

ing to aid. And I may perhaps draw attention here to the fact that the first public sanitarium for tuberculosis, the first in Canada erected as a Government work, is now in operation in Kentville in this Province.

But, as a rule, there is great difficulty in inducing corporations and municipalities to expend a reasonable sum in carrying out the details of a public health system—to pay the water supply, drainage, sewerage, removal of garbage, disinfection. It is not too much to say that apathy in regard to questions of public health is a national characteristic.

Like the Sybil with her precious scrolls, Hygeia comes to Demos, and Demos will not buy.

And the yearly tale of death and disease preventable by sanitary measures, increases, and perhaps the only effectual clarion to rouse the indifferent will be—as it has been before in the world's history—a pestilence.

Possibly if the public could see the mere financial loss incurred by preventable disease, the loss of time, the inefficiency of workers, the increased rates to maintain the families who have lost the bread-winner, they would be willing to give more to the Health Department.

There is a feature of our public life which I think may fairly be described as a national characteristic, and that is our tolerance if not encouragement of quackery. I mention it here because I wish to point out the great injustice of this to our profession.

The youth who aspires to the practice of medicine is required by the laws of his country to undergo a certain course of study, tedious and expensive. He has to pass certain examinations and give proofs of familiarity with the requirements of his profession. He has to satisfy the authorities as to the integrity of his moral character before he is allowed to begin practice. And now see him, embarking on the practice of his profession. From his window he sees the apothecary's shop, and knows that for one patient who has gone there to have a prescription filled, a dozen go to buy some proprietary medicine. He buys the morning paper and finds one-tenth to one-fifth of the space for which he pays taken up with advertisements of nostrums, often with testimonials signed by otherwise intelligent and moral people. He dines at his club and he hears nothing but the wonderful cures wrought by some itinerant quack who has never fulfilled one requirement of the Medical Act. Truly, Demos loves the quack and seems to have a special spite at him who would practise his