

HEALTH EDUCATION

BY DR. J. J. MIDDLETON
Provincial Board of Health, Ontario

Dr. Middleton will be glad to answer questions on Public Health matters through this column. Address him at Spadina House, Spadina Crescent, Toronto.

Thousands of people in this city and province are at present living under abnormal conditions of life. This state of affairs is bad for the entire community and something must be done and done quickly, otherwise there will be the spectacle of a great crowd of people, young and old, drifting, drifting slowly but surely towards a lower and looser standard of life and morals.

Many living under better conditions are caught in the tide and dragged down by the bad influences always swelling the stream. Who is to blame? What is responsible for these deplorable conditions? Is it the high cost of living? Is it overcrowding? Is it a mania for expensive clothes? Is it a combination of circumstances embodied in the rush and turmoil of modern life? The loneliness of a great city is proverbial—as far as strangers and transients are concerned—and thousands of people in every city are transients. They are practically alone, merely residents without friends or helpful influences. They need advice, they need sympathy, they need some indication that somebody cares. But often these indications are never apparent. The hard world passes by unheeding, intent on its whirl of business and social engagements. And yet there is a lot of friendship in the world, and there are hundreds who would willingly be of service to others if they knew how.

To begin with, much good might be done by business concerns, many of whom at present do not seem to take the slightest interest in the home or domestic condition under which their employees have to live. Responsibility on the other hand may rest with the person himself or herself, who for some reason always seems to pick out the worst possible type of friends and acquaintances. There is, of course, the alternative condition in great cities where people find themselves alone and friendless and often drift among the free-and-easy class who are without moral standards and are always on the look-out for some new "sport" to join the merry throng. Whatever evil influence it is that starts people on the downward path, this evil must be counteracted by influences that work for good and that provide healthy companionship and entertainment for all those who to a great extent are living their lives alone.

In any effort put forward to raise the moral standard, it must be forcibly brought to mind that warnings and advice, especially to the young, are useless if the surroundings in which they live are not improved. More and more the necessity of this feature of community service will need to be acted upon if any lasting good is to be done. The school, the church, the Y.M.C.A., the Young Men's Club, and the Girls' Club are all powerful influences for a higher stan-

dard of life. But there are thousands of young people who never seem to come in contact with these. They drift along alone, and to all intents and purposes "nobody cares" what kind of life they lead or what becomes of them. In many cases the laxity of morals among men and women leads to disease and this brings the awful result—moral lepers, a danger to the community and a burden to themselves. At the venereal disease clinics in one of the hospitals in a large city in this province it was found that the large majority of victims of the disease are men and women who have no home or who are away from home, and that practically none of them are church goers or otherwise anchored in the community. The non-supervised dance hall at present is one of the greatest evils to be overcome. The newly formed Social Hygiene Council of Toronto is taking this matter as well as other matters of equal importance, in hand. It has a big and a praiseworthy task ahead of it.

The Council has prepared itself to grapple with the large aspects of the social problem by adopting this new name and discarding the old and long-drawn-out title of "National Council for Combating Venereal Disease." This is a good move. It shows at once that the Council—resolute men and women, physicians and laymen—have grasped the realities regarding this social scourge, and are planning to attack the causes and influences that lead to immorality, as well as point out the awful consequences of the diseases, once they have been contracted.

Literature is being provided for parents to teach children at graded ages the lessons of life and self, as well as thoroughly intelligent circulars pointing out the dangers confronting those who step from the path of virtue. The home, the school, the church, the Salvation Army, the Rotary Clubs, and citizens committees are all rolling up their sleeves to get into the fray and try to drive this social menace from the country. The program to this end is as complex as life itself.

A mother writes to ask if condensed milk is as good as cow's milk for a child just under two years of age; also what diet should be used to correct constipation. This mother says her child eats well-cooked cereals, mashed potatoes, bread and butter, milk and fruits. She is almost normal in weight.

In answer, I would say that cow's milk is better than condensed milk, provided the milk is free from tubercle bacilli and other germs. The milk must also be fresh and clean. As regards constipation, the child should have more vegetables, fruits, cereals and water. Let her have whole wheat breads toasted, and whole grain cereals.

during his recent seaside vacation, which unexpectedly afforded me an opportunity of studying his habits. Released from the cares of state, he went down to Brighton, the metropolis of the south coast, where, in a quaint and quiet old Georgian manor house, he found welcome freedom from the worries incidental to the solemn business of understudying a king.

