

## *Be Suspicious*

IF YOU HAVE

A cough that hangs on

Repeated Colds

Temperature above normal

The slightest raising of blood

Pleurisy

Unexplained Tiredness

Night Sweats

Tuberculosis **MAY**  
be the cause

If you have any of the above symptoms, see your doctor at once. If it is advisable he will be glad to arrange for an X-ray and examination at the Central Tuberculosis Clinic, one of the Sanatoria, or a Travelling Tuberculosis Clinic.

SANATORIUM BOARD OF MANITOBA  
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# *The* **MESSENGER** OF HEALTH

In This Issue:

Dedication and Unveiling  
of Dr. D. A. Stewart  
Memorial

Government Placement of  
Evacuated Children  
in Manitoba

August, 1940

Ten Cents

# THE MESSENGER OF HEALTH

Volume 3.

August, 1940.

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EDITOR: T. A. J. CUNNINGS

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: J. W. FOSTER, H. B. CLINT

STAFF ARTIST: E. ROYCROFT

REPRESENTATIVE ST. BONIFACE SANATORIUM: MISS RANKA OLAFSON

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THE MESSENGER

Page One

## EDITORIAL

DR. D. A. STEWART

We devote a major portion of this issue to the impressive ceremony enacted at Manitoba Sanatorium on Wednesday, July 24th, when His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, on the terrace in front of the Administration Building, unveiled a massive rock of uncut granite as a memorial to the man with whose name this institution is indissolubly linked.

There is little we can add to the high praise paid elsewhere in these pages to Dr. Stewart's many talents and magnificent accomplishments. But while paying tribute in stone and bronze, we must not forget that far greater memorial embodied in the thousands of men and women who work and play and laugh and love only because David Alexander Stewart devoted his prodigious enthusiasm and discerning intellect to conquering the deadly enemy that had insidiously laid them low. These are a living monument to a great humanitarian.

We could do no greater homage to Dr. Stewart's memory than to dedicate ourselves, as associates in a noble crusade, to continuing unabated the battle to eliminate the menace of tuberculosis in this province.

### CHILD HYGIENE BUREAU ABOLISHED

The Federal Minister of Pensions and National Health announced in the House of Commons on July 17th the abolition of the Division of Child and Maternal Hygiene, due to "war time needs."

Everyone realizes that in these times

prosecution of the war must be given first place in every program, but when millions are banded about so freely, it is difficult to believe that the \$27,000 per year spent on the Division must of necessity be diverted elsewhere. While it is true that health maintenance falls chiefly within the realm of provincial jurisdiction, it is deplorable that the Dominion government should be the first to curtail an essential service.

Child care is of prime importance in any health program, but it is even more urgent in wartime when there is a marked falling off in the birth rate, the civilian death rate increases, and there is an appalling destruction and maiming of men in the battle areas. Yet it was noted in the last war that "sickness and death among infants and children increased by leaps and bounds" chiefly because the public, like governments, were absorbed in military aid services, and failed to adequately support the voluntary civilian health agencies.

The infant death rate in Canada is nothing to be proud of. According to the latest figures at hand, Canada's infant mortality in 1937 was at the rate of 76 per 1,000 live births; almost all the countries which we consider have a comparable standard of living, have a lower rate. For example, New Zealand has a rate of 31; The Netherlands, 39; the United States, 57; England and Wales, 59; and so on. Canada stands 17th on the list; so that this seems to be no time to eliminate any agency which may be instrumental in remedying this condition.

It is to be hoped that abandonment of the Division of Child and Maternal Hygiene does not foreshadow the discontinuance of other essential health services through failure to balance the welfare of the nation as a whole against strictly military requirements.

**INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY JOHN McEACHERN, CHAIRMAN OF THE SANATORIUM BOARD OF MANITOBA, ON THE OCCASION OF THE UNVEILING AT NINETTE, JULY 24th, 1940, OF A MEMORIAL TO DR. DAVID ALEXANDER STEWART, FIRST SUPERINTENDENT, MANITOBA SANATORIUM**

We meet today in the grounds of the Manitoba Sanatorium at Ninette, to do honor to the memory of Doctor David Alexander Stewart.

For those who are gathered here, there is little need to recite what Dr Stewart meant to this institution and to those who were a part of it at any time during his administration; but, there will be those in the audience reached by radio who are not so well acquainted with the full stature of the man.

When Manitoba decided in 1908 that it should have a Sanatorium, Dr. Stewart became the Executive Officer of the Anti-Tuberculosis Society, and when the new buildings were opened two years later he was appointed Superintendent of the Manitoba Sanatorium. For twenty-seven years, until the day of his death, he directed the affairs of

the Institution. His life work was the prevention and treatment of tuberculosis, and from the parent Sanatorium at Ninette, Dr. Stewart's influence was felt in many other similar institutions in Canada, the United States, and abroad.

But beyond his distinction as an administrator and public health physician, he was a man of broad sympathies, and his contribution to the historical, educational and cultural life of Manitoba is of permanent value. Life offered him zest given to few. His personal charm, his happiness in his work, the diversity of his interests, his success in many spheres of activity, his sincere love for his fellow men, drew to him a wide circle of friends from all walks of life. His life is an inspiration and his memory a benediction.

"For more than twenty thousand years it stood on the highlands of Eastern Manitoba, and . . . now forms an imperishable memorial to Dr. Stewart."



**DESCRIPTION OF THE MEMORIAL**

Before calling upon His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba to unveil the memorial to Dr. Stewart, it will be in order to relate briefly its origin.

A committee of the Sanatorium Board under the chairmanship of Mr. C. E. Stockdill, was formed shortly after Dr. Stewart's death to deal with the matter. After much thought, the committee decided on the form and location of the memorial.

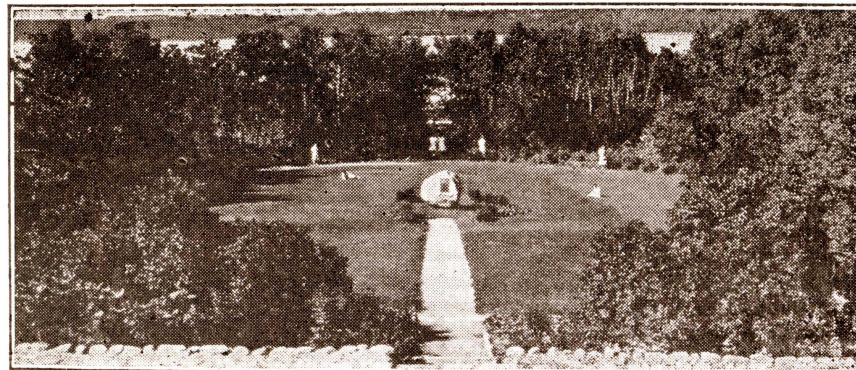
The memorial is a large red granite boulder over 7 feet high and weighing

about 15 tons. It has not been quarried, but is a natural boulder carried down from the north by the glaciers during the ice age. For more than twenty-thousand years it had rested on the highlands of Eastern Manitoba before being brought here and placed in the centre of the park in front of the Sanatorium, to form an imperishable memorial to Dr. Stewart.

On the side of the boulder facing the Administration Building, the first edifice on this site, is a bronze tablet bearing Dr. Stewart's profile in low relief, below which is the following inscription:

**IN MEMORY OF  
DAVID ALEXANDER STEWART  
B. A., M. D., F. R. C. P. (C), LL. D.  
1874—1937  
FIRST SUPERINTENDENT  
OF  
THIS SANATORIUM  
1910—1937  
PHYSICIAN—TEACHER  
HISTORIAN  
NATURALIST—ARTIST  
"ONE WHO LOVED HIS FELLOW MEN"**

The memorial rests in a quiet glade in the park.



## Dr. Stewart: The Physician

By ROSS MITCHELL, M. D., (Member of the Sanatorium Board of Manitoba)  
An Address Delivered at the Unveiling of a Memorial to Dr. D. A. Stewart on  
July 24th, 1940

It is a matter of regret that Dr. E. W. Montgomery, who was to have addressed you on "Doctor Stewart as a Medical Man" is not able to do so for reasons of health. As a prime mover in the agitation for a Sanatorium in Manitoba, a member of the Sanatorium Board from its inception, a Professor of Medicine in the University, and as the first medical Minister of Health in this province, Dr. Montgomery was the one best fitted for this task. My sole qualification for this duty is a particularly close friendship of forty years with Dr. Stewart, broken only by his death. This friendship began in college days; three years in Manitoba College, four years in Medical College where we worked side by side, two years in the Winnipeg General Hospital as internes, pleasant associations between our families, like tastes in hobbies, all tended to create a bond between us which was essentially that existing between an older and a younger brother.

### His Family Heritage

It was my privilege to know his father, Francis Beattie Stewart, and his mother, Elizabeth Farquharson Stewart. The Stewarts, Farquharsons, Fletchers, and Maitlands of Cronar, in the Dee Valley, Aberdeenshire, neighbored, intermarried, crossed the ocean, founded homes in Kent County, Ontario, and begat descendants who have held places of light and leading in Church and state. In 1891 Francis Stewart and his wife moved to Manitoba, settling near Morden. Though they were not able to leave to their children much worldly goods, they did give them a good education, and dying, bequeathed to them gifts of energy and fine character. David Alexander was the eldest son in a family that has been notable for its achievements. His mother's brother

was the late Dr. James Farquharson, for many years Home Mission Superintendent in Manitoba and the North West Territories for the Presbyterian Church, and a frequent visitor to the Stewart home. It was only natural that David should be destined for the Church, and in 1896 he entered Manitoba College where he spent three years in Arts and two years in Theology absorbing from Principal John M. King ideals of devotion to duty and zeal for the welfare of those entrusted to his care.

In the summer of 1901 the young theological student had a mission at Frank, Alberta, in the Crow's Nest District. The little mining town nestled under the shadow of Turtle Mountain. Early one morning the whole top of the mountain crashed down on the settlement, killing some six hundred of its inhabitants. Stewart worked unremittingly assisting the resident doctor to care for the wounded and dying, and his admiration of the doctor and his work led him to change his vocation. In the fall of 1902 he entered Manitoba College where he spent four years. To support himself he became, in his spare time, a reporter for the Winnipeg Free Press where he came under the wise and kindly influence of that dean of Canadian newspaper men, John Wesley Dafoe. These years with the newspaper were of great benefit to him in later life.

