

THE MISERY OF LABRADOR.

WHOLE FAMILIES LACKING FOOD, SHELTER, AND CLOTHING.

Destitution of the People at the Beginning of a Winter Eight Months Long, When They Are Shut Off From the World by a Barrier of Ice—Little Relief in Sight.

The reports from time to time sent out of the destitution among the residents of Labrador fail to describe adequately the conditions of misery prevailing there, writes a correspondent. Labrador is a vast, unexplored territory, extending from the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the waters of Hudson Bay, with a coast line of 1,000 miles fringed by innumerable harbors or inlets in the bluff, mountainous shore, each harbor serving as a location for a Newfoundland fishing station or "room," as it is called. Labrador is a dependency of Newfoundland, and is used as a sort of enlarged fishing territory for the adventurous islanders, who migrate there every spring in their trim little schooners, taking along their families, household goods, and sometimes their live stock, and reaping a harvest from the deep until the approach of winter forces them to return again to their homes with their fare of codfish. Some 30,000 Newfoundlanders visit Labrador in this manner each year, but besides them there are 3,000 or 4,000 resident fishermen or "liveries," so called because they remain there all the year round. They are usually very poor, and eke out a miserable existence by fishing in summer, hunting in winter, and caring for the houses and fishery premises of the Newfoundland planters during the period these are away from the coast. Words fail to describe the condition of these "liveries." They are probably

THE MOST WRETCHED

of any who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Poverty is ever present with them, sickness is almost uninterfered with by medicines or doctors; religion is almost unknown, except through the occasional visit of the itinerant missionary; education they have none, unless in the most populous centres; their food is the coarsest; their raiment is scanty, and the wretched hovels they dwell in offer little or no shelter from the winds. How they contrive to live through a winter of eight months, when they are shut off by the great ice barrier from the outside world, is a mystery; why they remain there after one such experience is only explicable by the fact that they are too poor to get away to more favorable regions.

The coast is barren and forbidding, devoid almost of soil and producing little or nothing in the shape of garden stuff. The Newfoundland Government runs a mail steamer along the coast during the fishing season, from June 15 to Oct. 15, and the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen an English institution under the patronage of Queen Victoria, has been working there in the past few years with a steam yacht carrying a couple of doctors, and two small hospitals established at central points. These and the fishing vessels are the only ones that ply the desolate region. To make a trip in the mail steamer is to be brought face to face with the destitution of the island.

At a place called Boulton's Rock was, without exception, the worst human habitation I have ever met with. Imagine an ancient and rotten plank hut, scarcely up to the standard of a decent cow pen, without door or windows. The present squatter, finding the inside too large, had pulled down the ceiling, or part of it, and had roughly divided off one end; the inside held

A DECREPIT STOVE

and a wooden bunk or bed place. The occupants, man and wife, had been married two years, and he had spent the whole time here fishing. Alongside was half a small hut, well grown with grass and moss outside, which they were slowly building, to accommodate their anticipated family. Clothes were at a minimum and food barely enough to prevent immediate starvation. This hovel, was perched on a barren rock over a rough harbor. At Stag Run another house was visited. It was little if any improvement on the above, except that it was somewhat larger. It consisted of one room with two bunks, a cracked stove in the centre, two wooden trunks containing the earthly possessions of the family, and an outside porch where the dogs sleep. These dogs were used in hauling the sledges with firewood and spoils of the chase in winter. In this wretched place were a mother and seven children—the youngest four months old—and the father and eldest boy were away at another harbor.

At a place called Long Harbor very soon had crowded deck, for here the settlers were facing absolute starvation. Two Newfoundland planters, homeward bound and anchored in the harbor, came aboard and asked what could be done for the people, as they knew them to be in the direst poverty. Already many families were existing on flour alone, having neither molasses nor tea. The mission steamer arrived while we lay here, and the superintendent, Dr. Grenfell, took charge of affairs. He made a grant of food, and provided the most needy ones with clothing. In return they were to bring out of the woods of the interior during the winter and saw up for the steamer's use next year a certain amount of lumber for fuel. Near Paok's Harbor were a number of families whose children had been running about

