

83 Wellesley St. Toronto
Dec. 7th.

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My dear Willie

The morning after I wrote my last note Father had a fall in his dressing room, just as he was putting or turning round to put the towel out of his hand, he fell as if he had been shot that is his expression-- of course he went back to bed and seemed much shaken with much pain in his loins and down to the left knee, he gave himself a great twist and we thought Dr. B had better come over to see him which he did after lunch he pulled his leg and felt his back and said he could see nothing wrong beyond what rest would remove gave a lotion to rub the back etc. I had a horrible feeling that it might be a slight stroke but next day Dr. Burritt still thought nothing more was the matter than the twist and nervous shock which a good rest would make all right so I quieted my fears and said nothing--he has been out on the sofa each day and is now on an easy chair, has not much power to help himself but still can put his feet to the ground when quite still has not much pain but was uneasy last night and Tuesday there was an amount of fever the latter part of the day, not since, appetite fair that means that he seems to enjoy the moderate meals he takes, patient as usual. I said to him this evening that he looked so well in face--when I am gone he said, you will have to adopt a child to care for instead of me--but I said that he was more likely to out-live me, and draw near the nineties--"No, it was an apoplectic warning I had on Tuesday, I went down as if shot" Do you think it is so?

I have said nothing to any one, nor do I think any one has the idea, nor do I feel it to be so as I first did. You will be glad to hear that May is better the moving into another room has been good for her. Marian was here for an hour this morning. All well I will write again on Monday.

Ever your loving Mother
Ellen Osler