

At Home Come in & Chat Awhile

—Ruth Raeburn.

Dear Ruth Raeburn:
We were talking one day in our home on the things that needed more emphasis in the lives of most people. One said neighborliness needed more stressing because more people travel these days, and as our neighbor is the one next to us, travelling by car means that our neighbor is constantly changing. Another said that we should make more time for quietness. Our bodies and minds require more restful hours than we are inclined to give them. Then we decided we would ask your opinion on this subject.

Dear Pansy:
I am very pleased to hear from you again. I think the subject you have opened for discussion has many points that need stressing. Both neighborliness and quietness do need more thorough cultivation. I'll mention only one of the many and that is courtesy in letter writing. There are a great many people who fail to see that answering letters is an act of courtesy—just on the same footing as a reply to a question or the courteous attention one gives to the conversation of a friend. One good method is to jot down on the envelope the topics you wish to discuss in the answer and then when you start the letter you do not have to wonder what to say. Another method is to write a portion of the letter on subjects that do not require a date. This leaves the mind free to go on a new train of thought. Family letters can be written spontaneously because they contain the account of the little happenings within the family circle and community. A great many times a person is not in the mood for letter writing. I have learned from experience that it only requires a little determination to conquer this mood.

We should take time to make our writing legible. We have no more right to steal the receiver's time—the time he wastes to make sense out of our scrawl—than we have to steal his silverware.

There are people who neglect writing letters of sympathy to those who are bereaved. This is indeed a golden opportunity wasted, for no letter is more helpful than the one containing sympathy for those who sorrow. To be sure it is not an easy letter to write but most things in this world that are worth doing require concentration of thought, perseverance and patience.

When Lord Haughton lost his wife, Tennyson wrote him this letter: "I was the other day present at a funeral and one of the chief mourners reached me her hand silently, almost over the grave, and I as silently gave her mine. No words were possible. And this little note that can do really nothing to help you in your great sorrow is just such a reaching out of the hand to you, my old college comrade of more than forty years' standing, to show you that I am thinking of you." I am sure those simple words must have conveyed a thrill of comfort. Though a letter of condolence is one of the most difficult tasks we undertake we should do our best remembering that "when two people share a joy, it is doubled; when they share a sorrow, it is halved."

When we are the recipients of letters of sympathy we should acknowledge them—only a few words are required to say "thank you." It is only a little task, yet it is often neglected and it is discourteous to do so. Neither the letter of sympathy or its reply need to be lengthy, it is quality not quantity that counts.

It is lack of imagination on our part that makes us so often fail to

span the space between writer and receiver? We should remember the paper we are writing on represents our listeners, were they with us in a body and when writing to an intimate friend we must not only write the things we would naturally talk over were we together, but also tell the things of interest within the range of vision. So often the lack of these little details raises wondering and curious questions in the mind of the receiver of the letter.

Aim to write bright, cheerful letters. Avoid writing depressing thoughts, you don't know what state of mind the receiver is in and cheerful thoughts are better than any tonic we get in a bottle from the doctor. We all are most charming in conversation when natural and simple. Then why not talk on paper? After all that is all letter-writing is.

—Ruth Raeburn.

STONE AGE RELICS FOUND IN CAVES

Important Discoveries Made By Joint Expedition to Iraq.—Co-relates Pre-History of Europe and That of Asia.

Word has just been received from Miss Dorothy A. E. Garrod, leader of the British-American joint expedition to Iraq, that relics of the Stone Age have been found in two groups of caves—one group to the northeast and one to the east of Sulaimiah. One of the caves at Larzi in the first group contains a deposit especially rich in artifacts left there by a race corresponding to that which in Europe is known as Cro-Magnon.

Still older industrial remains have been found by the joint expedition in the caves of the second group—remains left by a race corresponding to that known as Neanderthal in Europe. According to Dr. MacCurdy the findings of cultural remains in Iraq dating from the upper and middle Paleolithic periods is of unusual importance since it adds materially to the evidence making possible a correlation between the prehistory of Europe and that of Asia.

Iraq is in the region of the Euphrates River in Asia Minor.

