

"Silver Gloss"

Canada's finest
Laundry
Starch

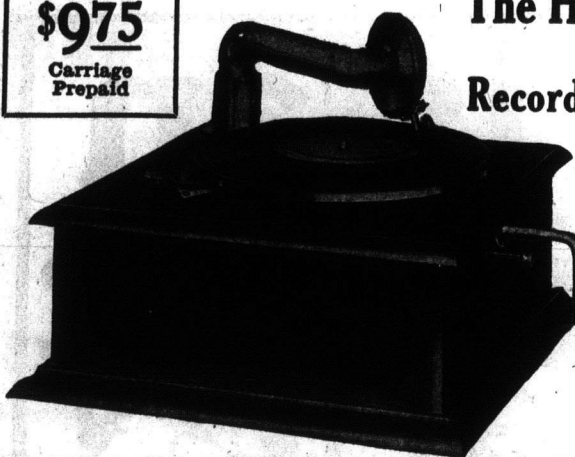
Three generations of Canadian housewives have used "Silver Gloss" for all their home laundry work. They know that "Silver Gloss" always gives the best results. At your grocer's.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
Montreal, Cardinal, Brantford, Fort William.
Makers of "Crown Brand" and "Lily White" Corn Syrup, and Benson's Corn Starch.

234

\$975

Carriage
Prepaid



The Hit of the Year. Five Records Free of Charge

This marvellously low price of \$9.75 and 5 selections free of charge, carriage prepaid, should not be confused with cheap machines. Plays all standard disc records of any size that use needles, with perfect clearness.

Colonial Mahogany finished cabinet, hornless model. All metal parts are nickel-plated. Extra powerful single spring motor, speed regulator. Elegant music for private dances, camps or the home. Send to-day and you will have music the moment it arrives. Remember our guarantee is back of every machine. Reference: Bank of Hamilton.

The "Ford" of the Talking Machine World

Plays disc records of any size and make. Has a sound reproduction equal to many of the high-priced machines; is equipped with speed regulator, spring motor and reversible sound box; plays one large or three small records with one winding, not a toy, but a real phonograph. Order To-day. If machine is not what we claim, money will be refunded.

Save 60 per cent on Phonograph Records

\$1.50 brings you 3 double disc full-length, high-quality records; six carefully chosen selections from the world's most popular music.

"A PERFECT DAY"; "OH, PROMISE ME," both sung by Henry Burr.
"BLAZE AWAY" and "UNDER THE DOUBLE EAGLE"—two stirring marches.
"RAGGING THE SCALE" (Fox-trot) and "TESORO MIA" (Waltz)—two ideal dance numbers.

Do not confuse these records with a cheap product. They are seven inches in diameter, play about as long as the standard ten-inch records and equal them in quality which we guarantee to you. They will play on the Edison, Pathe and other machines, without an attachment, and on the Victor and Columbia with an attachment, which we will send you free. Postage 15c. extra. Give us the name of your machine when ordering. We will also send a list of other records. Some at low price.



Western Phonograph Co.
357 Somerset Block
Winnipeg, Man.

Who's Your Dentist?

Does painless dentistry appeal to you, dear reader. If it does, look me up. Ask any business man in Winnipeg whether or not I am reliable. I could not do dental work for so many of Winnipeg's business and professional men and their families unless I did my dental work with less pain and better than they could get elsewhere. When I first came to Winnipeg dentistry was a luxury on account of the high price. I made possible specialized dental work at moderate prices—and think, the big consideration is

IT IS GUARANTEED

Nowhere in Western Canada can you get the service and kind treatment that you get here.

DR. ROBINSON, Dental Specialist

Remember the Place

BIRKS' BUILDING, WINNIPEG

The Home Doctor

By Dr. Leonard K. Hirschberg

IF all the doctors were to die to-day, and if all quacks, charlatans, sects, cults, pious practitioners, midwives, osteopaths, talismen, homeopaths, eclectics, chiropractors, new-thoughters, hand-layers, electric tricks, radium, patent medicines, magic devices, grottos, and all the rest of scientific and non-descript appliances were to disappear now and forever from the face of the earth, the human race would continue on, undestroyed, to its prophesied destiny!

There would, nevertheless, be a titanic difference. If there were no adept surgeons or alert, painstaking diagnosticians, mankind would be unaffected and progress as usual, but the individual, himself, you, your children, and your loved ones, would have no percentage chance in your or their favor. You could not survive, for example, if you were among the two in the hundred unless a surgeon was present with sterilized lancet, rabies vaccine, diphtheria serum, lockjaw antitoxin, blood staunching adrenalin, salvarsan and his millennium of instruments for diagnosis and treatment.

Indeed, it may be said without fear of contradiction, even by the smug, thayeristic dogmatists of medicine, that poor and mediocre doctors have but slight, if any value to a community, and that even the ultra super-approrates are only necessary to save individuals once or twice in a hundred severe illnesses.