Two more years were spent in the Winnipeg General Hospital where he became the first Resident in Medicine. The clinical experience gained there, the maturity and breadth of his mind, and above all his ability to meet people, to understand their points of view, and to impress others with his sincerity and earnestness, fitted him in the minds of his teachers as the ideal head

of the new institution then being planned. Some months in New York City and an assistantship in a Connecticut Sanatorium gave him further technical knowledge of tuberculosis.

### Establishment of the Sanatorium

First, though, money was needed for the building and the young doctor travelled through Manitoba lecturing, making contacts, crowding twenty-four hours of work into eighteen. The result was a breakdown from the very disease he was seeking to cure in others. This time he saw Saranac Lake Sanatorium as a patient, but the experience was not wasted for he gained the friendship of men like Trudeau, Baldwin and Lawrason Brown. In November 1910 he was back at work, this time as actual superintendent of Manitoba Sanatorium.

Funds for maintenance and equipment were scarce. It was often necessary to improvise, but he had the faith which moved mountains and an almost demoniac energy which he contrived to instil into others. Thus, he turned a patient with a tuberculous kidney into one of the finest X-ray technicians I have known, and younger medical men trained in his methods went out to fill positions as superintendents of sanatoria and Tb. directors elsewhere. Voice and pen were seldom silent and it was not long before he was recognized as an authority in tuberculosis. New problems in diagnosis and treatment continued to arise but Stewart was in the forefront of progress. Travelling clinics were initiated in Manitoba in 1926. The Central Tuberculosis Clinic in Winnipeg, which serves as a clearing house, was opened in 1930 and St. Boniface Sanatorium in the following year. In 1923 Dr. Stewart was one of a party of Canadian Tb. men who toured the British Isles, France and Switzerland and attended the International Tuberculosis Congress in Rome. In 1930 he played host to a party of British Tb workers who visited this Sanatorium. When the importance of surgery in

pulmonary tuberculosis was recognized, Dr. Stewart realized that patients fared better if they were not obliged to be moved to another hospital, and provision was made for operations to be performed here by a surgeon who is a member of the staff and trained specifically for this work. Nowhere on this continent is more advanced work being done than in this Sanatorium.

### Broad Interest in His Profession

It may be thought that being superintendent of such an institution was a man-sized job, but this view does not take into account Stewart's tremendous driving force. In addition to other activities, to which Hon. Ivan Schultz will direct your attention, he found time to be President of the Manitoba Medical Association, and to be Chairman for three years of the Committee on Ethics of the Canadian Medical Association. That sounds simple, but for him it meant a completely new Code of Ethics enriched with numerous quotations, publishing two articles in the C. M. A. Journal, and conducting a voluminous correspondence not only with other members of the Committee across Canada, but with friends in Great Britain and the United States whose opinions he valued. He worked on this Code of Ethics literally on his deathbed. Moreover, he found some-how time for an amazing literary output.

He had a quaint idea that Medical visitors to the Sanatorium were endowed with the same energy that he possessed. Many a doctor has visited the Sanatorium thinking to spend a restful day or two here after completing his own special business. I have never known one who achieved this, not because Stewart was a poor host, . . . quite the reverse . . . but he imagined that everyone wished to work as he did, so he would find some particular problem for the visitor. In some strange way and apparently inevitably the visitor would become for the time fired with Stewart's enthusiasm and would do his best with the problem, only to

find his dream of leisure hopelessly shattered.

Now the human machine has its limitations, and in 1929 Stewart experienced the first symptoms of the disease which caused untold suffering and led eventually to his death eight years later. Even this illness did not keep him from working. Like Browning's Grammarian:

"So, with the throttling hands of Death at strife

Ground he at grammar."

Death claimed his faithful wife who had left the safe haven of the Sanatorium to be at her husband's side, and a few weeks later, on February 16, 1937, he too, passed to his long home.

One may ask what was his medical legacy to this province. He brought

hope, comfort and often healing to thousands of patients who passed through the Sanatorium in twenty-seven years; he trained hundreds of medical students and doctors in physical diagnosis and fitted many for positions of trust and responsibility as Tuberculosis death rate in Manitoba cut to one-fifth of what it had been in 1910; and of still greater importance, he helped to reduce the menace of tuberculosis to the present and future health and happiness of young children to one-tenth, and all this because of his passion for suffering humanity. Like Abou Ben Adhem, David Stewart could have said to the angel: "Write me as one who loved his fellow men."

## David Alexander Stewart

"He loved his fellow man."

No plaque nor storied monument of stone  
Can do fit honor to a soul so great.

He knew the humble, those of low estate;  
To scorn their troubles he was never prone.  
Yet place among the learned he might own,  
Respected as the highest in the state;  
Forgot was self—he labored soon and late  
Till in his calling, lo! he stood alone.

Yet not alone in medicine he strove:  
A teacher, writer,—these and more was he;  
To Western Canada he gave his love  
Where little lived his keen eye did not see.

His life was moulded on no selfish plan,  
For in all things "he loved his fellow man."

—B. Harold Stinson.

## Dr. Stewart: The Man

By HON. IVAN SCHULTZ, K. C., MINISTER OF EDUCATION AND MEMBER OF THE SANATORIUM BOARD OF MANITOBA

An Address Delivered at the Unveiling of a Memorial to Dr. D. A. Stewart on July 24th, 1940.

A few years ago when delivering the Remembrance Day address at this institution Dr. Stewart began by recalling that the Highland clan, on his mother's side, had, as its sacred monument, "The Cairn of Remembrance". It was only "a loose rickle of granite stones thrown together at the top of a heathered hill" and yet that simple cairn enshrined the heritage of the past and the hope of the future and so, to the members of the Clan, it was Holy Ground.

Today, in a new land, far off from the heathered hills of his ancestors, in a new world, we dedicate a memorial to this man; a memorial that is fitting because it comes from the slopes of the hills he loved so well; fitting, too, because its rocklike strength is typical of the strong determined character we all knew and revered; and fitting, too, because there is something of the eternal and everlasting in the influence of the character it commemorates.

### His Vitality and Enthusiasm of Mind

It is of this influence I would for a moment speak for I think it well we should recall what manner of man this was who so profoundly affected the lives of his contemporaries and associates. What qualities of mind and heart did he possess that wove a pattern of life so varied, so lovely and so inspiring that we are grateful for the opportunity of having seen it?

Above all he believed in living with a purpose and working with enthusiasm. With Ruskin he thought:

"We are not sent into the world to do anything into which we cannot put our whole hearts. We have certain things to do for our bread, and that is to be done

strenuously; other work to do for our delight and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all."

His enthusiasm for living made his life glow and sparkle. But he regarded it as a precious trust; and time he thought the most priceless of all possessions, and of it he wrote:

"Time for each of us is just what our little dipper has dipped once and for all from the deep rolling ocean of eternity."

It was thus to be guarded jealously and used only for great purposes. He could not tolerate idlers and he did not suffer fools gladly. Remembering his insistence that each should be up and doing I have often thought he could have found no better motto for this institution which he founded than that engraven in the hall of one of the old English Schools:

"Either teach or learn or depart."

He was a man of great vitality of mind and had a physical vigor almost incredible in the light of his physical history. This tremendous vitality found expression in amazing industry. Like Raleigh, he could "toil terribly". Of one of his great medical heroes he wrote: "His motto was: 'Never idle' ". It might well have been the motto, for it certainly was the practice, of Dr. Stewart himself. Like another great American he preached "Not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life." Even institutions to him were to be living, vital things and not a mere collection of buildings with a staff. On the occasion of the visit of the Tuberculosis Section of the British Medical Association he welcomed

ed them to this institution in these illuminating words: "On behalf of the Manitoba Sanatorium, that living organism of chairman and board, superintendent and staff, patients and hillside, lake and sky . . ." And so this institution was at that day and is today a living, vital thing because he breathed into it from his own great warm personality the breath of life. Nor should we forget on this occasion those he never forgot: the members of his staff and his professional and administrative associates.

"He was fortunate and wise in his choice of assistants, big enough to have about him men and women of gifts and capacity . . . They shared his ideals, he was their friend, he knew their qualities."

I have often thought that a deep and genuine sincerity is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. Remembering the physical disadvantages under which Dr. Stewart labored for the most of his life; recalling how out of sorrow and disappointment as a young man he built a new career founded on new interests—we may well wonder at the miracle of a man who could thus turn defeat into victory. And who of you that read that last heroic letter he wrote—a letter penned when he was on his deathbed—and yet facing the last and most dread enemy of all enemies he could still write of the experience to come as "The Great Adventure."

#### His Love of Learning

Dr. Stewart had one great and abiding passion and that was a love of books. To him "a room without books was a body without a soul". Books were to him more than mere collections of printed pages; they were the companions of sleepless hours, comforters on the pathway of life:

"Miraculous memories of high thoughts and golden moods; . . . honeycombs of dreams; orchards of knowledge; the still beating

hearts of the noble dead; urns stored with all the sweets of all the summers of time."

But education to him meant more than mere reading; it meant learning for living. He carried his knowledge like a taper for his own light and to light the tapers of all he met. He drank much of all the founts of knowledge and wherever he stopped to drink, whether it be from the spring of experience or the well of learning "he straightway filled a cup to pass to his fellowmen."

But Dr. Stewart was no mere academic student of life. He was a part of all the life he met. To him "the only divine call a true man needed was a human need." He had a compassionate pity for all those who suffered and mercy for those that erred. He believed in the essential dignity of man, any man, every man . . . quite apart from the clothes he wore, or the titles he had, or his balance at the bank.

I remember him once reading to me a short prayer that summarized much of his way of thinking and all his living:

"Give us strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune and down to the gates of death loyal and loving to one another."

There are many things that might be said of this versatile mind. He saw beauty everywhere: in the flashing flight of birds, the glory of the stars, the fleeting colors of sunset, the majesty of the seas. His restless and eager mind had that insatiable curiosity that interested him in men and things; he delighted in geology; he was an enthusiastic naturalist; his own qualities of courage and endurance and fortitude enabled him to appreciate similar qualities in others and he found them reflected in the lives he made anew in historical studies.

I am deeply conscious as I speak of

the inadequacy of language on an occasion such as this: how difficult it is to try and recapture the spirit of that rare and radiant personality. Fortunately many of you have no need of words to bring before you the man he was: the erect and upright body bearing a spirit as erect as itself, courageous, manly, simple-minded, pure-hearted, never flinching from obstacles; never retreating before difficulties but always fighting, striving, struggling for those things he held noblest and best. To-day we dedicate a monument to his memory but each and every one of us know the truest memorial of the man and his work would be to re-dedicate ourselves to the great cause of humanity for which he lived, and laboured and died. No! He would not have us content ourselves with the dedication of a monument to the dead except as it awakened our concern for the welfare of the living. The true purpose, then, of the memorial, is to remind us there are great things to be done, fights to be fought and battles to be gained ere "the night cometh when no man can work."

And if, as we believe, his life was a shining success let us remember—

"He achieved success because he lived well, laughed often and loved much; because he enjoyed the trust of pure women, the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; because he filled his niche and accomplished his task; because he left the world better than he found it by a life of service and sacrifice; because he never lacked an appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; because he always looked for the best in others and always gave them the best he had; because his life was an inspiration and his memory a benediction."



Mr. John McEachern, His Honor, Lieutenant Governor W. J. Tupper, and Mr. C. E. Stockdill.

#### MANY ATTEND CEREMONY

Among the large number of people attending the dedication and unveiling of the Dr. D. A. Stewart Memorial were: the Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. W. J. Tupper, K. C.; Mayor John Queen; Mr. and Mrs. John McEachern; Col. and Mrs. J. Y. Reid; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Stockill; Dr. and Mrs. Ross Mitchell; Hon. Ivan Schultz, K. C. and Mrs. Schultz Sr.; W. McCurdy; W. R. Devinish; Dr. J. W. Dafoe; Miss E. Cora Hind; Kenneth M. Haig; G. W. Northwood; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hamlin; Rev. R. Brodeur; A. K. Godfrey; D. L. Mellich; B. T. Chappell; J. L. Doupe; Dr. and Mrs. D. L. Scott; Mr. and Mrs. W. Doern; Dr. and Mrs. Clingan; Mrs. Perrin; Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Montgomery; Dr. J. D. Adamson and Mrs. Adamson; Dr. M. H. Campbell; Mrs. A. M. Campbell; Dr. and Mrs. T. A. Pincock; Rev. H. G. Walker; Miss Elsie J. Wilson; Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Drewry; Hon. Chas. Cannon; Dr. A. C. Sinclair; Miss Bradshaw; Dr. Stewart's son, David Stewart; his sister, Mrs. W. C. McKillican; and his niece, Mrs. Manson.

## Dr. Stewart: Sanatorium Superintendent

By DR. E. L. ROSS, MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT, THE SANATORIUM BOARD OF MANITOBA

An Address Delivered at the Unveiling of a Memorial to Dr. D. A. Stewart on July 24th, 1940.

It was my great privilege to have been associated with Dr. Stewart as his Medical Assistant for twelve years, and it is an honour for me on behalf of his Sanatorium friends to join in paying tribute to his memory.

The spirit, enthusiasm, influence and inspiration of Dr. Stewart so permeated the Institution that I still feel his hovering spirit as a guiding light. It has been indicated in previous addresses how Dr. Stewart exemplified the idealist, the votary, the pioneer, the teacher, the historian, the naturalist, the artist and the citizen. We at the Sanatorium admired him for these many and great qualities, but we loved him for Dr. Stewart himself—for his true and loyal friendship.

Dr. Stewart looked upon patients and staff as one big family, remonstrated and praised them as a father and expected the rigid standard of Sanatorium life that this Presbyterian head of the family himself followed.

He was not only the sick man's physician, but, equally important in the treatment of tuberculosis, he was his friend and counsellor in all problems. He had a tremendous capacity for details pertaining to everything and everybody at the Sanatorium. Dr. Stewart would not tolerate a slacker, either patient or staff, but he was as much, or even more interested in how spare time was spent. All waste to him was criminal and, worst of all, waste of time.

As one would expect, a man with such an extraordinary personality was held in greatest respect and reverence, and even fear. When his lock of hair was especially low on his forehead you could be certain that something dis-

turbing had happened, or was about to happen. The many familiar personal characteristics are memories never to be forgotten. His life was a radiance of faith in his fellowmen, of vision, of fortitude, of courage, of love and charity.

He possessed the true missionary spirit. In 1910 the Sanatorium began in a small way with only 65 beds, and through the vision, energy and driving force of Dr. Stewart gradually expanded to the Institution it is today. What impressed visitors to the Sanatorium, and which the nature of Dr. Stewart could not help but promote, was, in his own words, "The spirit of the place." It was in reality the spirit of the man. His greatest work was this Sanatorium. It was his love and pride, and is the true memorial of him to the people of this Province. The epitaph on the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral would be very appropriate for Dr. Stewart—"If you would see his monument, look around."

### DEDICATION SERVICE

At the brief service preceding the unveiling of the Memorial, Dr. Stewart's favorite hymn was sung, "Unto The Hills Around Do I Lift My Longing Eyes". The scripture reading was given by Rev. Dr. B. W. Allison, and prayer was offered by Rev. E. A. Syms. Songs were sung by Stanley Hoban, Hindel's "Thanks Be To Thee" and MacNermid's "Charity". The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. A. W. Kenner.

Be sure to purchase a subscription to the Messenger before you go home. One year one dollar. Six months fifty cents.

## Government Placement of Evacuated Children In Manitoba

By MILDRED B. McMURRAY, LEGAL SUPERVISOR, MANITOBA CHILD WELFARE DIVISION

In the near future, Manitoba may enter one of the greatest co-operative movements for child welfare in its history. The aim of the proposed plan is threefold—to relieve the Allies to some extent of the tremendous burden they are carrying, to give terrified, war-stricken children the sanctuary and hospitality of our splendid homes and to give our people a chance to serve for a cause, against the merciless disruption of a community and family life.

Immigration has always been under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, and there are two ways in which children, from Overseas, may come to Canada. The first involves the direct movement between private individuals, privately financed, with no question of the transfer of the child's guardianship and with no intervention by way of assistance or control of the Government. The second method is the organized movement under public authority of those who may be called the King's Wards. In connection with the latter group, the Federal Government has recently rallied the co-operation of Provincial and private child welfare organizations and tentative plans have now been evolved. The Dominion Government will deal with Great Britain direct and then with a designated Department of each Provincial Government. The Province, in turn, will co-ordinate the voluntary effort of all voluntary agencies and individuals within its borders. Under this plan, Manitoba citizens may open their homes to any evacuated children or they may make application for certain specific children, for example, relatives, who will be designated to their home from the place of embarkation.

At present the difficulty of transportation is a real one but Manitoba is saying, as Abraham Lincoln said years ago, "I will get ready and perhaps my chance will come."

### Care En Route

It is planned that the Department of Immigration will secure as much social history as possible for each child, prior to embarkation and will become the guardian of that child from embarkation until it reaches its provincial destination. The Province will then become the guardian of the child for the duration of the war—indeed a sacred trust.

The Department of Pensions and National Health will be charged with the responsibility for the health of the children enroute. Recommendations have been made suggesting one doctor for every five hundred children and one nurse for every three hundred children on a boat of possibly one thousand. On the train, and in the long trip across Canada, one woman attendant for each car, a nurse for every five cars and doctors available at certain points en route.

Each child will have an identification disc on its wrist. On the boat it may be possible to assign them to the various provinces. Manitoba has estimated that she can care for 2,500. There will be a clearing house open in Winnipeg and one in Portage la Prairie, one in Brandon and one in Dauphin. The children will go there for a period of possibly ten days when they will be given medical examinations and any necessary treatment. Part of this service will be borne by the Dominion Fund to which the Federal Govern-

ment will contribute, as well as others interested—possibly on a dollar per dollar basis.

#### Placing in Homes

Meantime, families whose hearts have been touched are offering their hospitality and asking "Where do I apply?" If they live in the metropolitan area of Greater Winnipeg including the Cities of Winnipeg, St. Boniface; the Towns of Transcona and Tuxedo; the Village of Brooklands; the Municipalities of Assiniboia, Charleswood, Fort Garry, Kildonan East, Kildonan West, Old Kildonan, North Kildonan, St. James, St. Vital, East St. Paul or West St Paul, they will go to the Central Volunteer Bureau, Room 39, 460 Main Street and fill out an application.

All other applications to the Province will be made to the Children's Aid Society of St. Adelard, for St. Boniface and Rural Manitoba, East of the Red River; the Children's Aid Society of Central Manitoba for the district of Portage la Prairie; the Children's Aid Society of Western Manitoba, for the Brandon district, and the Children's Aid Society of Dauphin for the Dauphin district. The rest of the Province will make application to the Director of Child Welfare.

After the application has been filed it is given to the Provincial Public Health Nurses, who call at the home. If the home is approved, a permit will be sent, authorizing the applicant to take refugee children. This is the usual procedure in child placement work. When the children arrive, our child-placing agencies go into action. They already have a list of approved homes and now comes the delicate task of fitting the right child into the right home. The Children's Aid Societies, in their respective areas, and the Director of Child Welfare will do this work and follow it through.

The Manitoba Medical and Dental Associations have pledged their support.

No money will be paid except where children are in hospitals or institutions. This is a war service and is to be regarded as such. Since 1898, the Province has been building up its Child Welfare work, and plans to use the agencies which its foresighted citizens have created and as far as possible the processes they have established.

What Manitoba asks of its citizens is the home circle of a good family, for "In as much ....."

## QUERIES??

(Readers are invited to send any questions they may have relative to tuberculosis to the editor. They will be answered by a member of the medical staff of the Manitoba Sanatorium, and published in THE MESSENGER as space permits.)

1. Is it advisable for ex-patients when at home to use a mustard plaster for a chest cold?

A. A mustard plaster is an irritant. It is frequently used for the relief of thoracic pain or soreness and in certain stages of pleurisy, if not complicated by underlying tuberculosis in the lung. Mustard plasters are contraindicated if there is any active tuberculosis involv-

ing the lung.

2. A patient who has negative sputum following thoracoplasty catches cold and raises heavy yellow sputum. Is this sputum likely to be positive?

