

A UNIQUE LECTURER.

Dr. Grenfell and His Great Missionary Work in Labrador.

Out of the awful desolation of the Labrador coast, fresh from a life in which the society of another man of his own caste and education is a more distant ideal than freedom to a life-sentence convict, says the Herald, Dr. Wilfrid T. Grenfell has come to Montreal to find himself the lion of the hour. Between the time of his arrival on Wednesday and his departure Saturday, he was a busier man than a Cabinet minister in private life. For his life and his work with his great, rugged simple, straightforward character, have caught the eye of society. There are many returned missionaries; there is only one Grenfell.

The man from Labrador appeared last night before a large Montreal audience in the King's Hall to lecture in aid of the Labrador Medical Mission. Dr. Grenfell's method of lecturing is like his idea of Christianity, thoroughly practical. Oratorical effect is not part of his scheme of life, but he tells simply and frankly the tale of the deep sea fishermen with whom he has lived and for whom he had labored this sixteen years. The story is effective. There have been many great artists in Montreal, who have met with less enthusiastic patronage than that vouchsafed to the Labrador missionary.

Dr. Grenfell illustrated his lecture with a long series of limelight photographs taken by himself in his voyages up and down the bleak coast. The iceberg, the shipwreck, the fishing fleet, the sailors' hospitals, the perils of land and sea—all are depicted until one begins to gather at least a faint glimmer of what the man has done and suffered in the sixteen years he has spent with the fishermen. Those simple wooden structures portrayed on the canvas are the hospitals his enterprise and courage have erected. Those rough sea-folk, with their open faces, and rugged frames, are his brothers whom he is endeavoring to elevate to higher planes of life. And the little orphans—there are many orphans on a fishing coast—they are Grenfell's children. "I have the largest family of any bachelor I know," says Dr. Grenfell. His children are his by the relationship of Christian love, and into many bereaved cottages has he brought light and sustenance.

Dr. Grenfell is not a commanding figure. At first sight one is somewhat disappointed in the original of "Dr. Luke of Labrador," but later, one is not. His eyes hold the expression of universal sympathy, his

jaw is that of the strong man who is sufficient unto himself, and when he speaks, evenly, simply, naturally, the hearer knows that this is a man of action.

Dr. Grenfell's idea of propagating the tenets of the Christian can be summed up, best perhaps, in the words of the Golden Rule. He is in Labrador to preach the Gospel by doing his best to humanize the people. The lame are made to walk, the blind to see; the sick are made well, and the drunken are made sober. Each of these operations is a sermon—a practical sermon that will touch the hearts of men. "I have seen these things," said Dr. Grenfell, "aye—and when they faced the shadow of death, I have seen tender women unshaken and strong men fearless. We approach the Gospel not from the side of the higher critic, but from the side of faith, to uplift ourselves and our fellow-men. In preaching the gospel you do not always want to have a kid glove on your hand, as the bare fist is more effective." Faith in facts is the faith of the Labrador sailor. Boats and hospitals and other charitable institutions built by men whose names would never be known, and all for the good of humanity, this was what appealed to the fishermen.

Dr. Grenfell's lecture is of its own kind. He is so natural that one sees everything, just as he says it, wandering from one feature of his work to another. The beautiful "fjords" of the Labrador coast, the icebergs, weird of shape and deadly to the unwary mariner, the geological phenomena of the coasts, the shores and bottom of a prehistoric sea—we see them all, but the more human side is not neglected and that is the one that appeals to the lecturer's hearers. "Dr. Luke" is witty and pathetic by turns and always natural. When he speaks of himself as the "best doctor in Labrador" because there is no other, or tells of the two lonely souls cheering each other by playing a gramophone through the telephone across the Straits of Belle Isle, he convulsed his audience. On the other hand many eyes were not dry when the tales of poverty and suffering came up, of frail children dying many miles from aid, of woes caused by drunkenness, the bane of Labrador, of the dreadful chances of that bleak coast. Dr. Grenfell is beloved because of his life, and because of himself. He is happy in his work, the noblest work in the world, perhaps. He is a man to be studied and emulated.

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BRITISH SCRIBE TALKS.

Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett Gives Impressions of Far East.

SAYS JAPS ARE AWFUL LIARS BUT WORLD'S GREATEST INFANTRY.

