Nascopie" very kindly held on till midday, so as to give us the great privilege of having the Bishop and Mr. Peck at Church. The Bishop preached and celebrated, and needless to say there was more than one person who will long remember the occasion. After service, I had dinner on board the "Nascopie," a

sort of farewell banquet. About 2.0, the anchor was weighed and our friends departed.

#### **Monday, Oct. 7th.**

Turned out 4.15 A.M., and made another start for West Bay. Ran out against a strong tide to Pack's Harbour, where we found our tow nearly under water. The board was floating about. Having got things fairly right again, we set out for Cape Porcupine, where I had been promised I should find the frame of the building all ready to hand. After a pretty hard tussle against a head wind and a lop, we arrived at the Cape to find that scarcely half the frame had done. It was a bitter disappointment, after all the trouble we had taken, and it only remained to about ship and return home to Cartwright. We arrived back in the dark, cold.

#### **Tuesday, Oct. 8th.**

Wind N.W. and fresh. School opened to-day, but only a few children turned up. Nearly all our children this winter are very little. After dinner I ran as far as Longstretch to fetch the teacher's girl, Tamar Coombs.

#### **Wednesday, Oct. 9th.**

Blowing fresh from S.W. The Company's schooner "Thistle" set off up the bay. With a few passengers, I ran across the bay to North River to bury old Mrs. Williams, one of the few remaining pure-bred Esquimaux, and one we can ill spare. She was a really fine character. At the same time I buried a new-born baby. One has very few funerals on this coast. The population is small, and people have to bury their own dead, unless I happen to be within reach. Nearly every tiny settlement has its Burial-ground, a fact which is much to be deplored.

#### **Thursday, Oct. 10th.**

Fine morning, with moderate N.W. breeze. Started off on another wood expedition. Unable to get the scow, we procured an old open boat, which we loaded as far as we dare. We shipped 175 sticks. Halfway home, our tow began to settle down in the water, and before long completely submerged. By means of heaving off the wood, we were able to keep her level with the surface and so get her to the land. Handling the wet wood, and sticking it up on the pile was dirty work.

**Friday, Oct. 11th.**

Spent the morning at my desk, a place which I seldom find time to occupy nowadays. Manual labour is sweet and honest, and one is ready to do it always, but my real usefulness to my people suffers from it. If the Church would help me to keep a man, I could devote my time more to the Spiritual work which I so long to do.

**Saturday, Oct. 12th.**

Made preparations for a trip down into Groswater Bay, where I am trying to put up a School-room in an Esquimaux settlement, at Carawalla. My plan is to take a little ten-foot punt with a camp, stove and stock of grub — to go down with these on next "Seal" as far as Rigolet. There to leave "Seal" and work my way home along the coast, or by a lucky chance run up against another mail steamer. "St. Helen" was impossible, on account of encountering ice conditions. All preparations were complete by evening and just after dark "Seal" arrived, bringing a great load of freight and the best of war news. We rejoiced over the withdrawal of Bulgaria and Turkey from the side of Germany. Almost at the same time, the news came in that a girl had died at Goose Cove, some five miles away, and I felt it my duty to postpone my trip till later and help the poor folk out.

**Sunday, Oct. 13th.**

Calm and overcast. Less people in Cartwright now. Mattins 10.30. Evensong 6.30.

**Monday, Oct. 14th.**

An uneventful day.

**Tuesday, Oct. 15th.**

A very nasty morning, raining and strong N.E. breeze. About 10.30 the funeral party arrived very wet and miserable. I got a stove going in St. Helen's cabin and transferred them all on board, lashing the coffin on the deck-house. After a rather stormy passage we landed on the point of North River, and dug the grave in beautiful soft sand. Home again by 4.0.

**Wednesday, Oct. 16th.**

A correspondence day. Got through a big bunch. Weather stormy.

*rose*

**Thursday, Oct. 17th.**

A moderate day. Finished my correspondence in the morning. After dinner towed Company's scow across the harbour and returned with a load of 230 turns of wood.

**Friday, Oct. 18th.**

Busy indoors during morning. In the afternoon I inspected some posts which had been brought in for the new fence for our Cemetery. The old wooden fence is fast giving out, and we are planning to put up wire in its place. Paid a round of visits in the evening.

**Saturday, Oct. 19th.**

Acted as arbiter in a local dispute, and was glad to find success. A great crowd had gathered in to haul up the Company's schooner "Thistle." This is always the first of our hauls, and everybody turns out to assist. Most of the day was spent in the job. In the evening, some of us rigged up the new desks which I brought from St. John's for the school.

**Sunday, Oct. 20th.**

Fine day, but chilly. A good crowd attended Mattins. About 5.0, the Mail-boat ("Sagona") arrived, bringing Mr. Batten, our Catechist for Gros-water Bay. The war news still continues good.

*John*  
**Monday, Oct. 21st.**

Rain and wind from S.W. Some of the people are sick with a bad cold. Our newspapers relate of a serious epidemic which is raging in Newfoundland and other parts of the world. One hopes that it will not reach down here, but the fact that some of the steamer's crew are down with it looks ominous.

**Tuesday, Oct. 22nd.**

I find it necessary to close down my Parsonage, for many reasons. I am expecting to carry out my postponed trip to the other bay, and may spend the fall there. It means a big wrench to part with my house-keeper and her old father. One has been really very comfortable. To-morrow I start off on my last trip round Sandwich Bay, and shall carry Rebecca Bird and the old man, with all their belongings right up to their house at Dove Brook.

**Wednesday, Oct. 23rd.**

Up early. A dead calm morning, with a keen frost in the air. Had a busy time getting all the stuff on

*name,*

board, as the old man and his son were both too sick to do anything. Roly Bird comes with me for the bay trip, Alec having departed on the "Nascopie." Got away about 8.45, towing two heavily-laden boats astern. Had splendid time up the bay, for which I was thankful. Ran right into Dove Brook, bumping and scraping over the sand bars. By this means we were able to land close up to the Birds' house and unship our cargo in comfort.

#### Thursday, Oct. 24th.

Got clear of the brook by 10.30, and ran up White Bear River. Anchored off Charlie Learning's, and rowed up to the old man Learning's. Alphonzo had just brought home a couple of deer, which he had shot whilst they were swimming the river. One was an old stag, with a magnificent pair of horns. A meal of venison was most welcome. All hands came in for service after tea. It looks nice to see all the boats coming up the river.

#### Friday, Oct. 25th.

Froze hard in the night, and there was quite a scum of ice on the river. I had forgotten to drain off the water last night and in consequence the pump was frozen solid. After application of several kettles of boiling water, we got away by 9.30, and made Separation Point in time for dinner. Evensong at Fred Brown's house. After service, I asked all the men to give to-morrow to the partly-finished School-chapel, which it is most desirable to complete.

#### Saturday, Oct. 26th.

Quite a batch of snow fell in the night. However, all hands turned up for work. Team-work like this is very good fun, and it doesn't take long to get something done. By the evening, we had the building completely covered round and on top, and the felt nailed onto the roof. Flooring and sealing are all that remain to be done now. Just before dark, we left the point and ran over to Dove Brook.

#### Sunday, Oct. 27th.

Fine weather, though cold. Mattins at Dove Brook, 10.30. After dinner some of the people came over with me to Separation Point for service at 3.0. Evensong again at Dove Brook at 6.30.

**Monday, Oct. 28th.**

Milder weather. Left Dove Brook at 9.30 for Barrow Brook. All along the shore, a wide fringe of ice had already formed. Had service ashore, then went on to American Point for the night. Evensong, 7.30.

**Tuesday, Oct. 29th.**

Ran out to Indian Harbour in dead calm. Off to the southward we could see a large schooner becalmed, and guessed that she was the "St. Bernard," Mr. Clark's long expected vessel. After lunch and a short service, we crossed the North River Flats and anchored just off the Graveyard Point. Everybody gathered at old Jim Williams' for service. There is always one recognised house in each little settlement where the parson stays and where service is held. Returning on board "St. Helen" for the night, Roly fell very sick, so I stayed up keeping the stove going all night. *flu!!*

**Wednesday, Oct. 30th.**

*flu*  
During the night we had got aground, but fortunately the weather was calm. Early this morning we got clear and set off for Cartwright. Roly was feeling much better. Ran into the wharf at Cartwright about 10.0. Not a soul to be seen anywhere, and a strange, unusual silence. Going along the path to the Parsonage, we met one of the Company's men staggering about like a drunken man, and from him learnt the news that the whole settlement was prostrated with sickness. It had struck the place like a cyclone, two days after the Mail-boat had left. After dinner, I went on a tour of inspection among the houses, and was simply appalled at what I found. Whole households lay inanimate all over their kitchen floors, unable to even feed themselves or look after the fire. No one complained of any particular pain, a bad headache and an utter exhaustion seemed to be the prevalent symptoms. No one, so far, seemed in a dangerous state. The remarkable thing about the whole business was the fact that the entire settlement was down. It suggested most forcibly a tropical typhoon. I think there were just four persons in the place who were sound. The "St. Bernard" lay at anchor in the harbour, making a slow business of unloading her cargo, for lack of local help. One seemed utterly incapable of dealing with the situation. The only thing one could do was to see that no one perished for want of food and firing.



This I started in on straight away. A feeling of intense resentment at the callousness of the authorities, who sent us the disease by the Mail-boat, and then left us to sink or to swim, filled one's heart almost to the exclusion of all else. The helplessness of the poor people was what struck to the heart. The one and only Doctor on the coast (Dr. Paddon of the International Grenfell Association) was one hundred and eighty miles away, and might have been ten thousand for what chance he could have of getting his assistance to us. We could only come to the conclusion that the Spanish influenza had come amongst us, and the newspapers were brim-full of its deadliness.

#### Thursday, Oct. 31st.

Early this morning, Mr. Payne came up to tell me that his wife was very sick, and they did not know what to do for her. I offered to run up to Dove Brook again, to fetch Rebecca Bird (her sister). After a hurried round of visits, Roly and I got under weigh about 11.0, and made a fine run up the bay. The Dove Brook people were all well, so I refused to go into any of the houses, and warned them to keep themselves isolated as much as possible. The Birds took my news very bravely, and Rebecca never hesitated a moment in her decision to come back to Cartwright, although both she and I had a sort of feeling that something was going to happen. By 6.30 we were in Cartwright again, after a day's run of 36 miles. I was distressed to find Miss Udle, our teacher, and her little maid, had been in bed for a day and a half, without food or fire, or any attendance. Everybody seemed much about the same.

*Begin here*

#### Friday, Nov. 1st.

Health and strength are the only things of any value now, and they must be used to the utmost. Shortage of wood is the most serious menace that we have to face. The weather is getting bitterly cold. Very few of our people have any stock of fire-wood home, and scarcely a house with any sawed up. Roly and I set to work and sawed and split as hard as we could go. Roly is simply splendid, and I don't know what I would do without him. In the evening I paid another round of visits. Some of the sick are getting distinctly worse. One house is in an appalling state. We have only one

log-hut in the place, where an old couple have lived for some years. They left it last summer and we hoped it would then disappear. Late this fall, a family of seven arrived from the outside, too late to get up to their winter quarters. There were five little children, and another was soon expected. A sort of old nurse was with them, and her old man remained to take her up the bay when she would be free. A young man and a little girl of six were also of the party. All this crowd was jammed into this little tilt barely ten foot square. They were all struck helpless before anything could be done to sort them out, and now they lay in heaps on the dirty floor in a terrible mess. Mrs. Parsons, the wife of the new Agent of the H.B.C., who has been a trained nurse, is of tremendous assistance. She gets about among the sick and, with the few drugs at her disposal, does wonders. My head is beginning to get heavy. I hope against hope that I may be able to keep fit.

#### Saturday, Nov. 2nd.

Feeling rotten, head like a bladder full of wind. Felt able to get up, however. Word came up that the little "Tilt" baby had been born, and was not likely to live, so I went down and baptised it. If things in this house had been bad before, they were worse now. The old man and the old woman were practically dying on the floor. About noon, I received word that young Howard Fequet had died. Epileptic in normal times, he had not been able to stand at all against this disease. Scarcely knowing what I was doing I rowed out to the "St. Bernard," now lying all to herself in the harbour, and begged the crew to come ashore to dig Howard's grave. This they very willingly did. Digging graves in the Cartwright cemetery is labour out of the ordinary. Good folk many years ago chose the spot, evidently for its prominence, quite forgetful of the fact that a prominent spot in this country means a nut that the glacier or the sea was not able to crack. About one foot of soil lies over the ground, then comes a layer of tightly compressed blackish gravel, which reminds me of nothing so much as the carbon that accumulates on the cylinder of a motor engine. Beneath this are huge boulders almost cemented in with the pressure. When, in addition to all these other difficulties, the ground is frozen, it may be imagined what the work entails.

Sunday, Nov. 3rd.

Got up, took a dose of brandy and buried Howard Fequet at 1.30, then went back to bed again.

Monday, Nov. 4th.

Tuesday, Nov. 5th.

Can't remember very clearly what happened on these two days. Felt very sick. I know Mr. Parsons came up to ask me about burying somebody or other. I thought it was myself at the time. Someone gave me some oranges, and someone gave me some chocolate. Mrs. Parsons, I know, helped me out a lot. Roly stuck to me like a brick.

Wednesday, Nov. 6th.

Feeling ever so much better, but rather groggy in the legs. Found out that the old man (Mr. Garland Lethbridge) was dead and buried, also that his wife was *in extremis*, and worst of all Sam Learning, my churchwarden, a man of an unusually fine character, was in a serious condition. This last piece of information got me up in a hurry. One could scarcely believe that it was true. Physically, Sam was the equal of any man around. I could not help laughing as I walked or rather "tacked" along the road. Several others were doing the same and it reminded one so much of the flies coming out of the cracks in the spring-time. My merriment, however, was turned to dismay, when I reached Sam's bedside. He was undoubtedly dying, despite Mrs. Parsons's magnificent efforts to save him. She had been up with him all night, poulticing and doing everything possible. He asked for the Sacrament. Going home to get ready, I could not help actually crying. I suppose one's nerves were a good deal overwrought, but in any case Sam's death would be nothing short of a disaster. I will never forget that Sacrament, and whenever afterwards I perform the sacred service, I shall picture dear old Sam, manfully trying to incline his aching head at the name of Jesus, just as he always did. Men like these, of course, justify Christianity, and I think they also justify the Church. Late in the evening, Sam passed to his rest, as also did old Mrs. Garland Lethbridge.

Thursday, Nov. 7th.

At this stage of the proceedings the last mail-boat of the season arrived (S.S. "Seal"). She would allow noone on board. She had no doctor, or anything to

help us out. As it was blowing a full gale, no one was able to get out to her or to come in from her. Two graves were needed, and I entered on my apprenticeship of grave-digging — and that in a graveyard like this! By evening one grave was ready, and I buried Mrs. Lethbridge. The wind lulled a bit towards nighttime, so that communication with the steamer was resumed. She had a most enormous freight for Cartwright. It was a serious question whether there would be anyone able to help to land it.

