

CANADIAN CAMP LIFE

the doctors was set down as 'Grip,' and then everyone was satisfied that a wise solution had been arrived at; the doctor's reputation was saved, and the patient felt prepared for any phase of suffering that might present itself.

Among its victims was our 'little mother,' and so serious a form did it take, that we sat with closed blinds and silent house waiting for 'the turn,' which both doctor and professional nurse seemed to feel was most likely to be fatal. Even her two small darlings had to be sent from home for fear any sudden noise should disturb the poor weak heart, and stop its beating for ever.

I saw her cover the bedclothes feebly over her ears as Josie was taking them away to the convent, and when I mentioned it after her recovery, she said gently, and with a little quiver in her voice, 'Yes, dear, I was afraid to hear the little footsteps leave the house, for I knew it was likely I should never listen to them again in this world.'

The doctor said that La Grip had been followed by nervous prostration, and if we could manage it anyhow, as soon as the fine