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We have quoted above the testimony of William of Nangis that the mortality was greater among the young than among the old, and of Galfrid de Baker that the young and strong are attacked especially, whilst the old and weak were spared. The same is attested by Peter Azarius, a notary of Novara, who fled from his native city to escape the pestilence. He writes: "Medicine being useless, the strong and young, men and women, were struck down in a moment."

From the various statements of contemporaries, quoted above from Gasquet's book, it seems quite certain that the "Black Death" of the middle of the fourteenth century was really the influenza in a specially virulent form together with the complications manifesting themselves during the present epidemic. Like now, the disease had baffled the skill of the doctors, and when the lungs were once affected, the chances of the patient to recover were very poor, especially as means for reducing the fever were not known, and the course of the disease was swift, rarely lasting more than two or three days.

Undoubtedly the disease manifested itself in a more malignant form than at present. Ignorance of proper methods to combat the symptoms, and above all the terrible fear of the disease, which made it impossible for the patients to obtain care and attendance certainly made the mortality many times greater than it would be now-a-days. Then, too, we must not forget the unsanitary conditions under which not only the common people, but even the nobility and even royalty lived in those times, and which were worse than those of the worst slums of our great cities in modern times. Surely they contributed much to augment the mortality in times of pestilence.

To illustrate the unsanitary conditions under which even the highest in the land lived and labored, it is but necessary to point to the terrible accident that occurred in Erfurt in 1183, just 165 years before the outbreak of the "Black Death". Emperor Frederick Barbarossa had convened the Reichstag in that place. The deliberations were held during the day in the great hall of the castle, and the emperor with the nobles of the empire slept in the same hall during the night. One night the beams supporting the floor of the hall gave way and over a hundred of the nobles perished miserably in the pit of the privy, which was located immediately below the great hall, the emperor himself narrowly escaping!

The belief until now generally held, that the great pestilence was the bubonic plague, seems to have been erroneous. True, some of the accounts concerning the "Black Death" mention boils and abscesses among the symptoms of the pestilence, but even then they state that the bubonic form of the pestilence was less deadly than the other. Some of the accounts do not even mention this form of the disease. Besides, emphasis is, in some accounts laid on the fact, that the Black Death raged just as violently during the cold season as it did in summer. It is, however, well known that the bubonic plague almost disappears during the cold season, as it is carried from one person to another by the bite of fleas, which are dormant during the cold season.

It is not improbable that the bubonic plague spread through Europe at the same time with the influenza at the time of the "Black Death". The statement of the papal physician Gui de Chauliac seems to point that way when he says "The first (form) lasted two months, with constant fever and blood-spitting... The second (bubonic form) lasted for the rest of the time (five months)".

It seems quite possible that the bubonic symptoms reported at the time of the "Black Death", were not at all due to the true bubonic plague, but rather to inoculation of influenza germs, either accidentally through abrasions of the skin, or by the bite of vermin. These inoculations would of course produce local abscesses, boils and pustules, such as are described in the reports about the great plague. Even during the present epidemic, some patients are said to be afflicted by abscesses etc., which are supposed to be due to the "Flu". It is a significant coincidence that, according to the testimony of de Chauliac, the bubonic form of the plague began to manifest itself at Avignon in March, at the very time when, in that part of France, the festive flea begins to enjoy life after its winter dormancy.

A careful study of Cardinal Gasquet's book, in the light of our experience during the "Flu" epidemic of 1918-1919 certainly leads to the conviction that the so-called "Black Death" of 1348-1349 was undoubtedly the influenza in a very virulent form, either alone or combined with a concurrent epidemic of the bubonic plague.

A Dining Car Snap-Shot.

The engine is puffing and it sounds like a heavy pulse beat; we are speeding through space. The individuality of the scenery is blurred and becomes a line of an indistinct something. The rattling and jarring of the train has become so monotonous and all-pervading that it sounds like the crooning of some monster putting her young to sleep.

