

"The village had about six hundred inhabitants, fully one-half of whom were sawmill hands and lumberjacks. There was a scattered farming community extending thirty to fifty miles on each side of the village, which itself, as you may know, is on the north shore of a large lake. A railway ran through to the Soo, and I often used passenger trains, freights and even handcars to get to my outlying patients. Two and a half miles north the mine is situated, and I had to minister to the bodily ailments of two hundred miners. So you can see I had no sinecure and had to keep going some to stay with my practice.

"I was busy in my office one night about seven o'clock, in the act of making up some powders for an old woman with the 'janders'—there were seven or eight waiting in the outer office—when I heard the door from the street shoved violently open and a voice I knew all too well calling out where the doctor was.

"'I'm in here, Jack; come on in!' I called out to him.

"Now this farmer, who lived ten miles out of Scarth, had always been one of my best friends for reasons I need not now pause to explain, had a good three hundred acre farm with good buildings on it for that country, and I knew he would not hitch up his horse and come into the village at that time of night for nothing; and I well knew I would have to hitch up my horses and get away quickly. The people in the office would have to wait.

"It was a bitter cold night—twenty below—not that we minded that very much, but you fellows might think it something down here.

"'Doc,' he said, (there's not much 'Doctor' in that part of British America), 'you must come out right away to Joe Mead's. There's something wrong, bad, very bad, there.'

"Joe Mead lives on a little clearing of twenty-five acres, just alongside of Jack Newton, poor as a starved rat, and consequently the father of a large family—and with further bright prospects, I understood; and he and his wife, strange to relate, in that country, almost beyond the pale of civilization, were Christian Scientists—for which, you will perceive, I was not losing any sorrow nor sleep.

"'Nothing doing, Jack. Joe Mead has never employed or even consulted me ever since I have been in Scarth. What's the matter with Nancy?'

"Nancy Younger was one of those old, flannel-petticoated, sack-tied-in-the-middle busybodies, the bane of every physician, ubiquitous, peripatetic, with some trouble or gossip always 'on the