STARK NAKED

all the summer, and had been found by an Anglican missionary in that state. At Indian Harbor we once more met the mission steamer Sir Donald. The mission has a hospital there in charge of an English doctor and nurse. As it

is one of the best harbors on the coast it is largely frequented, and the hospital folks are desperately hard worked during the summer and doomed to almost living burial during the winter, for they volunteer for the whole year's service. They had the poorest people employed at building a road from the hospital to the landing place so that patients might be brought along on a stretcher with the least discomfort instead of being carried over rocks and hummocks as is now the case. It must be understood that there are no roads in Labrador in the ordinary sense of the word, for no roads would be of any use. In summer every one goes by boat, while in the winter the snow and ice render roads valueless. There is no rolling stock in Labrador, for the winter towing is, of course, done on sledges with dogs. This road was to be paid for in flour and foodstuffs at the rate of \$6 a man. It is a long time before the visitor understands how valueless cash is to settlers living in such out-of-the-way places; clothes, flour, molasses, tea, coal, and oil are far more acceptable. The mission folks had 110 large sacks of clothing brought out free from England to this place by one of the salt vessels, and had distributed over eighty up to that time, receiving word enough to burn in the hospital all winter in return. We saw them relieve one family who were without clothing enough to work in. The stock of male garments had been so exhausted that there were forced on the men some girls' flannel petticoats, to make up as best they could into shirts and jerseys. The need of clothing is extreme, the snow is on the ground, the ponds are frozen over, winter has begun, and yet, within a fortnight, we have seen 200 almost naked children.

THE UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE

are intensely grateful for the assistance they receive, but one cannot fail to be struck by the hopeless, despairing look upon all, young and old, as if they realized that they never would be better off, and that they were foolish in maintaining the unequal conflict with destitution and disease.

At Grady our ship was invaded by the entire population of "liveries," twenty-eight souls in all. The heads of the seven families poured into our ears the familiar tale of scarcity of food for the winter. One had only to look at their half-naked bodies and their faces, blank and lean with chronic semi-starvation, to realize how true their tale was. When we went ashore and saw the bare houses and the meagre food, and learned that they were short of powder and shot to hunt with, we felt we must do what little we could for them. Picture a desolate harbor, not a tree to be seen, hardly a living thing visible, a rough, squalid house of rude planks, two or three forms or stools, and a hungry lot of half-clad mortals sitting down to dry caplin, a small fish like a sardine but not nearly so succulent, dry sea biscuit, and tea without sugar or milk, only a trifle of molasses and no butter or pork. Not one in the whole isolated community could read a line, so the books we offered them were useless. Add to that the fact that they had no ammunition for their rusty muzzle-loaders, and but a very few old rat traps to catch foxes, and you have the dismal spectacle presented to us on this dark, cold evening in early November preceding an eight months' winter.

At Spotted Islands we learned of a very distressing accident. The eldest son and only support of one desperately poor family had gone out shooting the previous day and had not returned. While we were there they found his empty gun on the rocks and a dead duck drifting near. The unfortunate fellow must have clambered down the rocks after the bird and, slipping somehow, fallen into the sea, been carried off by the waves. It was a fortunate thing that the Government of Newfoundland put stores of flour and molasses at certain central points along the coast, for otherwise hundreds must starve. At each place we called we found some families borrowing

A PAN OF FLOUR

from their more favored neighbors, and with no other food in the house, except perhaps a few dry caplin and, if they have powder and shot, a few sea birds. While some families have enough for themselves, it invariably happens that those who have no means of getting food, either by hunting or barter, and so the men in authority are compelled to dole out just enough flour and molasses to keep body and soul together until the bodies of these struggling poor and their children fall a prey to scrofula, consumption, scurvy, rickets, and the hundred and one other ailments which chronic semi-starvation involves.

At Venison Tick's the people were all rejoicing over the arrival of a vessel from Newfoundland with their winter's supplies of provisions, without which their position must have been desperate indeed, for had she not arrived there would not be left flour enough on the coast to feed the people during the long winter. Near here we met an old man named Brazil, perhaps the poorest in the whole desolate coast. Though over 70 years old, he is going to remain absolutely alone all the winter on an island two miles from the mainland and try to make a living out of trapping foxes. By Christmas every soul in the neighborhood will have gone back into the wooded country, where huts are built among the trees, for the warmth and shelter and nearness to game and firewood, and he will not have any one within thirty miles of him. Hunting and trapping are the sole occupation of the people during the winter, and they think nothing of traveling one to two hundred miles to the Hudson Bay Company's stores, to exchange their peltries for ammunition and necessary foodstuffs. In the early spring they catch seals in nets when the ice breaks up, or salmon and trout in the rivers, which products are bartered with the planters, when these come along for hooks, lines, and boats to fish with, and food to sustain their families while so engaged. Their summer's catch of codfish goes to provide a winter's food, and

THE EXORBITANT PRICES

charged for everything make it almost impossible for them to ever save anything. In bad years, like the present, the Government must intervene to keep them from perishing.

