

# Chance For Life Given Ontario's Children By Hospital For Sick Children

Paralysis Epidemic Reminds Province of Type of Service Given Every Day For 62 Years

Like a spectre out of the dark ages, Infantile Paralysis (Polio) appeared in Ontario homes last July.

Rich and poor, old and young city dweller and farmer—all were hit. Appearing without warning, striking where least expected, the horror spread. By late August an epidemic of major proportions was with us.

School opening was postponed over a great portion of Ontario. Children died before they could be rushed to hospitals.

Nearly every parent in the Province was concerned and took what precautions seemed best to have children avoid contacts which might bring the ghastly plague to them. But mystery still shrouds the way in which this dread disease is spread.

Then, the Iron Lung became front-page news. In all Ontario there were only three Iron Lungs available. Telephone enquiries to Boston and Montreal manufacturers produced the indefinite promise that MAYBE in ten days or two weeks ONE could be shipped.

But children were in danger, lives were at stake. IRON LUNGS were needed at once. So the officials and staff of The Hospital for Sick Children decided to build IRON LUNGS themselves.

In less than eight hours, a crude but workable wooden lung was finished—less than 30 minutes before the doctor had said a little patient would die unless a respirator could be provided.

Four more Iron Lungs (wonders in design and operation) were rushed to completion in as many days. Enthusiastic workmen gave up Saturday, Sunday and the Labor Day holiday to fabricate the steel shapes and parts under the direction of Hospital officials. These machines went into instant service.

The Provincial Department of Health then asked that twenty-three more IRON LUNGS be built with all possible speed, so that children from every part of the Province

might be provided the only possible chance for life during the later stages of the disease.

Thus was the emergency met by The Hospital for Sick Children when many lives were at stake. There was no thought of expense or human limitations. The job had to be done, and was done despite the fact that it meant night and day service for many, many weeks.

But this is just typical of the service The Hospital for Sick Children has rendered for over 60 years.

Every hour of every day and night some emergency must be met. The life of a child, precious to some family, is at stake. It is only when dozens of similar cases occur at the same time that the work becomes "news," and can be called to the attention of the public by the press in a spectacular manner. Nevertheless, the work goes on hour after hour until the days and months and years total decades of service to the needy children of the Province.

Every emergency situation creates costs which mount up far beyond the normal provisions of government and municipal grants. But, unlike most other hospitals, The Hospital for Sick Children has no large group of Private Ward beds from which to draw extra revenue which can be applied to Public Ward service.

Over 400 of the 420 beds are in Public Wards.

No help is received from the fund collected by the Toronto Federation for Community Service, as patients are taken from all over the Province.

Sick and crippled children must be given medical attention and hospital care no matter what their financial status.

This worthy institution has just started its annual Christmas appeal for funds to enable its work to be continued in just as effective a manner as in the past.

Those who have investigated all agree that The Hospital for Sick Children makes most careful use of charitable donations and bequests—a world-wide recognition for efficiency and economical operation has been earned.

Your gift should be mailed to the Appeal Secretary, The Hospital for Sick Children, 67 College Street, Toronto.

A chance for health and happiness is the greatest possible Christmas gift to childhood.

# Big Game

By STANLEY CORDELL  
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WNU Service.

WHEN Bobbie came home from school he found the back door locked. The key was under the mat, however; he found it and went into the kitchen. There was a pencilled note on the table.

"Dear Bobbie: Uncle Rufus arrived this noon for a few days' visit. We have driven over to call on Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw. Do your chores and be a good boy until we get home. Mother."

Bobbie's eyes shone. Uncle Rufus was the idol of all his childish dreams. Not only was he an especially indulgent uncle, but the life he led was one that would stir the imagination of any red-blooded American boy. For Uncle Rufus was a sportsman of the first water.

Bobbie went out to the shed and loaded up his arms with wood for the kitchen stove. He cut kindling for tomorrow morning's fire, placed fresh water in the henyard dishes, poured out grain for the night's feeding. Presently he returned to the kitchen and glanced at the clock. Three-fifteen. Mother and dad and Uncle Rufus wouldn't be home for an hour yet. Perhaps longer.

Bobbie projected a mind ahead. Tonight, after supper, they would all sit around the table and listen to Uncle Rufus spin tales of his adventures. Bobbie wouldn't miss it for anything. Uncle Rufus was sure a great guy. Sometime he was going to take Bobbie on one of his trips. He had promised.