I am in the dining car. The dishes rattle and the little kitchen is superintended by a colored gentleman of taste, to judge from the appetite-provoking aroma issuing from it. The bustling waiters are handling dishes in a monchalant manner which for the uninitiated would be a juggling fast of no mean parts. The conductor of the dining car is a pompous something, exceedingly independent (which becomes him well though) with side whiskers and a provokingly seemingly indifferent, bordering on the impertinent manner of treating his guests. The place, assigned to me by this creature in white with side whiskers, was opposite the subject of this sketch which was of the masculine gender. I was lucky to get a table which had room for only two persons, one on each side, thus obviating the necessity of making one or more persons get up when one desired to get to or from a seat, or of playing leap frog with one's neighbor in trying to extricate oneself from an inside seat.

The specimen of masculine gender facing me had a head as round as a bowling ball, by which I do not mean to imply any derogation, because it is my opinion that that animated bowling ball could make a "strike" every time. He had a ruddy, pleasant face. Whether prompted by pride or the assiduous care of his health, I don't know, but any way, he had a big skull cap tightly pulled over his head. He wore his hair in the style of the late lamented Bill Nye, which fact might account for the presence of the skull cap. He was corpulent.

While I was waiting for my order to be filled, my table associate was being served. All the circumstances of a dining car stimulate one's appetite, and so it is but natural to cast the eye on the victuals of a neighbor and with a longing look a stomachic yearn imagine the materialization of one's own bill of fare. It is surprising what simple fare and how little of it will satisfy some people. My table associate's order consisting of three pancakes, ordinary dubbed "slap-jacks", which were pretty thick and full from center to rim and had a nice appetizing omelet color. Beside the pancakes was a small

dish of butter which looked like an oasis amidst the whiteness of the spread.

After placing the plate with the pancakes nearest to the place for which they were ultimately destined, my table associate proceeded, unceremoniously & seemingly without method or applied geometry, but with great precision nevertheless, to divide that butter as did Caesar with Gaul. The first installment of that butter was gently spread on the wallbosoms of pancakes Nos. 1 and 2, the second installment between Nos. 2 and 3, and the third between No. 3 and the plate. "After this performance he rested a while (I thought he was waiting for more—and so he was, but not of what I expected). The butter had fallen a victim to the waru sympathy of the pancakes and commenced oozing out at the rims, but in spite of this evident fact he ordered another dish of butter upon receiving which he again went through the same ritual of obsequies as before, and then just as one of the waiters passed, he gruffly asked whether some syrup didn't go with these (meaning the pancakes). In the meantime he kept stroking or rather smearing the top pancake patronizingly with his knife and his avidity and appetite became very prominent in his features, which seemed to relax somewhat as the time for eating approached. The syrup came; and as if to prepare a little deluge for his ark of pancakes, he poured the contents of the small pitcher on them. It looked to me like a gallant ship making a brave fight against the watery element and he, the chivalrous life saver, coming to the rescue. Being a man of large proportions, he evidently despised small quantities. Ordinarily a person would eat the pancakes one at a time, but I assure you this man had the three on a pile and it took very few mouthfuls to consign them to their resting place. He then gulped down his coffee and that made up and finished his meal.

The rules of etiquette were most rudely and execrably infringed upon and needed a brand new revision, I think, after what happened after this meal was finished. This man took his napkin and wiped his mouth and then, leisurely removing his skull cap, he perpetrated the atrocious crime of wiping the perspiration off his brow and then enveloping his nude head in the napkin as if he had an attack of the "flu" and wished to sweet his head. Then he wiped his mouth once more and proceeded to the hairless dome again and finally, to sum up the usefulness to which a good linen napkin with the initials of the railroad company stitched in one corner of it, can be put, he wiped his whole face as with a towel. I looked on with consternation in my every feature, with the awful foreboding that he would blow his nose into the napkin yet looming up in the distance of my mind. Out of respect for the president of the road or something equally as good, he didn't soil the napkin to that extent. Then he brushed his spacious chest and pancake pavilion to remove the crumbs, which I ascribe to habit because these pancakes, could not crumb if they had been so inclined, having been soaked in syrup. Replacing his skull cap and issuing a little grunt at the pretentious snob with side whiskers, by way of thanksgiving, I presume, he paid the waiter and departed for the chair car.—St. J.U.R.

CONUNDRUMS

Why is an empty purse expressive of constancy?—Because you find no change in it.
 What is the parting salute of a runaway pig?—Excuse haste and a bad pen.
 What trees has fire no effect upon?—Ash trees, as when burned they are ashes still.
 Why should one never complain about the price of car-tickets?—Because it's fare (fair).

