

bitten all over the body. The flesh, in fact, came off with the clothing in many places, and it was all that the boy could do to lisp: "The dogs bit me!" when he swooned away.

Of course, there was only Mrs. Swaffield to nurse him—though some of the half-tutored wives of such of the Company employees, as might be living near, took turns at watching at the bedside.

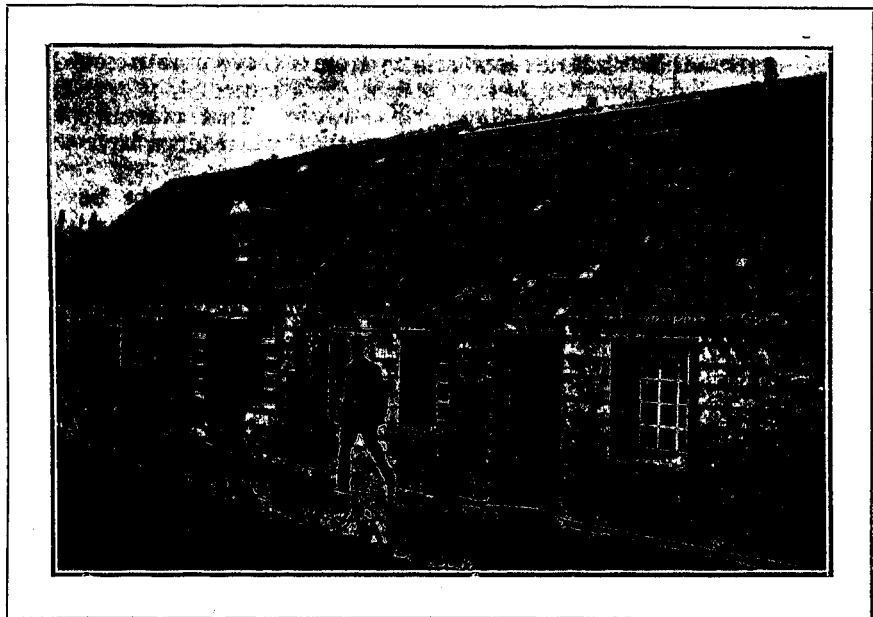
So, away off on the bleak coast of Labrador, the mother served as nurse—ministering medicines from the Company chest, reading to her little patient, and letting the breeze blow in, when the wind was from landward, rather than off the frigid icebergs in the *tickle* or inlet. Mosquito bar served as screen against the mosquitoes, so innumerable in this place, and on the window-sill there might be a pitcher of

lemonade—the lemons come on the Company ship, once a year, in the spring time, with the other supplies for barter—and the drink is cooled with ice, which some friendly trapper, as part sign of gratitude for care, once, of himself, has brought in from the nearest iceberg.

Of course, that is the nursing of her home, but hardly less tender is she with the others.

Once a year the mission doctor comes in long enough to give her instruction—Dr. Grenfell, that is. Once every fortnight, in the summer, the ice permitting, the mail-boat drops anchor here, and on it there is a doctor with whom she can consult. Then she has her medical books and her own family traditions. Equipped with these, she is doctor and nurse for the district.

Tuberculosis is the main malady with which she



WHERE THE SICK TRAPPERS STAY.



THE DOGS.

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