Bobbie started for the kitchen door and paused. A thought occurred to him. Usually Uncle Rufus stopped off on his way to or from the hunting or fishing grounds. And because of this reason his luggage most always included a rifle or a fishing rod, things that Bobbie stared at in awe and wonder.

Thinking of it, Bobbie glanced once more at the clock, turned and quickly entered the front hall and mounted the stairs.

Bobbie's gaze made a tour of the room and suddenly his heart leaped. There standing beside the bureau, was a .22 rifle, almost a duplicate of the specially-made gun Uncle had let him handle last fall. Hesitatingly, Bobbie crossed the room, stood looking down at the piece in reverent silence. And as he stood there a daring thought occurred to him. Why not borrow the gun for a little while?

Bobbie picked up the rifle and tucked it in the crook of his arm. A sensation of pride and importance and well-being passed through him. Almost without thinking he descended the stairs, crossed the kitchen and went out into the back yard. It was easy to feel that the weapon was his, that he was starting out on his daily hunt in order to provide the supper table with fresh meat.

At the bars he stopped in the very act of pulling one of the shafts from its slot. A disturbing thought had crossed his mind—memory of Uncle Rufus' regard for his guns and rods, his meticulous training of them, the blaze of anger that glowed in his eyes when he told of someone borrowing a certain big game rifle uninvited.

A sense of guilt, coupled with fear of the consequences of his act, seized Bobbie. He knew he was doing wrong, and he thought how dreadful it would be if Uncle Rufus became angered at him and refused to tell him tales of his adventures, or retracted his offer to sometime take him on one of his trips to the woods. The possibility of being caught was scarcely worth the consequences, and yet—Bobbie had never owned a gun. His folks were poor and they couldn't buy him one. Despite his longing he had never complained or wished out loud for things that he knew would pain his mother because she couldn't give them to him. He could see the hurt in her eyes if it became known he had broken her trust and faith by borrowing Uncle Rufus' rifle.

Bobbie went back through the bars, replaced the shaft and turned toward the house. Well, anyway, he thought, sometimes I'll—the sentence was never finished. He stopped dead still, staring wide-eyed at the automobile that had driven into the yard and starting at Uncle Rufus climbing out from behind the wheel.

Suddenly he felt weak and sick and very much afraid. Uncle Rufus had spotted him and boomed out something he couldn't hear. He saw his idol striding through the yard toward him.

"So you found it, eh? Well, by jinks, I ought to take it back—robbing me of the kick I'd planned to get out of giving it to you myself. Well, how do you like it?"

Bobbie gulped. "What—what—?"

"Come, come," Uncle Rufus boomed. "You might at least thank a chap. Had the rifle made special just for you. It'll shoot true at 200 yards and knock a crow galley west. You'd better try it and see. Plenty of crows up in the woods where we're going."

Uncle Rufus' voice became a jumble of words—"had to talk to your mother and dad to get 'em to let you off from school a couple of days—four days in all with Saturday and Sunday—maybe we'll get a deer—have to be pretty straight shooter to hit a deer with a .22—Ho! What's this? Crying? Shucks! Big game hunters don't cry."

Down Trees Headfirst

According to Simpson's "Uncommon Knowledge," squirrels, chipmunks and similar light-bodied arboreal rodents are the only animals that habitually and naturally come down trees headfirst. This, of course, excludes cats, which come down tail first. Apes, raccoons, porcupines, opossums, kinkajous, coatimundis and other heavy-bodied tree-climbers come down tail first by preference, using the claws to help support the weight of the body; some of these, however, reverse the method when in a hurry or when the tree is inclined. Foxes and the smaller members of the cat family are not classed as true tree-climbers and they come down in a rather unnatural and awkward manner. The coatimundis may come down a tree either way, or they may simply drop from the branches of the tree.

# TIME MARCHES ON

Recently in cleaning up an old attic, a bundle of newspapers was found, brown with age. Amongst them was a copy of "The Truth Illustrated" magazine of July 13th, 1901, in which under the caption "Some Toronto Gossip" an interesting article appears.

It is headed "Tent Hospitals for Consumptive Patients" and is evidently a press despatch from Toronto, reading:—

"In a very short time a tent hospital for the treatment of consumptive patients will be established. It goes on to state that the selection of a site was causing much difficulty; that the proposal of a dozen city physicians, some of whom were willing to donate their services free of charge because of the great need of having some place for those suffering from tuberculosis, without availing themselves of the services of the city, was approved of by the then Provincial Medical Officer of Health, Dr. Byles. It was proposed to have nearly a dozen tents, some for cooking, others for sleeping, and the first of such tents were to be borrowed from the Militia Department.