#### Friday, Nov. 8th.

Finished Sam's grave and laid him to rest. The way his wife took the whole thing was nothing short of wonderful, especially as there was every possibility of her losing her eldest child as well. I have decided to close our old graveyard, and in the future only bury in the new part. All available hands were mustered to unload freight from the steamer, who remained at anchor all day. The three local traders agreed to land all their stuff on one wharf, and for this purpose joined in one gang. I signed on also for the day. It was nearly midnight before we had got the stuff landed on the Company's wharf.

#### Saturday, Nov. 9th.

Another day at the freight, carrying it away and stowing it inside the stores. The barrels of salt were the heaviest handling. The weather was now very frosty. Another death took place to-day, little Billy Martin. Also, late at night, news came in that John Hamel had died at Muddy Bay, about five miles further up the bay. One was only now beginning to get seriously alarmed about the disease. We had rather imagined that it had been confined to Cartwright. The possibility of its having spread all over the bay and on to the outside coast was too serious to ponder over. Little homesteads of one family, separated from the nearest neighbour by ten, fifteen or twenty miles, could only share one fate,—extermination for sheer want of help.

#### Sunday, Nov. 10th.

Sundays and weekdays are both alike now. We have no services in the church. I have organised the few sound men into two parties. Mr. Clark, Mr. Doan, Mr. Fequet and myself have taken on the task of grave-digging, two working to the shift. It takes a whole

name - use him.

day to dig, or rather hew out a grave in our cemetery. The other party, consisting of Mr. Parsons, Fred Groves the Cooper, and Robert Pardy, are responsible for the making of the coffins. We hope that we shall not have to bury anyone without a coffin. To-day, we got a grave ready for little Billy Martin, and I buried him before night. Mr. Fequet and I still feel the effects of the sickness, and do our work rather slowly at present. Mr. Clark and Mr. Doan, two strapping men, perform wonders with pick and spade. The ground is now frozen so hard, that sparks will even fly from the soil. A tour of the houses to-day reveals the unpleasant fact that several more of the people are growing worse. Mrs. Payne still lingers on. Her sister, Rebecca, was taken sick two days ago, and to-day began to take a turn for the worse. I have noticed that a sort of pneumonia seems to attend the sickness, and when the patient develops this it becomes only a matter of a few days before the end comes. I offered to share the night-watch with Johnny Payne.

#### Monday, Nov. 11th.

Our patients were very restless all night, and Rebecca was perceptibly going down. She had always been considered one of the strongest women in the place. It seems as though these were the people to have the sickness the worst. Invalids and children seem to be almost immune. This may have very serious consequences. I paid a complete round of visits, and sawed up wood and brought water for one crowd who were helpless. As Rebecca Bird was sinking so rapidly, I gave her the Sacrament in the evening. It was awfully sad to see such a splendid woman going so soon. Late into the night I was sawing and splitting wood, for my own house and for the teacher's house. Roly has gone to help out the Paynes, and I am alone in this great barn of a house. To return to an empty, cold house — but this is grumbling and I had better shut up.

#### Tuesday, Nov. 12th.

Very cold and miserable weather, wind N.E., with snow. Ever since the sickness began, the weather has been abominable. Not a single boat has been in from the outlying places, and no one has been able to get from here to seek news of other settlements. What little bits of news have come in have come by land. Early this morning, John Lethbridge died. He is the

third out of the crowd in the tilt, and there will most certainly be several more. The state of the place is something awful. The grave-diggers got to work at once, and were hardly a foot down, when Arthur Hamel arrived to see about a grave for his brother. Both shifts came on together. Towards evening, word came up to us that Rebecca Bird had died. It was splendid to see the willing way in which the diggers turned to, and started in on the third grave. Working late, they got a good half of it done before knocking off. Just before sunset I buried John Lethbridge. A terrible piece of news had arrived whilst we had been at work. Someone had been over to a cove ten miles outside of this, where a family of the name of Toomashie was living. He had found three of them dead, one more on the point of death, and the rest too sick to move. He was just in time to save a clean sweep, for they were out of food and wood. To add to the list of calamities for the day, Evelyn Learning took a sudden turn for the worse. With three little children all sick, and herself scarcely able to get about, poor Mrs. Learning was in great trouble. I offered to sit up with her to-night.

#### Wednesday, Nov. 13th.

The little ones were very restless all night. Evelyn seems to have lost her reason. She was the best of all our school-children, and I had great hopes for her future. I turned in this morning for a short nap, and had scarcely got to sleep when I was awakened by the smell of fire. The roof was caught, round the stove-pipes, and it took some hard work to get it under control. By this time everything was ready for Rebecca's funeral, and I buried her before noon. Mrs. Payne is convinced that she is to blame for her sister's death, and nothing will persuade her out of it. She is practically insane. Everybody is getting anxious about their boats. The ice is gradually creeping in, and any night, now, the harbour may catch over. In the afternoon, I got "St. Helen" alongside the Company's wharf, so as to have her to hand in case of accidents. In the evening, I was compelled to bring Miss Udle and her maid up to the Parsonage, as it is impossible to keep both places going. It will be much better for us all.

#### Thursday, Nov. 14th.

Little Evelyn died in the night. After making

*name*  
arrangements for her grave, I got "St. Helen" under weigh, and ran up to Muddy Bay to fetch the body of John Hamel, which had been lying there since last Saturday. Everybody in the place was helpless, except Arthur who was still weak from the effects of the sickness. Returning with the body, I found Evelyn's grave ready, so was able to bury the two at one time. Arthur had come back with me, and walked home again in the evening. He reached home tired out, about 7.0, and the first thing that greeted him was the sight of his only sister, dead. The poor fellow bravely struggled back to the nearest house and asked them to send word in to me.

**Friday, Nov. 15th.**

Wind S.E., fresh. Snowing hard. Up before daylight, getting ready for the relief expedition to Muddy Bay. Made a start about 9.30, with Fred Groves and Bob Pardy, and all the requisites for a coffin. We were wet through by the time we got there. There was not much doubt about the welcome we received. Poor folk, they were in a sad state. By 2.30, the coffin was made, and with our burden on board we ran back to Cartwright towards dark.

**Saturday, Nov. 16th.**

Blowing very hard from the S.E. Put in a busy morning sawing up wood, and doing several other household duties which soon accumulate when neglected. After dinner I buried Lizzie Hamel, then paid a round of visits. Most of the people seem to be weathering through fairly well, but a few will find it pretty hard. Just before dark, I dismembered "St. Helen's" engine and got her all ready for hauling up at the first opportunity.

**Sunday, Nov. 17th.**

Another "serviceless" Sunday, people being too sick to turn out. The whole of the exterior of life seems to have altered, and one lives with a strange feeling of newness. I suppose everything will get stereotyped once again. About noon, word came up that Lizzie Pardy was dying. I got down in time to see her. This makes the fourth death in the one house (the tilt). I fear that there will be at least two more in the same house. Most certainly, the eldest girl, Mary, will die, and either the new-born baby or its mother. There is no mistaking the symptoms of pneumonia, and no one has got better from that yet.

### Monday, Nov. 18th.

Still very blustering weather. Helped dig a grave for Lizzie Pardy, getting wet to the skin in the process. After the funeral, we started in on the hauling up of the boats. There is some very heavy work ahead of us, for we are such a small and weak crew. News came in from Goose Cove that they were going to make coffins for the three Toomashies, and that they would bring them in as soon as the ice was fit to bear. The bodies had been put out on a high scaffold. There is still no news from the other places. We simply dread the day when we shall hear, for there can be only one story. A rumour has come in that things are in an awful state up at Paradise, but it is utterly impossible to get there until the ice gets solid.

### Tuesday, Nov. 19th.

Devoted the whole day to hauling up boats. First of all we tackled the "St. Helen," who taxed our utmost strength. When halfway up the bank, her ropes snapped and she slid back onto the mud, breaking off her keel-projection (locally termed the "skid"). It was a long and a hard pull before we finally got her on the bank. Then followed the rest of the boats, in order. Some were easy. The "Fox," Mr. Clark's boat, gave a great deal of trouble, on account of her chain smashing in several places.

Mrs. Payne is still very uncertain, her mind being decidedly unbalanced. During the day I lost my little wrist-watch, a loss which I feel very keenly indeed. It was a present I received in England, and has been my constant companion ever since. Sentiment is more precious than money.

### Wednesday, Nov. 20th.

Another day's boat-hauling. This practically finishes the job. There are one or two smaller boats still out, in case there should be any urgent calls. I finished up the day at the saw-horse. It is all I can do to keep my house going in fuel.

### Thursday, Nov. 21st.

A fine, calm, frosty morning. The first real calm day for several weeks. Taking the opportunity whilst it was here, I got out a small boat and went across the harbour for a load of wood, returning with 25 good sticks. With a few days of weather like this, I shall be able to get home a fine stock of wood. On my return, I saw a boat coming round the point. We had



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been fully expecting to hear some news of the other places to-day, but were quite unprepared for the tale we soon were listening to. The visitor was Will Learning, from Indian Harbour. For several weeks he had been cut off from any connection with his neighbours. Last night he had got across the run to North River, and found the place in a terrible condition. Out of twenty-one people he found ten dead, two or three next door to death, and the rest too sick and dismayed to do a thing. Some of the people had died at the beginning of the month, and were still lying as they died, in their beds. In one house, about half a mile from the rest, four out of the family of five were dead. The one remaining soul, was the old mother of 72 years, whose fight with death is one of the most heroic stories I have ever heard. When she was found she had been living all alone for nine days, since the last of her family had died. All that time she had been without a fire (this in Labrador!), and practically without food. In the porch were two buckets of solid ice. From these she would chop fragments with the axe, and thaw them out in a cup under her arm-pits. Outside were the starving dogs, tearing everything within reach of them and watching the least chance of breaking into the house. She was now in one of the other houses, and doing well.

It was decided to send out a relief expedition at once, consisting of Messrs. Parsons, Clark, Doan, Roland Macdonald and myself. By 4.0 we had stocked ourselves with grub and sleeping gear, and were ready to start. It was dark by the time we were off the mouth of the river, so that it was no surprise when we found ourselves hard aground on the flats. The tide was fortunately rising, so that in about an hour we were able to get clear again. Arrived at the settlement, we soon found that all we had heard was only too true. It was absolutely pitiable to behold the sorrow of the few people that survived. It was some time before we could convince them that they would not have to die themselves.

We had arranged to leave all work till the morrow, but such a sharp frost set in by nighttime, that we began to be afraid of being frozen in the river, if we made any long stay. Even now great sheets of ice were sweeping out on the stream, and there was no knowing the moment when our boat might be cut adrift. Accordingly, we decided to start in straight

*use*

away with the grave. Crossing the river we anchored under the Burying-ground Point, and went ashore with lanterns and tools. One big grave was marked out (24 by 7 by 4), and all hands took their own section. After the first foot, which was frozen, it was simply a matter of shovelling the fine red sand out as hard as one could go. The huge pit was finished by midnight and we went out on board the boat for food and a short nap. The food was managed all right, but the nap was a failure. Soon after settling into our sleeping-bags, the drift-ice bore down on us and we had to get up anchor in a hurry and clear out into the run. After this it was too cold and wet to do any sleeping. Mr. Clark seemed the only one who might get a few winks, but he was voted down at the very first snore.

### Friday, Nov. 22nd.

Daylight revealed the fact that the river was frozen over during the night. It looked as though we would be barred off from the settlement. Mr. Doan, whose boat we were using, suggested trying to break through. By means of rolling the boat from side to side we worked our way gradually through, pushing away the sheets of ice as we cracked them. It certainly did the boat no good. Then started the gruesome task of collecting the dead. Some had lain in their beds for over a fortnight, and the stench was fearful. We wrapped them up just as they were, in their bed clothes, then wound them round with cord, and carried them out to the boat. There was no time to even think of such things as coffins. When we had six from the main settlement, we went across the river to the house that stood by itself, the place where the old woman had such a hard time. The first sight that greeted our eyes, was the entrails of a dog, which had been killed and partly eaten by its fellows. We also caught sight of one of the animals hiding like a wild creature among the woods. Roland had a shot at it but missed. In the porch were the two buckets, showing the scoured ice which had served the old woman for drink. Three bodies lay on the floor, the other was upstairs on the loft, and necessitated the removing of the floor before we could get it down. We finally got all four outside and on board the boats. Before leaving here, we hauled up three boats which were beating about in the landwash, significant of the suddenness with which the people must have been taken sick. In the course

of this work, Mr. Parsons strained his back quite seriously, so that we were now reduced to four, and had to lose one of our best workers. It was 11.0 by the time we had all the bodies collected. We then made out of the river to the Burying-ground Point, and began the task of carrying our freight to the grave. This, I think, was the hardest job of the lot. Quite a little distance separated the boats from the grave, and the ground was covered with several feet of snow, too soft to bear us up. At last all was accomplished, and about 4.0 we headed the boat for Cartwright, in the face of a good stiff breeze, which sent the spray flying on board, and where it fell it froze solid. Added to our number was old Mrs. Williams, the woman already referred to. We had decided that it would be best to take her away from the scene of her trouble.

#### **Saturday, Nov. 23rd.**

Time flies nowadays. Another week-end is upon us, and the eternal wood problem to be tackled. Sawed and split all morning. Two visitors came in from Goose Cove, with the news that the fourth Toomashie was now dead. I arranged with them to bring in the bodies as soon as possible. We would get to work on a big grave on Monday. The last of the boats was hauled up to-day, only just in time. The harbour is fast filling in with slob. I played the gramophone for some of the young fellows, this evening.

#### **Sunday, Nov. 24th.**

Dull and very cold. Glass just on zero all day. Studied all morning, then after dinner paid a round of visits to the sick. Little Martha Lemare is sinking fast. She was craving for dried appies, of all things. After a long hunt I succeeded in getting her some. Except for Mrs. Lemare and Mrs. Payne, all the sick are on the mend.

#### **Monday, Nov. 25th.**

The whole harbour froze over to the wharf, last night. This is much earlier than last year or the two years before. All available hands were organised into shifts to dig the big grave for the Toomashies. The work was most laborious, now that the frost had struck down through everything. The weather came a bit milder towards night, and it began to snow.

#### **Tuesday, Nov. 26th.**

Martha Lemare died last night. Mr. Doan and I

started in on the grave and had it finished by 2.0. I buried her in the afternoon. This makes a total of twenty-two that I have buried so far, not reckoning in the four Toomashies. We anxiously await the first news from up the bay, and from down the shore.

#### **Wednesday, Nov. 27th.**

A regular "house" day for me. Busily employed on many little jobs about the place. First of all I harnessed up my team, and hauled home some loads of wood. After this I went off for a barrel of water. My team, by the way, consists of one old dog, by name "Turk." I intend travelling with him to haul along my sleeping bag, and grub-box, etc. The old chap hauled up all I wanted to-day. After dinner, I took down both sets of stove-pipes, and cleaned them, making a considerable mess in the process. One set I replaced altogether. In the evening I paid a few visits. With two exceptions everybody is getting on well.

