

week, he looked at his patient through an open window. I attended him alone for six weeks, and then two tents were erected, in one of which he and I sat and talked to other members of the family in another tent. This was the one solitary case in South Quebec. Thank God no one took it from us. And now for my second case and the treatment :

I must premise I pretend to no medical knowledge. I never gave a pulse or temperament to a doctor, for my days were the days of Dickens' Sarey Gamp, and to give a drink, or rather not give a drink, of cold water to a fever-stricken and thirst-consuming patient was the utmost we aimed at in nursing ; so that in acting the part of sole physician, I was driven by stern necessity by no desire of my own.

When first the small-pox epidemic appeared in Montreal, there was a regular panic, there was not room in the Civic Hospital, and the doctors feared to attend small-pox cases on account of the fears of their other patients. This was the position of affairs when I went one morning to my dressmaker, and asked her to make some small repairs to a pair of pants belonging to my —. When I went back for them and for some dresses (fortunately they