

Medical Officers Are Hard Worked

Or Some Are, Through Ignorance and Lack of Sympathetic Assistance—
"County Health Units" Needed

By DR. GORDON BATES
(General Secretary, Canadian Social Hygiene Council.)

Much has been said, recently, about the total inadequacy of the public health services of Canada's rural areas. All over rural Canada, people are dying unnecessarily—dying years ahead of their time of diseases which could be prevented. Large cities with their competent, well-staffed health departments have so reduced death-rates that there are many diseases, almost unknown in those cities, which still continue to take a heavy toll in rural parts as they did fifty years ago. Typhoid fever, for example, is virtually unknown in the city of Toronto, but all over the Canadian countryside and in the smaller urban centres, it takes its annual toll of lives.

Of course, the remedy for this is increased expenditure on health in those vast, neglected areas. "County Health Units", small, full-time, efficient public health departments, similar to those of big cities, should replace the present system of part-time, unaided, unassisted county medical health officers. Many responsible organizations have recently passed resolutions favoring this reform. Up to the time of writing the most recent were the United Farmers of Alberta and the United Farm Women of Alberta, wherever these county health units have been organized—notably in Quebec—they have succeeded beyond the wildest dreams, in saving life and preventing sickness. Death-rates have been hampered down, and the untold economic waste of unnecessary sickness and premature death has been strikingly reduced.

But this article, which has become very much like a condemnation of a system, started out to be a defense of an individual—or rather, a group of individuals. I refer to the present county medical officers of health. Much has been said of the inadequacy of the present system; little has been said of the tremendous difficulties confronting the many conscientious, intelligent county medical officers of health who are striving, against overwhelming odds, to protect people who in many cases are indifferent to protection, against diseases which they frequently look upon as inevitable.

"Too many people, even in this 20th century A.D. are startlingly ignorant, and going to say maliciously ignorant, and saturated with prejudices regarding sanitation and social hygiene," writes Senator Dr. Gustave Lacasse, Medical Officer of Health, Tecumseh and East Sandwich, in the current issue of the current issue of the Canadian Public Health Journal. "For instance, haven't you often heard something like this from an interested neighbor? 'These quarantines are nonsense. I never catch anything anyway,' or 'You say it's whooping cough, measles, 'fever roush', well, he is bound to have it any way and he might just as well have it now and be done with it', and again, after death has stiffened those poor little limbs and deposited its icy kiss on those purple lips: 'The doctor says it was too late for that serum to take effect . . . Ough! those shots are no good anyway. You know they are always something left in the system after that. Mrs. So-and-so's baby was even killed by it last year. Be cheerful my dear friend, that is one more little angel in heaven—and you have enough kids left anyway',—and so on, and so on indefinitely."

Anyone who has had much to do with public health realizes only too well that the Senator's summing-up of the public attitude towards health and sickness is all too true of all too large a section of the public. But he has, furthermore, some scathing things to say about a small minority in the medical profession. "Sometimes," Dr. Lacasse continues, "opposition (to the medical health department) also comes from 'the other doctor', and that is most unfortunate. The Director of the City Department of Health of Montreal, Dr. S. Boucher, gave out a statement to the press: 'Too many doctors (in Montreal) fail to report contagious diseases as required by provincial laws and city ordinances. This non-compliance is in some cases prompted by considerations of pecuniary interest and fear of being dismissed by the family concerned.' In spite of the fact that this declaration created quite a stir among some members of the Quebec medical fraternity I maintain that it stamps out also some Ontario physicians under their true colors."

Truly the lot of the county Medical Officer of Health is a hard and thankless one, and the average citizen should remember that he is, in most cases, striving to do his best with totally inadequate machinery, and in the face of lack of support, and even resistance, of which that average citizen has little cognizance.

Bill—What makes you think ancient buildings are so much better construction than the modern homes? Jim—Well, for one thing they've lasted longer.

First Farmer—How's your son getting along in the city? Second Farmer—Oh, just fine! He's already on the pool committee of his club.