A. Sputum associated with a cold following thoracoplasty may be entirely bronchitic in origin and non-tuberculous. If tubercle bacilli are found it

(Continued on Page 31).

## You and The Institution

By LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

An excerpt from the book "Dr. Hudson's Secret Journal."

"We are honestly sorry for people who, through no fault of their own, are obliged to undergo discomfort, pain, and boredom, in this hospital. But it is not our fault, either, that you encountered the illness or accident that brought you here."

"This is not a hotel. Hotels must pay their own way or close up. Hospitals do not pay their way, but they do not close; for, at the end of the year, the deficit is absorbed by a company of kind hearted people who believe that we are trying to do our best. We hope you will share in this belief; for it is important to your comfort—and perhaps also to the promptness of your recovery—if you consider this place as a friendly refuge; not a mere money making repair shop.

"Our nurses are well trained. Part of this training is in the control of their personal feelings. If they do not seem very much upset over your gas-pains, that does not mean that they are indifferent; it means only that they are disciplined. They have many distasteful tasks to perform, and they do them without showing how they feel on the subject; but that does not mean that they are insensitive. They are just as human as anyone else; have their own little frets and forebodings; their days of disappointment and depression. Sometimes a patient's cheerfulness will help a nurse to a fresh grip on herself.

"Your doctor wants you to get well as rapidly as possible. In this matter, you and he share the same wish. He will appreciate your full co-operation. Some morning when you are feeling unusually well, you may offer him a little witticism, and be dismayed to note that he fails to respond to it. But that isn't because he is indifferent. More likely it is because he has just

put in an hour-and-a-half of tense and trying service in the operating room; and he doesn't feel jocular. If he can sense your sympathetic understanding of his mood, your attitude will be of much benefit to him.

"In short—if you want to get the largest degree of satisfaction out of your experience in this hospital, join hands with us, almost as if you were a member of the organization. If you believe in the hospital and in the skill and sincerity of the doctors and nurses, you will not be troubled by the little vexations and irritations which menace the peace of many patients.

"Perhaps we, who are devoting our energies to the care of the sick and injured, should be contented if we were able to dismiss you fully restored and sound as you were before.

"But we have an ambition still higher than that. It would gratify us immensely if—when you leave us to resume your activities—you might go out not only repaired physically but reinvigorated in mind and heart.

"In the normal ways of an uneventful life, people do not often have a chance to find out how much pain they can endure, or how long they can wait. Here they can take their own measure, and discover their strengths. Many a man, in peace time, has wondered how stalwart he might be on the battlefield, facing dangers, risking agonies. Circumstances may provide him a chance to learn, in the hospital, whether he has what it takes to be a good soldier. We do not conduct these examinations. The patient examines himself, and marks his own grade. Ever afterward he will be pleased and proud if he passes with credit. No matter what may happen to him, in the future, he will always know exactly how much disappointment, anxiety, inconvenience, and pain he can stand. It's worth



something to a man to find that out. So—if you have been informed that the doctor is taking out your stitches tomorrow, you can do yourself a good turn that will last you all your life, if you face up to this in the morning without flinching. You have pondered, when you saw others in trouble, whether you could take it. Now you know. It's a very gratifying thing; everybody finds out that he is braver than he thought he was. It's worth going through a lot of perplexity and pain just to be assured on that matter.

"Sometimes people who hadn't succeeded in making anything very important of themselves—either inside or outside of themselves—have discovered during the enforced leisure of a convalescence, certain neglected gifts which they have thereafter exercised to their immeasurable satisfaction.

"In many instances, this self-discovery has resulted in such a marked expansion of interest and success in after-life, that the beneficiary has wondered whether destiny had not shunted him off his course in order to let him take stock of his resources.

"We suggest, therefore, that you give a little thought to this subject while you are with us. Was it an accident? Was it a misfortune? Was it a mishap that brought you here? Think this over. We think about it a great deal."—The San-Piper.

## NEW INDIAN HOSPITAL OPENED

On Saturday, July 6th, a new Indian Hospital on the Fisher River Reserve, nine miles from Hodgson, was officially opened. A tour of the hospital was conducted by Dr. Turpel, Physician-in-charge, and by Mrs. Stewart, the Matron.

The hospital is a very finely planned and equipped building with accommodation for twenty-four patients. Half of the beds are to be used for the care of tuberculous Indians. A rather unique

feature is that the labor in constructing the hospital was done entirely by the Indians, except the plumbing, and indeed a very creditable work was done. This hospital is another indication of the interest and advances being made by the Department of Indian Affairs in caring for the health of the Indians, especially those with tuberculosis; and with such efforts being continued the menace of tuberculosis to this noble race will ultimately be reduced to a minimum.

Following the tour of inspection the guests sat down to a luncheon in the hospital prepared and served by the staff. Dr. Percy E. Moore, Acting Medical Director of the Department of Indian Affairs, acted as Chairman. Dr. Moore was in charge of the medical work on this reserve for eight years before he was transferred to Ottawa, and it is mainly through his efforts that the hospital was built. Those present were Mr. John McEachern, Chairman of the Sanatorium Board, Colonel J. Y. Reid, Secretary-treasurer of the Sanatorium Board, Mr. M. V. Bachynsky, M. L. A., who represented the Provincial Government, Mr. A. G. Hamilton, Inspector of the Indian Agencies of Manitoba, Dr. E. L. Ross, Medical Superintendent of the Sanatorium Board, Dr. J. D. Adamson, Dr. D. L. Scott, Dr. W. N. Turpel, Dr. Cameron Corrigan, Rev. Dr. George Stevens, United Church Missionary among the Indians of the North for forty-six years, Dr. Murray Campbell, Mr. Clarke, Indian Agent, Mr. Metcalfe, Anglican Church Missionary, and the Indian Chief and Councillors of the Reserve. All at the luncheon were called upon to say a few words. Mr. John McEachern gave the closing address and officially opened the hospital.

Constable: "Now Miss, what gear were you in at the time of the accident?"

Former Patient: "Oh, I had on my new dress I knitted while I was at the sanatorium.

## Manitoba Sanatorium

### Thoraco Themes

About a year ago we let you sit in on one of our conversations when we were composing the news for The Messenger in the Big Ward. Now that we are all out on the balcony enjoying the nice summer weather, and seeing that the news for the The Messenger is due again—(it is never anything else but due!) we invite you to attend another session of news in the making.

The time is after "lights out" and your reporter attempts to draw the attention of the erudite (?) femmes by bellowing lustily "Say you gals, how about a little co-operation with the news this month?"

Vi Staranchuk—I gave you a suggestion yesterday. How about using it? One can't strike oil every day.

Mrs. Montgomery—Are your ideas printable?

Mrs. Stone—Vi's aren't but mine are. Tell them about my increased exercise. My public will be pleased to know.

Mrs. Poirier—Well, Vi broadcast that four times yesterday.

Rikka Guttormson—How about saying something about the "devils in skirts"?

Mrs. Stone—The proper phrase is "ladies from Hades" but from all accounts "devils in skirts" would be more to the point!

Reporter—Hey, you kids from the Big Ward, what have you got to say for yourselves?

Mrs. Lindsay—Do you notice how quiet and subdued the girls have become since I moved down here?

Marj. Read—Yes, have you noticed how everyone is moving out since you came! First, Mrs. Lewicki and then Janet Haining. Ho hum, guess I'll pack my trunk in the morning.

Mrs. Lindsay—That's because they can't live up to the high standard I set.

Reporter—That isn't the kind of stuff

we want for The Messenger. Let's be serious.

Dorothy Pratt—Well, how about mentioning those who had operations this month? There is Tina Harder, Mr. Taylor, Harry Cronk and Mr. Tomchuk for thoracos, and Hilma Johnson for her second wax pack.

Mrs. Poirier—A thoraco must be getting easier to take since I had mine, judging from the musical notes issuing from Mr. Taylor's room the morning after his operation.

Alice Kalke—Let's write our news in French from now on, like that guy from St. Boniface San. so nobody will understand it. Mercy Parlor vous Frances, oui, oui?

Anne Olfert—(sleepily) Frances who?

Marj. Read—Sure, we might as well, no one understands our warped sense of humor, anyway. N'est ce pas?

Reporter—Parlez-vous les blame? Alice Kalke—You silly dope, you mean "pouvez-vous les blame," don't you?

Rikka—Say, it's hard enough writing the news in English, without you kids cluttering it up with your high school French. I myself only went to grade three.

Carrie McIvor—Poor Mrs. Williams, there's no living with Bessie Tokar since she got her letter from Bing Crosby. Poor Hope! Bing should have had more sense than to write to her, she's gone clean off her head with conceit. Poor Hope! Poor Bing!

Dorothy—Poor Carrie. Ain't it h . . . to be jealous? Poor Carrie!

Reporter—Poor me, what am I going to do with you kids? This is kind of boring.

Marj. Read—Maybe that French reporter can tell me, in English if Bill Thomas has gone home yet.

Vi—Don't get started on that French again!

Voice from Window—Sh-h-h- Sh-h. Monty—Who did that?

Mrs. Stone—Sh-h-h. It's "Buttercup" Turner.

Vi—Don't those night nurses ever go to sleep?

Buttercup—Good-night, girls.

## Observation Briefs

A little more shifting of our cast has taken place this month. Mrs. Buss and the Hatherly sisters, Marion and Amy, have arrived. Alas! Amy has found us out already. The day after she arrived she saw Peter McBeth, as she thought, making off with her suitcase, and was only restrained from calling in the R. C. M. P. by assurances from the rest of the balcony that he's an honest lad in spite of his appearance.

Marjorie Sinclair changed her mind again and is with us for another while. Rhoda Taylor went home—congratulations, Rhoda!—Freda Peterson moved to the King Edward, and Dorothy Smith to the Infirmary. We hope to have Dot back with us soon, minus those adhesions.

We are very fond of the trees and our wooded surroundings but we're delighted with the strip of the lake we can now see, since a few of the trees at the edge of the park have been cleared out.

Thunderstorms, rain, lizzards and squeals seem to follow on the heels of each other. I can't imagine why, but they do.

Would you like to know the future? Mrs. Johnson is the cat's whiskers! She hits it right too many times to be just guessing.

Several of the girls upstairs say they were "bitten by a spider", I dunno!!!—but whatever it was, made a good job of it.