Doctor Needed

Two revelers returned to their hotel late one night much the worse for their revels. One of them insisted that the other needed a doctor.

A doctor was summoned and the ailing one put to bed.

The doctor arrived. The symptoms were plain. "See any pink elephants or sky-blue tigers?" he inquired.

"No."

"Any sea-serpents or giraffes turning hand-springs on the rugs?"

"No."

"Well, you are all right," said the doctor. "Sleep it off." And he departed.

But the friend was not satisfied.

"Look here," he said to the clerk. "That doc is all wrong. My fren's in a bad fix. Did you hear him say he didn't see any elephants or tigers or sea-serpents, well—hic—the room is full of them."

Not Interested

The Treasury Department is reported to have received the following letter:

"I have received your application, but as I already belong to several good orders I do not care to join your Income Tax at this time."

A little negro schoolgirl down in Florida in answer to one question, "What is anatomy?" wrote the following:

"Anatomy is a human body. It is divided into three parts—the head, the chest, and the stummick. The head holds the brains, if there are any; the chest holds the liver and lites, and the stummick holds the entrails and the vowels, which are a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w any y."

The Durham Hospital

Christine MacGillivray Campbell in
The Farmer's Advocate

The barn raising was safely over and only the clearing-up to do when the pike-pole dropped. A young man went down with a broken nose and a gash in his head. At once they hurried the victim to the hospital in Durham. When as neighbors we called to enquire for him at his home a few days later, we found he had gone to his work. Plucky, you bet! But what a marvel and what a mercy it is that such expert repairing can be done on the human anatomy even away out here in the country on such short notice. Our neighbor received excellent care as well as skilful surgical attention, his wife told us today.

A stalwart youth who came here with the threshing outfit last week informed us that he had undergone an operation in Durham Hospital. We asked him how he liked the hospital. "Fine," he replied, with emphasis, all unconscious that we were collecting evidence.

"You liked the hospital?" we quizzed our neighbor across the fence when she brought home her thriving girl twins. "Oh, yes," was the eager reply, "the nurses were splendid. It is wonderful the rest and care you get. And Miss Fettes—" Like many others, this enthusiastic patient could not do words adequately to praise the superintendent.

Then there was the clever little school-girl across the swamp who two years ago was struck by a motor car in Durham's main street and was taken to the hospital to have a fractured leg set and cared for for a few days before coming home. She, too, had nothing but kind words for the institution.

Any patent medicine company would be rich if it could gather in one small community so many unsolicited testimonials.

Thus, gradually, into the most conservative country places like ours, there leaks the idea that a hospital may not be the worst place in the world to go when hurts are too deep for casual home healing. Yet in the days when hospitals were far away and a racking and expensive train journey was only the first item of expense, who could blame those who put off the evil day and the distant hospital as long as possible. Durham and its vicinity have been learning in the past six years what it means to have a hospital at home.

Today we were more than a little pleased to go and see for ourselves—in the name of "The Farmer's Advocate"—what is going on in this much-frequented institution. Before entering, however, we made our way among piles of lumber, where carpenters were sawing and measuring and a contractor was earnestly studying a roll of blue-prints. In a few weeks Durham Hospital will be a much more imposing structure than it was this morning. Finding that its babies, which ordinarily came singly or at most in twos, have begun to come by threes, the institution doubtless feels justified in making room!

We were fortunate to find Miss Fettes not too occupied to show us through her house of healing. She received us in the front room which is supposed to be the office, though in it is a cot. In the next room she has a couch for herself and her reception room has been turned into a nurses' dining-room. In fact, this gracious lady is much in the position of the Arab who took pity on his camel and allowed the beast to squeeze into his tent but was obliged to move out himself. Very frequently in its history, Miss Fettes told us, the hospital has been crowded to the breaking point of its resources.

The building has not been so very greatly altered, we imagine, since it was a private residence, and the rooms are nowhere unduly large. Miss Fettes much prefers private rooms or small wards, classing the large public ward as something of a barbarism. She also recognizes the value of the smaller hospital with its more homelike arrangements as a training school for nurses. Nurses trained in a hospital, the ordering of which is much like that of a home, will of necessity be more resourceful than the apprentices of a marble-and-glass, electric-switch kind of institution. The town hospital, also provides an opening for country girls who wish to take up the profession without going to a city. The nurses in Durham Hospital, by the way take their few weeks of special training in Victoria Hospital in the city where "The Farmer's Advocate" is published.