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL
 (Special for St. Peter's Bote.)

—This is how a southern visitor describes his experience during a winter in the north: The lavatory was located outside the house, out in the cold, out in the snow, and we washed there in alkali water and wiped our faces in a snow drift. This was conducive to health and longevity. The enervating heat inside the house would have a tendency to make us effeminate. When the three rooms in the hotel were overcrowded we slept in the mangers in the barn, with the permission of the cattle. . . .? No, it wasn't in St. Peter's Colony. We've hotels with dozens of rooms; hence little danger of having to sleep in the barn.

—Religion is more than our life; for that is measured by pulsebeats, says Mr. Holmes, but our religious consciousness partakes of the Infinite, towards which it is constantly yearning. It is not the geologist's hammer, or the naturalist's microscope, that is going to take away the need of the human soul for the Rock of Ages to cling to.

—A more glorious victory can not be gained over another than this—that where the injury began with the other, the kindness should begin on our side.

—Has any one wronged you? Be bravely revenged—slight the injury and the work's begun; forgive it and 'tis finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.

—Refusing to pay one's debts, says the Catholic moralist, Spirago, is equivalent to stealing; and, despite his reluctance to consider himself as such, the man who refuses to pay his debts is merely one species of thief, and, like other thieves, is clearly bound in conscience to make restitution,—to pay his debts.

—If a man buy goods "at thirty days," for instance, and at different periods during five or six times thirty days thereafter is inportuned for payment, he is clearly retaining the goods of another, contrary to that other's will, and is so far forth a plain thief, unmistakably bound to as speedy a restitution as is within his power.

—The argument that one is no worse than one's neighbors avails nothing in the court of conscience; irrespective of the practice of others, our personal duty is to obey the commandments of God, by the seventh of which we are bound to pay our lawful debts and give every one his due.

—A constructive thief is he who borrows books, money, knives, forks, perishable goods and what not, and keeping such things beyond the time specified, keeping them in spite of the owner's expressed desire for their return.

—Lincoln used to say that God must like the common people. He made so many of them.

—The Catholic Church is our own Church, no matter in what part of the world it exists. Our outlook and our interest should be the same as that of Christ as he gazes down on the world from His throne beside the Father. Selfishness and localism must be subordinated to the general need, and a wide and generous outlook put in place of a narrow parochialism.

—It is a tragic thing that those who most sorely need to have their faith stirred up and kept at the ordinary level of activity, are the very ones who seldom come in contact with Catholic papers at all. Meanwhile they steep themselves in reading which, apparently non-religious, is in reality fruitful of an anti-religious attitude of soul.

—If you want to go through life without being criticised, go out into the woods and hide.

For Farm and Garden

Planning Your Garden.

When laying out a garden do not make it too small. Have a row of Carragana as a hedge around the outside of your garden. Next to this hedge plant your berry bushes in well regulated rows; i.e. currants, gooseberries, raspberries, junberries and strawberries. Next to these your rhubarb and asparagus. Besides planting things that serve for food, do not forget that man's artistic sense needs to be looked after. Plant a row of perennial flowers next to the above mentioned plants. Now comes a gravel path around your entire garden. Next to this walk comes a plot of ground about fourteen feet wide sown to Alfalfa. There are several reasons for this: When plowing your garden in spring or fall, you need considerable space for turning around without the horses stepping on your berry bushes. This space, unless sown to something like alfalfa, will have to be worked by hand or it will go to weeds and spoil the looks of your garden. From this plot the wind will spread the weed seeds over the rest of your garden, and double your work. In spring the men folks have so much seeding to do that you cannot get them to do any spading; the busy wife will have to do this additional work, or the garden become a nursery of weeds. Alfalfa once started will not give the weeds a chance; it looks pretty and by collecting nitrogen from the air and storing it in the ground, enriches the soil. Alfalfa attracts the bees which are so important a factor in the successful growth of many fruits. It is an excellent feed for the stock. It will grow in any soil, without previous inoculation, where formerly the wild pea-vine flourished. Within this plot is that part of the garden which requires replanting each spring.