Toronto News.—Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, Japanese war correspondent for The London Times, arrived in the city this morning and was interviewed at his hotel by a reporter of The News.

"Yes," he said decisively, "I saw every shot that was fired into Port Arthur."

When it is remembered that the siege of Port Arthur lasted from the 20th of July, 1904, till January of 1905, it must be conceded that Mr. Bartlett saw a good many shots fired. He is young and boyish looking, and is a nephew of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, the husband of the wealthy baroness; saw service in the South African war; is smooth-shaven willow and decisive; dressed in a severely plain grey tweed suit with frock coat and black overcoat; a

positive, clear-headed young man, who is not given to romancing.

THE ORIENTAL TOMMY ATKINS.

"Yes," he said, as he balanced himself on the window-sill, probably fancying he was sitting on a Japanese field-gun before Port Arthur, "that was the greatest siege known to history. Six solid months of firing, of deadly firing, sir. I saw it all. It was my first war as war correspondent, though I saw service in South Africa."

"How do you like it?"

"I want to go back."

How those Englishmen like fighting! One involuntarily recalled those other two young war correspondents Kipling and Stevens—those humorous-pathetic letters of Stevens from Ladysmith, for instance.

"Ladysmith!" echoed Mr. Bartlett, as he took a peevish stride across the room; "why, my dear sir, the Japs would have popped into Ladysmith in two days."

"Then it will be necessary for some of your British war scribes to write the history of the Oriental Tommy Atkins," said the reporter. "Don't you think the Jap has got the British soldier beaten?"

"Unquestionably," said he, "the Japs are the greatest infantry the world ever saw. They are. We have to admit."

"Reluctantly, of course?"

"Well every fighting nation has its zenith as a great infantry force. England has had hers. Japan's just in the morning. Confound those fellows! Why they've picked up the very best from all nations."

"The Jap is a profound liar. Personally I do not like him. He is a fanatic. He is a mystery. Some day he will decline. He had the advantage and he took it. He came on the scene when the nineteenth century had its lap full, and he took all there was."

HIS OPINION OF THE BEAR.

"You must have seen some picturesque things after the siege, Mr. Bartlett?"

"I am saying so in my lecture," he said thrifflily.

"What did you think of Stoessel?"

"A big stupid bear. Roosevelt would have shot him on sight."

"Did the Russians really have to capitulate? They had plenty of food, had they not?"

"Let me see"—figuring on a newspaper; "they had 10 million pounds of wheat flour besides a whole lot of rye flour, and 20,000 horses. No, they wouldn't eat horses. Oh they're stupid sheep. Yes, they fight well, but they're all on the defensive, holding on, holding on—why, my dear sir, they don't know the A. B. C. of attack. But, of course, they were tremendously worried in the siege of Port Arthur, not starved out; just worried to death by the frightful shooting."

"Then you think their name is practically Dennis on land?"

"Why, certainly. Linovitch or Linevitch, who, by the way, seems to be more of an optimist than Kuropatkin. They've been driven out

of their very best positions. How on earth are they going to drive the Japs out of theirs? They're beastly bad shots, too."

JAPS' OPINION OF BRITISH.

"What do the Japs think of the British?"

"That we're a decidedly useful people—nothing more. They've no sense of gratitude. They're utilitarians. Of course, England is morally bound to lend Japan her last sixpence, since Japan is really fighting England's war. Their credit is good, in spite of the fact that in financial matters the Orientals are slippery. As a toss up between Japan and Russia, England must prefer Japan as a debtor, for there's no knowing when an internal revolution will make Russia's paper practically worthless."

"As to old Togo and Rojestvensky what do you think?"

"Well, Togo is not very far from Japan at this very minute. He doesn't intend to get far from his base. Undoubtedly he will prefer a long distance fight and without a doubt he will have it before the Russian squadron gets to Vladivostok, for once there the Russians would have a splendid chance to repair their ships."

"As to the naval strength of Japan and Russia, respectively?"

"Well, Japan has in—particularly in her six heavy armored cruisers, a type of vessel which the Russians have not got; also in her four best battleships and her torpedo craft. Depend upon it, Togo is going to do as much with his torpedoes as possible before he comes to a general engagement. Critical? Well, yes. Decisive one might say. Togo must win on the sea. If he does, Russia must quit."

ONLY SLIGHT DAMAGE.

Locomotive Foreman Says the Evans Siding Run Off is Unparalleled in that Respect.