Our hospital has already seen, not without pride, two classes graduate from its wards, the first graduation two years ago being that of three pupils, one of whom, Miss Morrison, is now assistant superintendent. The second class of four young ladies celebrated their graduation recently, and while themselves making a charming picture in their crisp white uniforms against banks of scarlet salvia, listened to much praise and good counsel from the leading professional people of the town. Of all these nurses, one is glad to know that with one exception they came from farm homes. The probationer's class now entering, again all but one are girls from the farm.

Having satisfied our curiosity on these points, Miss Fettes continued to show us over her mansion of mercy, giving us glimpses of orderly wards, bath-rooms, laundry, and pausing for a moment in the drying-room from which any farm woman might be glad to borrow the idea of many parallel wires running the length of the room and fastened to hooks at the ends. A stove-pipe the length of the room supplied the drying element so convenient in wet and stormy weather. "In this room we had a party last night," smiled the superintendent. "It looked quite gay then with our autumn leaves and flowers." One envisioned the affair and silently congratulated the nurses who train under a matron who has a capacity for enjoy-

ment of an evening's fun with her girls.

There are nurses' rooms tucked in the rear, they also rather overcrowded now with probationers coming in and graduates not yet departed. There is the operating room with electric sterilizers—the beginning of what will some day be very adequate equipment. There is a baby room and there is a linen room for reserve supplies. There were three tiny babies in immaculate cots and one stepped softly past their precious slumbers. No, these were single babies of separate mothers, but in another room we were lucky to have a glimpse of one of the famous triplets.

The triplets had gone home some weeks before after spending three months in the hospital under the care of the nurses, but this one had had a touch of bronchitis and had come back to its affectionate foster-mothers for a little extra care. The healthy little lady was lying in a basket quite alone in the room when we entered and was unconventionally attired in two elementary garments and certainly was quite happy. As Miss Fettes spoke to her and gently caressed her, she little one smiled and seemed to appreciate the bit of pleasanter, but she made no protest when we turned away. It was evident that a baby who is comfortable and who is accustomed to being left to her own devices between bathing and feeding time, does not demand, with screams and cries, that she be taken up and bounced every time an adult comes near.

The triplets, as everybody in this district knows, are the infant children of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Caswell and are really farm products, though since their arrival their parents have taken a home in town. These little people, Miss Fettes told us, were premature babies and took their first feedings of diluted cow's milk from a medicine dropper. Their total weight was twelve pounds. From the beginning they were put on a schedule of feeding four hours apart. They were given no patent foods or medicines; only cow's milk with the usual orange juice and olive oil. During their entire life at the hospital they never had a setback and rather oddly the smallest of them soon gained on the others. The little lady who had sidly played sick to get back to the hospital is Hazel Isabel, while her sister is Ethel Christine and her brother James Allen, and they have five sisters and brothers at home to love them.

Since triplets do not come rushing into Durham every summer, their advent caused a tremendous upsurge and it immediately became necessary and rather odd, as is the Prince of Wales sometimes, from the interest, curiosity and affection of the whole community. They were definitely "not at home" to curious visitors, while more intimate friends could hardly be persuaded that the newcomers did not need to be patted, hugged and kissed as most long-suffering babies are. Still there came a day when they had their hour of open publicity. Dotted up in cunning new baby pretties, they were taken down town by the nurses and before one of his tremendous audiences they were publicly christened by an evangelist uncle who was holding open-air meetings in the town. On another day, too, they were motored down to the photographer's gallery to pose for a charming picture. Lastly, they were judged strong enough and their mother rested sufficiently to have them taken home. "And we cried when they went away," Miss Fettes admitted while her eyes misted in a most unprofessional way.