N. B. If you have a very large garden, you may have several rows of trees on the west and north side outside of your carragana hedge—thus giving your garden additional protection against the north-west winds. They will assist in holding the snow so that your berry bushes will be well protected during the winter.

What Do You See From Your Kitchen Window?

American farm wives go mad from the monotony of their existence. One of the most tragic features of American rural life is the lot of the farm woman who has no relief from her tedious duties.

From her kitchen window as she works she sees an unsightly yard, rickety fences, scavenging chickens and pigs, patches of weeds, and dominating all, that prize atrocity of American architecture, the big barn shaped like a dry-goods box and painted in a tint which looks like a mixture of rust and dried blood. No wonder farm women despair and farm men flock to the cities.

The average American farm yard is ugly; so is the average American back yard. The tag ends of American towns deserve the same condemnation.

Ash heaps, weed-choked gardens, insect-ridden fruit trees, rusty bed springs, abandoned machinery—these are forever to be the elements of American landscape gardening? Our people are incurable pioneers; we are a nation of transients; we are always moving, always making new plans, always anxious about creating and building everything—except the external beauty of our homes. We seem never able to emerge from the stump-pulling era into the era of tree planting. We have not taken root yet in our own country.

All we need is good will and information. The Department of Agriculture has foreseen the need and stands ready to supply it. Here is a list of pamphlets dealing with the problems of beautifying our home. They will be sent to you free of charge by writing to *Government Printing Bureau, Ottawa*. "Planning a Prairie Farmstead"; "Tree Planting on the Prairie"; "The Farm Garden"; "Rose Culture in Canada"; "Bush Fruits"; "Hotbeds and Cold Frames"; "How to Grow Asparagus" etc.

How Trash Makes Fires.

A pile of trash that has been lying around all winter is as dry as tinder. A spark and a little breeze are all that is necessary to start trouble. The spark may come from a match thrown down, or from a cigarette cast aside, or from your own or neighbor's flue.

A spark, however, is not always necessary. There is such a thing as spontaneous combustion. Lots of people don't realize that inanimate objects can set themselves on fire. Any one who has been in a chemical laboratory does realize how simple a matter it is. In piles of trash or old rags a process of decay sets in that under certain conditions it is quite likely to produce heating, and sometimes, in the end, fire. Greasy or oily rags are susceptible to this process.

Thus every pile of trash and every accumulation of old clothes or rags, whether in the attic, the cellar or the yard, is a constant menace to the home.

Have you cleaned up your premises? Have you looked about for fire-making material that might cause a fire at your own home and communicate it to and destroy your neighbor's property? If you have not done so, do it NOW!

Don't you realize that by co-operating with your neighbours you can improve conditions and make your community a better place to live in, free from objectionable accumulation of waste and bring about a reduction of fire loss.

Are there a lot of weeds around your property that will be a fire breeder when dry? Now is the time to have them cut and done away with. Stop fire loss which adds to the high cost of living.

Flies Dislike of Blue.

The following clipping from the *New York World* goes to prove that *Our Dumb Animals* was quite right in advising its readers that blue wash for cowsheds was worth trying.

The Arabs have long known that flies fear or hate the color blue. That is why the houses in many of their towns are kalsomined in light blue. Before the French Academie of Sciences Galvino and Houbert described the results of their observations on the eyesight of flies. The only light that these insects see well is white; their eyes do not see violet and indigo at all; the vibrations of the blue and green rays are disagreeable to them, and red has the effect of darkness. Yellow alone of all the colored rays is tolerable. The solar spectrum as seen by the eyes of a fly begin at green and ends at bright orange.

The Seed and the Flowers.

A Baby Seed all dressed in brown,
 Fell out of its cradle one day;
 The West Wind took it with loving arms
 And carried it far away.
 He laid it down on a bed of leaves,
 And hid it with blankets white;
 And there it slept like a weary child,
 Through the long, dark winter night.
 It woke at last, when the springtime
 Came,
 And stretched its arms on high,
 And it grew and grew through the
 live-long day,
 Toward the sun and the clear blue sky.
 It drew its food from its Mother Earth,
 And it drank the cooling shower,
 Till the small, brown seed was changed
 at last
 To sweet, wild, wayside flower!