#### **Thursday, Nov. 28th.**

Still at house-work. Am trying to lay by a store of wood against the time when I am away. One of the young chaps came and gave me a hand. In the afternoon, two teams arrived from Goose Cove, bringing two of the Toomashies. We put them in the salt store till the arrival of the other two to-morrow.

I think Mrs. Payne is suffering from an attack of acute melancholia; she simply refuses to try and fight against her troubles.

#### **Friday, Nov. 29th.**

During the morning I hewed wood and drew water. The remaining Toomashies were brought in about noon. After dinner I assembled all hands for the funeral. This now makes 26 burials in a district which has only 100 population. In such a small number as this, every single one is felt.

#### **Saturday, Nov. 30th.**

Weather changes to mild, wind S.W. Took the opportunity to put up my storm-windows, also brought in the engine fittings and other boat gear. For the first time this season, teams came in from Longstretch and Muddy Bay. It was good to see strangers.

#### **Sunday, Dec. 1st.**

Advent Sunday, and still no services! Hope to have one service next Sunday. Most of the sickness

is now dying out. The few who are still laid up are suffering from complications. In the evening I went down to the Parsons', who have been very good to me all this time.

#### Monday, Dec. 2nd.

N.E. gale, with driving snow. Got a small camp stove going inside one of the out-houses and took my two engines to pieces, — a very messy job.

#### Tuesday, Dec. 3rd.

Stormy and snowy. Winter reigns supreme on the land, but the bay cannot get a chance to freeze over till some calmer weather comes. The H.B.C. started in sawing up wood with their engine, which simply flies through the work. My little one and a half "Evinrude" is too weak to run my saw. I shall try to sell it and get a size larger, a three horse power. I simply cannot go through the same labour as I have had to go through this fall.

#### Wednesday, Dec. 4th.

Devoted day to visiting. Glad to find everybody getting round so well. A decidedly more cheerful atmosphere now reigns in the place. After three weeks of almost total silence, it is pure balm to hear the youngsters getting out, and calling to one another as they did before. Poor Mrs. Lemare is still in a critical condition and her little baby will probably decide the issue against her. It seems a scandal that there is no one to take the infant, and give its mother a chance. The weather continues stormy.

#### Thursday, Dec. 5th.

For the first time, I got a chance to-day to get into the cellar to look at my vegetables. My winter's stock consists of two barrels of potatoes and one barrel of turnips. I found them in a terrible state, all wet and rotten. In order to try and save a few, I brought them into the house and scattered the sounder ones over the kitchen floor. Had long and interesting talk with Will Martin, who offers to take Sam's place as church-warden. It is good to find one man, at any rate, who is thankful for past mercies. Heard news that the sickness had not played so heavy to the southward. Between this and Battle Harbour there had been about ten fatalities.

Barber?

**Friday, Dec. 6th.**

Worked at the vegetables during the morning. Some of the potatoes may be saved, but the turnips are all bad. In the evening some of the young fellows came up to hear some music.

**Saturday, Dec. 7th.**

Weather getting colder again. Glass at zero. Went out to Porter's Post and got Mr. Haviland to give me a "crop." Just about noon another victim was added to the list of dead, Mrs. Lemare. This is the sixth from the one house. It was something awful to witness the grief of the husband, left with a most helpless little family. We have no Homes of any kind on the whole coast of Labrador. The hardest pain one can endure is the pain of deep sympathy which cannot issue forth in the shape of practical help.

**Sunday, Dec. 8th.**

A perfect winter day, bright sun, keen frost, glass 6 below. After a long spell, I opened Church again, with Evensong at 3.0 P.M. It was a great treat to myself, and I think to all who were able to come. One could not but notice the empty seats, and memories of Sam Learning were very fresh in one's mind.

**Monday, Dec. 9th.**

Another frosty day, glass 12 below. Very soon now the bay will be fit to travel on. This is a very early winter. Most years, we are not able to get on the bay much before Christmas. During the morning, I dug Mrs. Lemare's grave. Mr. Clark set off up the bay about noon. He hoped to reach Paradise, from which place we have not heard a word since the sickness came. After dinner, Mr. Fequet and I were just finishing off the grave, when we sighted two figures out on the ice. Almost instinctively we knew they were from Paradise, and soon we were out on the ice to meet them. We had expected bad news, but still it came as a shock. They had lost 20 people, just one quarter of their population. They had experienced a dreadful time. Everybody was taken sick almost at the one time. In the fear and excitement of the moment the few who were able to do anything at all, had dragged out the dead and dropped them in holes behind their houses. No one could read, so that no services were possible. I decided to get ready at once and go up the bay. Owing to being so fully occupied, I forgot to return my potatoes to the cellar, and so have lost my

whole winter's supply of vegetables. The turnips are also ruined by the frost.

### Tuesday, Dec. 10th.

Started in early, removing the teacher and her maid to their own house and getting them a stock of wood sawed up. This kept me employed for most of the day, so that it was getting dusk by the time I was ready to start off on my trip up the bay. Even then an accident still further delayed me. My means of transport, this winter, is old Turk and a small sleigh. I had all my load lashed on, and was making a fine start down the Parsonage hill, when one of the runners came off and upset the whole concern. Fortunately, I was able to get another sleigh, one belonging to Sam Learning, and in due course made another start. This way of travelling was entirely new to Turk, who got quite skittish and trotted on ahead of me. I practically ran the four miles to Muddy Bay, and was pretty warm by the time I arrived there. I shall have to teach Turk to walk behind me. He won't run like this in the bad going. All the people at Muddy Bay were well. Evensong 7.30.

### Wednesday, Dec. 11th.

Charlie Bird was bound on an expedition up the bay, so we joined forces, rather more to my advantage than to his! Calling in at Longstretch we found all well, but learnt for the first time that Separation Point (on the north side of the bay) had been badly hit by the sickness. They had lost seven of their number, a heavy toll out of such a small community. We, accordingly, changed our plans and headed for the north side of the bay first. I shall never forget the experience we had meeting these people. We had grown so used to death that we had almost lost all sentiment about it. Some of the settlements up the bay had miraculously escaped the sickness, and the people were really afraid of us. Of course, we never tried to enter any of these places, but it seemed strange to see anyone we happened to meet out on the ice "convey themselves away from us." One ought to have realised that these folk had only just got the news of Cartwright and the other hard-hit places, and were naturally deeply shocked. Separation Point was the only place affected, and so we put up there for the night. Here also were tales of sorrow and woe. A boy of sixteen had pluckily buried the dead. I promised

to read the full funeral service over them, when the people who had weathered the storm were able to get out. The total death-roll for the bay now reaches 54, but there are still a few places to be heard from yet, and it is now nearly three weeks since we heard from North River, where there were still several sick. There is also the Strand shore, which flanks the bay to the north. It will be a long time before we hear from the other bay (Groswater).

#### Thursday, Dec. 12th.

After breakfast I walked over to Dove Brook, one of the immune places. The Birds came out by their porch, so that I was able to speak to them. It was hateful work having to tell them that one of their family was dead and another next door to it now. They took it all splendidly. I returned for the night to Separation Point.

#### Friday, Dec. 13th.

Turk and I left the Point at 8.30, the ice just like glass. The old chap shuffled and I shuffled. We also took it in turns to fall down, but Turk didn't have to rub the point of contact. Called in at Burn's Harbor to visit the Lethbridges, and tell them the unpleasant news that four of their crowd were dead. Resumed our shuffle and continued thus to Paradise, by which time I was dead tired and stiff. It was with queer feelings that I made for the Learning's house, the place where I always put up and where I have had so many good times. Out of four brothers only one survives. I found Ab Learning simply splendid. He had no long tales of woe; he simply told me his story in a few words. I only heard of the heroic work which he did for his neighbours, later.

#### Saturday, Dec. 14th.

Paradise, once the largest settlement in the bay, is a veritable city of the dead. Many of the people are still sick. Not a sign of life is to be seen anywhere on the river. After breakfast, I started off on a tour round the houses. The first place I made for was Mountaineer Cove. There were once four families living here. I found the remains of one. All the rest were dead. Five little children (the oldest only eleven years old) were left all alone in one of the houses. When I went in the poor little creatures were huddled up round the stove in the most appalling filth that I have seen for years. They had been living like this



for over a week. No one could go to them, because no one was able. Four people had died in the house. For weeks during the sickness, the house had been left to look after itself. On a sack behind the stove lay a baby girl. The oldest boy told me that she was very sick, and had been so for some time. "Have you had your breakfast, Jimmy?" I asked. "No, sir, not yet," he replied; "the bread is still froze." And I noticed for the first time that one of the youngsters was holding the bread, as black as coal, against the stove to thaw it out. The children were happy enough, it was probably a huge picnic to them, but a few weeks of such an animal existence would degrade them for a long time. I made arrangements for the neighbours to take them in, one to each house, till I was able to get in touch with some of their relations. From house to house I had to listen to the same sad tales. One's nerves find the strain very exacting.

#### Sunday, Dec. 15th.

Snowing steadily, several feet on the ice. In the morning I called a meeting of all the men who were able to get around, and discussed with them several matters of importance, in connection with unsettled property, and also the advisability of destroying the houses in Mountaineer Cove. After dinner, we formed up a small procession, and visited every grave. I read the funeral service over all. As the graves were scattered all over the river, we must have walked a good three miles before we got round everywhere. I think everybody felt happier when it was done.

#### Monday, Dec. 16th.

Turned out at 5.0. Clear moonlit sky, and air mild. Set off for home at 6.0. Soon found the going bad after the big fall of snow. Turk was not so ready to trot now, as he was a few days ago. As he seemed to be making hard work of it, I put a spare harness round myself and hauled with him. The old humbug then deliberately slacked off and tried to give me the heavy end. We eventually got along better together and our load came along well. Halfway down the bay, Tom Heard overtook us. We joined forces as far as Longstretch, which we reached about 4.30, and where I stayed on a bit. It was getting dark as I reached the bight at Cartwright. Just as we were going to take the bank up to the Parsonage, Mr. Parsons met me with the news that Mrs. Payne was dying. I

went straight to the house and was just in time to see her before she passed away. I felt very sorry to see the last of her, for she has always been a great help to me, both in the Parsonage and in the Church. In the evening, the first news arrived from the Strand Shore district. Seven were dead, and two more expected to die. From North River again, sad news had arrived. Three more had died. This makes thirteen out of twenty-two people in that place. From the Strand Shore came a tale of extraordinary suffering. Herbert Earl, his wife, and two little children, live at a place called Cape Porcupine, ten miles from the nearest house. Early in November, the man died. They were out of all "grub" for some days before any of them were taken sick. Herbert was expected in Cartwright at the end of October. After his death, the poor woman and her little ones fought a long and hard battle with starvation. For a time they were able to get mussels from the shoals, also sea-weed and even cast-up jelly fish, but as the ice came in, this source of supply was stopped. The little girl could not fight it out and died about the middle of the month. The woman and her boy struggled on, living on anything that they could get hold of. One of their wretched dogs starved to death, and they actually devoured it. It was the first week in December before any one got to them, and only just in time. Added to their other tortures, one wonders what it must have meant to the poor people to live on in the house with the two dead bodies still in the only bunk!

#### **Tuesday, Dec. 17th.**

Took us the whole day to prepare the grave for Mrs. Payne. Halfway down, we struck a huge boulder, and had to enlarge the grave to avoid it. It was late before we were ready, in fact, it was by the light of the moon that we performed the ceremony. Started in on the usual grind of wood and water. If one misses a single day, the penalty has to be paid. I am all alone again now.

#### **Wednesday, Dec. 18th.**

A beautiful day, clear and frosty. Took the chance to get a stock of wood sawed up in readiness for any eventualities. In spite of the almost universal mourning which pervades the place, I have decided to hold the children's Christmas tree as usual. One feels that it would not be right to disappoint the little ones, and

also it may be the very best medicine in the world for all us adults as well. This afternoon, Mrs. Parsons and Miss Udle came in to assist me with the presents, which we are wrapping up and labelling.

#### **Thursday, Dec. 19th.**

Clear frosty weather continues, water steaming hard in the open runs. Set off after breakfast to North River to bury the two dead over there. Finding that they had not got the graves ready, I walked home again in the evening. On my way back, I met Mr. Clark's two teams bound down into the other bay, with huge loads of supplies for his posts there.

#### **Friday, Dec. 20th.**

Light showers of snow, temperature much higher. Snatched a short time for study in the morning. After dinner, the ladies came up to finish off the Christmas presents. Old Mrs. Shepherd passed to her rest to-day. I painted a golden cross on her coffin. George Williams paid me a visit and gave me all the news from North. I was much relieved to hear that few people died in Groswater Bay. Something like a dozen was the total. Dr. Paddon and all his crew were well.

#### **Saturday, Dec. 21st.**

Weather very mild, with likelihood of regular Christmas thaw. Went off to Longstretch after dinner, in accordance with an old promise to spend a night there. Had service after tea. One's life out here is an invaluable experience in the way of getting right into the home life of people.

#### **Sunday, Dec. 22nd.**

Had Mattins at Longstretch about 10.0, then walked to Muddy Bay Brook for dinner. After dinner, all the Muddy Bay crowd came over for service, and I returned with them for Evensong and the night. Very mild and sloppy all day. I always enjoy my visits to Muddy Bay. It has some very pleasant associations for me.

#### **Monday, Dec. 23rd.**

Hard breeze from S.W., very mild. Made early start with Charlie Bird and reached Cartwright 9.30. We lashed Mrs. Shepherd's coffin on to our Komatik, and set off for North River. The graves for the two others were now ready, so that I was able to bury the three at one time. It came on to rain at nighttime.

**Tuesday, Dec. 24th.**

Busy with Christmas preparations. The frost has returned again. The glass is at 5 below zero. In the evening, I had all the children up to a feed, and finished up with games. It was pure balm to one's spirits to watch the youngsters enjoy themselves.

**Wednesday, Dec. 25th.**

Christmas Day! to remind us of the absolute certainty of God's love, despite all the sufferings we have gone through. Mattins at 10.30. Only six communicants! But a considerable "Communion of Saints." The service was rather an ordeal for some of the folk. Evening saw Father Christmas at work once again. Mr. Parsons was simply splendid at the job. Most of the "Upper ten" had fool-presents on the tree, to the intense amusement of the audience. I think the fun did us all a great deal of good. The Northern mail arrived in the afternoon with young Wilfrid Shiwak. I received letters from both my teachers in the other bay, and was much relieved to hear that they were both well.

**Thursday, Dec. 26th.**

Snowing and blowing hard from the N.E. Had a regular home day, in which I overtook some arrears of work. Violet Martin came up to tidy the house a bit. Things are getting in a desperate state, as I have no time to keep anything clean. I'll take my hat off to housekeepers in the future. I'd rather dig graves!