These conditions are the ones under which generations have lived and passed away on this forbidding territory, and all observers competent to speak on the subject agree that unless the whole system of fishing and trading on the coast is altered there is no hope of ever effecting any improvement. Even if the fisheries are good there is nothing available for these settlers except

a miserable pittance, a mere existence, in fact—enough food to keep life in them, and enough clothes to keep them partly covered. The only alternative is for the Newfoundland Government to grant them free passage to Canada or the United States, or transplant them onto its own coast, where they might try to do better. While they remain in Labrador the world may expect to hear every year the story of poverty and starvation among them. The main fact is that the fishery is now becoming inadequate to their needs and the catches are not nearly so good as in former times. Too poor to get away themselves, and having no representative to bring their grievances before the Newfoundland Legislature, they remain with the knowledge that when all their own scanty food is exhausted the person authorized to keep them from starving will step in and provide enough to support them until spring brings the planters, with their vessels and crews, to the coast once more.

As our steamer crossed the Straits of Belle Isle on her homeward run to St. John's and the stern, forbidding outlines of the Labrador coast faded from our view, we could not but wonder how the wretched beings we left behind us would survive the miseries that face them during the dreary winter they must go through, in a human inferno with every accessory that goes to make mankind unhappy and wretched, where they will be enclosed by a barrier of ice and forced to dwell in solitude and tribulation until the breaks through the frozen ramparts of June next, and enables news of the world to reach the world outside.

FORTY YEARS WITH INDIANS.

A Man Who Was Stolen When He Was a Boy of Four Years.

Chief of Police Robertson, of Portland, Ore., is in receipt of a letter from Sitka, Alaska, solving a mystery of forty years ago. In 1856, Vancouver, Wash., then a sparsely inhabited settlement, was a favorite place of recreation for the Hudson Bay Company's men. Among the families then dwelling there was that of Philip Heidenfeldt, who had a beautiful, flaxen-haired boy named Willie, at that time 4 years old.

Willie was adored by a Hudson Bay Company Scotchman known as "Long" John McGregor. "Long" John was well fixed in money matters, having saved about \$30,000 during his long service with the company. All this he promised to bequeath to Willie if his parents would allow him to adopt the child. The Heidenfeldts were poor, but not so needy as to be forced to part with the child. They refused \$5,000 in gold coin from McGregor for the privilege of making Willie his heir and taking him with him.

In April of that year "Long" John returned to the frozen Arctic, where his business was with the Indians of interior Alaska. With McGregor's departure the child disappeared. That the Scotchman had stolen the child was not doubted by any one knowing his attachment for the boy, but no trace of man and boy could be had. "Long" John, it is scarcely necessary to say, never revisited Vancouver, and some time in the sixties was frozen to death while returning to Sitka from a business trip to the interior in an open sled. McGregor made a will, and when death claimed him every dollar of his wealth went to distant relatives in Scotland.

The greater part of McGregor's time in Alaska being spent among the Indians, he picked the stolen boy in custody of a tribe with which his business relations were the most extensive, and with that tribe Willie was when death overtook "Long" John, and Heidenfeldt, now a man of 44 years of age, is with the same Indians to-day. He frequently visits Sitka, bearing an Indian name, and speaks English with the broken accent characteristic of an Indian.

Heidenfeldt's people have heard nothing of him for more than thirty years, and naturally believed him dead. The writer of the letter was in Vancouver when the boy was stolen and knew him well. The boy was peculiarly marked at his birth. He had but one joint on each of his little fingers, and one of his eyes was black and the other a dark brown. This optical defect in Heidenfeldt, when the writer saw him in Sitka last month, recalled the abduction of forty years ago. Engaging him in conversation, he noticed also the other physical defect marking the child. Heidenfeldt said that he remembered being taken from his home by a rough looking man and placed aboard a ship. Beyond that his childhood recollections are quite vague. But there can be no possible doubt of this man being William Heidenfeldt. His father and several brothers and sisters, now residing in Denver, will be communicated with.

FIRST RATE BRASON.

