

weakness. When the father was asked why he did not bring it in the day before he declared that the weather was too cold. The child died soon after arrival, its little mouth, throat and stomach were literally burnt up.

Recently the nurse was called out to a confinement case not a hundred miles from the dispensary premises. It was in the early hours of the morning. Everything went well for mother and babe, thanks to the skill of the nurse, but at five o'clock in the morning the husband and father came home after an all-night poker game. Three days after the baby was born the mother had to get up in the night to replenish the stoves in the house. What would that unfortunate mother have done without the help of the nurse is unknown.

Possibly many deeds of unrecorded heroism of nurses and doctors lie hidden behind the "flu" epidemic, but it is a question whether the demands on any doctor or nurse exceeded those on nurse Angus during the epidemic in the Sifton district. Owing to abnormal conditions at Ethelbert, Dr. Gilbert was well nigh worked to death there and cancelled his regular trips to Sifton. The nurse was thrown entirely on her own resources. Again and again was she called upon to diagnose quickly and accurately. Day after day she was out on the road beating the trails before daylight and after dark. She never knew when she set out in the morning at what time she might return, for she was called into houses here and there as she proceeded. One day she had to diagnose and treat some forty cases before she returned home cold, tired, and hungry. Many a dinner time went by with scarcely her knowing it. The cases treated ranged from incipient "flu" to pneumonia in its worst phases, and the patients' ages were from infants to granddads. The special features in the health of some of the mothers required a judicious care to which the nurse's resourcefulness always responded. As if in special tribute to the nurse's ability and self-sacrificing devotion to the demands of the moment, under the blessing of God not one case treated by her proved fatal. During the nurse's absence, Miss McLeod, the matron, was kept busy giving out medicine to callers at the dispensary who crowded the door sometimes a dozen at a time. The magnitude of the task and the unqualified success of the Sifton staff may be judged from the fact that the local medical health officer gave up the idea of effective quarantine measures among the non-English element.

The vitality of infants is ever an interesting study. Some can stand but little in the struggle for existence, while others fight to the last with a sturdiness that is remarkable. Quite recently a child was brought to the dispensary in advanced stage of pneumonia. Its little face was fast turning black as the mother uncovered it for inspection. Both the nurse and the doctor had small hopes of its recovery. Nevertheless, the mother and babe were made as comfortable as possible, and the nurse began a determined fight to save the baby's life. While the tired and frantic mother looked on, wringing her hands, the nurse fought a forty-eight hour battle with death and won. She got what sleep she could when she could, but she never let go of the child, and to-day it lives. The nurse has a sense of victory that only nurses and doctors know. The mother is once again happy with her babe, and the Sifton dispensary has again vindicated its worth to the district.

At Ethelbert the year was, perhaps, the heaviest on record, and although statistics are not usually very interesting we are giving the number of patients treated here as a piece of surprising information. When we consider the small hospital and small staff the record is amazing. The number is 3,027. Dr. Gilbert has asked for a Hospital Unit to be opened in this Dauphin colony, some twenty miles from the hospital, where the people are very poor. They settled on this swamp land in northern Manitoba, and have had a great struggle to get enough yield to eke out an existence. Yet they need the Gospel light and spiritual food to lift their souls from spiritual darkness far more than they need the material gain.

Rev. R. G. Scott, B.A., M.D., our medical missionary, sends the following interesting and encouraging account of the work at the "Anna Turnbull" Hospital, Wakaw: