

Canada Needs More Doctors

Survey by National Committee for Mental Hygiene Shows We Need An Increase of 50 Per Cent for Adequate Medical Coverage

Canada still faces a huge task in bringing adequate medical care to all classes for her population, it is disclosed in a comprehensive study of the distribution of medical care and public health services in Canada which has been completed under the auspices of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene.

The study, carried out by the division of public health and medical services of which Dr. Grant Fleming dean of the faculty of medicine at McGill University, is director, shows that 25 per cent of the people of the Dominion come within the category of "medically indigent."

MORE DENTISTS, TOO
Refutation of the contention that there are too many doctors in Canada is found in the chapter which deals with "Conclusions and Recommendations." "Canada," the study points out, "is served by 55,513 health personnel, including 10,631 physicians and surgeons, 4,639 dentists and 29,474 graduate nurses."

CONSIDER ACTUAL NEEDS
"There is a concentration of health workers in the larger centres of population. Apparently, the distribution of physicians, dentists and nurses is determined more by opportunities to gain a livelihood than by actual medical needs.
To ensure adequate medical and dental services, there would be needed, according to the standards formulated by the United States Committee on the Cost of Medical Care, an additional 4,769 physicians and 6,323 more dentists."

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST



Rita Johnson is one of the most avid riding enthusiasts in Hollywood. After completing her role in "Concho Maie," she takes time out to relax and enjoy a little fresh air and exercise before starting work in "Forty Little Mothers," starring Eddie Cantor and "Edison, the Man," starring Spencer Tracy.

Girls, Eat Well At Lunch-time!

Should Take a Lesson From The Hearty Meals Men Dine, Says Ottawa Nutrition Expert

Bachelor girls who crowd lunch counters at noon-time over a sandwich, a soft drink and a cigarette should take a lesson in eating from the men about town, Miss Laura Pepper, director of the consumer service section of the Agriculture Department, said in an interview at Ottawa.

Business girls are not fair to either themselves or to the families of the future by skimping eating, Miss Pepper said, warning young women not to disregard nutrition in their foods.

"Whatever you do, don't be food faddists," she said. "Watch the men at lunchtime, and you will see the majority of them insist on a glass of milk no matter what else they eat."

There are problems for the back-slow girl who does her own cooking. She must guard against being "too tired" to bother about proper cooking.

SAVE ON HATS
There are also problems for the small-salaried stenographer who wants to save her money for a summer holiday and cuts down on her food allowance.

"Save on a new hat if you must," Miss Pepper said, "Don't save on a lifetime investment—a healthy body."

There are 5,000 public-houses in London, England.

Finest You Can Buy

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

OUT of the NIGHT

BY MARION WHITE Copyright, 1937, NEA Service, Inc.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
PRISCILLA PIERCE — heroine, young woman attorney.
AMY KERR — Cilly's roommate and murderer's victim.
JIM KERRIGAN — Cilly's fiancé.
HARRY HUTCHINS — Amy's strange visitor.
SERGEANT DOLAN — officer assigned to solve the murder of Amy Kerr.

Last week: Cilly is saved at the last possible second when Sergeant Dolan enters Mrs. Elliott's apartment. But her attacker escapes. She is returned to her apartment to await police protection for the night and then three sharp rings at the door — Jim's ring!

CHAPTER XXIX
"Cilly! Oh, my darling, I never knew what happened . . . I never knew . . . I didn't see a newspaper until half an hour ago . . ."

Jim's arms were around her, a bulwark against fear and uncertainty and death itself, and Cilly was sobbing hysterically on his shoulder. Sobbing with wild abandon because she was so utterly and supremely relieved. No matter what might occur now, Jim was here at last.

"There's so much to explain my dear," he went on, "so much that I couldn't tell you before."

"And so much that I wanted to tell you," Cilly replied.

Her sobbing stopped abruptly. Briefly she recounted the developments of the last few days, the search for Jim.

"My God, Cilly," he cried desperately, "it terrifies me to think what the law can do to an innocent man . . . Where would I be now if the Perrys had not met me? In jail, like my poor father, only I'd be a murderer. Listen to me, Cilly, I have got to tell you the whole story."

"My father was an officer in the bank — you probably heard that much straight. You couldn't have heard that he was the squarest, finest man that ever lived. He never did a crooked thing, he never even thought a crooked scheme. Never. He lost a great deal of money. It bothered him more than he let on to Amy or me. Then out of a clear sky, these bonds were stolen — negotiable bonds, which were as good as cash anywhere. My father was accused. I can't tell you what a shock it was. All my life I'd assumed blindly that you can look a man in the eye and tell whether he is honest. I laughed when they came to arrest Dad. The judge would throw the case out of court."

