

# HEALTH

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## APPENDICITIS

In one year appendicitis was responsible for over fourteen hundred deaths in Canada. More people died from appendicitis alone than from typhoid fever, measles, scarlet fever, whooping-cough and diphtheria all put together. Traffic accidents are of much too frequent occurrence, but the fatalities arising out of such accidents are fewer than those due to appendicitis.

The City of Philadelphia has given particular attention to this disease. For five consecutive years, a close study has been made of all appendicitis deaths occurring in that city in order to determine the factors which contributed to the fatal outcome. At the same time, the Department of Public Health carried on an educational campaign in the hope of improving conditions. We should learn from the experience of Philadelphia in order that we may profit by it, and so the findings of the Philadelphia study are presented to our readers.

Patients admitted to hospital within twenty-four hours of the onset of symptoms had a mortality of less than 2 per cent; between twenty-four and forty-eight hours, the mortality rose to over 4 per cent; when the delay was between forty-eight and seventy-two hours, it was nearly 6 per cent; after seventy-two hours, it reached over 8 per cent. From these figures summarizing the experience of a large city for five years, it is shown so clearly that everyone may understand that the percentage of deaths rises in ratio to the delay in securing proper treatment.

There were over 18,000 cases studied. Of the total, approximately 3,000 did not have a laxative and 1 in 57 died; over 5,000 were given a laxative and 1 in 18 died; 729 had more than one laxative and 1 in 9 died. Those who read these figures will surely never forget that the giving of laxatives to man, woman or child who has a pain in the abdomen is the most dangerous thing which can be done.

When there is pain in the abdomen nothing should be taken by mouth, and, above all, never a laxative. Pain which persists is usually serious, and the sooner the patient is under proper care the better, because if the condition is appendicitis, delay is dangerous, as has been clearly shown by the Philadelphia experience.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

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## THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

A PICNIC ON THE LAKE

By Marie Brett-Perring

If Adrian Verlinden of Antwerp, Belgium had merely decided to throw in his lot with the German invaders because of sincere conviction, there would have been an excuse for him. There is such a thing as respecting other people's genuine sympathies; besides he was really of mixed blood, his mother having been a German.

But there were other matters which could not be overlooked; Adrian Verlinden turned informer on his own people; he became the invader's most valuable bloodhound; even his own flesh was not spared, for it happened that his elder brother belonged to the famous "Dame Blanche" organization and him Adrian callously betrayed to his death.

The Allied services in Belgium had been on his track and had failed to bring retribution. Nevertheless, Belgium became "too hot" for him and, one day, he appeared in Switzerland.

Verlinden served the occupation authorities in Belgium but found himself ostracized in Switzerland by the very people he had served. Just as they would have never dreamed of asking me to work against France so they despised him for the part he had played. He had been paid; well and good; but don't let him come near the embassy or presume on his past services.

It was quite natural that the man should join the somewhat "bizarre" circle in which I moved. It was less natural, according to my German friends that I should make an almost daily companion of him and seem to find pleasure in the association.

It must be said in all fairness that Adrian Verlinden was a pleasant and highly intelligent companion. That I despised and loathed him as much as anybody else did had nothing to do with the matter, since a secret service operative has no right to personal likes or dislikes. Orders are orders, and mine were: "Get Verlinden at all costs, no matter what you may feel."

Adrian Verlinden was wanted in France, where he would be made to answer for his crimes.

How to lure him across the frontier became my problem. It was not easy. The man knew what awaited him on the other side and was clever enough to avoid traps. He was safe in German Switzerland and after three years of thrills and nervous tension in Belgium, he gave himself up wholeheartedly to relaxation, but always with a wary eye on possible snares and ambushes.

It was a chance remark of my son, then six years old, which gave me the possible solution—if only it could be worked.

It soon became apparent to my friends and associates that the handsome Belgian had fallen in love with me and that I was — somewhat recklessly — encouraging him. The situation was viewed with mixed feelings by those concerned, but there was some amongst them — namely my immediate chiefs of the Deuxieme Bureau ... who thought that this development was indeed providential.

It was then that my son came to me with his suggestion—that of a picnic on the lake. "Not just a shore picnic, mummy," he urged, "but a whole day in a motor launch—right up to the head of the lake and back."

It was a dazzling June day when we alighted at Lausanne station, my young son and I, laden with lunch baskets and parcels and took a cab to the far end of the Ouchy Quay, where Verlinden was to have preceded us and engaged a launch. I knew of a mooring stage just at that spot, where I had directed him to go, assuring him that he was sure to find there the craft we needed.

He was at the rendezvous and the luxurious launch he had secured left nothing to be desired. With squeals of delight my son darted into the cockpit and "helped the driver to steer."

Verlinden was in a sentimental mood. He was dreaming day dreams; the war was bound to be over soon; Germany would win of course, and though he was shunned now, he "would come into his own" when Belgium became a German province. There was hatred in his soul and he was planning more betrayals and revenge against those who had shunned and slighted him during the past two years. I was a part of his plans; he was gracious enough to propose marriage; that my money counted importantly in his calculations would have been obvious to even a woman less determined than I was. I led him on.

Dusk was falling when our driver turned the nose of the powerful launch towards Lausanne and sent the craft skimming over the placid

waters. My son had fallen asleep in the cabin and we sat on the semi-circular seat outside, looking out towards the French shore.

Then I shivered and asked my companion to come inside. The night air was falling and the air had become chill. He never noticed that the boat had described a wide arc and that we were once more speeding toward the head of the lake.