**Friday, Dec. 27th.**

Arose very early in the dark and made a few preparations for a burying expedition down the Strand Shore, where nine bodies were still unburied, though some had died early in November. I expect to be away two or three days. I sent down word that I was coming a good while back, so that the graves would be ready. Owing to the state of the houses, I am taking a camp and small stove, also some digging implements in case they should be needed. Will Martin ran me over to North River, whence he had to return home, sick. I arranged with Bob and Jim Williams to accompany me with their teams. We got off about 11.0. Along Strand Shore the going was terrible. We had to keep along the "ballicatters" [ice-covered rocks along shore], which were one mass of broken-up lumps, over which the komatiks bumped and dropped. Dark came on us when near Parady's Head. The descent

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needed great care. Made Woody Point about 7.30. Nearly everybody was still sick. The two families had moved into the one house, a tiny tilt of about eight feet square. In this there were twelve souls trying to live. The atmosphere was terrific! We learnt from these people that no graves had been dug, and as five of the dead were still in the other house, we would have to haul them the seven or eight miles out to the graveyard at West Bay. By the light of a lantern we pitched our tent at the edge of the woods. This was my first experience of camping in the winter. It is certainly more pleasant than many of the houses, but alternates between extreme heat and extreme cold, according to the state of the stove. You go to sleep perspiring, and you wake up freezing, to find the stove out. A good feed of porridge went down all right.

### Saturday, Dec. 28th.

Long before daylight we were up and busy. Two of us went off to the other house to fetch the bodies, whilst the other struck camp. The bodies were placed in enormous rectangular shaped boxes of very thick board. They were exceedingly heavy. Of course, the poor people had had to do the best that they could. By daylight we had all lashed on, and made a start. We took three, and the Woody Point team took two. We also had our own loads, camp, stove, tools, etc. Many a time as we went along my heart was in my mouth for fear we should upset over the lumpy ice. As it was the jolting was very severe. Coming down over the steep cliff of Mudge's Head, our komatik turned over and one of the coffins came open. . . . On account of being short-handed, we decided to go straight to Plant's Bight and get the assistance of the men there. There were also two more bodies there, which were to be buried at Fish Cove, about three miles from West Bay. I divided the gang into two parts. Four men were to proceed to West Bay and start in at the graves there. I and the three remainder went on to Fish Cove with the two bodies to be buried there. Fish Cove is considered one of the best burying places on the coast. The ground is pure sand. We expected to get our work through before dark. Two to a grave, we started in, and that was about the state of things when dark came on! The sand was frozen through as solid as rock. It was a case of chopping out splinters with heavy axes. We were barely a

foot down by the time we knocked off. My three companions drove back to Plant's Bight for the night, while I walked across to West Bay to rejoin the Williamses. Bob and the two Woody Point men also went off to Plant's Bight for the night, but Jim and I decided to see it out in an old summer shack on the point. As I quite expected, the others had fared worse than ourselves. The graveyard at West Bay is worse than the one at Cartwright, being in fact nothing but an old raised beach. They had hacked away all afternoon, and barely got six inches in one grave. And there were five to be dug! I decided to limit them to two single graves and one grave to hold three. This would make it easier digging. Our lodgings were not very inviting. Jim prophesied a miserably cold night, so we fortified the inner man with a huge feed of porridge. Our stock of "grub" is likely to run short if we are here very long. I only provided for two days, and we have been out that already. We made up a big fire and turned into our bags.

#### **Sunday, Dec. 29th.**

Jim's forebodings proved correct. We got little or no sleep last night. It was only by the means of keeping a big fire going all the time that we did not perish. In sheer desperation, we turned out at dawn and put in an hour's strenuous hacking at the graves. By this time the other three hands had arrived from Plant's Bight, so I set off to Fish Cove to help finish the graves there, and bury the dead. After several hours' hard labour, we at last got below the frost line, and the rest was simple. All was completed by noon. We then went over to West Bay to join forces with the gang there. Very little progress had been made. The big grave was about six inches down, also one of the single ones. The other single one was about a foot deep. Right on till dark we worked until every tool we had was either broken or worn down to a head. The deepest grave was now close on two feet. The others returned to Plant's Bight for the night. Jim and I settled in again into our old shack. Food was getting very scarce indeed, and our appetites were increasing. We were out of bread, sugar and tea. Oatmeal and dried caplin formed our stock. One had spent a curious Sunday, but necessity compelled it.

#### **Monday, Dec. 30th.**

Jim and I spent another cold night. A regular

blizzard was raging by the time daylight arrived. The wind was from the N.E. A blinding snow-drift made all attempts at work impossible. Once, during the morning, we made a short effort to get some work in, but the snow filled in as fast as we could shovel it out. The other hands did not put in an appearance. The food question was making things most unpleasant. I had old Turk in alongside of me to keep me warm.

### Tuesday, Dec. 31st.

Still blowing, but not so much drift as yesterday. The gang arrived at daylight, bringing some very welcome bu.as of bread with them. All through the day we laboured, six of us, till it began to get dusk. The three graves were now all about the one depth, two and a half feet! I could see that we would never get any deeper with the tools we had, or indeed with any tools, so I ordered the coffins to be lowered in and read the funeral service over them. The top of the coffins came just level with the top of the graves! I arranged with the men from the district, to build a big mound over them, as soon as ever the ground got thawed out in the spring. By the time we had packed all our gear, and were ready to set off, it was dark. Bumping over the ballicatters in the dark was rather too much for me, so I let the teams go on ahead, while I walked. How I escaped breaking my neck will always be a mystery to me. At almost every step, I stumbled or fell. At last I got up on top of Mudge's Head, and could see the light of the camp at Woody Point, which I reached about 7.0! Here we had a good feed and turned in pretty tired.

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### Wednesday, Jan. 1st.

We felt like getting home to-day if we possibly could. Two more bodies yet remained to be buried, the Earls at Cape Porcupine. Jim woke me at 2.0 A.M., and we got a bite by candle light. I felt so miserably cold that I set off straight away on foot whilst the others were collecting their dogs. They caught me up by the clay bank. The going was very poor. It was just getting daylight as we took the hill over the Cape neck. About 7.30, we reached the little shack where so much misery had been endured. I must confess that I distinctly disliked the ordeal before me.

Herbert had been dead for close on two months, and his little girl for six weeks. They were both in the same bunk, just as they died. The first thing we did was to take out the window and open the door, so that the frost could get inside. We then entered and found the bodies lying side by side, an old sail forming a sort of screen. This we spread on the floor and caught hold of Herbert to lay him on it. To our dismay, we found that the little girl was frozen on to him, so that the two came up in one piece. Thus we wrapped them round with the sail, and thus we laid them in the grave. The digging of the grave had been a great surprise. After shovelling away several feet of soft snow, we had struck right on top of an old saw pit. A foot of sawdust was removed, and then it was simply a case of shovelling out pure sand as fast as we liked. All was over by 1.0 P.M. By 4.0, we were back at North River. Tired and filthy dirty, I did not feel like staying away from home any longer than was necessary, so after a cup of tea, I set off to walk across the run to Cartwright, old Turk running along by my side. Dark came on soon after leaving, and it got so black that I kept well out towards Black Head, so as to run no risks of the water. It was 8.0 before I reached the Parsonage, almost dead-beat. It seemed so utterly cheerless to return to an empty, cold house. The temperature was 20 below zero, and a bank of snow was heaped up on my dining-room floor. It took three huge fires to restore sufficient heat to enable me to take my mits off, and get something to eat. I spread my bag on the floor before the stove, and turned in.

#### Thursday, Jan. 2nd.

Slept in very late. Blowing and snowing in best style. Worked at the saw horse in the morning, that eternal problem! Also tried to clean up the house a bit. Cleared up after dinner and came colder. Three komatiks arrived bringing still another corpse, poor old Chris Lethbridge from Grady, who died on December 2nd. One is terribly sick of this work, and my nerves are feeling it pretty keenly. Started three hands on the grave, thankful to be at least free from the manual labour side of it.

#### Friday, Jan. 3rd.

Phenomenal digging on grave. Blasting would seem to be the only serviceable means of getting down



to any depth. Only two and a half feet down by evening, but I decided to bury, and made plans to mound over in the spring. Cartwright electrified by news of engagement between Mr. Haviland and Miss Udle, the teacher. Mrs. Martin gave birth to a baby this evening, which I baptised.

#### Saturday, Jan. 4th.

Fine frosty weather. Busy in doors at housework and cooking. I have tried living without cooking but find it does not pay. Poor Martins! They had to part with their little baby to-day. I buried it in the evening.

#### Sunday, Jan. 5th.

Very stormy all morning. No Mattins. Everybody has got a bad breaking-out which looks exactly like Herpes. It seems to accompany the Spanish flu. Mrs. Martin is very sick. Went out to supper to the Point.

#### Monday, Jan. 6th.

I have rigged up my bunk in my kitchen, so as to have it a bit warmer, and save wood. I reopened school to-day, for the first time since the fall. I hope that we may be able to make up for lost time to some extent. Towards evening, Mrs. Martin took a turn for the worse, and died about 6.30. Poor old Will, I feel truly sorry for him, with his great crowd of little children.

#### Tuesday, Jan. 7th.

A grave-digging day. I tried a new part of the ground and found it much better digging. Two big boulders had to be hand-spiked out, but the work was finished by 3.0, when I buried Mrs. Martin.

#### Wednesday, Jan. 8th.

Got together some mail for South. The courier starts this evening to connect with the Battle Harbour man at Long Pond. So uncertain is the whole system of winter mails that one rather hesitates about sending anything of importance by it. Only two years ago the Straits' mail-man lost one of the mail bags off his komatik. The dogs probably know of its fate! There is every indication of a mild spurt of weather. We generally get one at this time of the year. I hope it won't spoil my Southern trip as it did last year. I have been reckoning up the total death-roll for this

district of Sandwich Bay and find the figures as follows: Cartwright, 15 dead. Paradise, 20. Separation Point, 7. North River, 13. Strand Shore, 9. Grady, 1. Hare Islands, 4, making a total of 69. Out of some three hundred odd people in the whole district, this is a very serious loss indeed. In the Groswater Bay district, some twelve deaths have occurred. To the south, there are only nine. North of Groswater Bay we have not yet heard. The people may have escaped, but it is not very likely. If the Esquimaux round Nain and the other Moravian posts contracted it, there is no telling the awful results that may follow.

#### **Thursday, Jan. 9th.**

Mild weather and snowy. After dinner I walked over to Muddy Bay for the night to talk over Boarding-School matters with Charlie Bird. During tea the short local telephone rang up and we heard the tremendous news that the war was over! Just two months after the actual event took place. Steve Macdonald, one of our latest recruits, had returned late in the fall to Battle Harbour, whence he had worked his way down by stages. For a time, one could hardly credit it, it had come so casually. We all joined in a little service of thanksgiving, and sang the national anthem.

#### **Friday, Jan. 10th.**

Snowing heavily. Had a Communion Service at 7.0 A.M., then set off for home, arriving there about 10.30. In spite of the dismal weather, the flags were flying bravely in honour of Peace. The school had a holiday. I utilised the occasion to escape from my late wretched mode of living, and removed the teacher and her maid up to the Parsonage. I hired a man to look after the wood supply in my absence, and watch out for fires!

#### **Saturday, Jan. 11th.**

Bitterly cold weather. Glass 20 below after breakfast. Busy morning getting a good stock of wood and rigging up a new set of stove-pipes for my dining room.

#### **Sunday, Jan. 12th.**

Stormy morning, but quite good attendance at special Thanksgiving service. We had so much to be thankful for this year, for we had been brought through a war of our own. I am very much afraid that all our calamities have had but little effect on the spiritual

lives of our people. Of course, one does not want people to turn religious out of a weak sentimentality, but one would expect a certain amount of common gratitude. Expect to start South to-morrow.

#### Monday, Jan. 13th.

Blowing hard from N.E., and snowing. With old Turk hauling my sleeping-bag and some grub, I started south about 9.0. I intend trying to reach Battle Harbour, this year, as there is still no missionary stationed there. To-day the going was very bad, so that I had to lend the old dog a hand. Called in at Goose Cove for a short time. From here the going improved a bit. On the Goose Cove marshes, I met two young soldiers bound home from the war, who were gradually working their way down to Groswater Bay. I was glad to see one of our men giving them a lift along. Called in at Table Bay Pond to see how the Toomashies were getting along after their hard blow. Everybody well, and the young chap tackling his work pluckily. Leaving here, I went on to Table Bay for the night. The people assembled for Evensong at 7.30.

#### Tuesday, Jan. 14th.

Andy Pardy gave me a lift as far as Maria's Cove, where we had prayers about midday. From here, Turk and I pushed on to Otter Brook for the night. Evensong, 7.30.

#### Wednesday, Jan. 15th.

Got off with young Tom Davis and had a good run to Sandhills, arriving about noon. The people here had had their share of the sickness in the fall, and I heard their stories. I expect to find it very hard to keep my sympathies alive to all the troubles I shall have to listen to. I don't know whether I have exhausted what stock of sympathy I possessed, or whether I am getting almost used to sorrows. The physical strain of one's travelling is nothing to be compared to the mental and spiritual strains. A good feed of seal-meat did much to restore the physical man! This was my first meal of fresh meat for several weeks. Like everything else, the fresh meat supply has all gone wrong this winter. Evensong, 7.30.

#### Thursday, Jan. 16th.

Ab. Elson ran me as far as Salt Pond, where I baptised Annie Burdette's little baby. Left here with Turk about 10.30 and crossed over Rocky Bay to

Roach's Brook, putting up with George Parr for the night. At Evensong, I received the Parr's latest baby. I shall hire George to take me on as far up the shore as he can. He has only a small team, but Turk will greatly strengthen it.

#### Friday, Jan. 17th.

Awoke to find it blowing a gale from the N.E. The sky was almost blotted out with drift. It was quite impossible to think of stirring out, so George and I set to work on various little jobs that needed to be done, such as shoeing snow-shoes, mending clothes, etc. It was a very long day indoors. One is gradually learning to be patient under all circumstances. Had service after tea.

#### Saturday, Jan. 18th.

Weather improved a little, enough to allow us to make a start. The going was bad. Glad to reach Elson's for a warm. Spent middle of day at Reid's Pond, where I had a service. Finally brought up at Mussel Brook for the night. As usual there were all sorts of rumours of approaching weddings. One is secretly very much entertained with the manœuvres which always accompany the arrangements of these affairs. Evensong, 7.30.

#### Sunday, Jan. 19th.

Holy Communion at 9.0, then off about four miles to Porcupine Bay, to spend the rest of the day. Evensong, 2.0. A great crowd of visitors came in for the services. I was delighted to meet Miss Bright once again and to find her well and happy. She had come through the sickness safe and sound. I found her doing excellent work, and very popular among the people. After tea the wedding storm burst. Two couples were married in the evening, and one more was to await my return to Mussel Brook on the morrow.

