

CURED OF CONSTIPATION

Mr. Andrews praises Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Mr. George Andrews of Halifax, N.S., writes: "For many years I have been troubled with chronic Constipation. This ailment never comes single-handed, and I have been a victim to the many diseases that constipation brings in its train. Medicine after medicine I have taken in order to find relief, but one and all left me in the same hopeless condition. It seemed that nothing would expel from me the one ailment that caused so much trouble, yet at last I read about these Indian Root Pills.

"That was indeed a lucky day for me, for I was so impressed with the statements made that I determined to give them a fair trial. They have regulated my stomach and bowels. I am cured of constipation, and I claim they have no equal as a medicine."

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HUDSON BAY

The Trip Of The Governor-General.

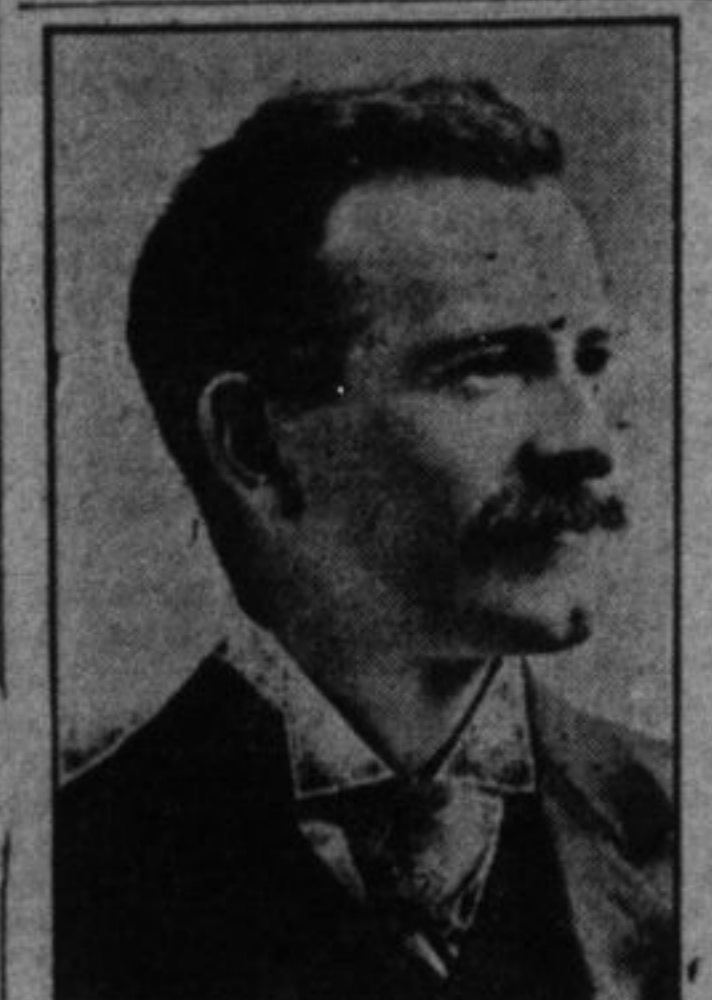
ON ANNUAL OUTING

PROF. MACNAUGHTON WRITES RACILY OF IT.

No Living Man Has Seen So Much of Canada as Has Earl Grey—Has a Long and Remarkable Journey—At Fort Churchill and the Hudson Bay.

(Continued From Monday.)

Late on the evening of the 26th the party embarked in a gasoline launch belonging to the steamer Earl Grey, whose first officer along with the pilot, Capt. Bartlett, had come ashore to receive us at York Factory. The Earl Grey had left Pictou on the 3rd of August and had arrived off the mouth of the Nelson some days before, having met with nothing but perfect weather throughout the whole of her voyage, though she had been rocked by a pretty rough gale as she lay at anchor waiting for us. Towards her the motor boat groped her panting way among the sand banks in somewhat misty weather, and after about four not particularly exhilarating hours in



PROF. JOHN MACNAUGHTON. The writer of the Race Narrative of the trip.

darkness illuminated by a rather uncertain moon and some play of lighting we were delighted by the sight of her headlights and soon after of our portmanteaus, sent on board at Pictou and welcome changes of raiment which we found stowed away in her comfortable state rooms. This experience was characteristic of the whole trip. We had just had enough of possible distresses lying in wait in the background and sometimes peeping through to give some zest of the steady level of our well-being which was just sufficiently broken to prevent its becoming staid.