Verlinden was getting pressing; he demanded an immediate answer—would I acknowledge him openly, at once, as my future husband? In common with others he thought that I was a divorcee and he could not see why he should wait any longer. It was now a question of marking time and preventing him from looking outside.

The launch shuddered; the motor sputtered and died down. A moment and the boat had swung into another little cove and was coming to a stop at the foot of a wooden landing stage. With an oath Verlinden flung out of the cabin and I followed at his heels.

"Ran short of gas — must alight here," the driver muttered, scrambling over the side of the launch and bending down to lift the bow out.

"Where are we?" Verlinden peered into the darkness. His hand had fallen to his hip and I saw him loosening an automatic. I seized his wrist. "Don't be a fool," I said, "the driver will go up the hill and bring gas. We'll wait here..."

It was at that moment that the reception committee appeared and my son, with a whoop of joy ran up to the man in front and threw himself at him. "Mon colonel," he shouted, "here we are! And we have a present for you!"

I had utterly forgotten that the boy was sure to recognize both Albert, the driver, and the "Sans Souci," our "service launch". But ere I could coherently marvel at the self control and discretion he had displayed during that long day things began to happen.

Verlinden threw himself forward with a snarl and his automatic spat out once, twice. I saw the colonel snatch up my son and jump aside with the child held tightly to his breast — but behind him a dim, blue-clad figure slumped suddenly to his knees. I threw myself upon the upraised arm and pulled with all my strength. Verlinden swung around, wrenched himself free and brought the butt of the revolver down upon my head — I ducked just in time, but the blow fell upon my shoulder and I staggered and fell. Instantly, there was pandemonium. Albert came hurtling back, clearing the low rail of the landing stage and deck at one jump and falling squarely on the Belgian. Several gendarmes and two officers in "civvies" joined the fray lustily. Verlinden fought like a madman.

"You hooligans! You cannot arrest me on Swiss soil!" Verlinden shouted.

"Granted," the colonel answered soberly, dusting his knees and readjusting his accoutrements, "but since you were brought conveniently to a French anchorage at the head of the lake, we can."

The reception committee with its prisoner in the middle moved slowly up the hill where the large blue car belonging to our service in Thonon, waited. Albert sent the "Sans Souci" skimming over the dark waters across the shore. I sat in the cabin, nursing a dislocated shoulder and my son curled up on the cushions at my side.

"Mummy," he said, dispassionately, "you know I guessed at once what you were up to as soon as I saw Albert and the Sans Souci! Wasn't it a scrumptious fight, What?"

"Well, you'd better keep quiet about it," I answered, a little ungraciously.

It was with mixed emotions that I heard him explaining my bandaged shoulder a few days later, in Berne:

"We went for a beautiful picnic on the lake," he said, "but mummy as usual insisted on doing tricks and stunts."

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## Pay of Rural Carriers (Globe and Mail)

There is likelihood that the remuneration of rural mail carriers will be up for discussion at the approaching session of Parliament. There is no question about its inadequacy in general for maintenance of a family. It is claimed that in some instances the yearly salary of a carrier is as low as \$360, and the pertinent question asked is: How can any carrier keep a horse, vehicle and himself on this sum?

The difficulty appears to lie with the present four-year contract system, with positions going to the lowest bidder. It is a poor argument for the present plan to say that men will take on the work at such salaries. The question is: Does it secure the right type of carrier? The aim is to have this contract system abolished, and "replaced by permanent employment, dependent only on satisfactory service."

The carriers have presented to the Postmaster-General an outline of their objectives. This includes a graded mileage plan, as follows: Up to and including the first 15 miles, a flat mileage rate of \$55 per mile per year; from 16 up to and including 35 miles, a graded scale of \$40 to \$45 and \$50; all mileage over 35 miles, a graded scale of \$15, \$20 and \$25 per mile per year.

Other recommendations deal with bonding, pension and sickness contributory fund, two weeks' holidays, and other features that would mean betterment of conditions. The carriers' case is presented in a sane and reasonable way, and they volunteer to substantiate all statements made.

These rural mail carriers are doing an important public work. No matter what the weather conditions, they realize that the mails must go through; and, where physically possible, they get them through. Their request for an improvement on present poor pay is justified, and should be favorably considered by the Department and by Parliament.

A good office woman is more useful than any man, but no wonder. Her job is just housekeeping downtown.

Isn't it strange that man whose judgement is sound in all other matters is easily convinced that he is a wonder.

If you wonder why they are called the middle class, note the prominence of their middles.

But don't blame the upper class. You can't avoid being above those who are holding you up.

## DIED

FRENCH, Annie Wright — At Buttonville, on Thursday, February 24, 1938, Annie Wright, beloved wife of Frank French, in her 60th year.

The funeral service was held at her late residence, on Sunday, the 27th instant, at 3.30. Interment followed in Buttonville Methodist cemetery.

WELLS, Mary Lundy—At her late residence, Lot 16, Con. 2, Whitechurch Township, Thursday, February 24th, 1938, Mary Lundy, dearly beloved wife of Herb. Wells.

The funeral service was held from above address on Saturday, February 26th, at 2 p.m. Interment Aurora Cemetery.

RISEBROUGH, John—At Agincourt, on Friday, February 25th, 1938, John Risebrough, beloved husband of Florence Neale and of the late Adeline Pegg, and father of William, Stephen, John, Alfred and Mrs. Jas. Whitney, and Ernest at home, in his 79th year.

The funeral was held on Monday, February 28. Short service at his late residence at 1.30 and further service at Hartman Church at 3 p.m., Whitechurch. Interment Hartman Cemetery.

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