According to the papers badgering lawyers are always having the tables turned on them by quickwitted witnesses; and it is to be hoped that the papers do not exaggerate. A witness for the defence had just been examined, when the prosecuting police-sergeant stood up to crush him.

Sergeant—Why did you hide Sullivan in your house on that Sunday night? Witness—I did not see Sullivan at all on that night.

Sergeant (knowingly)—Will you swear your wife did not hide Sullivan on that night? Witness (hesitatingly)—Yes.

Sergeant (more knowingly)—Will your wife swear that she did not hide Sullivan in your house on that night? Witness (more hesitatingly)—Well—I don't think so.

Sergeant (most knowingly)—Ah! And perhaps you can tell the court how it is you can swear your wife did not hide him, while she cannot swear the same thing. Speak up now, and tell the truth. Witness (unhesitatingly)—Well, you see, I'm not a married man.

WHITE TAR.

White tar is one of the latest inventions or discoveries. It is claimed that it will not become soft under the sun's rays in any climate.

NEW USE FOR X-RAYS.

It is said that the X-rays have been successfully applied in France to the detection of adulterations of food. Where the adulterants consists of some kind of mineral matter, the food to be examined is reduced to powder and spread thinly upon glass. An X-ray photograph of the glass reveals the presence of the mineral particles by the failure of the rays to penetrate them as they penetrate the other constituents of the powdered food.

TRAVELED HALF THE GLOBE TO FIND HEALTH, WITHOUT SUCCESS.

Took the Advice of a Friend and Now Proclaims It From the Housetop—"South American Nerve Saved My Life."

Mrs. H. Stapleton, of Wingham, writes: "I have been very much troubled for years—since 1878—with nervous debility and dyspepsia. Had been treated in Canada and England by some of the best physicians without permanent relief. I was advised about three months ago to take South American Nerve, and I firmly believe I owe my life to it to-day. I can truthfully say that I have derived more benefit from it than any treatment I ever had. I can strongly recommend it, and will never be without it myself."

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

Barber (out West)—Your head is very— Cowboy (showing revolver)—Eh? Barber (hastily)—Very clean, sir.

"I HAD NO FAITH."

But My Wife Persuaded Me to Try the Great South American Rheumatic Cure and My Agonizing Pain Was Gone in 12 Hours, and Gone for Good. J. D. McLeod of Leith, Ont., says: "I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years—confined to my bed for months at a time; unable to turn myself. Have been treated by many physicians without any benefit. I had no faith in rheumatic cures I saw advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, druggist, in Owen Sound. At that time I was in agony with pain. Inside of 12 hours after I had taken the first dose the pain had all left me. I continued until I had used three bottles, and I now consider myself completely cured."

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

GERMAN COOKING A FINE ART.

There are about 100,000 German cooks in these countries will engage a chef unless he has a diploma from one of the schools.

OUT OF THE TOLLS.

Physicians Failed, Cure—Alls Failed—But the Great South American Kidney Cure, a Specific Remedy for a Specific Trouble, Cured Mrs. A. E. Young of Barnston, P.Q., Quickly and Permanently.

This is her testimony: "I was taken sick in January, 1893. I employed several of the best local physicians and was treated by them for kidney disease until the autumn of the same year without receiving much benefit. I then began using your South American Kidney Cure, and derived great benefit almost immediately. I feel now that I am quite cured. I have taken no medicine for some length of time and have not had a return of the slightest symptom of the disease."

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

WHERE THEY'LL COME IN HANDY.

Every one will rejoice when the flying machine is perfected. We shall all be able to visit our castles in the air.

OLD WAR HORSE.

A Grand Army Man Crosses Swords With Heart Disease and Wins a Glorious Victory With the Aid of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart can not be over estimated, says H. M. Musselman, a well-known G.A.R. man of Weissport, Pa., and he continues: "My ailments were palpitation and fluttering of the heart. I used two bottles of your valuable cure and feel like a new man. I have taken bottles and bottles of other medicines without help. I introduce it to my friends at every opportunity possible. It is a great medicine. Inside of 30 minutes after the first dose I had relief."

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—Shakespeare.

ITCHING, BURNING SKIN DISEASES CURED FOR 35 CENTS.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures better, salt rheum, piles, scald head, eczema, barber's itch, ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors; 35 cents.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

A QUESTION OF SENSE.