#### Monday, Jan. 20th.

Went back as far as Mussel Brook to marry one of the Dysons. All was successfully over by 1.30, when George and I lashed up and departed to the south once again. Crossing outside Porcupine Bay, we took the neck over to Open Bay. I was now outside my own mission, and entering the Battle Harbour Mission. After a short stay at Open Bay, we went on over rolling downs of hard beaten snow, rushing down the hills at lightning speed, nerves all a-tingle with the thrill of

the motion. One last mad sweep brought us out onto the ice of Black Bear Bay, which we soon left to enter the huge gorge at the mouth of the brook. The entrance was very narrow, so that it was quite exciting trimming the very edge of the open rapid. Reached our destination at 5.0, putting up at Jim Hopkins' for the night. I was much taken with a strange incident which occurred at tea-time. Just as I was about to say grace, the small boy of the house, aged about six, suddenly chimed in with the words, "God! God! God!" His father told me that he had taken to doing this all on his own account, and had been doing it for two or three years. It was done in such a serious way that one could not help wondering about it. No matter who said grace, he always did his part. Evensong, 7.30.

#### Tuesday, Jan. 21st.

Left Black Bear Bay about 9.0, and struck in across the country for several miles. The weather was very cold and drifty. Often we would lose all sign of any tracks, and then it was like being in a fog at sea. At last we came out onto the salt-water ice, and soon reached Long Pond. I visited some half-dozen houses. Had Evensong at Harry Hopkins', whose grandchild I received.

#### Wednesday, Jan. 22nd.

Clear, crisp, frosty morning. Holy Communion, 7.30, at Chris Green's. Left about 9.0, and had a cold but fast run to Caplin Bay in one and a half hours. I visited eleven houses, and had Evensong at Ab. Clark's. The local dogs started in on Turk, so I brought him into the porch for the night. The old chap is an object of admiration wherever he goes. He is pure white, like a Polar bear, and is a pure-bred Esquimaux dog. Most of the southern dogs are half-breeds. A dog-fight out here is a real fight! especially if the beasts get going properly before anybody intervenes. Forty or fifty dogs the size of wolves are able to make some noise.

#### Thursday, Jan. 23rd.

Somewhere about 2.0 A.M., I got out of my sleeping-bag and kicked Turk out of the porch. He apparently wasn't very tired and was whiling away the time chewing the ice off the floor. At 7.30, I had a celebration. George Parr had to leave me here, so I had to make arrangements for a man to take me on. Will

Clark offered to carry me to Otter Bay, where we arrived about noon. I was glad to renew acquaintance with my old friends here. Evensong, 7.30.

**Friday, Jan. 24th.**

Left Otter Bay with Joe Green, going quite good. Cape Bluff Pond better than I have ever seen it. Reached Gilbert's Neck at 2.30, putting up for the night with Fred Burden. There wasn't much room indoors! Evensong, 7.30. I had a very unusual treat in the food line, my first meal of rabbit this year!

**Saturday, Jan. 25th.**

A sudden change in the weather. Snow, hail and finally heavy rain. Tommy Burden had agreed to carry me right on up the shore to Battle Harbour, but he was not yet ready, so we hung on at his home for the day. The good folk made me as comfortable as they could.

**Sunday, Jan. 26th.**

Still raining this morning, but felt it my duty to get on to Georges' Cove for the day. Literally waded out there. Put up at John Kippenhook's. Visited the settlement and had service in the school chapel. After service, I baptised and received a couple of babies. One feels really glad that one came on the trip just for the sake of the little babies. Tommy's team is almost beyond words! It gets along after a long time and that is about all there is to say about it. Poor old Turk hauls too hard for my liking. He will get played out, unless I can get him more feed than he is getting. The Southerners do not look after their dogs like the Northerners.

**Monday, Jan. 27th.**

Left Georges' Cove early, just before dawn. The frost had suddenly returned and the going was as good as it could be. Called in at Williams' Harbour for a short time, then on again. Our pace slow and sure. Reached Franky's Cove 1.0 P.M. Meet the Paulo family, with, I think, mutual pleasure. Went on to Fox Harbour for the night. This is a biggish settlement, and took me some time to visit. Some eleven houses in all. Evensong at George Holley's at 7.30.

**Tuesday, Jan. 28th.**

Snowing and blowing. No time for crossing Lewis' Bay, so after holding on for the morning at Fox Harbour, we ran back a few miles to Deepwater Creek,

where I made acquaintance with the Curl family. Visited some five houses. Had Evensong at 7.30. Though possessed of one of the best and largest houses on the coast, my good hosts were under the power of the "pestilence which moveth in the darkness." With perfect courtesy and candour, I was asked, "Do the bugs like you?" A very insecure night in prospect!

#### **Wednesday, Jan. 29th.**

Lots of snow down, but a fine day. Set off after breakfast, calling at Franky's Cove to try for a pilot across the bay. Failing in this, we tackled it alone, and soon after starting away from the land, sighted a komatik out in the middle of the bay. This was evidently Billy Murphy, the mail-man. We soon took his track, and reached Battle Harbour about 3.0. This is my furthest south on komatik. I was glad to renew acquaintance with Jerry Thoms and Mark Penny. I also made the acquaintance of Mr. Brazil, the Marconi operator, who gave me the latest news. To be in touch with the outside world, even by such a slight means as the wireless, seemed a great treat. Jerry Thoms, my host, was full of kindness to me.

#### **Thursday, Jan. 30th.**

A busy day's visiting under the guidance of Mark Penny. In the morning, we got through Trap Cove and Matthew's Cove, in the course of which I baptised two babies, and churched several mothers. On return to dinner, my nose was greeted with the aroma of fresh pork, the gift of Mrs. Murphy across the harbour. After dinner, visited Battle Harbour proper, and on the way, inspected the school, where twenty-two children were assembled under an excellent teacher. Paid 20 visits in the course of the day. Evensong in the school at 6.30. A fine crowd attended. Sat up late, chatting with some of the men who came in after service. As long as it does not degenerate into gossip, the evening yarn is one of the most pleasant of my occupations. It was midnight before we turned in.

#### **Friday, Jan. 31st.**

Considerably alarmed to be aroused with the news that a big sea was rapidly breaking up the harbour ice, and that I would have to hurry if I wanted to get away. Got ready in haste and crossed the harbour on the cracked pans of ice. From the top of the hills on Caribou Island, we could see the water broken far into the bay, and the spray dashing up in clouds on the edge

of the old ice. We could also see Belle Isle out to sea. As far as Indian Cove, we had the help of a pilot. After this we had to make the best way we could round the bay. It was very disappointing to have to go all the way round, when it was only seven miles across the mouth. The snow was too deep for our team to make any pace, so I put on my snow-shoes as soon as we left Indian Cove. Walked steadily on till midday, when we had got as far as Mary's Harbour. Here we discovered the very unwelcome fact that we had no axe, which meant no drink! We also had no food. Taking to the ice here, we could feel it rising and falling under our feet, and hear it groaning and squeaking as it heaved. A wearisome tramp ensued, in and out along the shore, until at last about 5.0, we reached Franky's Cove, just as dark came on.

**9 Saturday, Feb. 1st.**

Fine morning. Made an early start, and soon found it necessary to repeat yesterday's performance. I ruminated on the absurdity of hiring a team and then having to walk. It made my heart ache to see poor old Turk practically hauling the whole concern himself. He is getting very thin and worn. From dawn to sunset we went on without a stop for food or drink, until we arrived at Barnes' Cove. A big crowd was gathered here to see a wedding which was to come off on my arrival. Evensong rather an ordeal. Where will everybody sleep?

**Sunday, Feb. 2nd.**

The problem solved, no one did sleep! The crowd lay about the floor, someone keeping a big fire going all night. After breakfast, I left the wedding party to get all preparations made for the evening, while I went off up the bay to visit a lonely family. My host, Jim Russel, kindly offered to take me up. On returning to Barnes' Cove, we found the crowd considerably swelled by the arrival of reinforcements from Georges' Cove. I was very pleased with the reverence displayed at the service. It was very late in the night before everybody was fed and the things cleared away. Bigger heaps than ever were now strewn about the floor, and in consequence, a bigger heat.

**Monday, Feb. 3rd.**

Turned out early, feeling very weary and sleepy. Snowing and blowing outside, but as my good host was putting his team at my disposal, I decided to make



a start. I rode with Will Russell. The going was worse than ever, but we managed to crawl along. Reached Gilbert's Neck about 11.30. Mrs. Burden had saved a duck for us, which was a valuable gift indeed. One of the boys had caught a silver fox in our absence. Tommy was due to leave me here, but he and Will offered to come on with me as far as Caplin Bay, for which I was very grateful. It was very dirty and wetting as we left the neck about noon. Crossing St. Michael's Bay, there were times when you could not see the leading dogs in the komatik. Neither of the boys were pilots, but they had all the pluck in the world, and as things turned out later, I realised that we had crossed the bay on faith and slob! Fortunately we made a good landfall on the farther side, and thus were able to reach the New York tilt about dusk. Had a good feed, and turned in early. All hands wet through.

#### Tuesday, Feb. 4th.

Left tilt about 8.0, still blowing and drifting. The going was as bad as it could be, especially on Cape Bluff Pond. Soaked through soon after starting. Reached Otter Bay at 3.0, where we found Billy Murphy, the mail-man, hung up through the bad weather, ever since Sunday. Evensong, 7.30.

#### Wednesday, Feb. 5th.

Blowing and snowing as hard as ever. My two boys were as game as ever, so we made a start after breakfast. Old Turk was limping a good deal, as a result of a bad bite during the night. Soon after leaving Otter Bay, the weather grew suddenly much worse, and we soon found that we were all astray. After a good deal of wandering about, we struck out on to Squasho Run, above American Point. From here we steered blindly across the run until we found open water ahead. Sheering away from this we managed to make the shores of Hawkes' Island. A long and weary muddle across the island brought us at last to Tom Turnbull's house. Wet through once again. Evensong, 7.30.

#### Thursday, Feb. 6th.

Left Hawkes' Harbour about 10.30, and drove rather slowly to Caplin Bay. Here my companions left me, and set off on their return journey home. In the settlement everything was going ahead for the wedding,

which was the cause of my visit. O! how I hate these affairs. The usual tea-drinking and dancing ensued.

#### Friday, Feb. 7th.

Almost entire population of Caplin Bay were crawling wearily home from the dancing as I started North with Harry Stevenson. Weather fine but going cutting for the dogs. Reached Open Bay about 3.0, where had prayers with a poor old blind woman. Went on for the night to Porcupine Bay, where had service in John Elson's house. Am getting very concerned about Turk. His paw is festering, and he never carries his tail as he always used to do. I only hope he lasts out long enough for me to get him home.

#### Saturday, Feb. 8th.

Fine, clear, frosty morning. Harry took me on for another day. Called at Mussel Brook and Reid's Pond, where I was sorry to find Mrs. Mesher sick. It seemed to be exactly the same symptoms as the Spanish flu. Called in at Rocky Bay for a short visit. Brought up at Salt Pond for the night, feeling quite tired and hungry. Poor old Turk is in a bad way; his paw is festering and his ribs are showing. John Burdette gave us both a splendid feed.

#### Sunday, Feb. 9th.

A perfect day at last! Keen frost and bright sunshine. After breakfast four komatiks arrived from Rocky Bay for service, forming quite a nice congregation. After dinner I was taken on to Sandhills. I found Miss Bright well and happy as usual. All hands assembled after tea for Evensong. The local teams intend going to Cartwright to-morrow. Turk had another good feed. I have hopes that I may save him yet.

#### Monday, Feb. 10th.

Another glorious day. The entire dog-world of Sandhills under weigh for Cartwright, also John Burdette's team, on which I was a passenger. Intensely frosty, but fortunately no wind. Dogs racing along in company. No stop till Goose Cove about noon, where we had a good dinner with the Davis's. From here we ran on into Cartwright within the hour. Glad to be home again after the long trip. I made Turk a good soft bed in the hens' house and cooked him a feed of rolled oats. One hates to have had him suffer so much.

**Tuesday, Feb. 11th.**

Weather changed to stormy, wind N.E., drift. Busy indoors all day, entering details into registers. After dinner, began clearing up back kitchen, which is in a glorious mess. Will Davis paid me a visit after tea.

**Wednesday, Feb. 12th.**

A blizzard, snow whirling round in dense clouds. Pinned in the house all day, not able even to get in any wood. Got through much desk work. After dinner, I got together my new "Evinrude" motor. This is a 3 H.P., and should be able to saw all my wood up easily, as well as be useful for marine purposes. I gave Turk another huge feed of rolled oats. He is fast improving in every way.

**Thursday, Feb. 13th.**

Gale still continues, but snow drifting less. Everything in a shocking mess. High banks at every door. Busy morning shovelling snow, and getting in wood. Paid a few visits in the evening.

**Friday, Feb. 14th.**

Snowing. Wind in. Isaac Lemare gave me half a day at the sawhorse, for which I was truly thankful. Succeeded in getting my new Evinrude to run on a box nailed on to the kitchen table. A bit smelly, but very encouraging. Paid visits after tea.

**Saturday, Feb. 15th.**

Heavy dull day, with some snow. Wrote many letters during morning, in readiness for Southern mail. After dinner, went to see Mrs. John Mesher, whom I fear is in a very critical condition. I gave her the Sacrament. News comes in that Mrs. Jane Davis of Goose Cove is dead. How the same thing keeps on all the time!

**Sunday, Feb. 16th.**

Dull and sleety. Fair number at Mattins. Good attendance at Evensong.

**Monday, Feb. 17th.**

Will Martin drove me over to North River to bury Mrs. Davis. Halfway across the run, a large team suddenly loomed up in the haze, and in a few minutes I was almost shaking the hand of Dr. Paddon right off from his wrist. I decided to return to Cartwright after the funeral, instead of going on round the bay as I had intended. The grave proved very hard to dig, the

*name*

sand being frozen to a depth of five feet. It was late by the time I reached home again. The Doctor spent the night with me and we made the most of it as usual.

**Tuesday, Feb. 18th.**

The Doctor went to Goose Cove and did not return till about 1.0. By the time he was through here, it was getting late, so that we only went on as far as Muddy Bay for the night. After the various bodily ailments had been dealt with, I had a short service. I have left Turk home to recuperate, so that he may be ready for the trip North, and am footing it round the bay. The Doctor is giving me a lift for a couple of days, until he outpaces me.

**Wednesday, Feb. 19th.**

Doctor gave me a lift across the bay as far as American Point, where he left me in the evening. Spent quiet day with the Birds. Had a celebration in the night.

**Thursday, Feb. 20th.**

Walked on to Barrow Brook and spent a few hours with Will Davis and his little crowd. Service, 1.0. Whilst there, Tom Pottle arrived and gave me a lift up the bay to Dove Brook. Poor old John Bird, with whom I have spent two very happy years at the Parsonage, was out of his mind. He is over 80 years old, and cannot live much longer. Evensong, 7.30.

**Friday, Feb. 21st.**

Walked up White Bear River. Lovely morning, but snow rather soft. Had dinner with the Pardys. Found the children all well and happy. It was great to see them come running out to meet me. Went on for the night to Jim Learning's, where all hands assembled for Evensong at 7.30.

