

As I speak of her Muskoka life, I wish to impress upon you that your mother never knew fear. Her courage was magnificent always. She would go alone with her little children to Muskoka, pitch her camp in the woods, her nearest neighbour being, say, half a mile or a mile away, and she would never dream of being afraid. She loved the storm and the angry waters, as you well know. This quality characterized her in all her relationships of life, so that as well as being gentle and womanly, she was ever bold, outspoken and fearless. How wonderfully her courage sustained her during the awful sickness which came to her and took her life, you boys, I am sure, can never forget.

I come now to write of your mother's last days, and if I go into details you will know it is because none of you were with her at the time, and I would not have you miss the lesson of that heroic conflict with suffering and death. For some years she had noticed a small lump or growth, but as it did not give her any inconvenience, no attention was paid to it. Upon removal to Montreal, however, in '96, she consulted a specialist who pronounced it a tumor, but discouraged operation. From that consultation the growth rapidly increased. She was able, however, to go to her summer home as usual, where she stayed July, August and September. While there we noticed that she was downcast at times, and she told her maid, who for nine years had waited on her, and who watched her lovingly and faithfully till the end, that she was sure she was visiting her loved "Arbutus" for the last time. On leaving by steamboat she, in girlish fashion, bade good-bye to house, trees, and all her familiar places of resort, saying, she would never see them again. During autumn and the early part of winter, she, although bright and cheery as usual, showed unmistakable signs of serious illness. In February she went to the Electrical