

heavy soles of the neighboring farmers' and villagers' cowhide boots and shoes. The lower half of the window was frosted, so that any one on the verandah could see all within at a glance, but could not be seen by the old Aesculapian, unless he arose from his chair.

Through the south wall there led a door into the dispensing room; through the west, one into the library and consulting room; off this a bedroom, and a rear hallway to a door and walk leading to his private residence.

Only a few yards away was the residence, large and commodious, well-furnished, comfortable. He had not occupied it that winter, preferring to make his home in the office building.

His wife had been long dead; his only daughter, married, and bringing up a family of her own in a large city several hundred miles away. He had returned in the early fall after spending the summer with this daughter and her family at their summer home on the St. Lawrence. His three sons, grown to manhood, were in prominent positions in the Canadian west, hundreds of miles from their father's hearthstone. The eldest, John, was married, and possessed two fine, sturdy boys of eight and ten years. Will and David were still single.

When he had gone away in the spring his housekeeper had married a widowed farmer living at the edge of the village. He had not the heart to bring in a stranger. He lived the lonely life of a bachelor.

Seventy winters had frosted his long beard. His hair was gone on the top; it was white at the edges. The moustache was gray, approaching white, except for an amber-colored patch on the right side. He had been all his student and professional life a slavish disciple of the goddess Nicotine.

Like his wife and family, Doctor Lampard's practice was gone; but he knew he might have a home with either his daughter or his eldest son, John. The fear of jealousy arising between the two families, the fear that he might be in the way, the fear of being a burden possessed him. Like all old men he had this strange senile psychosis.

For over forty years, Old Doc, as he was lovingly and not disrespectfully called by his patients, had practised in the village of Twillingate. He had for all those years, through wind and sleet, rain and shine, mud and snowdrifts, bitter cold and sultry heat, day and night, Sunday, holiday and every day administered to their bodily wants. He had outpatiented his patients. His