**Saturday, Feb. 22nd.**

Beautiful day and better walking. Ab. Learning walked with me out of the river to Separation Point, where we arrived about noon. For the first time since I left England, I am suffering from toothache. The frost plays havoc with one's teeth out here. Evensong, 7.30.

**Sunday, Feb. 23rd.**

A most glorious day, not a cloud anywhere, only on my face, which was paining dreadfully. All hands assembled at 10.30 for an open air service at the spot

where the victims of the sickness had been hastily buried. A boy had read a little service at the time, but I felt it best to perform the whole rite again. Everyone seemed much relieved to have it done. After dinner a good number followed me over to Dove Brook for service at 3.0. There I had two private celebrations with two sick persons. In the evening we had a service at Dove Brook. Old John Bird does not know me.

#### Monday, Feb. 24th.

Feeling the strain of several sleepless nights. Tom Martin drove me as far as Burn's Harbour. Spent a good deal of the day here, having service about 1.0. Set off on foot for Paradise, and arrived there about 4.30. Put up with Will Heard, my churchwarden.

#### Tuesday, Feb. 25th.

Neuralgia all over my head. Think I must have caught a chill digging grave at North River. Paid visits all day. Evensong at 7.30. Strange to see so few people in church. Paradise had over twenty families in it when I came out, now it has only eight!

#### Wednesday, Feb. 26th.

Started out of river at 9.0. Weather still mild, and soft walking. I had bought a hundred rock cod for Turk's feed, and rode home sitting on top of them. They smelt a bit in the mild weather! Reached Longstretch at noon. I stayed on here, while my driver went on to Cartwright. Had service about 2.0. After service I had some good fun fishing through the ice. It is seldom that one gets it mild enough to have much pleasure at this sport, although the natives are at it in the bitterest weather. In the evening, Will Coombs ran me on to Muddy Bay Brook, where I put in the night with Edmund Hamel. One was glad to be able to cheer him up a bit. Service, 9.0.

#### Thursday, Feb. 27th.

Dull and inclined to rain. After breakfast, walked up the brook to Si Winter's. Talked over sundry matters. On my return, Arthur Hamel was waiting to drive me on to Cartwright. A busy evening dealing with mail, and seeing visitors. I have also to get ready for my main trip to the North.

#### Friday, Feb. 28th.

Much snow fell in the night. Preparation work

occupies all my time now. In the evening, I had a meeting of the women to discuss arrangements for the Easter tea-party, which greatly assists our school funds. Everything went off well, and I expect a good success. Mrs. Parsons is a great asset to our strength. After tea, I had a full meeting of the men to discuss the idea of forming a men's club. Cartwright is only a small place, but it is a busy trading centre, and at times there are a good many "Comers and Goers" as we call them, in the place. Often the bad weather keeps these storm-bound, and time hangs very heavily on their hands. The result of our meeting was to launch a club to be known as the Cartwright Y.M.C.A. All the men present joined to-night, and the secretary was commissioned to start in collecting. For the present, I placed the school at their disposal. The idea is to raise sufficient funds to build a clubhouse.

#### **Saturday, March 1st.**

Snowing all the time. A bad look out for my trip! The secretary of our club is doing famously in the collecting line, having already passed the hundred dollar mark. The local traders are interested in the scheme. We fitted out the school in the evening. Worked late into the night at correspondence.

#### **Sunday, Mar. 2nd.**

Raining! Wind S.W. I suppose it will be freezing in June to restore the balance! Poor attendance at Mattins. I must get on the go about this when I come back from North. Evensong a little better. Spent another late night at desk, as expect to get away on the morrow.

#### **Monday, Mar. 3rd.**

Froze just enough to ruin the going utterly. A partially-bearing crust everywhere, guaranteed to cut the dogs' legs to pieces. Had expected Dick Bird to arrive to take me on my trip, but guessed his reason for not turning up.

#### **Tuesday, Mar. 4th.**

Frosty and clear, but too late to mend the going. Getting very worried about the state of our school, the children have had so little.

#### **Wednesday, Mar. 5th.**

Still anxiously awaiting Dick's arrival. Another mild is the only remedy for this shell, and that may

not be for months. Find Mrs. John Mesher steadily improving in health.

#### Thursday, Mar. 6th.

Just after breakfast, Dick Bird arrived with a team of six dogs, rather small for our trip, but I am adding old Turk, and also have a fine little whalebone-shoed komatik, which is worth another couple of dogs in mild weather. Spent morning packing up our load and preparing dog-feed. Got off after dinner and crossed the bay to North River, the poor dogs bleeding at the feet all the way over. Spent night at Jim Williams'. Sam Pottle arrived on his return from Battle Harbour, where he had been on a special trip for Revillon Frères from North West River. Both he and his dogs looked pretty well played out. I also met Mr. Doan on his way back from the Northern parts of Labrador. For several weeks the wildest rumours had been coming in concerning the effect of the Spanish flu down there in the fall, and now at last one was able to get first-hand evidence from one who had been in the locality. The actual facts were worse than any of the rumours, and our own troubles and losses at once sank into the shade. In Okkak, one of the largest Esquimaux settlements, two hundred had died out of a population of two hundred and fifty-three. With the addition of Hebron, and the various scattered families, there had died over three hundred people. The seriousness of this calamity cannot be fully realised yet. It means at any rate the end of the Esquimaux race on the coast of Labrador. Okkak was the one place where a pure stock of Esquimaux existed, and the Moravian missionaries had hopes of keeping it so. Now, there is just one pure-blooded native left and he is not expected to live. The missionaries have closed down the settlement and removed the few remaining families. Mr. Doan had many terrible stories to tell. In one place, on a small island, where fifteen sealers had been hunting, all that was found of them was a heap of bones. The dogs had completely devoured the rest of them. The same was the case in the larger places, the dogs tearing the bodies wholesale. In one place, where all the people had died, a little girl was picked up still breathing from among a big heap of dead. Two young boys from a neighbouring settlement had been peeping about the houses, when suddenly they had seen what they thought was a ghost —

something moving past the window. On relating their experience to their people, it occurred to some of the men of the place that there might be someone still living among the dead, and very pluckily they set off to investigate. They found this little girl, and were just in time to save her life. The burying of the dead had been a hard matter to deal with. A hundred were buried in one long trench. [ " And there was laid at his gate a beggar full of sores! " although civilization with all its comforts and remedies refuses to see that it is so.]

#### Friday, Mar. 7th.

Frost returns in full force. Got off about 7.30. Our new komatik runs very hard on the dry snow, and bids fair to be a hindrance instead of a help. About 11.30, we made a fire by the side of the woods and boiled the kettle for a drink of tea. You alternately drink and rub your fingers. Paid a short call at Woody Point. The old man of the house was still very sick. Went on to Cat Trap Brook for the night. Here we met two teams which had left Cartwright at the beginning of the week, so that we felt glad that we had not wasted much time. Sam Pottle also put up here for the night. During Evensong the crowd of dogs had a furious fight, which ended up at one of the windows and nearly brought sash and everything inside. The glass went in a hurry. It is awfully hard to resume your argument when, some minutes later, peace has been restored. These events always seem to happen in the discourse. In the summer, it is generally someone (who has been looking out of the window!) interrupting with some such information as " Excuse me, Sir, but your boat is drifting off," and a mad rush ensues to save her.

#### Saturday, Mar. 8th.

Another fine day, with intense cold. Leaving Cat Trap Brook, we ran over the marshes to Flatwater. After service I purchased fifty pounds of smelt for the dogs. A few miles past here, Sam Pottle branched off from our route, striking out for Back Bay. We found no one at home in Tinker Harbour, so went on as far as Killick Point for the night. Twelve people were existing in a diminutive house. Service, 9.0.

#### Sunday, Mar. 9th.

The fine weather holds. Mattins at Killick Point at 9.0. At the close of service the two teams we had overtaken at Cat Trap Brook arrived, and left again



after a "Nug-up." After dinner, I decided to go on to Turner's Bight for the rest of the day. Evensong at John Williams', 6.30.

#### Monday, Mar. 10th.

Weather changes again. Wind S.E. and snow falling. Much better for the dogs' feet, but bad running. Made start after breakfast, and reached John's Point about 9.30. Had a short service, then went on to Lester's Point. Whilst here, a big storm got up with snow driving over everything. It was quite impossible to attempt to cross the run to Rigolet, so I decided to hang on here for the night. I was rather glad, as it gave me a chance to have a night with one of our Sandwich Bay families who have recently moved down here.

#### Tuesday, Mar. 11th.

Great quantity of snow down during night, and still snowing as we left the point about 8.0. Crossing over from a little below Lester's Point we made the other shore a little above Double Mer Point. In several places the ice was distinctly bad, but we got over without any mishap. Soon after striking the shore, the wind rose with great force and a dirty day ensued. All along the "ballicatters" I had to walk ahead of the dogs on my snow-shoes. Reached Rigolet in time for dinner. Find Miss Carlson, the North West River nurse, stationed here. Evensong, 8.0.

#### Wednesday, Mar. 12th.

Fine again after a very stormy night. Holy Communion, 7.30. Willie Shiwak took me up on the narrows, so that I was able to rest my team for a day. First call at Mullioux. Had a very welcome feed of seal-meat. Service, 12.0. Ran on to Cul de Sac to visit the Shiwaks, and here Willie left me. I arranged with Wilfrid Shiwak to join my service for twelve months. Ever since the sickness, I have felt the need of a man, and have made up my mind to try and keep one. Wilfrid is a strong young chap of nineteen, and like all the Esquimaux round these parts, loyal and contented. I fixed up for him to meet me at North West River at the beginning of April, and drive me home to Cartwright with his father's team. I intend to keep a small team of my own. For the night, I went on to Carawalla, the headquarters of the Esquimaux. At Evensong, I baptised a little baby. Willie tells me we ran a great risk crossing the run yesterday.

#### Thursday, Mar. 13th.

Bitterly cold morning. Vapour flying along the run in clouds. The boys ran me and my sleeping-bag as far as Cul de Sac. Our turnout consisted of three tiny puppies, barely three months old, and one old dog. The little fellows galloped along with their tails stuck straight up. Our run was barely a mile. I bargained with one of the boys for two of the pups, a little white bitch named Leader and a dog named Speed. With old Turk, my team now numbers three. I left the pups until I returned from North. Wilfrid took me on to Rigolet, where I rejoined Dick about noon. After dinner, we drove off to Double Mer. I put up for the night with George Goudie. Evensong, 7.30.

#### Friday, Mar. 14th.

Holy Communion, 7.30. Very cold morning, wind N.W. Slow going out of Double Mer. Met a half-frozen party thawing out by a fire at the side of the woods near Jewel's Point. Reached Ticoralak about 1.0. Here I met our Northern catechist-teacher, Isaac Batten, who has had a terrible winter with the sickness. He was in fine spirits about it all, but one knew that he had suffered greatly. The people spoke very highly of his work. Evensong, 7.30.

#### Saturday, Mar. 15th.

Another stormy, cold day. Set off about 8.0, and made first call at Fox Cove. Left again about 1.0, and made our destination at Rocky Cove about 3.0. One always has a most entertaining host in old Arthur Rich. It just happened that this was our bring-up for a week-end last year.

#### Sunday, Mar. 16th.

A windy morning. Mattins, 10.0. About noon, young Arthur arrived from Rigolet, in company with two other teams. After dinner had a children's service at Joe Rich's. The weather cleared up in the evening and a beautiful night resulted. To-morrow is St. Patrick's day. Will he take the cold stone out of the water?

#### Monday, Mar. 17th.

Much milder. Paddy has done it! A fine day. Left Rocky Cove about 8.0 and ran out to Bluff Head. Spent a couple of hours here. Poor Tom Oliver dying

of consumption. Prayers, 12.0. Took some very bad going across the land to Rattler's Bight. Charlie Allen told me all about the death of his wife. The old chap looks very lonely. Evensong, 7.30. Sky clouding over, and looking weatherish.

### Tuesday, Mar. 18th.

Very mild with some rain. Holy Communion, 8.0. Went out to Tilt Brook Pond, and very nearly missed finding the house. It was only by chance that Dick spotted the top of the stove-pipes poking up out of the snow. How these folk manage to live in such a bleak spot always mystifies me. Steve Newall was gone North with the mail, so that I had no one to pilot me over the thirty miles of snow desert to Bob's Brook, which is my terminus in this direction. Leaving after dinner we retraced our steps to Pottle's Bay, and put up here for the night. At Evensong, I received a girl of sixteen. Proceedings were considerably embarrassed by a puppy hauling off my stole and a cat licking up the water in the basin. All the men from this place and the last mentioned were (after many years of practise) found guilty last summer of robbery. Little or no punishment was laid upon them, and they received in the fall a full winter's diet direct from the government in Newfoundland.

### Wednesday, Mar. 19th.

Still mild. Going vastly improved. Left Pottle's Bay and ran very quickly to Rocky Cove. Here I heard that the doctor was on his way outside, and was hourly expected. A few minutes after leaving we met his team on the bay, and thus were only able to exchange greetings. Reached Ticoralak about 2.0, and unharnessed for the night. Was unable to have any service as I was suffering from a touch of snow-blindness. Our whalebone is now of great value, and slips along without any effort on the part of the dogs.

### Thursday, Mar. 20th.

A most perfect day. Clear sky and warm sun. A good night's frost had put a hard surface on the snow, so that we were able to make excellent time into Double Mer. I just went into the house to see Mr. Batten and exchange greetings, then went on across the portage to Rigolet. Coming down the hill our chain drag broke, and caused us some momentary

excitement. A large number of visitors were in Rigolet. The water had gained very rapidly in the run. Evensong, 8.0.

#### Friday, Mar. 21st.

A warm day with noticeable effect on the ice and snow. Dick harnessed up and started off for home. The poor dogs have had a hard time of it, and are very cut up. Nigger, our leader, is crippled. I intend travelling on by means of hired teams. John Oliver is to take me as far as North West River, and we made a start by running up as far as Mullioux, where I married a couple. Returning to Rigolet, we had dinner and then went over the portage to Double Mer. The going was very soft, and our progress slow. John has only five dogs. It was nearly 7.0 by the time we reached Pompey's Head. We saw many seals out on the ice, sunning themselves. Prayers, 9.0.

#### Saturday, Mar. 22nd.

Snowing slightly. Baptised a little baby, then set off up the bay to Big Brooks. Here I baptised another baby. How one rejoices to see the little children coming along, after so many deaths. Leaving here about 10.30, we rapidly overhauled a team that had started some time before us, and brought up at New England for the night. Prayers, 7.30.

#### Sunday, Mar. 23rd.

Fine mild day. Had Mattins at John Blake's at 10.30, when I baptised two babies. After dinner I walked across the bay to Staves' Point, getting hot and tired in the process. The walking was just wrong for anything. John came over late in the evening. Evensong and Holy Communion, 7.30.