"But it wasn't that way at all. Those lawyers, the state's lawyers, built up the most intricate, the most infallible case! Step by step, they proved my father guilty . . . step by step, yet we knew, Amy and Dad and I, that none of it was true! We were helpless, hopeless. It drove me mad at times. There were days when I wanted to choke the breath out of those lawyers for their insinuations, their tricky sarcasm . . ."

ONLY ONE THING
Cilly nodded understandingly. The court record said Jim went wild.
"Well, Dad was convicted. We had not a shred of evidence to save him — at least nothing that would stand a chance in court. There was only one thing — one intangible fragment of Amy's imagination, our lawyer called it. Nevertheless, she stuck to it, she followed her one little clue right through — to the end, for her."

"What was that clue, Jim?"
"The day before the theft, she was visiting some friends in Oaden — that's about 30 miles from Bluefields. One of the girls was leaving for the East, and Amy went to the airport to see her off. There, in the ticket office, she heard a man order a ticket on the plane three days later."

"That's the ticket for Chicago. The man's voice sounded familiar to her. She remembered it as one that had answered Dad's wire at the bank. We decided it must have been a fellow named Worth — a new man at the bank — the only one Amy would not have recognized on sight . . ."

"Where is he now?"
"That's the joker. The very night of the robbery, Worth's body was found in a ravine some few miles out of Bluefields, pinned under his overcoat by a car. He'd been burned pretty badly, but the body was identified to the satisfaction of the court. Call it woman's intuition or what you will, Amy believed that Worth had taken the bonds and had skinned to Chicago. True, the court said there was no sign of the stolen bonds in the burned car. And whose body was it, if not Worth's? People don't just disappear in a town like Bluefields."

"So Amy went to Chicago, on a wild goose chase, our lawyer said. Imagine tracing a voice! By this time my father was serving a sentence. He was badly shaken by the trial, and I seemed to be the one who disturbed him most. He begged and he pleaded with me to leave Utah and start life somewhere else where I wouldn't be linked to him. The police were still watching me, day and night, trying to trace the bonds through me. They've never been found."

"I DISAPPEARED!"
Jim caught his breath a second, then went on.
"Naturally, I wouldn't listen to Dad at first, then it got to a point where he made such a fuss every time I visited him that the prison authorities refused me admission. Finally, our family doctor urged me to go away, for a time at least. It was for another reason than to set my father's mind at rest. I did. Through a friend in Chicago, I got this job in New York. I disappeared completely. Not even Amy knew where I was. I kept in touch with Dad only through Dr. Blythe. That left Amy working on her own, but she wanted it that way. It was only a will-o'-the-wisp she was following, and she felt it could be better for her if her relationship to me or to Bluefields were not known by anyone. Her only hope of ever getting this fellow Worth, if indeed he were still alive, was in his believing himself absolutely clear. Remember, Amy's suspicion never came out at the trial."

"Then you think Amy followed him here to New York?"
"I'm sure she did. When you first spoke of Amy Kerr, I wondered if it could be my Amy, but it didn't seem likely. The world is a big place . . . Then I saw her on Sunday night! Cilly, I can't tell you just how happy I was . . . we'd been outcasts so long. I wanted to tell you then and there, but Amy warned me. Anyway, I slipped her that note your sergeant found and I met her upstairs on the roof as soon as I left you. There was so much I wanted to know . . ."

"Did she really find Worth?"
"She did. What's more, she gathered enough evidence to send him to prison. There was only one thing . . . she had to be able to prove he was Worth. The man had been declared legally dead, you know. But however, last Saturday she saw an item in a "Bluefields" newspaper — she got them regular — " — which finally opened her eyes. Some old hermit in the mountains was missing, had been missing for months. Amy felt sure it was his body which had been mistaken for Worth's . . ."

SHE HID THE PROOF
"I found the clipping, Jim," Cilly cried. "It was still in Amy's hand when I read it her." She explained how and why she had burned it.
"It was the final link, apparently in Amy's chain of evidence against Worth. That is — if her suspicions

— were true. That's why she sent me to Bluefields immediately, to check for her, while she kept her eye on Worth here in New York. She was so terribly afraid he'd begin to get suspicious . . ."

"What did you find out in Bluefields?"
"Just this, Amy knew the old hermit pretty well. Frequently she rode out through the mountains and she stopped at his shack several times. She'd been kind to him. The day of the robbery, she saw him in the town. She told him of some old suits of mine, which he might have if he wanted to stop for them. He did, that afternoon. It was getting late and she suggested that he sleep in the room over our garage for the night. But he was in a hurry to get home, he told her."