Is your daughter enjoying life?

It is just in her "teen age" that a girl should be getting the most fun out of life—yet so often it happens that girls of sixteen to twenty have outgrown their strength—

are quickly tired, pale, nervous, generally run-down and unhappy! These are sure signs of anemia, a condition that results from thin, worn-out, under-nourished blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have corrected this in thousands of girls. Here is the actual experience of Mrs. Ben Nicholas of Eriau, Ont.

"My daughter was in a run-down state. She was easily tired and did not wish to associate with others. As this was unusual, I began giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they soon made a strong healthy girl of her. Now she is as happy a girl as one would wish to see."

Start your daughter on this proven treatment now by buying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at your druggist's or any dealer in medicine or by mail, 50 cents, postpaid, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Dr. Williams' PINK PILLS

"A HOUSEHOLD NAME IN 54 COUNTRIES"

Secret Passage In Fleet Street

London.—Antiquarians are trying to solve the mystery of a curious cellar and secret passage which has just been unearthed by the demolition of an old building at the corner of Hanging Sword Alley and Whitefriars Street, off Fleet Street.

Five small arches in a brick wall lead to the cellar, which has a low vaulted brick roof with a span of about 10 feet, and is reached by walking down some 20 feet of low passage. Until recently the premises above the cellar were occupied by a firm of builders.

"We knew of the existence of the cellar, but there was no access to it," a member of the firm told a reporter. "It is supposed to have been occupied at one time by a clerk who augmented his income at night by body snatching and used the cellar as a temporary mortuary. There was a burial ground near by, so that the cellar would have been a convenient headquarters."

"Until quite recently parties of Americans used to be conducted round the premises, and in addition to being told this story, they were shown a stain on the stairs said to have been made by the blood of a murdered man."

Such stories are quite possible in the light of the history of "Alsatio," as the district around Whitefriars was called in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when it was the privileged sanctuary of a notorious gang of cut-throats.

Another suggestion is that the cellar was part of the Whitefriars nunnery, which existed near the spot.



Gabbie Gertie
A minor prospecting for oil often discovers rich carbon deposits.

Kill that corn with Minard's Liniment

Owl-Luffs

About the only thing we know of to do with our modern young people is to let them grow up.

Is any feeling finer than that which comes from doing a hard job particularly well?

You may be sure your secret sins will one day become public gossip.

Even fattery can be irritating when an instalment collector and a bond salesman call at the same time.

"What was Noah's surname?"
"Sark, of course. Haven't you ever heard of Noah Sark?"

"It is my guess that some of these women who have bought dresses on the instalment plan ought to go back and get a few more instalments before wearin' 'em in public."

"How old are you, my little man?"
"I don't know. Mother was twenty-six when I was born, but now she's only twenty-four."

She used to rise at half past eight. To get the milk, but then, Her daughter brings it in with her bow.

As she is gettin' in.

Farmer Jenkins made his way into the village post office, which also was the general store.

"Anything for me?" he inquired of the postmaster.

The other raked over a few parcels and letters, but found nothing. "Don't see nothing," he said. "Did you expect something?"

"Yes," answered the farmer. "I was expecting a card from Aunt Jenny, tellin me when she's comin'."

"Hannah," called the postmaster to his wife, "seen a card from Mr. Jenkins Aunt Jenny?"

"Yes," came the prompt reply. "She's comin' down Tuesday."

Rube stood looking at the "A.D." on the corner stone of an old building. Finally he muttered to himself that he guessed it must mean "All Done."

Short dresses make men more polite. You seldom see a man get on a street car ahead of one.

Meet the Wife!
She's a nice little wife, she's the spice of my life.

A sweet little treat and a wonder to woo. Capriciously pretty, deliciously itchy, And scintillatingly willing to bill and to coo!

My pert little petter, no flirt or go-getter Can dirtily coax her or coax her away, Deceive me? no, never! She'll cleave to me ever.