Royalties often choose severely practical ways of spending their leisure, enforced or otherwise. By standing in a back room of one of the half dozen or so villas that overlook the manor house garden one could watch a blue-shirted, belted figure bent to the task of lawn mowing, occasionally stopping to wipe a glistening face with a blue handkerchief. That was the Prince of Wales getting fit for India. One heard the clatter of the machine every morning and most afternoons. There was no doubt about his taking the job seriously.

His daily regimen was that of the sensible holiday maker rather than that of the get fit quick enthusiast. Relaxation was its keynote, a small balance of strenuousness being supplied by the mowing.

In the morning, garbed in rough tweeds, he motored to the golf links. Published reports had it that he consistently carried off all the honors. As a golfer, however, the Prince did not and does not distinguish himself. Unlike some other royalties one could name, he does not expect to win because he is who he is. He was several times soundly beaten at Hove, and cheerfully admitted the fact.

Returning at noon, he would shed his coat and get to work on the lawn. In this connection he said jocularly to the gardener: "I'll send you my bill when I get back. It'll be pretty stiff—labor's gone up, you know!" He further observed on another occasion

that "a man must perspire if he's to keep fit." A prince who believes in perspiration must surely be an inspiration!

Following lunch came another spell of mowing, and then a series of games of clock golf, of which the Prince never tired. Sea bathing figured in his programme on two occasions, a hundred yards' sprint preceding them. The contestants were the Prince, the Duke of York and their two equerries, and the Prince won by a matter of yards each time. He shapes better in running events than in almost any other form of athletics, except those involving horsemanship.

Free from Cares of State.

A favorite evening diversion was a walk along the promenade, when the best known young man in Europe mingled as freely with his father's subjects as any holiday making clerk or shop assistant. Outside the grounds of the house he enjoyed, paradoxically enough, his greatest freedom among the crowds that packed the promenade and piers, where no one would have mistaken him for any one but an ordinary holiday making young man, enjoying the heat and the crush and his solitude, particularly his solitude, to the full.

Bedtime was rarely after 11 o'clock, the hour before which was mostly passed in listening to the gramophone. The Prince read no books and very few newspapers during his vacation. The only volumes I saw in the house were of military and historical interest; I saw no signs of a novel anywhere.

Britain's Young Man has, it seems, a lively interest in music. He can play the piano moderately well, but is a better audience than executant. Even street music interests him, as witness the following:

One morning a barrel organist brought his instrument to a standstill near the house and began his repertoire of sadly hackneyed refrains. Except for a sun-tanned young man in a blue shirt, open at the throat, leaning over some rusty railings close to the road, and some urchins playing noisily on the pavement, the scene was deserted. In fact, from the business point of view a worse pitch for a street musician could hardly be found.

Presently the instrumentalist came to his last air—"Bubbles." The tune set the urchins la-la-ing lustily, while the blue-shirted young fellow started to whistle gayly. When the last note sounded with a thump and a rumble, the organ grinder, who had thus achieved distinction without knowing it, paused expectantly a moment, then swung away up the road and so out of sight, while Edward Prince of Wales, still whistling blithely, sauntered back to resume his mowing.

The result of my quizzing has left me with the distinct and possibly satisfying impression that here is a young man who, having found that the Fates have cheated him of the ordinary young man's heritage, has, nevertheless, resolved to face his destiny cheerfully and dutifully.

An average young man, born Prince of Wales and bearing the responsibility more manfully than most of us would bear it—this is how I would sum up the heir to Britain's kingship.

A Point for Parents.

Mrs. Flatbush—"How did you come to decide on a name for the baby?"

Mrs. Bensonhurst—"Well, we began at A, and thought of all the names beginning with that letter; then we took B, and so went through the whole alphabet.

"But the child's name is Alice, I thought."

"So it is. When we got as far as Z we went back and began all over again at A."

Some rivers of Siberia flow over ice many years old, and almost as solid as rock. A tributary to the Lena has a bed of pure ice more than nine feet thick.



Michael A. Hargadon

Author of "Irish and Canadian Poems," recently published.

and the worst is yet to come



WINTER HARD ON BABY

The winter season is a hard one on the baby. He is more or less confined to stuffy, badly ventilated rooms. It is so often stormy that the mother does not get him out in the fresh air as often as she should. He catches colds which rack his little system; his stomach and bowels get out of order and he becomes peevish and cross. To guard against this the mother should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house. They regulate the stomach and bowels and break up colds. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Success Nuggets.

The most obvious lesson in Christ's teaching is that there is no happiness in having or getting anything, but only in giving.—Henry Drummond.

The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this.—Emerson.

To love for the sake of being loved is human, but to love for the sake of loving is angelic.—Lamartine.