This proposal was made just three years before the Toronto Hospital for Consumptives was established and doubtless was instigated by a marked change of public opinion as to the curability of tuberculosis, forced by the success of the little hospital in Muskoka, which had been erected by the National Sanitarium Association in 1898.

Looking back to those early days when patients were housed in tents or canvas-covered front porches, shades, tending their own fires, helping with the preparation of food, carrying water from a cistern, and other clean, one is tempted to think that the cure was almost won than the disease.

What an evolution there has been! Take the Muskoka and the Queen Mary Hospital for Consumptive Children as a model of progress. With their great buildings scientifically equipped and adequately staffed, the best medical and surgical treatment may be given, accompanied by expert nursing care.

Of course, such service is costly and these hospitals of the past, that is why you are asked to contribute. Will you please send your gift to National Sanitarium Association, 223 College Street, Toronto.

# Mean Temperature

By DAPHNE A. McVICKER  
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"Um—um—wuh," the young man in the bandage urged desperately.

The pretty young student nurse shook her head sadly. It was apparent that the young man had something important to announce, but with a thermometer inserted into the exact center of each remark that he attempted, it was quite impossible for him to get it said.

The interne surveyed him with concern. "Must have an awful temperature," he said. "Every time I've looked in you've had a thermometer in his mouth. He's the fellow from that auto smash last night, isn't he? The one right in front of the hospital? Well, it must have been worth it to be smashed up with as pretty a girl as the one in the next room."

After the interne had left the little nurse took out the thermometer, wiped it and studied it gravely with sober big blue eyes.

"Dorothy," the voice from the bed pleaded.

Another nurse popped a head in and instantly the thermometer went back into the patient's mouth.

"Dorothy?" Nurse Saunders repeated. "Isn't that your name, Nurse?"

The small nurse nodded. "Isn't it sad?" she inquired. "He must have heard someone calling me that. So he has me mixed up in his delirium with that lovely girl in the next room he was riding with when he got hurt last night."

The thermometer bobbed up and down wildly and Nurse Dorothy put out a hand to steady it.

"I heard about that," the other nurse said, perching informally on the corner of the dresser for a moment. "She certainly is a knockout, isn't she? In more ways than one, evidently, for she knocked them both out when she ran her car into that telegraph pole. But she isn't seriously hurt, they say. Just a few bruises. Too bad he's so feverish."

"Yes, isn't it?" agreed the younger girl. Nurse Saunders departed and again she removed the thermometer.

"Dorothy, you little beast." The whole long frame under the bedspread wriggled madly and the head with its white bandage bounced up from the pillow. "Listen to me."

His respite was very short for the interne appeared again and again the thermometer hovered above him. This time, however, he closed his mouth firmly and turned sullenly away.

"By the way," the interne inquired—"He's asleep, so it's all right. I thought you were off duty last night. You didn't turn down a perfectly good date with me just to hang around here, did you?"

"I was to have been off," she said. "But—you know you aren't supposed to have dates with the nurses. And besides, I did have an engagement. But the man I was going out with was called to a VERY important business conference, so I didn't go." Her voice grew silky. "And wasn't it lucky? I stayed on and got put on this case."

When the door closed behind him, the voice from the bed was bitter. "Not that I mind having my room a social bureau," it said. "All the conferences are very interesting. But you've got to listen to me, Dorothy. I don't know what crazy idea you have—"

"Oh," the little nurse said, "there's the bell next door. That VERY pretty girl wants me."

She was very professional when she appeared at the bedside of the spectacular patient in the black pyjamas and bed jacket. "Did you wish something?"

"Yes," the girl said. "I wanted to know how that poor man is that I ran into. It wasn't really my fault. He came tearing up like mad right in front of the car, just outside the hospital."

The little nurse's eyes were round as half dollars. "The man you—hit!" she repeated. "B—but—we all supposed he was riding with you?"

"Oh, goodness no. I was hurrying to a date so was he. I suppose. I saw him so late. I turned the car into the pole and smashed all three of us. Not very bad for me, though. How is he?"

She found herself in great astonishment looking at a slammed door. The nurse had vanished. She was sitting recklessly on the patient's bedside in the next room, her lips trembling.

"Jerry," can you ever forgive me?" she inquired. "You finished the business, and were hurrying over—and I—oh—"

"On one condition," the young man announced solemnly. "Have you another thermometer? A nice sterilized one?"

Wondering, she produced it and the patient inserted it carefully between her lips. They puckered to hold it.