#### Monday, Mar. 24th.

We turned out long before daylight this morning in view of a strenuous day's work. Pearl River is our next stopping place, and there are two ways of getting there. To follow the usual route along the shores of Double Mer and Groswater Bay means covering some seventy miles and taking two days at it. The other route lies straight through the country across a big "neck," but only measures some 25 miles. We were bent on tackling the latter route, and had got Will Blake to come with us as pilot. Got off at 5.30, and after a short call at the head of the bay, took to

the land at 7.0. Much snow had fallen in the night, and it lay very deep on the land. Will and I put on our snow-shoes and walked ahead of the dogs. To me it all seemed a mystery how we got along, over bare marshes and through thick woods. Will seemed to have a new sense, although he declared that he was following a fixed line. After five hours' steady tramping, we called a halt and made a fire. One really knows what hunger is on occasions like this. Our meal consisted of very strong tea and a big lump of fat salt pork. Resuming our course we tramped on once more, and now I found that we were following a brook. After a time the brook forked, and Will showed signs of hesitation for the first time. He finally chose the wider of the branches. The dogs could only just crawl along even in our tracks. At the end of a couple or three hours, our brook suddenly narrowed down into almost nothing and Will realised that he had made a mistake. We held a consultation, debating what was best to be done. To go all the way back to where the brook had forked seemed too bad. It seemed better to lay a course with the compass and try and strike the right brook across the land. For a time all went well until we struck dense woods and could not keep on our course. Then we got wandering about in all directions, and dark came on us hopelessly lost. For the first time in my four winters down here I had the experience of a night out in a snow-hole. I certainly do not want another. You start by making a huge fire on top of the snow, and as the snow melts, you and the fire sink gradually down until you are as deep as nine or ten feet down. After this it is like living in a chimney. The smoke from the fire nearly chokes you. You have to get fairly close to it to keep yourself from freezing. To add to other discomforts, I was wet through with sweat after a long day on snow-shoes.

#### Tuesday, Mar. 25th.

Considerably limp, we crawled out of our hole at daylight. During the night one of my snow-shoes fell into the fire and was destroyed, so that now I was completely crippled. For a time I tried using John's pair but found them too small for my feet, and raised several sore blisters on my toes before giving them up. It only remained for me to handle the dogs and komatik, and let the others go ahead. Will had climbed a tall

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tree and sighted a landmark he knew, and we had decided to strike a bee-line through everything. The men cut their way with axes as they went. It was very tiring work keeping the komatik on top of the snow and lugging it over fallen trees. At last, about 1.0, we struck right into a big lake and Will knew where he was. Crossing the lake we took a cut path through the woods and were able to ride for the first time since we started. By 3.0 we had reached the very welcome shelter of the Chaulks' house at Pearl River. A complete change of clothing, and a good wash and feed, made me, at any rate, feel more like a man again. I found our lady school-teacher installed here, and was delighted to find her better than I had feared. She has put in a hard time of it, but has come through very pluckily. I do not think I will send a girl on this route again. The long distance travelling on an open komattk is too hard for them. Evensong, 7.30.

#### Wednesday, Mar. 26th.

Made a start about 8.0, and crossed the bight to Mulligan. Visited the Campbells, then went on to North West Islands for midday. Left here about 12.0, and made a very fair run into North West River. It was not long before I was revelling in Mrs. Paddon's hospitality. Sam Pottle, with whom we had travelled in company for several days, was in hospital dangerously ill. I gave him the Sacrament during the night. Mrs. Paddon did not think he would last till morning.

#### Thursday, Mar. 27th.

Owing to Sam's critical condition, I decided to postpone my visit to the head of the bay until the beginning of the week, and stay on at the hospital over the weekend. During the day I was busy paying visits. This place still continues to grow. It was rather objectionable having to regale various folk with details about the deaths of their relations in Sandwich Bay.

#### Friday, Mar. 28th.

Continued my visits. Weather fine and warm. Looked in at the school and found seventeen children hard at work. About noon, Mr. Parsons arrived from Rigolet bringing the nurse with him. Mr. Clark also arrived about the same time. Crossed the river after dinner and visited the French Post, Mr. Thevenet, manager. Had supper with the Ewings and enjoyed a good yarn with Mr. Parsons.

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**Saturday, Mar. 29th.**

Met a number of the furriers who have come home earlier than usual this year. They report nothing doing inside, but on the whole this has been a record season in this neighbourhood. In the evening, I addressed the Young People's Club on the subject of a Labrador Orphanage.

**Sunday, Mar. 30th.**

Weather continues very mild, but so far no rain. Holy Communion in the hospital, 8.0. Mattins at Mrs. Blake's, 11.0. Service, 3.0. Evensong, 6.30, a most splendidly attended service, and, to me, a real treat. One cannot fully express the sense of pleasure which the kindness of my hosts gives me. Heavy rain by night.

**Monday, Mar. 31st.**

Scraped together a scratch team for a run up to the head of the bay. Mr. Ewing lent me three dogs and Mrs. Paddon put two of the doctor's at my disposal. The doctor calls them the two "camels," but they are better than they look. With this turnout, I started off for Mud Lake, taking one of the boys to keep me company. Contrary to all expectations, we got along first-rate, reaching our destination about 1.30. I spent the afternoon visiting the people, and had a service at John Michelin's at 7.30. Raining hard again.

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✕ **Tuesday, April 1st.**

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Rained hard all night. Deep water lying over the ice. Much against the desire of our hosts, we made a start for North West River about 8.0, and soon after starting were soaked right through to the skin. I shall not forget this "drive" in a hurry. For pure undiluted misery, I have not had anything to beat it. When nicely soaked, the wind veered to the N.E., and the rain changed to sleety snow, which powdered one all over and then melted in. The komatik was often completely submerged under snow and water, on which occasions the dogs would stop and I had to get off and stand in icy liquid up to my middle and lug and tug and shout at the beasts to haul. One endured six hours of this. By the time we reached North West River, I was not sure whether I had any feet or hands. John Bird, the doctor's man, cheerily informed me that I looked like an old man of eighty! How one revelled in a hot bath and a change of clothing. It is

simply marvelous what the body can stand, and how rapidly it can recover.

### Wednesday, April 2nd.

Fine weather again, but atrocious going. Wilfrid Shiwak arrived in the morning with his dogs almost beaten out. He had come up from Rigolet in two and a half days. We decided to give them a good rest before starting off. Had a short service in the hospital after supper.

### Thursday, April 3rd.

Mild but fine. Enjoyed a real lazy day playing with the doctor's youngsters. Sam Pottle is getting gradually better and will probably get round again. I have seen more people make marvellous recoveries this year than I have seen in all my life before. In this case, the untiring care of Mrs. Paddon has been the chief factor. Sat up late simply gossiping and nothing else, a vice which I must get hold of before it grows on me. I rather imagine it is so prevalent because it is so easy. It needs no exertion on the part of the brain.

### Friday, April 4th.

Another quiet day. Some snow during the morning. I busied myself typing off dialogues and recitations for the North West River Fair, which is due to come off at Easter. There is a sort of rivalry between us in this business, but we in Cartwright have not the same means as these folk, who have done very well on fur.

### Saturday, April 5th.

Turned out at 5.0. Fine and frosty. Made a start at 7.0, finding the going excellent. The dogs were in splendid form, and at times almost mad with the strong scent of seals, hundreds of which lay on top of the ice. Whenever the animals would wind a seal, they would simply tear away in its direction until the hole was reached. The seal would long ago have disappeared! As these mad rushes were liable to occur without a second's warning, it was no uncommon thing to find yourself suddenly jerked head over heels off the komatik, and rise up to see the team fading away into the distance. We reached Pearl River at 1.30, where I had planned to spend the week-end. Miss McKenny had left two days ago, Mr. Parsons very generously offering her a passage to Cartwright.



**Sunday, April 6th.**

A beautiful day. Hugh Campbell came over in time for Mattins at 10.0. After dinner, I went over with all the children to Mulligan for a children's service. On return, we had Evensong at Pearl River. I examined the children in some of their work, and found that they had got on very well.

**Monday, April 7th.**

Another great day. Three of the Chaulks were off for a deer-hunt, so that we were able to make an early start. The going was still good, and the scent of seals stronger than ever. We had some terrible runs and many a sudden spill. Just below Lowlands I mounted guard over the dogs with the whip, whilst Wilfrid very cleverly stalked and shot a seal. About 11.0, we boiled our kettle among the birches. We reached our day's destination at Valley's Bight, about 3.0. An hour or two later, Mr. Fequet and Charlie Williams arrived, having driven all the way from North West River. Charlie's dogs had actually caught a seal asleep on the ice. Much talk and a service at 9.0.

**Tuesday, April 8th.**

They told us that we could not go home via Back Bay, as the ice was all broken up there. This made Wilfrid and myself all the more determined to try it. I did not want to miss out four lonely families scattered about the district, and I think neither of us liked being informed that it could not be done. All the morning it was so dirty and stormy that we did not like making a start. We had to cross the bay, and in several places the ice was broken up. About dinner time, we decided to start. I set a course with my compass, and we hit St. John's Island fair and square. From here we were able to make the south side of the bay, and reached Trout Cove for the night. Sam Wolfrey gave me a pure white bitch, named "Chance," who will make an excellent leader for my little team. She is three years old, so may be hard to settle down into a new home.

**Wednesday, April 9th.**

Blowing and drifting hard. Left Trout Cove 7.0. Snow soft, deep and watery. Called Peter Lewis' Brook for midday. Waited several hours for Adam Mucko to return from Rigolet, as I wanted him to be present at the baptism of his baby. Bought a seal's carcass and 20 lbs. of fat for our dogs. Wilfrid tried Chance ahead on leaving here, and in spite of being

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Wilfrid mucko

rather bad at turning, I think she will make a good leader. She sets a great pace, and keeps it up. Reached Pease Cove, 3.0. The old man of the house handed me over a couple of tins of meat, which the doctor had left for me, and one could not but feel that there was some special providence attached to the gift, for we were both of us almost famished. Evensong, 7.30.

#### Thursday, April 10th.

Will Wolfrey set out with us this morning to help us round the shore of Back Bay, several miles of which we would have to cover before being able to take to the ice again. Even so, things were not nearly so bad as people had tried to make out. One big hill had to be negotiated. After this was safely accomplished, our pilot returned home. Taking to the ice a little too soon, we were only just in time to save ourselves a nasty accident, and got back on to the land again as quickly as possible. Looking down from a hill on to the place where we had just been, made one feel almost sick. It was all rotten, and full of holes. Once safe out on the bay ice, we got along well, and reached the head of the bay by 2.0. The weather continues splendid. The sun gives great heat in the middle of the day. Evensong and Holy Communion, 7.0. Joe Pottle gave me a lovely dog's skin.

#### Friday, April 11th.

Turned out early, fully bent on fetching home by night. Glorious frosty morning, but going a little dead. The Pottles followed astern of us. Reached Flatwater by 9.0. The people here told me that a very big team had passed south about an hour ago, which they took to be Mr. Perret, the superintendent of the Moravian Missions to the North. I had already heard that he planned to get as far south as he could on dogs and komatik, and then get in touch with the nearest railway or boat. His missions have suffered a terrible blow, and the outlook seems pretty gloomy. He purposes getting across to England to consult with his committee. I hoped that we might come up with him, as I had never met him, and there was much that we could converse about. Taking a hundredweight of smelts from Flatwater, we drove on to Cat Trap Brook. Mr. Perret's team had not called in here, so I was afraid our delay at the house would put him too far ahead for us to catch. Though only with six dogs to his dozen, Wilfrid felt certain of still running him

down. Between West Bay and North River, we had a clear non-stop run. We met several teams bound down, and from each of these we learned of the progress of our friends ahead. At last from the top of the hill on the Cape Porcupine neck, we sighted them about halfway across the stretch of ice between this and North River. Our dogs had evidently got a fresh scent, for they started galloping and kept it up on and off until well before the other side was reached we had overhauled our quarry. I was glad to meet Mr. Perret, but as he was staying at North River for the night and we were bound over the bay to Cartwright, we decided to leave our confab till the morrow. We arrived home in the dark, after a long drive of sixty-five miles, a very good performance with such poor going.

#### **Saturday, April 12th.**

A stormy day, but fine enough for my business, which was mainly indoors. Mr. Perret arrived and spent the night. I was immensely taken with his personality, and increased my already great admiration for the work of the Moravian Missions in these parts. It seems such a pity that we cannot join forces with this church; their doctrinal position does not seem to me to be any stumbling block at all. I was particularly interested in his scheme for a Moravian boarding-school, which it is intended to start at Makkovic.

#### **Sunday, April 13th.**

Wind in. Mattins 10.30, well attended. Splendid crowd at Evensong at 3.0, many visitors from neighbouring places. Does one's absence make the people fonder of the church services or not? On every occasion when one returns from a trip, the church is packed. And then the leakage starts again. Anyhow, one is so glad to see the folk once again, that one hasn't the heart to jaw them.

#### **Monday, April 14th.**

I sent Wilfrid off again this morning to take his father's team home, after which he is to get back here as best he can. He takes Turk and Chance with him, and he will also have my two little pups which are still down near Rigolet. I have also asked for one of his father's dogs. This will make a team of five, such as they are. I spent the morning at my desk. After dinner, I shovelled away snow, and sawed up wood. I started the Holy Week services to-night, and was pleased with the attendance. Our Tea-Party Com-

mittee have got everything well in hand. The concert bids fair to outdo all previous efforts.

**Tuesday, April 15th.**

Blowing very hard from N.E., and snow drifting in clouds. After some heavy shovelling round the house, I got a gang of boys busy with planks for the tea tables and platform. Evensong, 7.30.

**Wednesday, April 16th.**

A lovely day. Paid some visits, and shovelled snow. Also sawed up wood. Shall be thankful when Wilfrid gets back to take all this work off my hands, and let me attend to matters of more importance. Good attendance at Evensong. Put some flower seeds in boxes to-day.

**Thursday, April 17th.**

Fine and bright, but only thawing in the sun. Sawed a stock of dry wood for the week-end. Another good attendance at service to-night.

**Friday, April 18th.**

Mild S.S.W. wind, some snow. Mattins well attended. Spent quiet day indoors preparing for Easter. At evensong, Miss Udle sang the "Story of the Cross." I think everybody was most impressed. I put up two brass memorial tablets in memory of our two first soldiers to fall in the war.

**Saturday, April 19th.**

Mild weather. Wind S.E., with some snow. At desk all morning. In the afternoon, had a meeting of the women to make final arrangements for the tea and sale on Wednesday. I rather imagine we have spent too much on materials, which will lower our profits considerably. Not much sign yet of any snow or ice going. A long thin strip of water only in our run.

**Sunday, April 20th.**

A fine and warm Easter Day. Good congregations at the services. I dedicated several small memorials placed in the church by the people. I don't suppose there is much snow to-day in England!

**Monday, April 21st.**

Wind veers to S.W. This is the wind we long for at this time of the year, as it decides whether we have a late or early spring. Busy all day getting ready for the tea and sale. Many visitors have arrived already.

I am fitting out the teacher's house as a hotel for the women and children. Wind back to the North again in the evening.