During the height of the excitement over the arrival of the little strangers, rumors began to fly concerning a bounty which His Most Gracious Majesty is pleased to bestow on babies who come in threes. A thousand dollars a piece, some prevaricator asserted, and the triplets were probably counting up the number of all-day suckers and gay, buzzing toys for three thousand dollars would buy. But the King's bounty proved to be not so bountiful. Translated into Canadian coinage it is fifteen dollars and this sum has been received by the proud parents.

Our personal opinion is that the Caswell babies have a considerably richer heritage than any money bounty. Besides having many kind relatives and friends, they also have a most remarkable grandfather whose ancestral physical endurance and force of will should be of much more value to the youthful trio than any donations of money or raiment.

There was no local hospital with open doors for Robert Grierson (please let us interlope this story, even if we seem to diverge) the day a threshing-machine jerked his left arm from the socket of his shoulder. Even then the lad (for he was only eighteen) refused support from the pitying arms held out to him, just as later on, he turned wrathfully on some well-meaning person who urged him to study for a profession so that he might have an easy job. He has a contempt for the easy kind of man. With his one arm he teamed logs, farmed—pitching hay and grain with his one hand and a knee—followed the threshing machine again for many years, feeding the machine or driving a horse-power, as well as, and often better than many men could with two arms. He married and has supported his family energy armed and with indomitable energy. Still farming on the second concession of Bentinck, he writes many terms a side-line and has served many terms among the township fathers. Robert Grierson's record is something of a boast to the end of their happily begun days.

Naturally, at first patients were chiefly Durham people—now the majority come from the country.

"I have been here six years," Miss Fettes informed us; "Yes, I began with the hospital. I came on the first of November and we opened on the 15th." We recalled that unceremonious opening to meet the urgent demand of a number of patients. There was a formal opening all planned, with dignitaries invited to speak, but it never came to pass because the hospital was always too busy. "I was crazy, I think, to permit the hospital to be opened with such meagre supplies as we had six years ago," Miss Fettes went on. "We had so very, very little to work with. Such a struggle as we had!"

Needless to say, equipment has been added to as far as available funds would permit, yet there must always be need where there is so much daily use of furnishings and equipment. Miss Fettes spoke with cordial appreciation of the help of the Women's Board. Never an appeal to them has been unheeded, never a request but they have bestirred themselves to supply the need.

With our backs against the linen shelves we paused to discuss phases of hospital work—the advantage of the hospital, for instance, to the mother who needs to get away from the sound of her own dishes breaking and of her children's bumps and squabbles and the echoes of neighborhood rows. Then the now accepted fact that it is cheaper to go to the hospital. This was difficult to understand, doubtless, in the days when grandmothers and aunts and anxious neighbors rushed to do homage to the new-born and washing for him—but now that a trained or practical nurse and help by the day to boot is the expected order of things in the home, the hospital with its complete shouldering of all the work is beyond question the less expensive as well as the safest and most satisfactory solution.

Then there was the rather amusing aspect of the complaint of the individual who possibly had dropped a dollar in the passing hat and had felt aggrieved not to be granted free treatment in the hospital for this generosity. As a matter of fact, though patients may sometimes find their hospital bills difficult to meet, the average daily rate of the small hospital never commensurate with the benefits of board, laundry, clothing and skilled care by day and night. In the home where a trained nurse is employed the nurse's fee alone is usually more than twice the daily hospital charge, while the household must meet all the other expenses listed above. In the hospital the shoe is on the other foot.

Having granted us a most interesting interview, Miss Fettes took the trouble to come out-of-doors to borrow the architect's blue-prints from the contractor to show me the plans even now being carried rapidly into reality. She pointed out with happy anticipation the new space for an elevator, a baby-room, an X-ray room and sun-room, with an excellent lighting system. One could not help sharing the exultation of this splendid woman in the furtherance of her work of mercy and healing. One felt also that this work is a consistent memorial for, as a tablet in the hall point out, the hospital is a perpetuation of the memory of the local boys who died in France.