"Amy doubted whether he ever reached home that night. Worth had run him down, perhaps, and then conceived the bright idea of changing personalities. That's just where I've been this week, to the shack of Smokey Joe Barlow. And none of my clothes were there! He never reached home. Knowing that, we can have the body disinterred and identified more accurately . . ."

"But what about Worth?" Cilly begged nervously. "Did Amy tell you who he was? Did all the proof she gathered die with her?"
"No, thank God," Jim said earnestly. "She was prepared against any emergency. Every fact she had unearthed is in a safety deposit box at the National Trust Company's downtown branch. The key to the box is in her desk at Ames & Wakefield."

"Then you can get it the first thing in the morning? Tomorrow we'll know who did it . . ."

Cilly stopped abruptly. Upstairs she had heard someone walking around. Was it the special officer, or had Dolan returned? "That might be the police sergeant," she added, "and he'll want to question you immediately, Jim."

THE WINDOW OPEN AGAIN
Jim jumped to his feet. "I don't want to see him, Cilly. Not yet. I want to go over Amy's evidence before the police do." He smiled a little sheepishly. "I'm still afraid of the technicalities of the law, my

WINTER

How large that thorn looks on the bare thorn-tree!

A swarm of such three little months ago,

Has hidden in the leaves and let none know

Save by the outburst of their minstrelsy.

A white flake here and there—a snow-lily

Of last night's frost—our naked flower-beds hold;

And for a rose-flower on the darkening mould

The hungry redbeard gleams. No bloom, no bee,

The current shudders to its ice-bound edge;

Nipped in their bath, the stark reeds one by one

Flash each its clinging diamond in the sun;

'Neath winds which for this Winter's sovereign pledge

Shall curb great king-masts to the ocean's edge

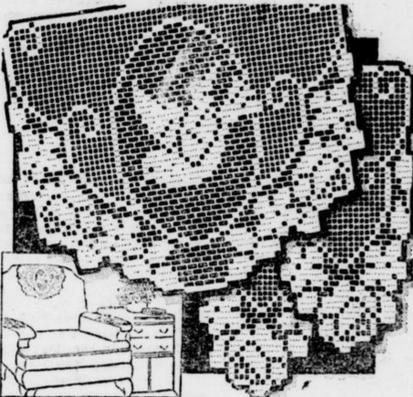
And leave memorial forest-kings o'erthrown.

—D. G. Rossetti.

Doll's Mansion

A motor driver of Wood Green, London, England, Mr. W. R. Clatworthy, has spent three years making a doll's house. It has 1,000 tiles, glass windows, electric light and french-polished furniture. His only tools were a pen-knife and a sixpenny drill.

LAURA WHEELER DESIGNS BLUEBIRD CHAIR SET TO BRING YOU HAPPINESS



CROCHETED CHAIR SET PATTERN 2457

The bluebird—symbol of happiness and good luck! Crochet it in flit-crochet for chair set, scarf ends or buffer, and be delighted with your new accessories. Pattern 2457 contains charts and directions for set; materials required; illustrations of stitches.

Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Write plainly Pattern Number, your Name and Address.

dear. In spite of your legal brain. Do you suppose you could get that key for me the first thing tomorrow, so that I can open the deposit box before the sergeant sees me?"

"Surely. We could get it tonight, if you want . . . no, I couldn't go. Dolan will be back here any minute, with . . . I mean, to talk to me."

She didn't want to tell Jim of the policeman who was coming to guard her. There was no need to worry him . . . "But I have a key to Amy's office, Jim. Why don't you go right over? Tell the watchman in the Cannon Building that you're a friend of mine . . . Here, the key is in the secretary . . ."

She got it out, handed it to him. He clasped his hand around it very tightly, and tears sprang into his eyes.

"Think of it, Cilly," he murmured shakily. "This is the key which will unlock my father's cell . . ."

The next minute he was gone, and Cilly sat down on the divan to await Sergeant Dolan. She would not tell him anything about Jim's visit, she decided. She would say only that Jim would see him the first thing in the morning.

Suddenly she sat bolt upright, her eyes staring into the bedroom beyond. The window to the fire escape, the one she had so carefully left open only one inch, was now halfway open, and the curtains were blowing in the breeze!

(To Be Continued)

TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

MOLASSES AN ESSENTIAL FOOD

At this season of the year the wise homemaker takes a careful inventory of daily menus and a register of the various members of the family as to their reactions and requirements of the different food constituents. All find it necessary no doubt to increase the leafy vegetables and the salads. Not a few of us in this rigid climate are lacking the iron requirements. Molasses, good old-fashioned black strap, is one of the most important items in all diets for anemias of all types. It should be used at least three times a week, better still, every day in some form. I have a whole medley of things about which I should like to write you, but what could have a better reception from all members of the family than gingerbread — that versatile cake confection?

