

anvil'—a better nurse and doctor in her own mind than anyone else; but she was away on a visit to a distant relative, so Newton had informed me.

"‘Doc,’ said Newton, ‘you’ll simply have to come. The children are all sick—five of them—sore throats; likely diphtheria; and the mother has expectations. Mead came to my gate and called me out of the house and told me all about his troubles about two hours ago. I knew you were health officer and you have got to go whether Mead wishes it or not.’

"‘What did Mead say? Did he tell you to go for me?’ I responded.

"‘No. He said he didn’t want any doctor bothering around him.’

"That settled it to my mind. I was the medical officer of health of that district and it was my duty to go and see what the matter was, so that, if necessary, I could quarantine the whole outfit and protect the neighbors. I had had some cases of diphtheria out in that school section just before the holidays, but considered I had it all stamped out.

"I got rid of the patients waiting in the outer office by telling them they would have to come back in the morning, sent Jack to have my man harness the team and put them to the cutter, and began fixing up my bag with antitoxin and spray mixture and swabs for diphtheria, as I pretty well calculated Jack had not made any mistake from what he had been told by Mead. I picked up a large red card and with pen and ink soon printed in rustic capitals: ‘DIPHTHERIA HERE—STAY OUT.’ If my surmise proved correct I would tack this on the roadside gate. I use red for diphtheria; you fellows down here use blue; or is it yellow?

"In a few minutes my man drove up with a dash and a jingle of sleigh bells. I went back into my inner office, which was also drug room and sleeping room—a sudden thought had struck me—took off the bed a fine new buffalo robe, put on my black rat coat and cap and started for the door, picking up a foot-warmer on my way out.

"I had asked Newton how the roads were, if there were any drifts, and having been told they were like macadam, no sooner was I in the cutter and the reins in hand, than I gave them a shake and my team, always in splendid fettle, whisked us down the village street in a trice.

"At the end of the village there was a fine large brick house, owned and occupied by the superintendent of the mine, which,