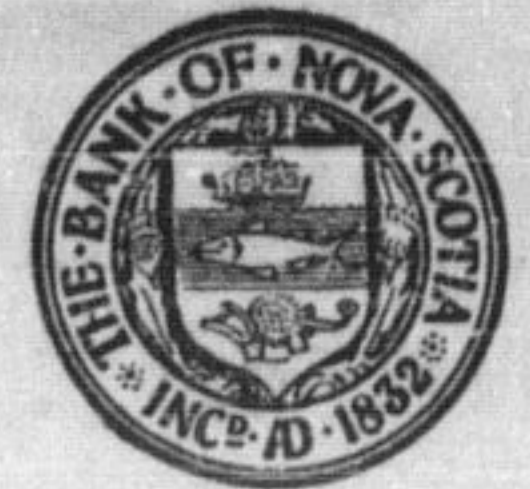
"There," he said. "Now we'll take out the thermometer. But just hold the pose—"

The interne opening the door a moment later closed it very softly behind him. He shook his head at Nurse Saunders grimly.

"The patient in there," he said, "seems to be doing even better than could be expected."

Dined on "Point"

Up to a few years ago in Ireland, very poor families often "dined on potatoes and point" for months at a time. Having no other food than potatoes, says Collier's Weekly, they added an imaginary flavor to each mouthful by pointing the food at a bottle in the center of the table which contained a preserved bit of bacon, fish, cheese or salt.



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## The Act of Thinking

The act of thinking is extremely formidable, as neurologists describe it. Under a microscope, the cerebral cortex is seen to be made up of a vast quantity of tiny cells, some apparently the ends of long nerve-cells passing up from underlying white matter, others long cells lying parallel to the surface. These latter are believed to be paths of association. Through them, says a writer in Literary Digest, various sensory impressions stored in "memory"—that is, other cells—are connected. Something we see, hear or smell may prod a whole series of cells into consciousness, creating a memory-picture, swaying our judgment, driving to suicide or showing how to make \$1,000,000.

### Atlanta Had Other Names

In 1821 the land which was the site of the founding of Atlanta was ceded by the Creek Indians to the state. The first cabin was built in 1833 and in 1836 engineers drove the stake which was to mark the end of the proposed state railroad. For that reason the town's first name was Terminus. In 1843 the name was changed to Marthasville in honor of the daughter of Governor Lumpkin. In 1847 it was incorporated as a city with the name of Atlanta, probably suggested by the railroad which was called the Western & Atlantic. It was made the capital of the state in 1868.

### Body Must Have Salt

Perspiration is chiefly water, but it contains a fair amount of salt which is discharged from the body. The body is constantly absorbing salt and getting rid of it again, but the operation of absorption and discharge must be so balanced as to insure a regular quantity of salt in the body at all times. Salt is necessary for the body and lack of it may be serious. Human blood contains exactly the same amount of salt as sea water—unquestionable evidence that man originally came out of the sea, says a writer in Pearson's London Weekly.

### Most Animals "Talk"; Rabbits, Hares Scream

A rabbit is usually a very silent creature, but the poor thing can "talk" when trapped or caught by a stoat. It screams terribly, and so does the hare, states a writer in London Answers Magazine.

Most land animals have a voice of some sort. Even the South American sloth, which never seems more than half alive, can make sounds. Of all large, red-blooded animals it is said that there is only one that has no vocal cords and is quite incapable of anything but sign language. This is the giraffe.

Elephants trumpet, camels squeal, seals bark, stags at mating-time roar, and the noise made by a hedgehog must be heard to be believed.

Natives of the Southern Soudan say that a species of python can give a sort of whistling cry, but this has never been established by naturalists.

Frogs can croak or bleat, but among lizards there are only a very few that have any power of making sound. One common in Malaya produces a loud ticking noise.

Fish, too, are dumb, though some species can make audible sounds when taken out of the water. The catfish croaks and one of the gurnards makes a similar sound.

### Verdi's Failure

When Giuseppe Verdi, at the age of sixteen, took his entrance examinations at the conservatory of Milan he showed so little evidence of musical talent that the authorities declined to enroll him. This is related in the Standard American Encyclopedia. This did not bother Verdi, however, and he continued his studies, ultimately rising to the heights with his "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," and "La Forza del Destino."

### The Feet Always Busy

The feet do more work relative to their size than any other part of the body. It is hard to visualize the fact that when a man walks a mile he places an aggregate of 250 tons on his feet. Three out of every four adults in this country have some sort of foot trouble. The blame for this condition is largely due to incorrect footwear, but the jar incident to walking on hard pavements and floors is a contributing cause.

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