Forthwith our mission included a call on Mrs. Jamieson for the latest news of the Women's Board activities. For, while the successful inner workings of the hospital are due in inestimable measure to the character of its matron, the existence and progressive history of the institution is credited very largely to Mrs. David Jamieson, whose husband is well known to Ontarians as a former Speaker of the Legislature and latterly as Director of the Mothers' Allowance Commission. The mere sight of the white pillared verandah of "Bon Accord", the Jamieson residence, always recalls the first response to Red Cross needs in Durham when in war-time the Durham Red Cross Society was organized within the shadow of its hospitable pillars. After the war, when many small associations breathed a sigh of relief that war and want would assuredly die away now, folded away their bandages and ceased to auction autograph quilts, the Durham Red Cross turned its energies toward local needs. With no slight courage the society mooted the support of a district nurse. Mrs. Jamieson, whose regular re-election constitutes her a permanent president, delivered her startling ultimatum of a hospital or nothing. Hospital it was. A tremendous undertaking for a few women, and week-end collisions on the highways had not then become an expected thing.

Mrs. Jamieson kindly helped us to check over some of the details of the story of how six years ago the Society bought the old English Church Rectory on the hill-crest overlooking the town and the river. They paid \$2,000 for the plain, substantial residence and fitted it up with such furnishings as could be had. Many kindly disposed people and organizations contributed useful furnishings or food donations, but the Durham Hospital has never had a John Ross Robertson or any other big benefactor to endow it with such trifles as, say, a sky-scraper nurses' residence. We may have heard of a lady leaving all her tiny property to the hospital, but no rich man has as yet seen fit to pass away leaving the white-washed walls as his sole heir. The Red Cross, however, in itself carries on steadfastly. Mrs. Jamieson assured us, holding its weekly meetings from house to house, and these are always sessions of work and not mere meetings for the reading of minutes and a cup of gossip. At present the society is sewing and consented to its annual bazaar. When that is over they will go back to the endless sewing of fine seams for there is daily wearing out of hospital garments and linen. Each year the society holds a great garden party and more than one tea has been given on the white-pillared verandah to which the whole town has been invited. Donations may come, or may be side-tracked by the expertly-advised appeals of city organizations, but the local society carries on.

"We have just been buying new linoleum for the hospital kitchen," Mrs. Jamieson told us, "and our next aim is to be an electric range. My whole heart," she reiterated, "is in the advancement of that little hospital."

Though Mrs. Jamieson is president of the Women's Board, Dr. Jamieson, President of the Men's Board and Dr. Bradshaw Jamieson, their son and only child, house-surgeon to the hospital, it seems only fair to correct the impression that the concern is a Jamieson-Jamieson-Jamieson combine. Certainly the other doctors in Durham and in neighboring towns are as much at liberty to bring and attend their own patients there as Dr. Jamieson is and they are glad to give credit to the staff for their co-operation in caring for those patients.

Although the hospital is distinctly an asset and a credit to the town we were informed that the board has never asked—nor received—one dollar from the town council so that a fairly right claim to be self-supporting, though such a term would be misleading if it were construed to mean that patients' fees pay all expenses. As it stands, the hospital has a clean slate and, therefore, looks forward gallantly to the meeting of its payments on the new \$20,000 extension, for which the town has issued debentures.

Arising from the unquestioned achievement of this valiant Red Cross society, this hospital, superintendent and nurses, comes an idea that buzzes in our bonnet and refuses to be brushed away. There are so many local institutions, W. I., and I.O.E.'s and various other intialled bodies who sedulously scurry about and make money industriously in country places and country towns. At annual meetings their secretaries arise and read reports of proceeds of their activities and conscientiously account for these funds by showing how a great percentage went to headquarters and various sums had been sent here and there to doubtless excellent causes. Far-off charities seem so pathetic!

On wonders what might happen about the greatly-lamented exodus to the cities if all country institutions took up some well-defined objective in their own community and proceeded to make life rather more convenient and civilized right at home. There are so many attractions for our young people in the city, technical schools, colleges, libraries, fine hospitals to train in, soul-stirring pipe-organs in churches and not infrequently some of these institutions are dependent on the money that kind country people subscribe. Why not provide some of these things directly to the young people (and their folks at home) in their own neighborhood? At least, it has been demonstrated that such things can be done with concentrated effort and everlastingly keeping at it.

For concrete example, the Durham Memorial Hospital!



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