There is only one thing stronger than armies and that is an idea whose time has come.—Victor Hugo.

Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us wordy evidence of the fact.—George Eliot.

Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it—anything but live for it.—Colton.

Men of mettle turn disappointments into helps as the oyster turns into pearl the sand which annoys it.

Grieving one's self to death may be a luxury for the rich; a washerwoman with eight children to support cannot afford such a luxury.

Rowland Hill used to say that he would not value any man's religion

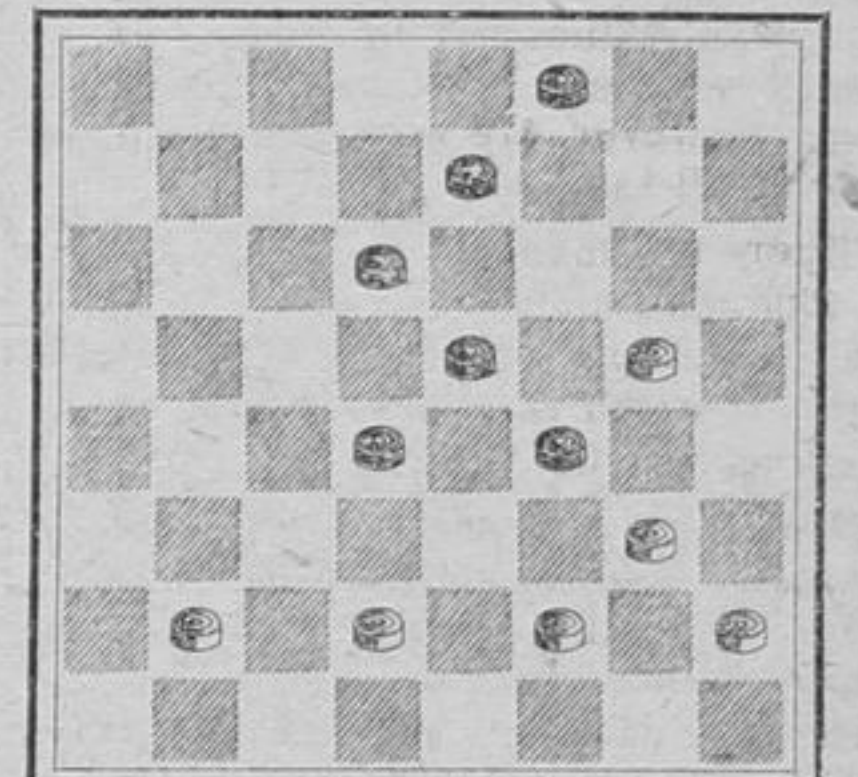
CHECKERS—By Heck

The solution of problem No. 10, published last week, is as follows:

W.	B.	W.	B.
1 7-3	18-22	4 8-15	14-17
2 3-8	25-29	5 15-13	5-14
3 11-7	2-11	6 18-9	

White wins.

No. 11—White to move and win.



Solution of this position will appear next week.

whose cat and dog were not the better for his piety.

Labor is the genius that changes the world from ugliness to beauty and the great curse to a great blessing.—Opie Read.

Let a man get the idea that he is being wronged, or that everything is against him, and you cut his earning capacity in two.

Gracefully Pleased.

A British railway official tells of a tourist in Ireland who left the train at every station and went ahead to the luggage van to ask if his trunk was safe. After the sixth time the exasperated guard replied:

"Begorra, I wish the Lord had made ye an elephant instead of an ass, and then you'd always have your trunk in front of you."



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KEEPING FIT A TASK FOR PRINCE OF WALES

PRESERVING HEALTH FOR HIS STRENUOUS DUTIES.

How He Spent a Brighton Holiday Before Setting Out on the Trip to India.

News despatches tell of the strenuous official visit to India of the Prince of Wales. They do not tell, however, of the strain under which the Prince labors on trips of state. Nor do they inform the public of the rigid training he must undergo to keep fit. A royal visit to India always is trying. The present trip is probably the most trying yet undertaken by the imperial family.

For this reason the aura of romance which surrounds the young man who ts bravely seeing it through is intensified rather than diminished by this great ambassadorial adventure. Even the ordinary person who in ordinary circumstances visits India can hardly return from that land of princes, pageantry and purple skies without being invested in the mind of the stay at home with a suspicion of its glamour. When the Prince of Wales returns he will be to the popular mind in Britain a more romantic figure than ever.

Preparing for India.

But although he is not obsessed with the notion of keeping fit, the subject certainly has a comfortable share of his thoughts. This was demonstrated