Just pleasantly squeezing, and teasing to stay!
So singing and sunny, no stinging for money, The bliss of my mischievous kiss is her fee, She never acts funny, my sweet sunny honey, Her measure of pleasures is treasuring me.

She never gets snooty when I pet a beauty, It's odd, but she's bread as the deuce in her view, She follows suggestions without any questions, I feel that she's really too good to be true!

Forever carecessive, and never distreessive, I mean she's serene as a queen on a throne, She's a Bear and a Wow, such a fair little Fray!

By gad, it's too bad that she isn't my own!

A man was told by his doctor that if he laughed fifteen minutes every day before meals his condition would improve.

One day, in a restaurant, while having his laugh, a man at the opposite table walked over and said angrily: "What are you laughing at?"

"Why, I'm laughing for my liver," he replied.

"Well, then," said the other, "I guess I had better start laughing also. I ordered mine half an hour ago."

Valuable Education
Windsor Border Cities Star (Ind.): Scholarships for grocers' apprentices in England will be granted by the Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce. It is rather a unique idea, but there are distinct possibilities in the plan, possibilities that will redound to the benefit of both Canada and the Motherland. Those boys will be brought to this country, where they will spend two weeks on a tour designed to better fit them for their life work. Still greater than this, they will learn at first hand how the people over here live, and they will go back and tell the people of their native land.

This will be a valuable contribution to the better understanding and sympathy that are so much needed.

Brown: "Do you happen to know anybody who has got a car for sale?" Smith: "Yes; I should think Jenkins has."

"What makes you think Jenkins has one for sale?" "I sold him mine yesterday."

A Fine Old Scot



Donald Fraser, ninety-year-old Canadian Scot of Victoria, would not pass up the opportunity of seeing brother Scots in action and was a picturesque figure at the Banff Highland Gathering recently held at the famous resort in the Rockies. Mr. Fraser's father came out to Canada 120 years ago, but he himself has never been to Scotland. He is typically Scottish in accent and appearance and plans to visit the homeland some day.

When Baby is Well Mother is Happy

The happy mother is the one whose baby is well—the laughing, gurgling baby who always brings joy to the home. When baby is ill everyone in the home suffers—not only through worry over the little one but through loss of sleep—no one can rest with a sick baby in the home. Thousands of mothers are happy mothers because they have found the way to keep their little ones well—or if sickness does come on suddenly, as it usually does with little ones, they have found the way to speedily bring the baby back to health again.

Mrs. George Kech, Lindberg, Alta, is one of these mothers and she writes as follows:—"I am the happy mother of a seventeen-month-old baby girl. Baby is healthy and strong and sleeps well at night. I give her no other medicine but Baby's Own Tablets and she just loves them."

Baby's Own Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels; sweeten the stomach and thus drive out constipation and indigestion and make the cutting of teeth easy. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Letting the Cat Out of the Bag
The expression "letting the cat out of the bag" is of nautical origin. When punishment by the use of the cat-o-nine-tails was abolished, the "cat" was placed in a canvas bag and its use became an infraction of the law. Hence the meaning that when the "cat" was taken from the bag trouble would ensue.

The Chinese are remarkable for the witty aphorisms with which they adorn their conversation very aptly. Here are a few collected by Dean Inge:—"A maker of idols is never an idolater." "No needle is sharp at both ends." "He who rides on a tiger can never dismount." "When a neighbor is in your fruit orchard, inattention is the trust form of politeness." "Do not remove a fly from your friend's forehead with a hatchet."

"Everyone pushes a falling fence." "One dog barks at nothing and the rest bark at him." "You can't clap your hands with one palm."

"I am quite convinced that my arguments are correct," said an earnest man. "Well," replied his friend, "it's a good start. You've got one man converted, anyhow!"

Yesterday, Mrs. Cooker traded in her coal range on an electric stove. Astonished friends gasped, "We thought you were a roofer for the old-fashioned coal range."

Peanuts are used in the manufacture of several varieties of wood stains.