Mrs. Haywood has just finished knitting her fourth pair of socks and wishes somebody would get her some more wool so she can knit some more.

The most pathetic story of the month—says Dorothy in a very disgusted

voice, when she got the news—"I'm not going to pray for anybody any more; it works for everybody else but me. I pray for Dorcas, and she gets a letter; I pray for Anne, and she gets pictures; I pray for Rhoda and she goes home; I pray for myself and I go to the Infirmary." Honestly, we could cry!

Pretty weak—but they did it—Mrs. Dobson (calling), "Anne, have you had your oil, because if you haven't, I drank it."

Ruth Taylor—(sighing soulfully and gazing at the light from the main building): "Isn't the moonlight grand!"

Isabel Olynik, calls it "first sight love".

Pearl Hambleton—wishing for a cool breeze, but continuing to sit in the hot sun.

Doreen Clark and Marj. Jamieson—cutting up good dresses to make shorts.

## King Edward News

HELLO EVERYBODY: Here we are back from our two months absence, full of high spirits. And who wouldn't be with such a spotless and shining new home. Since the first of July the King Edward has been a very busy place. All its occupants have been seen carrying boxes of various shapes and sizes back from all corners of the institution. Among the arrivals, none are new to the Sanatorium, but some are new to the Cottage. Our family at present consists of: Freda Peterson, Laura Delameter, Jean Biglow, Hazel Clarke, Dorothy Cumming, Victoria Hutney, Irene Comrie, Doris Cook and Rose Shmon, downstairs. Upstairs, we have James Bartlett, Henry Daneleyko, Philip Ukrainec, Hugh Gibson, (who is an old-timer, and has returned to study X-ray work) and Mickey McCombe, as well as about five empty beds. Have we any bids for them?

As we scan the list we notice that the Laboratory staff is well represented, and we have no particular objections

if they don't decide to raise guinea-pigs in the attic.

We were well settled when Laura Delameter arrived back from a holiday at Oak River with her family. We warmly welcomed her and consumed many of the famous Delameter buns.

We have a new name for our genial sweeper: Whirlwind Scarrow. The reason—nothing short of a whirlwind could have cleaned up and restored order from chaos in such a short time, after the renovators left the place. Eleanor left for a well earned holiday after getting us all settled and we have in her place Mrs. Cliffe.

Vernon McKelvy was a welcome visitor this month for a couple of days, much to the delight of his old partner and crony, Jim Bartlett. "Men" have been overheard saying that women gossip, but we certainly have nothing on these two when they get together.

Enough is enough, so see you all next month with more news.

## Number Two

We have had many changes this month, what with some going home and Infirmary and Clinic patients taking their beds.

We said "good-bye" to Eva McKona and Jean Nowalsky. We wish them good luck and good cure chasing at home. We then turned around and welcomed Isabell Hatherly from the C. T. C. and Mrs. Lewicki and Mrs. Koping from the Infirmary.

Ex-patients who spent a short time with us this month were Eunice Porteous and Elsie Dempsey. The girls are both looking very well.

Jean Archibald, Mabel Watson, and Bobby Robertson decided that a holiday is what they needed, so off they went to visit at their respective homes, and Edna Rays is holidaying in Calgary. Have a good time girls.

An old-timer, who has come back to stay with us for short period is Agnes Baron of Mariapolis. Agnes was here

nine years ago, so I guess there aren't many here at the present time who would remember her. By all reports Agnes is leading a very normal life. Doesn't that make you all feel good, girls?

Bjorg Bjornson, Mrs. McMillan, Edna Rays and Clara Carberry all celebrated birthdays this month.

On Sunday afternoon July 13th, Mary Kautz went from ward to ward inviting all the girls to the Upstairs East ward to a party that evening. We were all very curious and wondered whose birthday we were celebrating, but nobody seemed to know. However the party was called for seven-thirty, and everyone got powdered up and away we went. Everything seemed so mysterious, as one by one we were led out to the balcony, and lo and behold, there in the middle of the floor stood two tables loaded with gauze from the O. R. And that was the party, stretch and fold gauze affair. Imagine the impertinence of some people! How-

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ever, we all took it like good soldiers, and a pleasant evening was spent regardless . . . . At the conclusion of the programme, the hostess redeemed herself by serving a nice lunch.

## East Pavilion News

After a lapse of several months, the East Pavilion residents have decided they should have a column in The Messenger. Chasing the cure has occupied so much of our time that we have neglected The Messenger, but now some of us are anxious to get back into the lime-light.

Lloyd Edwardson has been having a gay time since his old partner in crime, Johnny Myers, moved in.

We understand the races started in June, but "Speed" Zaikow had his races in May.

Tom Pawlicki is always looking for "Peace on Earth", and then the argument starts.

"Happy-go-lucky" Charlie O'Neil left for his home in Winnipeg recently, and we wish to take the opportunity of wishing him the best.

Mr. "Pop" Amundsen has got himself a job. He is keeper of the tennis courts, and it is reported that he is doing a swell job.

Well folks, that seems to be about all for now. We'll be seeing you all again next month.

## Number One

Holiday time has struck Number One with a vengeance this year. The vacationing was started by Bill Brow last month when he spent ten days in Winnipeg. This month, Berne Clint is away renewing old acquaintances and Max Bozyk made a hurried trip into Winnipeg to see his son, who is a member of the P.P.C.L.I. Ralph Spicer is away for a short time also. As we go to press Mr. Vincent is leaving to spend the summer at home.

A number of new faces are with us

this month: Mike Wawrow, Frank Hyra and Steve Dzus from East Two; Bjarni Eyjolfsson from East Three and Roy Catley from Brandon, Man.

Max Bozyk had a rather novel experience the other day. It appears that Max missed a pair of shoes and after searching for some time with the aid of several patients, they were given up as lost. However, Bob (Eagle Eye) Leslie after giving a last look out the window, discovered them hanging on a tree. Max's face was red when he went out to retrieve his shoes and found a bird's nest in one of them.

Steve Sparling and Fred Whittaker had a very distinguished visitor on the night of July 7th, but word has got around that they felt hurt when their friend refused to stay for lunch. Sorry, we can't give you the visitor's name. Fred and Steve told us that their guest had other calls to make but he promised to visit them again soon. Fred hopes any future visits will be made

## YOUR SHOES

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Have your correct size recorded at—

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before 8.30 p. m. because he always (?) retires at that time.

Cheerio till next month. We hope by that time, to report on the effects of the "beer and pretzels" which we are looking forward to enjoying at the annual picnic.

## Gordon Cottage

Ideals are like stars—we never reach them, but like the mariners on the sea, we chart our course by them.

There have been several changes in the Gordon this month. We welcome the newcomers—Janet Haining from West One, and Dora Guttormson from Kirkland Lake; and wish God-speed to our departing members—Ruth MacIntyre and Mrs. Flood. Mrs. Flood is holidaying but will be a King Edwardite when she returns.

We lost one of the most important members of our Cottage when Flossie Moggey left to go to the Main Building for a change of occupation. Flossie has been an invaluable aid to many patients for her numerous kindnesses and unflinching cheerfulness. We miss that giggle a lot, Flossie. In her place we have Burdell Hawthorne.

The Crystal City choir was much enjoyed by our gang. It is hard to keep the gals from going to war when the Scottish Pipe Bands come marching in from Shilo.

Mr. Arthur Martyn spent a week visiting Mrs. Martyn. They practically adopted the Gordon family and made it a gala week with car rides and eats—two very favored treats. We appreciated it a lot, Mr. and Mrs. Martyn.

Notice by the Youville Yodellings that Miss Louella Primeau is to be their correspondent. The Gordon will be rooting for you, Lou.

## East Two

These may be dog days but dogs need to be equipped with overcoats, rubber

boots and umbrellas. Anyway we need the rain!

Pulses still run high in the West after the visit to the Sanatorium of the two handsome young officers and the Calgary Highlander's Pipe Band. To those interested I understand their kilts were Argyle and Sutherland tartan with Royal Stuart on the bagpipes.

Departures this month were Steve Dzus, Frank Hyra and Mike Wawrow to Number One pavilion. Austin Cannell had some adhesions cut and Art Mallard went to the West for a further stage of thoracoplasty.

New arrivals from Central Clinic are, Stan Challoner and Clarence Hall. Harry Cronk came back from the West, from a first stage.

B. H. Stinson does his daily bit by posting one of his own verses on the bulletin board outside his door. Harold will dash off a ditty on any subject at a moment's notice.

What looked like an Indian war dance on the lawn turned out to be Jake Pruden having an argument with a bee. The bee lost its stinger, Jake lost his temper and spectators lost their calm.

The study of the flora, fauna, and geology of the region progresses. Dr. McRae is becoming an expert in classifying the flora, John Donner, (between lunches) can identify anything from bricks to clinkers, while the girls over in the West seem to be interested in the fauna; chiefly mice and lizards,

## LIBERTY CAFE

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Confectionery  
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No, two legged animals (i.e. the male homo sapiens) are not classed as fauna.

Blake Bradshaw was the recipient of many good wishes on his birthday and was presented with a beautiful bouquet of flowers by one of his admirers. It consisted of rare and exotic wild mustard, ragweed, Sweet clover, quack grass, wall flower and Solomon's Seal, tied with a beautiful bow of white tissue (?) paper. For all this the recipient was very grateful.

Miss Christian has been very capably substituting as charge nurse while Miss Goldsmith is on leave. We were glad to see Kay Bonar's smiling face for a few days on the flat, after her return from Dynevor.

Time, space, and author are all exhausted, so goodbye now.

Most sincere were the good wishes and the loud banging of pans when Blake Bradshaw, popular member of the East Two family for some two years, left for home on July 21st. He and his little men (he had become an enthusiastic sculptor in wood) will be much missed in our happy family.

Seems as though everyone has an overpowering urge to leave us of late. On July 24th, Gordon Mackintosh left for an extended holiday at his home in Winnipeg. His many Sanatorium friends, both those now in residence and those who have enjoyed his friendship in past years, will join in wishing him happy days.

## From West One

We can't report any moves this month but all of us had visitors and we had one party.

"Have lizards got wings?" is the question that's been troubling us since we saw one floating down from West Two. How about it, girls, are you breeding a special variety of them?

We thought we were participating in an earthquake as we sat helplessly

by and saw a radio slowly slide off a window sill. Much to our surprise the tubes still worked and after some repair work the case looks as good as new.