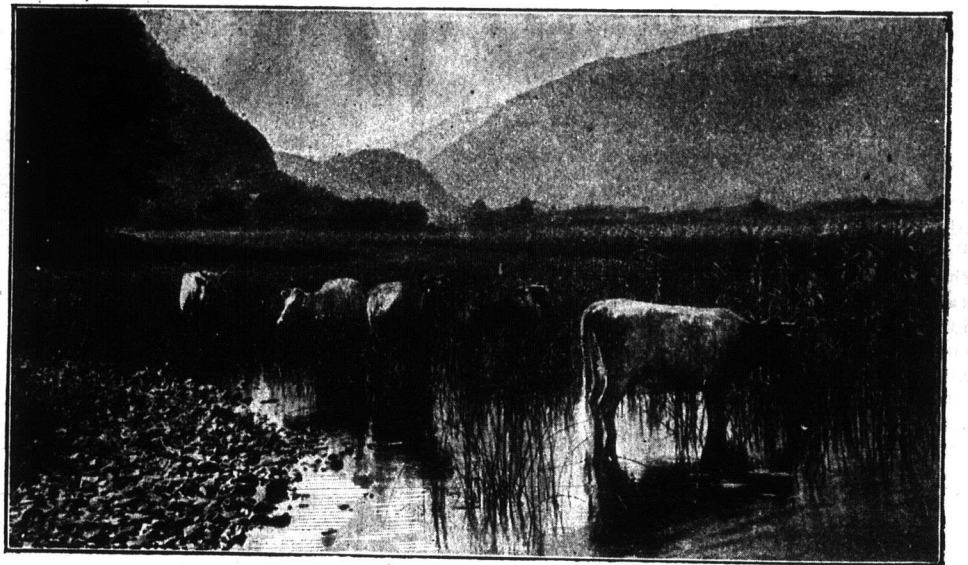
Where the diagnosis is correct, it has been found all over the world and for

death rate and invalidism one-fourth. Germany and England could each lose one million soldiers annually on the battlefield from disease and wounds and their vital statistics would scarcely show any increase in the death rate over peace years. Actually, Germany in the pre-bellum days showed a death rate each year of 1,000,000. If she loses another million in the war, it will only be 2,000,000 dead in a population nearly 70,000,000.

This is not a pessimistic account, but it is probably the first time you have had the straightforward truth about the luxury of the earthly possession of doctors. The lordly arrogance and inordinate superfluity of doctors is here for the nonce set down. It means, in fine, that all the needless engorgement of the globe with a great and noble profession is like employing a Gargantuan locomotive with which to haul a peanut. It is putting butter on bacon and gilding refined gold.

Notwithstanding the inevitable and predominant essential of the living fabric to return by its own healthful elasticity to normal, despite doctors, drugs, and desperate onslaughts, there is a distinct need for the thorough-going, diligent, unsleeping, zealous doctor. The human tribe as a whole does not need him, for dead men tell no tales and ninety odd survive, where a few fall by the wayside.

Be that as it may, when your baby has diphtheria, when your youngster is bitten by a mad cat or a hydrophobic dog;



A Refreshing Pause in the Beaming Sun.

generation after generation that one or two persons in every five who fall ill with pneumonia, surely die. This is an undisputed truth, deniable only by those who do not know how to diagnose a cough and a pain in the chest from true pneumonia. The numbers of recovered three out of four have remained the same since the memories of honest hospital physicians have been recorded. It is the same with that eternally present Yellow Peril, typhoid fever. From eight to ten persons in every hundred infected with Dr. Eberth's typhoid bacillus succumb to its vicious ravages. Irrespective of doctors, hospitals, and all sorts of tried and much vaunted treatments extending over hundreds of years with baths, antiseptics, ice, heat, and what not, there has always been ninety or ninety-two patients to recover in each hundred, and eight or ten to die of hemorrhages, perforated intestine, exhaustion, or some other complication. Whether they were untreated or treated the long run of statistics are the same.

Once in a while, true enough, a surgeon has stepped in, operated upon a typhoid victim, and rescued him from the brink of the grave by stitching together the perforated intestine. But, as I said before, this rare feat of successful dexterity, may save you or your child, but it does not add anything to the human race all told in a thousand years. Selfishly, the surgeon was necessary to you, but for the general welfare and great average of data one life more or less means little, as witness the Great World War of the present moment.

If every doctor, surgeon, antiseptic ambulance, antitoxin, vaccine, and other curative measure were removed from the scene of strife, it might only raise the

when a steam engine half-severs your right arm; when a threatened epidemic of scarlatina, cholera, plague, or small-pox is almost upon your household, it is then that you sorely need any one of the laboratory medical men, whom the whole of mankind may truly dispense with. He can save you and your loved ones, though he be not worth a soap bubble or an unreturned submarine to the whole world.

Professor William Halsted, the distinguished chief surgeon of the John Hopkins Hospital, once said that if he was about to practise medicine upon some South Sea Island and was given a choice of medical equipment, he would select a hat full of red sugar pills and a cauterizing iron—nothing more.

St. Luke gave the command: "Physician, heal thyself" and a more modern inspiration argues that "death will seize the doctor, too." Perhaps the bad logic of humanity is no better exemplified than in the faulty observation, which fails to note that physicians fall ill with incurable ailments.

Cicero pointed this out with Cassandran-like consequences. Sulpicius tells you not to imitate those unskillful physicians who profess to possess the healing art in the diseases of others, but are unable to cure themselves. One of Martial's old epigrams brings this matter home tersely: "Siaulus, lately a doctor, is now an undertaker; what he does as an undertaker he used to do as a doctor."

True enough it be that physicians, of all men, are most happy, that whatever good success soever they have the world proclaimeth, and what faults they commit the earth covereth, yet I have known a bald headed doctor, himself without one, single solitary whisker on