Sunday, August 21st, was spent quietly on board in making acquaintance with our new quarters, the excellent quality of which was no more than done justice to by the description of them by a very helpful member of the party as the very lap of luxury. The Earl Grey has proved herself a most efficient vessel for her special purpose, she is in all points magnificently equipped, admirably officered, and no less comfortable than she is serviceable.

On the 22nd of daylight we reached Fort Churchill. This is something like a harbor. High rocky ground all round, deep water almost everywhere and plenty of room for anchorage. Some dredging at one point would improve it, but it could be done once and once for all. We visited first the



Indian girl at the mouth of the Saskatchewan who took part in a pow-wow.

mission and the Hudson's Bay company station, surrounded by the tepid of the mild and smiling Eskimos. They are the most good-natured looking people I have ever seen, the most appreciative of and responsive to a gentle greeting. They are also excellent and steady workers, the women very dexterous with their fingers. With some guidance and good models as regards color schemes they could turn out no end of acceptable work in the various kinds of skins, chiefly seal and deer and walrus which even at present they show great ingenuity and some taste in producing. We had some converse with a good specimen of their female beauty clad all in skins which, however, fell away enough to let some bits of brown neck show through. She

was rather shy, though quite genial and after a little sought the shelter of her tent. I should think the crinkled craft in the world is the Eskimo canoe which they call a kyak. It is made of seal skin, sharply pointed at both ends, with no solution of continuity in its surface, except a hole just large enough to receive the body of the Eskimo paddler, who often stows away his wife and children, his provisions, and his catch in the hollow places on each side of his legs as he rides fearlessly over wave and surf, plying his narrow, double paddle with the rapid regularity and sureness of a steam engine. No white man would dare to enter the thing without first pushing his air in the geometric middle. From the Hudson's Bay company store and the mission station we walked a few miles along the coast to the Northwest Mounted police quarters, where we found the utmost neatness and good order thrown into strong relief by the casualness and slovenliness of the Eskimo who had just left. The house of Capt. Starnes and his charming wife, a Montreal lady, the daughter of Judge Siouffe, was a perfect model of what a white man's house should be in such surroundings, a little focus of beauty and well-being in a desolate part of the benevolent and intelligent activity of the Victorian League in far distant London. There one saw the best of what the empire means, kind hands and strong, reaching three thousand miles across the sea to scatter light and blessing and strike down wrong. It may not be very long before the heart of our British civilization will be brought into a scarcely less effective proximity with this extremity of it than it stands in now with Montreal.

From this tiny hearth of warmth and light we walked about two miles to view a scene not so flattering to our pride of race. Prince of Wales Fort, now the doleful ruins of what was once an imposing outpost of the might of England, the well-separated masonry facing away into crumbling debris, loose and shapeless stone strewn at random over the ground, and the forty-two guns all rusted and overgrown with berried shrubbery. And this stronghold built at so much expense and at such a distance from its present glory to shed some radiance over its present desolation. It never fired a shot at an enemy. It capitulated to the not-very-formidable force of La Perouse, in 1782, just forty years after "the ingenious Mr. Robson" came out to superintend the building of it, without striking a blow. The Hudson's Bay company, though once ruling over a larger territory with no less ample powers than the war-like "John Company" in India, never pushed a single ally into the waters that stir up proud memories in the British mind. It was in them, too, that the gallant d'Herberville, with one ship, put three English ships out of business. It is no bad thing for a nation to remember defeat, as all as victors, and in any case as Canadians our withers are unwring. The great deeds of the past, whether of Gauls or Britons, are equally our own in a land where the two races are happily united to form a single loyal people.