We were all pleased to see Dr. Meltzer back home again and the exercise list he handed out didn't detract any from our pleasure.

Mrs. Pearce, Margaret Anderson, Betty Kellaway, and Margaret Lobb had bronchoscopies within the space of three weeks. We believe this is a record for the flat and maybe the high for the West, how about it West Two and West Three?

What laundry caters to the appetite as well as the desire for cleanliness? Apply to Johnson and McLean for further particulars.

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**Ninette, Man**

8. Who is the most beautiful girl on this flat, (she always looks fresh as a daisy) who went down to room 8 on West Two for a wax pack?

9. Who is the lady, that came up from the surgical flat looking as if she had been away on a holiday? Clue: She always has a cheery "good morning" for all of us.

10. Who is the most popular girl on this flat? Clue: She has the most charming personality, plus "It", and is Icelandic.

11. Who are the two most quiet ladies in the big ward?

12. Who is the vivacious little lady that goes by my door, arm in arm with our Viking princess?

13. Who is the replica of a Viking princess with her Nordic looks? Clue: She had a birthday in June, a party, and a long distance 'phone call.

14. Who has a golden, curly haired little girl called Bonny, who entertained us out on the front lawn one Sunday?

15. Who is the most enchanting, bewitching, adorable, loveable humorist, and an ever-laughing ray of sunshine up here?

16. Whose little dark-haired boy kept calling in a French accent from the lawn "Hello, Mamma, Hello, Mamma"?

17. Who is the striking brunette from West Two that moved to room one in July? Hope she likes us.

18. Whose hair is turning more like gold every day—and swears it's not peroxide but the sun doing it? Clue: she has the loveliest tan.

19. Who is the man who brought up lilacs, and now promises us berries?

20. Who is the little red-headed gal that had a birthday in June, with a surprise party?

21. Who is the nurse that was hostess to the above party?

A subscription to the Messenger will keep you in touch with old friends. One dollar for one year. Fifty cents for six months.

## West Three News

### WEST THREE QUIZ TEST

Here is a new kind of quiz contest—answers will be found on page 32.

1. Who is the little dark brunette who stays out on the back balcony and not because "I want to be alone"?

2. Who moved out to Number Two Pavilion in July from room one?

3. Who is the laughing petite grey-eyed girl who knitted a man's white pullover, raffled it, and then donated the \$6.15 to the Refugee Fund?

4. Who was the lucky winner of the sweater? Clue: a man on the East.

5. Who sews best on the flat? Clue: She once made a beautiful white bed jacket.

6. Who is it that is frightened of lightning and thunder? Clue: She hides her head under the blanket. This is a catchy one.

7. Who came in from the Obs. to have her adhesions cut in July? Clue: She was in room 4.

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## Number Three News and Views

Having missed last month's Messenger, there is more than usual to report for this flat. Some of it may be so old that it is no longer news, but here it is anyway.

Among those who have left during the past two months are: Richard Bunn, who returned to Dynevor, Ed. Jensen and Barney Eyjolfson who were transferred to Number One, while Peter Tomchuck and Arthur Mallard were transferred to the surgical wards.

We welcome Robert Shaw, Ken Hatherly and Mike Yakimishen of the Clinic; Joseph Jobb, of Dynevor and John Neufeld, of Morden. We hope your stay is short and pleasant, fellows.

We'd like to know the reason why the shovel is kept close at hand on the rear balcony. Could it be a gentle reminder to those former farmers not to lay it on too thick?

## Staff Notes

Congratulations are being extended to Dr. and Mrs. Murray H. Campbell (physician-in-charge at Dynevor Hospital) on the birth of a son on July 21st at the Winnipeg General Hospital—David Bruce.

Chief Engineer, J. R. Scott and Mrs. Scott are spending a short holiday at Clear Lake; and Mr. Alex MacDonald and Mr. Frank Middleton are vacationing in Winnipeg and Clear Lake.

Miss Doris Goulding, who was for some years dietitian at Manitoba Sanatorium, was a recent guest of Dr. and Mrs. Paine. Miss Goulding is now dietitian at McMaster University Hamilton, Ontario.

As you probably suspected, that was J. D. Fraser hiding behind the alias "J. D. Douglas" in last month's notes. Doug. is at present relieving in the X-ray department of the Children's Hospital, Winnipeg.

Mr. James Smith is spending his holidays in Winnipeg and Selkirk; and Mr. "Stick" Kilberg has recently returned from a vacation in Kenora and Winnipeg.

Rumor has it that Dr. Meltzer is telling proudly of a trophy won in a Brandon golf tournament. It seems that after strenuous practice on the Killarney links since early summer he romped home easily with the 2nd prize in the third flight.

Mr. H. Daneleyko of the laboratory staff is spending a short holiday at his home in Ridgeville, Man.

## Nurses' Home

Miss Francis Hewgill, Miss Stella Hornibrook and Miss Gladys Myers left us this month. Their many friends bade them good-bye with regret and our best wishes go with them for the future.

We welcome to our staff Miss Alice McFadden, a graduate of Vancouver General Hospital; and Miss Mary Broughton, of Rivers, Man.

Miss Kay Dempsey, who has spent a few months on the staff, has returned to her home in Pipestone, Man.

Miss Marion Turner spent a week end at her home in Souris, recently.

The following members of the nursing staff are at present enjoying vacations: Miss Nancy Bloomquist, Miss Betty Rogers, and Miss Bertha Rimstead.

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We are all glad to have Miss Marjorie Stoner back with us again for a few months.

Her many friends were pleased to extend the hand of greeting to Miss Gertrude Mitchell, who paid us a visit a couple of weeks ago. Miss Mitchell now resides in Edmonton.

Miss Myrtle Campbell and Miss Doris Jackson were recent visitors at Miss Jackson's home in Stockton, Man.

The Red Cross dance held on Thursday, July 11th, under the auspices of the Sanatorium staff drew a large crowd and all had a happy time. Some \$77.00 was netted for the Red Cross knitting fund.

## Main Building

Among those holidaying this month are: Florence Cook at her home in Brandon; Pearl Johnston and Mrs. McAllister in Winnipeg; K. Zachary at her home in Brandon; and Mary Cameron divided her holiday between Wawanesa and Killarney. Last, but by no means least, Eleanor Scarrow spent her holidays in Winnipeg. By the way, Eleanor, this story of not knowing that a certain well-known gentleman from the Sanatorium was going too, seems to be a little far-fetched. Well anyway Eleanor, you didn't fool us a bit. Nice goin' kid!

Inez Clarke and Veronica Redmond spent very pleasant week ends at Winnipeg and Clear Lake respectively.

With the rush and scramble of last-minute packing, Bea Leech left recently for a month's vacation at her home in Vancouver, B. C., and other points in Western Canada. Beware of those men in uniform, Bea, they are dangerous.

Eva Blatz left early in July to resume her work with the Canadian Sunday School Mission and expects to be stationed at Minnedosa for the next few months.

Quite a number of girls have come to the Main Building to relieve during the holiday season. Among these are: Lu-

cille Fitzpatrick; Mabel Peasgood; Mary Jory, and Thelma Clisby, who has joined the laundry staff.

In honor of Miss Phillis Melia, who left recently to take a position in Portage la Prairie, Misses Mary Campbell, Mary Cameron and Edith Thomson entertained at dinner in the Ninette Hotel.

## CONCERT AT NINETTE

One of the most delightful musical treats we have had at Manitoba Sanatorium in some time occurred when a group of Winnipeg young people, who are touring the province under the auspices of the Department of Health and the Department of Education in aid of the Red Cross, visited us. The program was under the direction of Miss Ethel Kinley.

On Sunday, July 21st, we had just enjoyed some excellent choral singing on the lawn when a sudden storm necessitated completion of the program in

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selections from Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers"; both the singing and the costuming were excellent. Those taking part in the operetta were: Rae Paton, the Duchess; Kerr Wilson, the Duke and Don Alhambra; Jean Warnicker, Tessa; Herbert Belyea, Guiseppa; Ronald Dodds, Marco; Eileen Chapman, Gianetta. Assisting in the choral numbers was Dorothy Greenway, and the pianist was Thelma Guttormson.

**CRYSTAL CITY CHOIR ENTERTAINS**

After an absence of ten years the Crystal City United Church Choir, under the direction of Mr. E. T. Greenay, returned to the Manitoba Sanatorium for a concert of classical and sacred music recently. This program was much appreciated by all who heard it, and sincere thanks are extended to those who arranged its presentation

the Assembly Hall. But it was generously repeated in front of the Infirmary on Monday morning. John Melnyk opened the program with a piano composition of his own, Prelude No. 1, and returned with several other greatly enjoyed selections later. Lorne Munro, the noted young Winnipeg 'cellist contributed two solos, Handel's Minuet, and Tarantelle, by Squire. The main portion of the program consisted of

**St. Boniface Sanatorium**

**Ici St. Jean's**

Completely under the spell of the inertia producing lotus blossoms, we must prod our flagging energy to scrawl some record of events occurring during the past month on St. Jeans and at the same time give a heart-deep sigh of relief that the mag doesn't come out every week. We feel the deepest sympathy for those unfortunate brethren of the fourth estate who are hooked up with a hard-riding editor on a weekly, or, horrible thought these summer days, a daily contract.

Frankly the assignment doesn't call for the expenditure of very much effort, but these warm days are no spur to a cure's brain, when we would much rather recline in somnolent ease, "But consider the ant, thou sluggard," we say to ourselves, and though ourself (the sleepy side) answers "Oh yeah—where does it get him in the end?" The sleeper is now rudely awakened to duty, and so to copy.

**Current Transition**

With the balmy breezes of summer softly sighing a Siren call—routine advances took a seasonable life. Len Asham, S. Lowal, A. Skoloski, climb to routine four. G. Richard and G. W. Webb to seven. Ted Parnell, Vic Bouvette, John Olensky and Seniuk to eleven. Vic has the extra of fifteen minutes in the grounds, besides.

Possible—nay, even probable "over the toppers" are Len Asham, Vic Bouvette, Bern Wallis and Frank Loveless. Frank has had his last Medical Board and no doubt all these patients will be under the "former" category by the time the print rolls off the press. Louis Cyr and Godin have left us sometime ago and to all of you we wish the best of convalescence and lots of luck in staying out. Say "hello" to Van for us, Frank.