Why don't you want to take Fleckles in as a partner? Fleckles was once engaged to my wife. Do you suppose I want a man in my business who is smarter than I?

A POPULAR C.P.R. OFFICER.

Adds His Testimony to the Merits of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder For Catarrh and Cold in the Head He Says it is Peerless.

Mr. John McEdwards, the genial purser of the C.P.R. liner, "Athabasca," says: "I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for cold in the head. It is very effective, easy to apply, mild and pleasant. For catarrh it has no equal. I have tested nearly every catarrh cure made, and found none to compare with it. I recommend it first, last and always."

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

A YOUNG LADY'S ESCAPE.

FRIENDS THOUGHT THAT THE SPAN OF HER LIFE WOULD BE SHORT.

At Last With But a Grain of Faith Her Mother Administered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and She is Now Cured.

From the Montreal Herald. The world is full of change. There are changes that effect the constitution of the individual, changes that will come, we cannot avert their coming, but we may parry the unsalutary character of their influence. Womanhood in its inception is susceptible of changes that demand the most judicious attention and prudent care to ensure perfect development and happy maturity. These changes are so vital and so subtle in their character that unless the utmost vigilance and discrimination is exercised in the choice and application of reputed remedies the worst results may accrue. The constitution may be undermined, and the germs of disease fostered. Vigorous life is at the basis of all enjoyment and success. To be weak is to be miserable. It is therefore fundamental to every interest of humanity that life's red, red stream be kept pure and healthy. Owing to neglect of these particulars many young women have allowed life to become a burden and a wearisome round of duties. Faint and weak very aptly describes their condition after venturing to perform some ordinary household duty. What can be done to accomplish the rejuvenation of these unfortunate ones? There is a remedy widely known and loudly applauded, whose virtues are proclaimed on the house tops and whispered on the streets. Ten thousand mothers have recommended it and twice ten thousand daughters praise it. Read what one of them has to say. In the village of Lancaster there lives Mrs. A. J. Macpherson, widow of the late A. J. Macpherson. She is well and favorably known in the community. Some four or five years ago Mrs. Macpherson sent her eldest daughter to New York. While there she resided with her uncle and attended school, being then about sixteen years of age. The social life of her temporary home was a severe demand upon her time, and being ambitious she was anxious to make rapid progress in her studies. In each particular she enjoyed a coveted measure of success, but at no small cost. Many remarked her paleness and loss of color. She began to feel tired and weak after a little exercise, such as a short walk. Miss Macpherson's stay in New York lasted about two years. All this time she ate and slept fairly well. In the spring of 1893 she came home, and her mother could not but remark how changed her daughter was—pale and thin instead of being bright and plump. Thinking that nourishing food would restore the lost vigor and strength, she was participated in to the fullest extent. For a month this was tried, but still Miss Macpherson was as pale as before, liable to turns of weakness and with an unsatisfactory desire for sleep. At this juncture the family doctor was consulted, iron pills were prescribed and a trip to the Thousand Islands taken, the stay lasting about six weeks, during which time everything was done to help her recovery. The friends with whom she stayed came to regard her recovery as extremely doubtful, and when she returned home her mother saw no improvement. One day while making purchases from a dealer in vegetables he (the dealer) took the liberty of making some remarks about the health of Miss Macpherson, which was obviously not promising. He strongly urged the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Macpherson was not over credulous of the qualities of the Pink Pills, but they were purchased and used to the best advantage. Soon after beginning the use of the pills, says Mrs. Macpherson, I thought I saw a reddish tinge upon her cheek and in the course of a week or so my daughter felt better. The tired feeling began to vanish and the abnormal sleepiness began to yield to the influence of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Continuing the use of the pills the progress of her restoration was continuous and complete, and her improved looks were the subject of favorable comment for some time. To-day her health is all that could be desired, and both the young lady and her mother are firm believers in the medicinal virtues of Pink Pills and often recommend them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

Experiments which are described as satisfactory have recently been made in the suburbs of Paris with a train, drawn by a steam locomotive, running not on rails, but on an ordinary road. The train used at present consists of only two cars one of which contains the locomotive machinery, together with seats for fourteen passengers, while the other has twenty-four seats. The engine is of 16 horse-power and the average speed is about seven miles an hour. The train is able to turn in a circle only 23 feet in diameter. Another train has been constructed for the conveyance of freight. It is hoped by the inventors that trains of this kind will be extensively employed in and near cities.