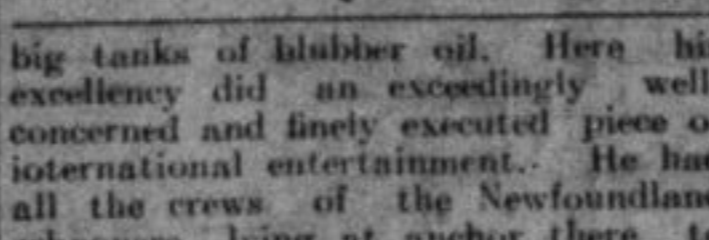
The 22nd of August was spent in crossing Hudson's Bay as made for the straits. The sea is the Mediterranean of British North America, and for anything we saw to the contrary it might have been the sea of old renow that has appropriated the name. It was just as sunny and scarcely less blue. We had coffee on deck before breakfast in our pyjamas, in latitude 63. There seems to be no earthly reason why navigation here and through the straits, if the ordinary precautions in the matter of buoy and precaution lights are taken, should not be just as easy for at least three months of the year as it now is during the season through the straits of Belle Isle and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Fort Churchill is as near Liverpool as Montreal is to what the more effective commercial unification of Canada and the empire, if the route is taken in hand and vigorously pushed through, there is no need to dwell upon.

On the 24th we stopped to visit Prentiss Harbor, a magnificent basin on the north coast of Ungava, which could easily accommodate the whole British fleet (two power standard). Steaming along through Hudson's Straits on the 25th we coasted along Charles Island and had a sight of walrus disporting themselves behind us in the calmer water of the Bay. On the 26th we shaped our course for Baffin's land on the north side of the Straits. This was a day of icebergs. We saw a good many, but I was disappointed to find that they were not so numerous as I have seen them from the deck of an Atlantic steamer in the Straits of Belle Isle. Their fantastic and various shapes with the general glint of diversifying their whiteness in the brilliant sunshine with which we were favored, were as they always are under such conditions a memorable sight. We had glimpses of the Grinnel Glacier as we coasted along Baffin's land. At last taking our leave of Canadian waters for a while we headed for Port Burwell, a small but deep-water harbor belonging to Newfoundland on the most northern point of Ungava. Here we stayed two days taking in water and visiting the Moravian Mission, whose Eskimo settlement provided us with a welcome supply of delicious fresh cod. The missionary gave us an account of a typical incident in the life that they had occurred the evening before our arrival. A walrus had entered the deep little harbor with its sheer cliffs all round, down one of which the fresh water forms in a pretty broad but not very high or abundant stream from a chain of little lakes behind, winding away back into the recesses of the hills. Some one shot and disabled it. In a moment the kyaks were in the water and all the Eskimos were hot in pursuit. They caught the poor creature and left upon it and in an instant they had torn it to pieces and devoured it like hounds breaking up a fox. They left absolutely nothing except a very few of the larger bones which were beyond the elasticity of even their degeneration.

On the 29th we left Port Burwell, owing to some fog we were unable to go through Gray Strait. So keeping well out to sea we steered clear of the most northerly islands of Cape Churchill, turned south-east and skirting

the coast of Labrador arrived at Okkak on the afternoon of the 30th. This was our day of mountains—towered about at every angle in the most lavish profusion of bold rock-sculpture, their edges and ridges clean cut like crystals, sharp and high with occasional drifts of snow and sometimes wisps of trailing mist. By far the most striking in the well-known Mire with its cleft peak accentuated by a white streak of snow just beneath, nearly 4,000 feet high. If there had only been some heather and trees—there was nothing but iron rocks—with broken and the rich yellow and brown of sea-weed, one might have been on the loveliest coast in the world, the west coast of Scotland.

Ukkak is another Moravian mission station, a very active summer centre of the Newfoundland cod-fishing industry. We saw there great quantities of drying, dried and salted fish and



Fair View Items.

Fair View, Sept. 26.—The farmers are cutting their corn and buckwheat. Those on the sick list are Mrs. John Milling and Nelson Rodson. Frank McTaggart has moved on the corner in Archibald Hess' house. Walter File, wife and baby have come to stay at Stanley File's. Mr. and Mrs. George Rooks spent Sunday at Schuller Loucks'.