With the staff changes on St. Jean we say so-long and the best to Misses

Flavia (Dodie) Derochers, A. Schellenberg, and Coldwell. Miss Schellenberg left for home, Miss Coldwell for transfer to Youville, and Miss Derochers to the call of the orange blossoms. To the middle-aislers, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Gay, we give our best wishes and "Voya con Dios."

New nurses to fill vacancies as above are the Misses J. Bayrack and F. Pincy, from Youville and Preventorium respectively. This still leaves us one short on staff so we are looking around the well known corner for a newie, and here she is: Miss Gerwing.

Miss R. M. Shantz will take her holidays at home in Regina shortly (during the make-up of this issue) so we wish her the best of weather and enough water in the city's well-known lake (?) to float a couple of canoes these moonlit nights.

**They Say That**

Al Kennedy looks as if he had himself a time on his outing recently, at least he was very, very quiet for some time thereafter, and was uncommunicative in regards to details.

Dominicque the orderly regards the closing of the racing season here as a minor catastrophe. Just getting into a winning streak when the dough-carrying hayburners took the hop to Calgary.

An expectant Daddy got an intercepted wireless message regarding the advent of triplets. Procrastinator or prevaricator, what are you Jack? F. E. L. was more worried about the veracity of the flash than he cared to admit. Talking to himself neither consoled or convinced him, and we weren't much help to the worrier.

Worthy of mention is the observation that red hair looks very well against a military cloak. No doubt about it those auburn locks made a smooth combination against a large green shoulder.

Noise Breland scampers his checkers in a little too bewildering a fashion for

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the average challenger. So far John Olenky is the only one who can give him much of a game but lots of us have hopes for the future.

We hear reports that a certain amount of piscatorial (?) endeavour is being indulged in by the boys on outside exercise. No evidence of a concrete nature is yet to hand though we hear that one would-be disciple of Walton proudly brought home a half an old boot and was very indignant at suggestions that he set up a junk shop. Running in more luck were the gentle nimrods who discovered and adopted (by proxy) a family of gophers, in the verdant growth along the river bank. If present plans work out the young rodents will be prodigies of their species. Their digestive capacity is, however, over estimated by the enthusiastic foster parents, and we fear for their future agility.

With that, again we take our ease and leave you with the 73's.

From Lance Jack.

## The Annex

Hello again, here are your neighbors from across the road to give you the news from our new home.

Newcomers this month are, Mrs. Campbell, Sophie Robinson, Melva Laquette, J. Snider, A. Sinclair and Mr. Young. Welcome to our happy gang.

Those who left us this month were: Mr. McLeod, Mr. Campbell, Earnest Stagg, Amos Blackhawk, Madeline Mini, Raymond Marcoux, and last but by far not least, Lawrence Budolowski. Mr. G. Smith also left on a week's leave.

The lucky ones to get out-door exercise this month were: Misses Catcheway, Sneakey and Purvis. Routine climbers are Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Hatch, and Mary Monkman to routine four; with Mrs. Harris a few jumps ahead with routine five.

We wonder why Mrs. Leask is always straining her eyes to see things at the tennis court?

Who was the visitor who mistook Brena Letandre for some one else and said, "Hello, Mary—oh I am in the wrong ward!" Careful Mary Monkman, Brena has her eye on him too.

We understand Mrs. Johnston was very excited when she had those visitors last week.

We wonder why Dr. Johnston was singing "I'm sad and lonely," the other day? Could it be—?

Everyone enjoyed Mrs. Letandre's birthday cake the other day. She says she feels like a hundred.

You boys in the big ward downstairs watch the soles of your feet. After all they didn't get dirty just lying in bed.

Some of the changes on the nursing staff this month are as follows: Miss Colleaux taking the place of Miss Clavelle who has left for a well-deserved vacation. Miss Gardner is on night duty, while Misses Bulan, Gerdes, Taylor and McKechnie are new on days. Miss Friend is now charge nurse on St. Therese while Miss Fleck is assist-

ant on night duty at St. Luc's. That, my friends is all the news for this time, and until next—Cheerio.

## News from St. Joseph's

"Heigh ho, heigh ho and it's off to work we go," is the theme of our nurses who are back from vacation. Refreshed and happy after holidays they are quite glad to be back with their friends, so says Miss Mazyn. We are sorry to lose our night pal Mrs. Stalker, though we all wish her a happy vacation, also to Miss Piechotta and Miss Fahlman. Don't forget to come back, girls! New additions to our staff are Miss Mayo replacing Mrs. Stalker; and Miss Smith and Miss Williamson are welcomed on days.

Mr. McNamara has a budding young soldier rooming with him "Corky"—er—we mean Howard Kilfayle. If your spirits should fall, just drop in to 315 for a bit of good ole' Irish blarney.

Flying visits have been paid us by Tommy Mair and Bill Zahara, via O. R. Mrs. Campbell has also paid us a short but pleasant visit.

Among our new friends on St. Joseph we have Mrs. Finson who has joined our happy balcony girls; also Lillian Polisk who adds much to the gaiety. Mrs. Woolsey is also a recent arrival. Welcome to St. Joes and may you find curing pleasant but short.

Kenneth Hooley couldn't forget dear ole' St. Joes so up he came and not to be left behind, Mr. McDowell followed closely. Welcome, boys.

Increases in routine this month were given to Mrs. Henton and Mrs. Hill who were both advanced to routine four.

Misses Witt, McKay, and Bremner have left for home, also Mr. Derrien, and Mr. Maguet. Good luck is our sincere wish.

## Youville Yodellings

When I accepted Mary Allan's invitation to report the Youville news after

her departure, I didn't know she was going to reveal my identity in her final write-up. I could say that it's my shy nature that makes me want to work under a *nomme-de-plume*, but guess the truth of the matter is that I hate to have people know, in case I make an awfully poor job of it. However, the deed is done and if my friends at Ninette read last month's Messenger they'll know this is Lou saying "hello" and wishing them all a speedy recovery.

Strange gifts we have heard of, but we think the live lobster sent anonymously to Nora McIvor, tops them all. Poor Henry III only survived one day of Sanatorium treatment—or could the well-fed look of the girls in 257 have anything to do with Henry's sad end?

It was a big day for Muriel McLeod on the 8th of July when she said "good-bye" to her cast. Maybe it was another big day for her the Sunday she asked the nurse to push her bed near the window and then blushed furiously

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when a certain somebody walked past.

If you want to pop corn some evening and haven't the necessary popping equipment, just use a hot water bottle. This unique method is personally recommended by Rose Picard.

Whenever you pass by room 259 be sure to notice the cheery smile you will get from little Mary Boyko, the youngest member of our clan, and in a cast, too!

What really happened to that lemon, Mary Harrison?

Why has Catherine Coulombe been looking across the court with such a sad expression on her face lately?

Who was the nurse who apologized so politely to a locker after accidentally bumping into it?

Is it the rabbit in Mrs. Hrychuk that prompts her to ask the nurse to pick out all the lettuce from the individual salads just for her?

Mrs. Campbell has just had her second stage thoraco and is doing nicely. Beatrice Seed had a phrenic and says there's nothing to it.

This month we find quite a number of routine increases: Mrs. Gilligan, Mrs. McCaskill, and Peggy Cummings to routine five, Sadie Kuzina to six, Mrs. Rokosh to seven, and Mary Shepit to eleven.

Evelyn Lisowick and Nettie Sokolowski have fifteen minutes out-door exercise.

Mary Shepit and Nettie have just left for a week's visit to their respective homes and our best wishes go with them. Kay Furgala spent a day in the city sometime ago.

We said "good-bye" to Anne Papadynec and Mrs. Kostiuik and welcomed Mrs. Box and Mrs. Kinchar, the latter getting routine eleven only a few days after her arrival.

That's all the news, folks, and I can't think of any better way to end this than the usual—So long, and Happy Curing

## St. Therese

Summer has arrived on St. Therese alright, and many are stepping out with added routine which is certainly good news around here.

Mrs. Nieuwenhuyse (balcony) routine eleven, Sammy Prybylski, routine five, Jean Dushman, Mary Skwarek, Florence Williams, and Mrs. Hooey, routine four; Mrs. Sawiak, Margaret Michie, outside exercises.

Those who have completed their "curing days" and have left for home are Mrs. Peppin, Olga Chickowski, Mary McLean and Anne Dudar. Before this news comes out in print two more will have said good-bye to "San life". Misses Strom and Rose Smith. We will miss them, but are glad to see them able to leave.

Miss Annette Coudu has moved from St. Therese balcony into 156. It's certainly nice to see the way you handle those crutches, Annette.

We also said goodbye this month to our genial head nurse, Miss Saxton, and welcome to our flat Miss Anne Friend, who very capably handles the position as head nurse in Miss Saxton's place.

Our staff of nurses have had a complete change since our last visit to The Messenger. St. Therese staff at present are Misses Friend, Davidson, Tacka-

berry, Guidreau, and Brands, with Miss Mary Smith on night duty.

We congratulate Miss Brands on acquiring her white uniform. Good work Brands.

We welcome Dr. Johnston back from his vacation, and hope he had an enjoyable trip.

Misses Prybylski, Skwarek, and Coudu are enjoying sun baths on the roof these days.

That's all the news, folks, there just isn't any more this month. Happy Curing.

## From St. Luc

My, how time does fly. Six months of this year have elapsed and we are about to embark on the last six. Let's hope the next six months finds you six months better than you were six months ago.

Many of my fine feathered friends around St. Luc are giving me the merry horse laugh for having written what I thought was my last epistle. But for my many cure chasing friends' information I wish to enlighten them here and now that I am definitely going home this month! (Marj. Read please note).

There really isn't very much doing on our flat these days. Tommy Mair and Bill Zahara both had their third stages of thoraco, and both are doing fine. This came as a surprise to them as neither of them had been warned before time. Both are feeling so well they expect to be shovelling coal this winter.

Our blushing friend, Mr. Burdenick out on the balcony has started to take pneumo. Everytime Miss Mat of our flat comes near him he blushes from ear to ear. Mr. Chudleigh is now a steady customer at the pneumo room.