#### **Tuesday, April 22nd.**

Frosty weather, but very fine and clear. Hope that it will hold over to-morrow. Still more people arriving. Finished all our preparations by the evening. Miss Bright arrives from Spotted Islands.

#### **Wednesday, April 23rd.**

The fine weather holds, for which one is truly thankful. The show opened up at 3.0, and things were soon humming. There was much fun from the auction sale, for which some of the men had made paddles, hand-barrows, brooms, etc. Tea came off at 5.0. The concert was a great success. At a rough estimate, we shall clear a little over a hundred dollars, but if I had managed the affair in a more businesslike way, we could easily have doubled this figure. Parsonage filled with visitors for night.

#### **Thursday, April 24th.**

Turned out 3.20, and roused up the crowd, who were anxious to get away early. A clear sky, with every sign of a beautiful day. Miss Bright departed south about 6.0. About noon, Wilfrid Shiwak turned up, having been delayed by Chance running away. The two pups had stuck it out splendidly, and although they had had a fifty mile run, they were still able to chase each other about. Towards night, Will Martin arrived with the last mail. No news or letters, as usual.

#### **Friday, April 25th.**

Thick fog over everything, regular spring weather. Wind N.E. Wilfrid starts in on the wood, and got a fine stock sawed up. I spent morning at desk. After dinner had a go at my study, which is in a great mess. Raining by nighttime.

#### **Saturday, April 26th.**

Wind S.W., and mild. Busy indoors all morning. After dinner had a game of billiards in the club. Our Y.M.C.A. Committee had tea with me and we discussed affairs of the club till late in night.

#### **Sunday, April 27th.**

A very hard frost in the night. The snow crust bearing up solid this morning. Poor attendance at service this morning. Easter seems to have knocked

all hands up. In the evening, I had a public lecture in the school, when I officially opened the local campaign to raise funds for our Labrador boarding-school. One does not expect much financial assistance from these parts, as the people have not got the means, but it seems only right that they should do their little, and show the outside world that they have the matter to heart. I really think the audience were keenly interested, and they certainly expressed their willingness to help all they could. One hopes that this auspicious opening may be a good omen for final success. May God now strengthen our hands. Everyone took an envelope away with them.

#### **Monday, April 28th.**

Weather very undecided, thawing and freezing in quick succession. Seems likely to be a late spring after all. Set out after dinner on my last trip on ice, round Sandwich Bay. Wilfrid, now fully established as my servant, came with me as driver. Our team consists of two dogs (Turk and Hero) and the two pups, not a very powerful combination, but able to get along in good going. I have left Chance at home, as she will soon have pups. Reached American Point in two hours. Dick Bird gave the dogs a good feed of rock cod. Evensong, 7.30.

#### **Tuesday, April 29th.**

A hard night's frost kept the going as good as ever. Our little team simply romped along over the hard crust. Spent the middle part of the day at Barrow Brook. All hands were home feasting on some deer which they had recently killed. Deer are, like every other kind of game, very scarce this year. This year, not a single rabbit has been got in Cartwright. Two winters ago there were over three thousand! Needless to say, Wilfrid and I did full justice to the fresh meat. After service we went on up the bay to Dove Brook. A crowd of men were cutting lumber for Mr. Clark, one of our local traders. Evensong, 7.30.

#### **Wednesday, April 30th.**

Before leaving Dove Brook, I measured out 1100 feet of inch board which George Bird had sawn for me. It was really beautiful stuff, so much cleaner than the imported kind. Towards noon, we left for White Bear River, and put in another night up here. A hard frost set in in the evening. Everything looks just as solid up the bay as in the dead of winter. Not a sign of a

hole in any of the rivers. We have seen two pie-birds so far, by way of spring birds. Evensong, 7.30.

#### **Thursday, May 1st.**

Cold frosty day. Brought up at Separation Point for our next night. Visited the settlement in the afternoon, and assembled all hands for service in the evening. After service, I gave them a short outline of the boarding-school scheme, and found them just as interested as all the other people. The way this is going is most encouraging. One believes that the money will be forthcoming when the appeal reaches around. Our little children will never get any education by any other means.

#### **Friday, May 2nd.**

Fine and frosty. The dogs find the going very hard on their feet, which are getting very tender. After a service of Holy Communion, we left for our next call at Burn's Harbour, where we spent the middle part of the day. Many teams coming and going. Reached Paradise about 3.0, putting up with Will Heard, for the week-end. I had a new experience to-day in the eating line, sampling a piece of raccoon-meat. I most distinctly did not relish it. I think it must be a very near relation to a rat!

#### **Saturday, May 3rd.**

Mild and rain, mostly heavy showers. Spent day visiting. Several visitors arrive in for the week-end. Paradise seems so very dejected after the awful cutting-down of last fall. Its loneliness is very evident.

#### **Sunday, May 4th.**

Still a bit showery in the morning, but Mattins well attended. Ab. Learning provided us with a splendid dinner of venison and potatoes. At 3.0, I had a children's service. Evensong at 6.30 was attended by all available hands, which nowadays is not very many. By nighttime it was freezing really hard. An early start was planned.

#### **Monday, May 5th.**

Turned out 2.30, still dark but clear and frosty. By 3.30, we were on our way out of the river, in company with two other teams. The dogs simply galloped along to keep themselves warm. By 4.30, we were off Berry Point, just as the sun rose like a ball of fire. I felt just as cold as on any day in the winter. It was too

slippery to get off and take a run. By 6.0, we were at Longstretch enjoying a warm cup of tea. Then on from here to Muddy Bay, to find Miss McKenny comfortably installed and doing as well as ever. By 10.30, we had reached Cartwright after a good day's run of 21 miles. Put in remainder of day picking up the reins again. This life makes one very unsettled in the way of habits.

#### **Tuesday, May 6th.**

N.E. wind and driving snow storm. Started in on my annual examination of the school, much to the terror of the youngsters and my own secret amusement. Dear little kids, they do so deserve to have a chance of a real education. Old John Bird is now in Cartwright, slightly better but still weak-minded. I have Isaac Lemare working on the church, to which we are now adding a spire. During our absence up the bay, little Chance took to her heels and ran away. I am awfully sorry about it. I expect she will try and reach her old home which is nearly a hundred miles away.

#### **Wednesday, May 7th.**

Wild weather from N.E. Several teams stemmed down the bay. Paradise latest reports state water up to Island rock. Finished my examination by noon. I am closing school this week as Miss Udle is very anxious to get married! Took a walk after tea up the Flågstaff hill behind the Parsonage, to see the state of the ice and water. The ice in our run is showing very black in spots, but outside all is pure white. The most gain of water is between our run and Muddy Bay. It is certain now that this will be a late spring, and it will be well in June before we get open water. One does not relish the long dreary wait.

#### **Thursday, May 8th.**

Another North Easter. Ran over to visit a family at Indian Harbour on Huntingdon Island. From here, went on to North River and put in the night there. I heard that Chance had been seen here, but had gone on before anyone could catch her. Evensong, 7.30.

#### **Friday, May 9th.**

Very cold. Wind N.N.W. Ran home in time for breakfast, glad enough to get near the stove for a warm. House in a turmoil. Miss Udle to be married tomorrow. Paid a round of visits.



**Saturday, May 10th.**

Less wind and slight thaw towards noon. Wilfrid went up the bay to Dove Brook to fetch down a piece of juniper for a false keel for "St. Helen." The wedding came off in the evening.

**Sunday, May 11th.**

Warmer weather than recently, though winds still hang on from the sea. A fine crowd at Evensong, who came in for a regular jaw on the subject of church attendance and various duties. Visited old John Bird. Rain towards night.

**Monday, May 12th.**

Wind S.E., foggy. Ice and snow cut down quite a lot since yesterday. Wilfrid went to Muddy Bay to haul out the frame-work pieces for the church spire. Isaac is getting along very well with the porch. Walked up the Flagstaff Hill, not much change in the state of the runs since last I was up, except in the Muddy Bay direction. Took off my storm-windows. Burdette's Brook can be heard roaring when the wind comes off.

**Tuesday, May 13th.**

Wind in again and snow falling. Worked indoors all morning. After dinner paid visits. Quite a batch of new snow down, but not likely to stand long.

**Wednesday, May 14th.**

Cold in-winds still hold on. The runs are all ready to go to pieces, if only the sun could get a chance to work on them. A gang of men rafted down some of the church spire frame, as far as the water allowed, then ran it home on komatik. After tea, I took my gramophone down to give old John Bird an evening's entertainment.

**Thursday, May 15th.**

A regular N.E. blizzard, snow banking up in high drifts. Stayed indoors most of day. Had a good feed off two shore ducks, sent down by Miss Bright from Spotted Islands.

**Friday, May 16th.**

A little baby girl arrived to-day in the Parsons' family circle, much to everybody's great joy. I went down after dinner and baptised it. Just before tea, I set off on a week-end trip around the Muddy Bay district. The snow was too deep for my little team,

so I footed it. Put up at Muddy Bay for this night. Miss McKenny has seven children for her school.

#### **Saturday, May 17th.**

Froze hard in the night. Walked up to Longstretch, going right outside of George's Head and Jones' Point. Sounded at times with a stick, but never once put it through. After service at Longstretch, I walked back for the night to Muddy Bay Brook. A beautiful frosty night.

#### **Sunday, May 18th.**

Everything hard as in winter. Great walking on the ice. Mattins, M. B. Brook. All the folk from Muddy Bay came over. Returned with them after service and all hands gathered in Muddy Bay for services in afternoon and evening. I always enjoy my visits to this place, everybody turns out so splendidly. Freezing as hard as ever by night. These night-frosts more than balance the sun-thaws by day.

#### **Monday, May 19th.**

Had a fine walk home, but snow getting soft before I got there. Kept too far out towards the water and put my foot through twice. If only the winds had been from the S.W., the ice would by now have almost gone. I began trimming out my small punt this afternoon. The boat work will occupy most of one's time from now onwards.

#### **Tuesday, May 20th.**

Froze hard in night, foggy in morning. People beginning to get busy on their boats. Wilfrid started to chop the ice out of "St. Helen." Went up Flagstaff after tea, but could see very little advance on the part of the water since last I was up. There is, however, only a narrow bridge between the Cartwright and Muddy Bay waters. Bobbie Williams of North River has killed a square-fripper seal, which means a chance to get some fat for our dogs and a meal of meat for ourselves. These animals are of great size, some of them giving as much as three hundred pounds of fat alone. Word arrived that Charlotte Davis of Barrow Brook is very ill. Shall take a run over to see her in the morning. I also shall take away the little baby which they have been adopting as they are unable to care for it.

### Wednesday, May 21st.

Will Martin called me at 3.0, just as dawn was showing in the sky. Dead calm morning. By 4.0, we were on our way over the bay, the dogs getting along in fine style. Reached Barrow Brook at 7.0. I found poor Charlotte in a miserable state with what I diagnosed as rheumatic fever. As on so many occasions my heart sickened at my utter helplessness to be of any assistance. I have no drugs. All I could do was to try and cheer her up. I fear she will have hard work to pull through. Leaving for home again, we took the baby with us. We reached Cartwright by 10.45. The weather had suddenly turned very warm, and the snow was going fast. I managed to get some of the seal-fat for my pups.

### Thursday, May 22nd.

Snowed and froze in the night. Weather extremely erratic. Wilfrid, who has been getting the false keel ready for "St. Helen," finished his work to-day, and we assembled a crowd to help turn her over for the purpose of fixing it on. Wilfrid and Isaac spent rest of day at job and did a fine piece of work. This will allow her propeller to be sunk at least four inches, and thus give her a better hold of the water.

### Friday, May 23rd.

Strong S.W. wind, water running all over the ice. Robins and sparrows arriving in great numbers. Saw a goose flying over the houses about noon. Everything looks like the advent of spring at last, although the folk from the outside say that the ocean ice is just as solid as in midwinter. Wilfrid works away on "St. Helen." There is a lot to be done on her before she is ready for launching. She will have to have a new engine house. Isaac returned to his work on the new church. The Cartwright and Muddy Bay waters at last joined forces to-day, over a week earlier than last year, but it is not likely that the other runs will give out so rapidly. I got John Learning to bore a new shaft hole in "St. Helen's" stern post. The people are returning the envelopes which I gave out for the Labrador Boarding-School Fund, and I am tremendously pleased with the response. Over \$600.00 has come in. Our total must now be nearing the \$3000.00 mark. I shall be satisfied if we reach the sum of \$20,000.00 by the end of the year.

### **Saturday, May 24th.**

Fine warm day. Early in morning every house got out its flags in honour of Empire Day. We are laying special emphasis on the festival this year as a token of joy for peace and victory. During the morning, some excellent sports were held. In the evening, I gave a magic lantern show in the school.

### **Sunday, May 25th.**

Weather much the same, warm and dull. Ice and snow going fast. Burdette's Brook can now be seen from the Parsonage. Mattins, 10.30. Evensong, 6.30. A team came in from Muddy Bay, also one from Goose Cove.

### **Monday, May 26th.**

Got out at 5.0, and started painting the house and then the boats. About 9.0, Mr. Batten arrived from North River. I was glad to see him and promised him lots of work. Wilfrid wrestled all day with a refractory bolt which was blocking the new shaft hole of "St. Helen."

### **Tuesday, May 27th.**

Dull day, easterly wind. Wilfrid busy at the boat. Mr. Batten and I painting. After dinner I cleaned up some of the engine parts. Had our annual parish meeting after tea. A fine number attended, and some real interest was aroused. Arranged to start in tomorrow on the graveyard fence, which is all ready for putting up.

### **Wednesday, May 28th.**

Worked in the graveyard all day. A fine gang of ten men turned up for the occasion, and by evening we had very nearly finished the job. We got up all the posts and put round most of the wire. Felt tired by night.

### **Thursday, May 29th.**

Had usual Ascension Day services. Resumed work on the graveyard fence, which was completed by noon. It looks first-rate. Gave old John Bird the Holy Communion, as I fear he will not keep his senses much longer. Fine attendance at Evensong. Wilfrid is getting on very well with the new engine house on "St. Helen."

**Friday, May 30th.**

Wind still in from the sea, keeping everything back. Cartwright Harbour is all broken up, but wants a southerly wind to clear it out. Spent morning at my desk. The others worked on the boat. In the evening, we decorated the teacher's house. I am trying to get this little cottage all ready for Miss Ashall, whom I am expecting out from England, to undertake educational work.

**Saturday, May 31st.**

Everybody has had to knock off boat work as these in-winds are too chilly. Mr. Batten and I did some more work inside the little house. We have put up some beaver board and are panelling it with strips. It is beginning to look really nice. Before night, we had it all painted. Spent several hours cleaning ourselves up for Sunday.

The notes of the Journal for the period between the end of May and the arrival of the first mail-steamer have been unfortunately lost. The ice was very slow in going away and it was well past the middle of June before any boats could be launched. June had almost run its course when the "Terra Nova" arrived from St. John's, Newfoundland, bringing us strange comfort in the shape of a burying party who had been sent down to bury the dead that we had laid to rest seven months ago! One refrains from further comment, for various reasons.