Isn't it queer how the man who boasts of his intellectual independence invariably agrees with a pretty woman. There is more Catarth in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has given nature to be a constitutional disease, and therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarth Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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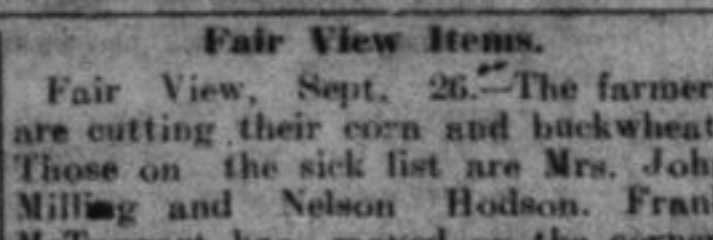
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place of the husky dogs who with all their virtues are sometimes pretty ugly customers—a wren told of some of them setting a baby not long ago, as they will also be a substitute for cows both as regards milk and meat. They cost nothing to feed, thriving luxuriantly on the mosses and brushwood. To use a striking phrase of his excellence they are likely to furnish the larger, dairy and transport of the north.

We left St. Anthony at eight o'clock in the morning, touched at the fishing village of Blanc Sablon, where we were once more in Canada, and shaped our course for the lovely Bay of Islands Newfoundland, which in my opinion does not yield the palm of beauty to any bay in the world arriving there at the wharf of the Humber mouth after a day of brilliant sunshine, at 3.35 p.m., the Earl Grey lies there now as I write.



ESQUIMO KYAKS AT FORT CHURCHILL.

big tanks of blubber oil. Here his excellence did an exceedingly well-concerned and finely executed piece of international entertainment. He had all the crews of the Newfoundland schooners lying at anchor there to high-tea on board of the "Earl Grey," where they had the first taste of fresh meat which had regaled their palates for a long time. There was a doleful tale to tell of the fishing. They confirmed the story of our Eskimo pilot: "All fishermen catch no fish." These men were all keen politicians. We heard from them some of the best (and) his colleagues talked to them in the loudest way with a great deal of offhand levity. He indicated that there were many ludicrous prophecies abroad in their country regarding the dismal consequences of union with Canada and gave some local curdling instances. Canada, he hinted, was not at all eager for the union but would be too coy if the advances came from the other side. Like a maiden who says "I'll take you if you ask me," the door was open if they chose to push, but there would be no attempt at even urging them to come in.

His excellence never missed a chance of giving missionaries and fishermen a square meal and a good sympathetic talk. It was vainly suggested that stores were running low. He would rather have put himself and all his company on ship biscuits and cheese than let the genial currents of his hospitality be frozen by such miserable considerations. I must admit that my observation of his activities opened my eyes to quite a new sense of the value of his high office to the country. The governor-generalship is an asset to Canada, much more so than most people have an opportunity of suspecting. In the hands of a man that can use it may be a force like sunshine unobtrusive but as full of beneficent power as it is quiet. Many a lonely man and woman for instance in these solitary places living a life of patient heroism, it may be, with little notice from the world, will go through next year's work lightened up and warmed within by words and looks of cheer that fell upon them from the dominion's skip Earl Grey. And many seeds of pregnant suggestion as well as many kindnesses dropped from the same source, will blossom yet it is to be hoped in the fields of Canada.

We left Okkak on the morning of the 31st and on September 1st reached Indian Harbour on the northern side of Hamilton Inlet. Here we were within the radius of the far reaching activity of Dr. Greenell. What he has done is too well known to need any account and would take a volume. But at Indian Harbour and at St. Anthony which we reached on September 3rd, the proofs were plain to see of what is perhaps his chief success, his wonderful power of gathering around him the very flower of our race; English and Scotch doctors and charming American and English girls in self-sustaining devotion to the wonderful work he is doing and in perfect enjoyment of their own lives. At St. Anthony with its splendid hospital, (where by the way one of the most distinguished surgeons on this continent performs miracles of tripanning and other spectacular operations) its orphanage, industrial schools, experimental farm, delightful society and charming houses one felt in the presence of the University of Labrador, where only the dimmest of civilization had been left behind. We saw among the hills about two miles from the colony a considerable portion of Dr. Greenell's notable reindeer herd, about 700 of these beautiful and gentle creatures also as well grown of horns, the velvet hanging in stripes as from partially peeled wands. They have multiplied exceedingly and grown larger in their new home. They seem to be almost certain to take the

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