Moncton Transcript.—Mr. N. L. Rand, master mechanic of the I. C. R., returned from the I. C. R. wreck at Evans yesterday morning. Mr. Rand says that in all his long experience as a railroad man he never knew of a more miraculous escape from death and disaster. Had the locomotive gone a 100 yards further, Mr. Rand says, in his opinion nearly all the passengers would have been killed. The wrecked locomotive is now in the I. C. R. yard here for repairs.

Mr. Rand says that considering the nature of the wreck, the damage done is not heavy, not a draw bar was broken. The headlight and electric motor on the locomotive were not injured.

FOREIGN NOTES OF INTEREST.

Stockholm has slot machines which for a copper yield a galls of warm milk.

White women are scarce in the German colonies; there are only 254 in East Africa and 229 in the German Islands in the Pacific Ocean.

The Catholics of Belgium have decided to present to the Pope a new church in Rome. It will be built in the San Lorenzo quarter and designed by the Pope himself.

Military charts, the size of a man's palm, from reduced photographs of ordnance maps, are to be issued, fitted with powerful pocket lenses, to officers of the German army.

A company has been formed in Mexico for the extraction of oil from corn (maize) without thereby affecting the grain for purposes of distillation in the process of manufacturing spirits.

A Paris bank clerk, carrying \$400 in gold in a bag, dropped a piece of money worth \$2. To search for it he set his bag down on the sidewalk. When he found the piece he had lost, his bag was gone.

Rome has seminaries and monasteries representing eighty-seven different orders, and the number is steadily increasing. There are 130 convents, 94 of which devote themselves to education and hospital duties.

The Swiss-Spanish commercial treaty expires August 31, 1905. If it is not renewed American cheap watches, alarm clocks and similar products may win back the leading place they formerly held in the Barcelona market.

TRAINMAN GOT \$50,000 GEMS.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Jewels Recovered.

New York, May 10.—Despatches received here from St. Augustine, Fla., state that a diamond necklace owned by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and valued at \$50,000, the loss of which has been kept a secret, has been recovered.

As the result of the investigation several baggagemen on one of the Florida lines have been arrested.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's necklace was stolen on her recent visit to Florida. With other jewels it had been placed in the trunks by her maid. When the trunks were opened no trace of it could be found, although nothing else was missing.

The first baggageman arrested made a full confession as to the rifling of the tourists' trunks, and told of the disposition of a large amount of jewelry, but declined to say what had been done with Mrs. Vanderbilt's property.

His sweetheart was shadowed, and finally caught at a beach resort wearing the diamonds, which she thought were merely paste. She surrendered the property at once.

Search of the baggageman's home is said to have revealed many other jewels taken from trunks, some reported missing three and four years back.

Try a few drops of spirits of turpentine on a cube of loaf sugar for a hacking cough.

Reputation is what man and woman think of us; character is what God knows of us.

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Ideas control the world.

Double is hell in the human soul.

Beware of the fury of the patient man.

Energy will do anything in the world.

Sorrow's best antidote is employment.

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Ten Yards

Without Resting.

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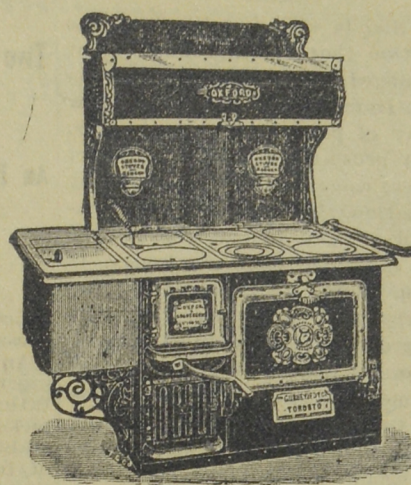
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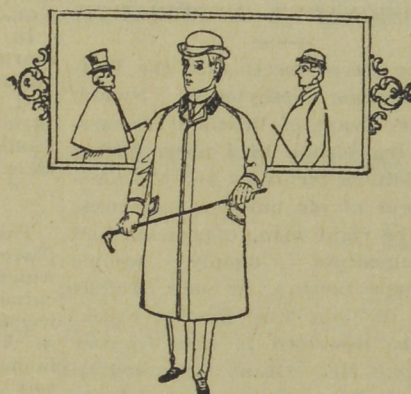
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