Gabby Gertie
"To err is human, especially if you've forgotten your alibi."

A Personal Matter:—In one of the Lancashire towns the candidate for Parliamentary honors was addressing a rather large meeting. An unruly member of the audience, after asking a number of ridiculous questions and causing considerable annoyance, asked, "Do you really think all voters should have a vote?" "Certainly," replied the candidate. "You think idiots are able to vote, then?" "Don't answer him," roared the crowd. "Yes," replied the candidate. "I think I will answer him, because he appears to be personally interested."

Stop Colds with Minard's Liniment.
Mrs. Cooker replied: "I was, and am. But I was the only coal-range owner in the neighborhood. And every day one of the neighbors brought in a kettle of something that must boil a long time and asked me to cook it for her as I had so much room on top of my stove. Besides, it kept her electric bill down. I didn't mind letting them use the space, but every day one of those nine women cooked cabbage."

What most people call indigestion is usually excess acid in the stomach. The food has soured. The instant remedy is an alkali which neutralizes acids. But don't use crude helps. Use what your doctor would advise.

The best help is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. For the 50 years since its invention it has remained standard with physicians. You will find nothing else so alkali in its effect, so harmless, so efficient.

One tasteless spoonful in water neutralizes many times its volume in acid. The results are immediate, with no bad after effects. Once you learn this fact, you will never deal with excess acid in the crude ways. Go learn now—why this method is supreme.

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Ask Your Barber—He Knows

Indigestion

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Grandmother Remembers

I see it now as in those early days, the house commodious and comfortable, set in the midst of a lawn of shrubbery, rising in all the grandeur of its native freedom. And through a grape arbor is the view of my mother's garden—old-fashioned, useful, and beautiful—wit ha walk running through the center dividing the well-kept beds of healthy vegetables from the vivid colors of the fragrant flowers on the other side. No weeds were allowed to thrive there, and when we as children walked along these garden paths unceasingly the harmony there displayed entered our hearts.

The home was built at the edge of a grove which sheltered it on two sides and was a veritable forest of enchantment to us as children, giving us a wonderful playground where our childish imagination could revel unchecked. We made companions of the birds and squirrels, grew to know as no city child ever can the time of leafage and blossoming of the trees. Wild fruits and nuts were there in abundance and in the springtime the fragrance of the grove rivaled my mother's garden. Our playhouse was built under the wide-spreading branches of the big hawthorn tree. Could any playhouse have a more alluring setting with the grove for a background and our outlook the meadow with its bloom of wild flowers and a road which curves and winds on its way to the house. The road was bordered by a luxuriant growth of wild roses and hazel, and crossed by a clear little brook beautiful in the sunshine ever luring our little bare feet to wade in its shallow depths. Who wonders that home held for us, so near to nature's heart, so far from temptation.

As children we learned willing obedience and respect for our elders and I cannot conceive of anyone growing up in that environment being other than law abiding.—From Manuscript Notes of Elizabeth Stanfield.

Yes, it is French Guise—What do you think of that immense tower over there?" American—"It's quite an Eiffel!"

The more completely preventive work is carried on the more difficult it becomes to see the need of it.

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VEGETABLE COMPOUND

"A Miracle!"
Cripple now walks well thanks to Kruschen
"For over eight months I was laid up with rheumatism, unable to move, when I was advised to try Kruschen Salt. It is almost a miracle, but within a week of a 10 lb. I was able to be taken to the front door in less than a week. I in a few days I was out with the help of crutches; and in a short time I was walking well. This is not a mere word testimonial, but four years."

"I have taken it ever since, and I never feel a pinch of rheumatism now. I am perfectly able to do all the work I wish to do. I ought close my letter to you and advise them to take it. I will close my letter hoping you will publish it for others to see."
—Mrs. Williams.

Original letter on file for Kruschen.
Kruschen Salt is obtainable at drug and department stores in Canada at 25c a bottle. A bottle contains enough to last for 6 or 8 months—good health for half-a-cent a day!

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