FIG SAUCE
1 cup fig sirup
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1-8 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons lemon juice
Add fig sirup gradually to corn-

starch, stirring until smooth. Add salt and cook until thick and clear. Stir in lemon juice and serve hot over pudding.

GINGERBREAD
2 eggs
1 cup molasses
1 cup sour milk
1 cup brown sugar
2 cups flour (sifted)
1/2 cup butter
2 teaspoons ginger
2 teaspoons soda
2 teaspoons cinnamon

Cream the butter and sugar, being sure that the sugar has no lumps. Add beaten eggs and beat well together. Have sifted the flour with spices. Add the soda to the sour milk to which add the molasses (mixing well the sour milk and soda first). Add this last mixture to butter and sugar; mix well, adding gradually the flour. Place in well-greased pan, 8" x 11". It is best to have at least two layers of oiled paper well oiled or greased fitting neatly to all corners of the pan. Bake in a very moderate oven for 45 minutes. If baking too quickly on the top, cover with paper.

Perhaps no icing is as popular as the plain sweetened whip cream. This makes a perfect dessert. My next favorite is the following:
1 cup of cream cheese
2 tablespoons icing sugar (all level measurements)
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
2 teaspoons orange juice
1 tablespoon grated candied ginger

ROLLED GINGER COOKIES
1 cup butter
1 egg
1/2 cup molasses
1 egg
2 teaspoons ginger
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon allspice
5 cups flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup boiling water
4 teaspoons baking soda

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add molasses and egg and beat well. Sift 2 cups of flour and spices and mix into creamed mixture. Add the boiling water and next, one more cup of flour. Mix thoroughly, and stand in a cool place for 20 minutes. Next sift the remaining two cups of flour with the soda and salt. Add to the mixture and place in refrigerator or a very cold place for 1 hour. Part of the dough may be kept over night in the cold place, if you do not wish to make all the cookies at one time. Roll out small portions of the dough at once, about 3/4 inch thick, using as little flour as possible. Do not roll these cookies thin as ordinary ginger cakes or snaps. Cook on greased pan or cookie sheets in a very moderate oven. Cover with paper if inclined to burn. When cool, frost with your favorite cookie icing. Place in an

earthen container. These will keep for a long time. This makes about 40 cookies.

FIG PUDDING
1 1/2 cup shortening
3/4 cup sugar
1 egg
1/4 cup Kellogg's All-Bran
2-3 cup milk
1 teaspoon Vanilla extract
1 cup flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup figs

Blend shortening and sugar thoroughly; add egg and beat until it is light and fluffy. Soak All-Bran in milk; add flavoring, sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add to first mixture alternately with All-Bran and milk. Put one drained fig in bottom of each greased muffin pan and fill 2-3 full with batter. Bake in moderate oven (357 degrees F.) about 25 minutes. Serve hot with fig sauce.

Yield: 12 servings (3 inches in diameter).

READERS, WRITE IN!
Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her columns, and is open ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto."

MR. CAFFEINE-NERVES IS BLUE-PENCILLED

EDITOR: (to reporter) Never knew it to fail — my nerves as jumpy as a kangaroo and along comes the biggest story of the year!

MR. CAFFEINE-NERVES: No wonder you're jittery—the way they work you!

MR. CAFFEINE-NERVES: Go way, Cub— he's a sick man!

EDITOR: Say—you really had something there! I've been drinking Postum for a month and I feel so good I should be in the Sports Department!

MR. CAFFEINE-NERVES: It's deadline for me when Postum comes on the scene!

Many people can safely drink tea and coffee. Many others—and all children—should never drink them. If you are one of these, try Postum's 30-day test. Buy Postum and drink it instead of tea and coffee for one month. Then, if you do not feel better, return the container top to General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario, and we'll gladly refund full purchase price, plus postage. Postum is delicious, economical, easy to prepare, and contains no caffeine.

POSTUM

NORGE

New Norge Refrigerators have an Extra Shelf, Plus Extra "Cellaret" Compartment—at No Extra Cost!

SEE THE NEW NORGE AT YOUR LOCAL DEALER'S

earthen container. These will keep for a long time. This makes about 40 cookies.

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POSTUM

New Rule Man O

Baseball Pitcher Another Comp Delive

Relief has been ing for the baseball has taken some has past 20 years, but game at last we him stand off the

Meeting in the week the rules allow pitcher to take another a deliver the ball really importa ing the game since the sub-sta- 1919.

MORE LATE
Adoption of the toy for Clark Washington sound for several years ing on a stadium pitcher's rights.

Whereas the has had to stand on the rubber, in of a right-handed left leg far out his his wind-up and plete strike as to deliver the ball.

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