Mouffier, our balcony Romeo, can be heard these days bellowing "where are my pyjamas," when the laundry wagon fails to make his delivery. Grrrr, "Woolly", watch out for Romeo. (Mouffier, note. It might pay you to investi-

gate the bottom drawer of a couple of pilferers in 205.)

Windy Conley has departed for home after writing his name on the wall. Others making the big move were Mr. Laroque, Hec Deloronde, Mr. Abramson, and Mr. Gagne. Good luck fellows. Mr. Haverichuk was transferred to the Annex. Mr. McDowell and Mr. Hooey have been transferred to St. Joseph.

Mr. Birkelo hasn't found the magic word that will stop the glamour boys of 229 from breaking out into song around ten p m. Not that we ever thought their singing was any good, but it has deteriorated since young Sabiston departed for home.

Sandy Zahara is a very prominent figure these days, figuring in quite a few photos, especially where the girls are concerned. Look out Sandy, they'll get you yet.

Alex Kozakowich of Room 209 sure is a very popular figure. Nearly every nurse who has ever had the pleasure of administering to his wants is requesting a photo of him. He is such a gentle little fellow.

Increase in routine this past month



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was given to Mr. Froom, Mr. Kaeckler and Mr. Kiln, all advancing to routine five.

St. Luc has acquired a Ghandi for themselves in the person of a little old man. He can be heard at the break of dawn hollering, "John, gimme a match" "John, you got a smoke?" and a little later on in the day, "Woolly, I want more bread," etc. His wants are legion.

Recent arrivals in our midst are Mr. Pilon, Mr. J. Fedorak, Mr. Lean, Mr. Weibicki and Mr. A. Pasecki. We hope you gentlemen will not find your stay too long.

Changes on the nursing staff this month find Miss Oliver, Miss Stack, and Miss Quinton on day shift, and on nights we have Miss Piche and Miss A. Fleck. So-o-o that, I think, covers the news from St. Luc this month and until the next—Good Health.

## Staff Notes

Rev. Sister Superior has returned after spending the better part of two weeks in the West. During her absence she attended the bi-annual Nurses' Convention in Calgary. A visit was also made to the Calgary Sanatorium, where Dr. Baker was their escort on a tour of inspection. On the return journey stops were made at the Edmonton hospital, Saskatoon Sanatorium, and the Regina Cancer Clinic. Sister Superior reports having had a very pleasant and enjoyable trip.

Miss F. Desrochers was the recipient of a shower held Thursday, July 11th sponsored by the Nurses and Maids of the Sanatorium. Miss Desrochers was presented with a lovely dinner set. During the evening games were played, and refreshments were served, and an enjoyable time was had by all. Miss Desrochers is to be the future Mrs. L. Gay.

On Thursday, July 11th, a stag party was held for Leo Gay, which was attended by the Sanatorium male employees. (Rewrite Man: At this point my feminine reporter states, "she does

not know just what went on, as she was not there.")

Miss M. Gerdes has announced her engagement, the wedding to take place July 31st. We all wish you the very best, Marj.

The holiday season is in full swing again and many are taking advantage of the fine weather that appears to be in store for us after the siege of rain we have had. Those leaving on their annual vacation at this time are Misses J. and M. Piechotta, Miss A. Piroton, Miss Kirby, Miss Olafson, Henry Voort, and Dr. A. C. Sinclair. We hope you all have an enjoyable holiday and return feeling refreshed and fit to carry on your work until another holiday season rolls around.

Misses Orr and Rabnett are back in our midst again, and report having had a wonderful holiday.

Rev. Sister St. Cyprien has returned from attending the Silver Jubilee Convention of the Catholic Hospital Association of the United States and Canada, which was held in St. Louis, Mo., June 16th to 21st. During her stay in St. Louis a day and a half was spent visiting the Edward Mallinckrodt Institute of Radiology. Other visits were made to the very modern Paul hospital run by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, and the Sanatorium thirty miles from St. Louis which is in charge of the Sisters of St. Mary. Sister St. Cyprien reports having had a very pleasant trip.

Dr. K. C. Johnston is back in our midst again full of knowledge and hope, after having attended the Canadian Medical Association Convention in Toronto, which was held June 18th to 21st. Among the many papers presented was one by Dr. J. D. Adamson on Bronchial Obstruction. Motoring from Toronto to Montreal, Dr. Johnston also attended the convention of the Canadian Tuberculosis Association from June 24th to 29th, which he termed a great success. While in the east, he also attended meetings at the Mount Sinai Sanatorium in the beautiful Laurentian Moun-

tains, and at the Laurentian Sanatorium across the valley. The last day of the holiday was spent with Dr. Wherrett, Secretary of the Canadian Tuberculosis Association in Ottawa.

Miss A. Tharimbart, formerly of the office staff was married July 13th. We all wish you the very best of luck, Alice.

## QUERIES

(Continued from Page 12).

indicates lighting up of activity of the tuberculous lesion and means that tubercles are breaking down and discharging bacilli into the bronchial secretions. In tuberculosis the significant sputum is the yellow part of it and is more often found positive than just mucoid sputum.

(b) Why does sputum turn positive after having been negative?

A. If by appropriate laboratory examinations the bacilli of tuberculosis cannot be demonstrated, sputum is considered as negative for tubercle bacilli. If, however, due to activity of disease with breaking down of tubercles which will discharge bacilli into the airways of the lung, the sputum becomes positive.

3. I have been discharged from the Sanatorium for a year, but I still have some sputum. Does this come from the site of the old cavity? Can anything be done to get rid of it?

A. One cannot state the source of persistent sputum without examination and X-ray films of the chest. If there is no evidence of cavity persisting one could be safe in assuming that that is not the source of the sputum. As to the clearing of the sputum the location of its source should first be determined before suitable treatment can be advised.

—N. MINISH, M. D.

Miss Ruth MacIntyre wishes to express her thanks to the staff and patients for their kindness during her stay at the Sanatorium.

Miss Rhea Finlayson wishes to thank all those who bought tickets on her banquet cloth, and to announce that Master Bruce Ross held the winning ticket.

Through The Messenger of Health I should like to express my appreciation for the excellent care received during my stay at the Manitoba Sanatorium, Portage la Prairie. Joe Lepine.



## Travelling Clinics

AUGUST, 1940

GRANDVIEW, Tuesday, August 6th  
 DAUPHIN, Wednesday, August 7th  
 Thursday, August 8th  
 BRANDON Friday, August 9th.  
 CAYER, Tuesday 10 a.m., August 13th  
 RORKETON, Wednesday Noon, August 14th; Thursday a. m., August 15th  
 ALONSA, Friday (all day) August 16th  
 ST. LAURENT, Monday p. m., Aug. 19th  
 Tuesday till 3 p. m., August 20th  
 ERICKSDALE, Wednesday, August 21st  
 ASHERN, Thursday p.m., August 22nd  
 Friday a. m., August 23rd

### DR. GEORGE F. STEPHENS

Dr. George F. Stephens, recently appointed Superintendent of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, is another in the long line of Manitobans who have received high recognition in their chosen professions in Eastern Canada. Dr. Stephens, who has been for 21 years medical superintendent of the Winnipeg General Hospital, and is currently president of the Canadian Hospital Association, will carry with him to his new position the most sincere good wishes of all who are interested in hospitalization and improved health in this province.

## LETTERS

Miss Minnie Thomson wishes to express her appreciation to the doctors, nurses and staff for the many kindnesses shown, while she was a patient at Manitoba Sanatorium.

In these few lines, I extend my thanks to the staff at the Sanatorium for the care and many kindnesses I received during my stay at Ninette.

To the patients my best wishes for a speedy return to health.

Sincerely,  
 LaRiviere, Man. C. D. Douglas.

Upon my departure from the Sanatorium, I wish to express my sincere thanks to the staff. To the skill of the doctors, the care and attention of the nursing staff, I owe a debt which I can never repay.

For the friendships formed I am grateful and my wish for those who remain is that their stay may be as pleasant and as effective as mine has been.

Winnipeg, Man. Blake Bradshaw.

I wish to express my thanks and appreciation to the doctors, nurses and my many good friends at the Sanatorium for the excellent care and great kindness shown to me during my recent months of cure chasing. I shall take with me many cherished memories of the Sanatorium which has been my home for a good many years.

To the Gordon Cottage friends and my other fellow patients, I wish a speed recovery and an early return home.

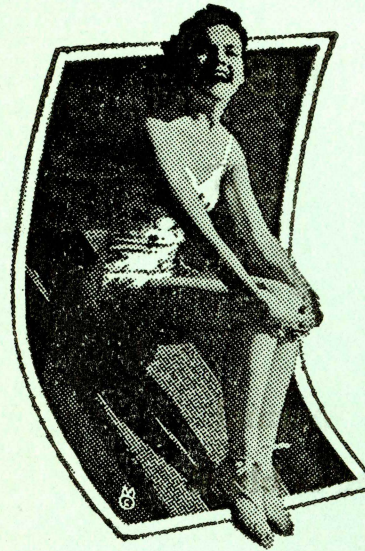
Yours very sincerely

Effie Russell.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

### ANSWERS TO WEST THREE QUIZ

1. Isobel Nabis.
2. Mrs. Koping.
3. Alma MacDonald.
4. Carl Johnson.
5. Annie Tkatchuk.
6. Frances Vaski.
7. Dorothy Smith.
8. Hilma Johnson.
9. Mrs. Oldham.
10. Mrs. Gwen Code.
11. Mrs. Tweed and Mrs. Tarr.
12. Mrs. Bailey.
13. Margaret Gillis.
14. Mrs. Tully.
15. Mrs. Runa Hopkins.
16. Mrs. Victoria Turpaud.
17. Olive Ducharme.
18. Marjorie HML.
19. Peter Wiens (our bed puller).
20. Edith Gillespie.
21. Miss Rudiak (Rudy).



## MISS JONES TAKES A HOLIDAY

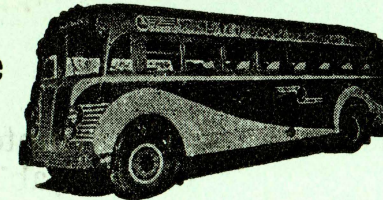
No movie camera or spot light plays on this little girl. Racing over the sand—playing ducks and drakes with stones—she's the picture of health. Her bathing sandals match her suit—everything is just so. You see, Summer is a very important season for her.

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